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To the Rev;

Amos Wm Pitkin

from his sincere
friend,

Rev. Gerrit Dwyer

Mar 25. 1858.

"Let no proud stone with sculptured virtues rise
To mark the spot wherein a sinner lies;

Or if some boast must deck the sinner's grave,
Boast of his love who died, lost man to save."

These words were among the last words of the Rev. W. Carus
Widow, who died 30th Decr. 1809. aged 68.

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WILLIAM CARUS WILSON, M. A.
RECTOR OF WHITTINGTON,
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- “ Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns,
and spiritual songs.” COL. iii. 16.
- “ Oh how much have I wept, how exceedingly moved and affected
I have been, at the hymns, songs, and harmonious voices of
the Church.” ST. AUGUSTINE.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
SOLD BY R. L. AND G. SEELEY;
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At 2s. 6d. each, Cloth; and 2s. for 2l. 8s.

1853.

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.....	23	6	... 372	100	2	... 813

	CH.	V.	HYMN		CH.	V.	HYMN
Psalm	103	3	680	Ezekiel	3	9, 10	387
.....	103	14	741	11	19	452
.....	104	34	713	36	24-27	280
.....	108	2	685	37	3	615
.....	109	4	433	Daniel	9	19	659
.....	110	4	441	Hosea	6	4	547
.....	116	7	466	Joel	2	12	668
.....	118	24	88	2	17	537
.....	119	18	916	Micah	7	8	465
.....	119	34	127	7	18	214
.....	119	71	871	Zephaniah	3	12	949
.....	119	94	472	Haggai	2	7	393
.....	119	130	129	Zechariah	1	5	725
.....	121	5	695	4	7	1014
.....	130	7	231	12	10	163
.....	132	15	5	14	7	718
.....	139	1	581	Malachi	4	2	251
.....	141	2	81	4	2	937
.....	142	6	578	Matthew	5	16	417
.....	146	2	1028	6	9	404
Proverbs	3	6	454	6	9	495
.....	17	17	1005	6	10	632
.....	18	10	972	7	2	553
Sol. Song	1	4	467	8	25	548
.....	4	16	52	10	8	645
Isaiah	5	4	957	11	25	359
.....	9	6	145	11	28	947
.....	11	11	105	12	20	201
.....	12	2	846	14	27	990
.....	26	4	925	14	27	1024
.....	32	2	427	15	27	121
.....	40	3	215	16	18	225
.....	40	11	656	18	20	39
.....	41	10	837	18	20	17
.....	42	6	629	19	14	103
.....	43	2	749	21	9	877
.....	46	10	915	21	15	651
.....	51	9	597	21	16	646
.....	52	7	49	24	41	377
.....	53	6	160	24	44	757
.....	58	13	68	25	40	642
.....	60	1	595	26	36	571
.....	60	19	218	26	39	494
.....	61	2, 3	28	26	42	860
.....	62	7	611	28	19	102
.....	63	1	988	Mark	4	38	451
.....	63	4	205	16	6	183
.....	63	7	302	Luke	2	10	153
.....	66	8	599	2	10	252
Jeremiah	3	22	854	2	11	144
.....	8	22	249	3	29	746
.....	23	29	43	10	5	681
.....	31	3	358	13	8	818
.....	31	18	584	14	17	122
.....	31	25	960	15	5	247
.....	49	11	679	17	5	936
.....	50	5	8	18	13	545

	CH.	V.	HYMN		CH.	V.	HYMN
Luke	22	19	106	1 Corinthians	1	30	216
.....	22	19	119	1	30	948
.....	22	42	157	2	9	775
.....	22	61	432	3	21	326
.....	23	42	480	6	19	1025
.....	24	34	89	6	20	905
.....	24	34	188	7	29	807
John	1	29	973	10	13	344
.....	3	14	223	10	16	114
.....	4	35	600	13	13	273
.....	5	24	14	13	13	873
.....	6	34	128	15	9	185
.....	6	67	977	15	22	208
.....	6	68	529	15	22	759
.....	10	1	438	15	25	1030
.....	10	11	86	15	45	474
.....	10	11	399	2 Corinthians	1	10	667
.....	10	27	439	1	20	1026
.....	14	1	910	5	1	782
.....	14	6	894	5	2	786
.....	14	6	966	5	4	789
.....	14	6	969	5	20	46
.....	14	7	265	8	9	950
.....	14	19	756	12	7	448
.....	14	21	392	12	8	988
.....	14	21	1001	12	9	862
.....	17	22	899	12	9	897
.....	17	23	699	12	9	945
.....	19	30	161	13	11	60
Acts	2	4	276	13	14	61
.....	2	17	286	Galatians	1	16	405
.....	4	12	226	6	2	516
.....	7	59	737	6	14	179
.....	14	17	804	6	14	180
.....	16	9	605	Ephesians	1	14	293
.....	21	14	486	1	16-20	414
Romans	3	24	230	1	17	967
.....	5	2	785	2	5	321
.....	5	5	262	2	6	186
.....	5	8	159	2	7	835
.....	6	1	503	2	8	865
.....	6	13	440	2	13	300
.....	7	15	919	3	17	458
.....	8	7	234	3	17-19	16
.....	8	14	258	3	19	178
.....	8	14	488	3	19	482
.....	8	16	288	4	8	184
.....	8	26	287	6	13	421
.....	10	6-10	202	Phil.	1	21	754
.....	11	23	636	1	23	752
.....	11	26	640	1	23	253
.....	14	8	369	3	7, 8	232
.....	14	8	512	3	14	843
.....	15	4	360	3	20	774
.....	15	7	109	4	4	198
.....	15	13	893	4	7	138
1 Corinthians	1	30	207	Col.	1	9-13	53

	CH.	V.	HYMN		CH.	V.	HYMN
Col.	1	27	...	476	Hebrews	12	6 ... 842
.....	3	15	...	406	12	7 ... 839
1 Thess.	4	11	...	407	13	8 ... 879
.....	4	14	...	716	13	14 ... 748
.....	4	16	...	830	1 Peter	1	5 ... 342
.....	4	17	...	701	2	7 ... 330
.....	5	18	...	315	2	21 ... 426
.....	5	23	...	483	3	8 ... 798
2 Thess.	3	1	...	596	4	8 ... 674
.....	3	5	...	281	5	7 ... 881
1 Tim.	2	1	...	256	5	7 ... 986
.....	2	1, 2	...	662	1 John	1	7 ... 30
.....	2	6	...	239	2	15 ... 883
.....	6	8	...	408	4	8 ... 461
2 Tim.	1	7	...	275	4	11 ... 496
.....	2	19	...	872	Jude		14 ... 828
.....	4	6	...	744		25 ... 364
Titus	3	5	...	229	Rev.	1	6 ... 307
Hebrews	3	17	...	304	1	7 ... 823
.....	4	3	...	76	3	14 ... 370
.....	4	9	...	79	4	11 ... 211
.....	4	9	...	447	5	12 ... 309
.....	4	15	...	238	5	13 ... 310
.....	4	16	...	384	5	13 ... 317
.....	6	12	...	800	6	14 ... 827
.....	6	18	...	217	7	14 ... 773
.....	6	18	...	555	11	18 ... 820
.....	6	19	...	913	14	13 ... 753
.....	7	25	...	191	14	13 ... 767
.....	10	4	...	167	19	6 ... 608
.....	11	13	...	419	19	16 ... 200
.....	11	13	...	781	20	12 ... 825
.....	11	16	...	766	21	10 ... 772
.....	11	16	...	791	22	5 ... 764
.....	12	2	...	173	22	5 ... 783
.....	12	2	...	381	22	0 ... 822

DOXOLOGIES.

- 1 S. M.
To Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Give worship, honour, glory, power,
Both now and evermore.
- 2 C. M.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore ;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
- 3 L. M.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 4 SEVENS.
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.

PSALMS.

1. *The Righteous and the Wicked.* C. M.
Cambridge.

HOW bless'd is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk !

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways ;
To happiness they tend :
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

2. *Spread of the Gospel.* L. M.
Hedley.

HOW vainly strive ungodly foes
Christ's growing empire to restrain !
And with presumptuous scorn oppose
The Gospel's everlasting reign.

2 Oh! let our trust in him be placed,
Who reigns and intercedes above ;
That we with thankful joy may taste
The blessing of a Saviour's love.

3.

*Doubts and fears suppressed.*C. M.
Abridge.**M**Y God, how many are my fears!

How fast my foes increase!

Conspiring my eternal death,

They break my present peace.

2 But thou, my Glory, and my Strength,

Shalt on the Tempter tread;

Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,

And raise my drooping head.

3 I cried, and from His holy hill

He bow'd a listening ear:

I call'd my Father and my God,

And he subdued my fear.

4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,

In spite of all my foes:

I woke, and wonder'd at the grace

Which guarded my repose.

5 What though the hosts of death and hell

All arm'd against me stood;

Terrors no more shall shake my soul,

My refuge is my God.

4.

*Self-Communion.*L. M.
Devonshire.**R**ETURN, my wandering heart, return,
And earth's vain shadows chase no more;

Seek out some solitude, to mourn;

And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou, great God! whose piercing eye

Distinctly marks each deep retreat,

In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,

And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,

My search let heavenly wisdom guide;

And still its sacred beams impart,

Till all be known and purified.

- 4 Then with the comforts of thy love
 Vouchsafe mine inmost soul to cheer;
 Till every grace combine to prove
 That thou hast fix'd thy dwelling there.

5. *Seeking God in the Sanctuary.* C. M.
Nayland.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Oft to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of truth and grace;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

4 All they, who love and fear thy name,
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
 The mighty God shall compass them
 With favour as a shield.

6. *God sought in trouble.* C. M.
Crowle.

IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
 Thy feeble worm, my God!
 My spirit dreads thy angry look,
 And trembles at thy rod.

2 O come, and show thy power to save,
 And spare my fainting breath:
 For who can praise thee in the grave,
 That silent house of death?

3 Satan, my cruel, envious foe,
 Insults me in my pain:
 He smiles to see me brought so low,
 And tells me hope is vain.

4 But hence, my enemy, depart!
 Nor tempt me to despair:
 My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
 My God has heard my prayer.

7. *God's protection implored.* 8. 8. 6.
 Harwood.

O THOU, the Holy and the Just,
 My God, in whom I place my trust,
 Deliver me from woe:
 Preserve me with thy watchful care,
 Nor leave my helpless soul to bear
 The vengeance of the foe.

2 O let the cause of truth prevail,
 And all the evil projects fail
 That wicked men devise;
 Thy wrath, O Lord, will fiercely burn
 Against the souls that will not turn
 From vanity and lies.

3 But thou, who searchest every heart,
 Wilt never let thy love depart
 From one who seeks thy face;
 Thou art my help, and I will raise
 To thee the voice of constant praise
 For thine unbounded grace.

8. *God glorious in His works.* C. M.
 St. Ann's.

O LORD! our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted Name;
 And yet the glories of thy state
 Thou makest babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that glitter in the sky,
 Those countless worlds of light:

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwell so far below,
 That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so!

4 O Lord, our God! how excellent
 Is thine adored name;
 The glories of thy heavenly state
 Let all the world proclaim.

9.

*Praise.*C. M.
Sheffield.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works—
 Thy wondrous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High!
 Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have thy goodness proved
 Will in thy truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on thy help relied.

4 Sing praises therefore to the Lord
 In Sion, his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God!

10.

*Jehovah the Saviour of the afflicted.*L. M.
St. Olave's.

THOU, Lord, ere yet the humble mind
 Had form'd to prayer the wish design'd,
 Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
 While, swift to aid, thy mercy flies.

2 Thy Spirit shall our heart prepare;
 Thine ear shall listen to our prayer:
 Thou Righteous Judge! thou Power Divine!
 On thee the fatherless recline.

3 The Lord shall save the afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate the opprest;
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel His power,
Nor sin nor Satan grieve them more.

11.

*God all-sufficient.*148th.
Casterton.

MY trust is in the Lord;
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heav'nly throne,
And he will shield and save his own.

2 The wicked may assail—
The tempter sorely try;—
All earth's foundations fail—
All Nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while he is mine.

3 His flock to him is dear,
He views them from on high:
He sends them trials here
To form them for the sky;
But safely will he tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest, of his sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While like the sun, his saints shall rise,
And shine with him above the skies.

12. *The Church encouraged by God's promises.* C. M.
Bedford.

O LORD, arise, and help thy Church!
Behold the godly cease;
Justice declines, the faithful fail,
Iniquities increase.

- 2 But, Lord, salvation is with thee,
Nor shall thy foes prevail;
Thy word of promise stands confess'd,
Thy Church shall never fail.
- 3 Pure is thy word, as silver tried,
The test hath oft been made;
Deliv'rance to thy saints is sure,
E'en when it seems delay'd.
- 4 Thou, Lord, wilt ever keep thy saints,
Their cause thou mak'st thy own:
The faith that's built upon thy word
Shall ne'er be overthrown.

13.

*Expostulation.*L. M.
St. Patrick's.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

3 How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

14.

*The Church longing for Redemption.*L. M.
Buxton.

FROM heaven the mighty Lord look'd down,
From heaven, his high exalted throne,
Inquiring, on this world's abode,
Who understand and seek their God.

- 2 From his appointed righteous way,
Alas! they all are gone astray;
The ways of peace they have not known,
And none is righteous; no, not one.
- 3 Guilty, condemn'd, depraved, and lost,
Who, before God, hath aught to boast?
Arise, O King of Sion, rise,
And bring salvation from the skies.
- 4 Then shall thy saints rejoice and sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring;
Pardon and peace shall then be given,
And thousands soar from earth to heaven.

15. *The Citizen of Zion.* SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar;
Who, an ever welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

- 2 He, whose heart thy love has warm'd;
He, whose will to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He, whose words and thoughts are one;
- 3 He, who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope, and faith unfeign'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd;
- 4 He, who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

16. *God the portion of His people.* L. M.
St. Olave's.

IF thou, O Lord, my portion art,
No terror need perplex my heart;
For still thy hand shall bear me up,
Supply my wants, and fill my cup.

- 2 Thy goodness decks my soul with grace,
And sets me in a pleasant place:
I thank thee for thy counsels, Lord,
And all the treasures of thy word.
- 3 Because my Lord is ever near,
My heart is glad, and knows no fear;
Hope, e'en in death, shall be my guest,
And smooth the pillow of my rest.
- 4 For thou wilt not forget to save,
Nor leave me in the gloomy grave;
Corruption may demand its prey,
But the free soul shall soar away.

17. *Believer's choice and prospects.* L. M.
Rockingham

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

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

18. *The power and grace of God.* L. M.
Hedley.

WITH my whole heart I'll love thy Name,
Jehovah! thee, my Strength, I claim;
My Rock, my Fortress, where I fly;
My great Deliv'rer, always nigh.

- 2 My God! thy names of grace impart
The strength, that animates my heart:
In thee I trust, nor danger dread,
Thine arm the buckler o'er my head.
- 3 What can thy Horn of Power control,
Which wrought salvation for my soul?
Thou the High Tower of my defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 4 Thou, gracious Lord, hast heard my cries;
Beyond our praise thy glories rise;
And still shall prayer my lips employ,
Till thou shalt every foe destroy.

19. *The Word of God the light of the World.* L. M.
Creation.

- S**UN, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on every land.
- 2 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light or feel the sun.
- 3 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven!

20. *For protection against national foes.* L. M.
Buxton.

- H**EAR us, O Lord, in time of need,
And let thy name our cause defend;
Grant that our efforts may succeed,
And vict'ry on our steps attend.

- 2 On horse and chariot some rely ;
 And some of numbers make their boast ;
 Our trust is in the Lord Most High ;
 His favour is itself a host.
- 3 In his salvation we rejoice,
 And lift our banners in his name ;
 Lord, hear our supplicating voice,
 And put our haughty foes to shame.
- 4 O succour and preserve our king,
 And bless with peace our favour'd land ;
 That we may still thy glories sing,
 By whose protecting care we stand.

21.

*Christ our Intercessor.*C. M.
Abridge.

THE Lord who died on earth for men,
 Now fills his Father's throne ;
 He loves us as he loved us then,
 And watches o'er his own.

- 2 For them he offers daily prayer,
 (And all his prayers are heard) ;
 He tends them with unceasing care,
 And feeds them from his word.
- 3 Their ev'ry wish, and want, and woe,
 To him are fully known ;
 They share his trials here below,
 And soon shall share his throne.
- 4 He sends his blessing from on high,
 While they are toiling here :
 With such a Friend above the sky,
 What have his flock to fear ?

22.

*The sufferings of Christ.*C. M.
St. Mary's.

OH! do not thou, my God, forbear
 To spread thy shelt'ring shade!
 For see! distress approaches near,
 And none to save or aid!

2 Pour'd forth like water, sinks my frame,
My bones asunder start;
As wax, that feels the scorching flame,
Within me melts my heart.

3 Then do not thou, my God, forbear
To spread thy shelt'ring shade;
Thou art my Strength! Jehovah, hear!
Oh! hasten thou, and aid!

23. *Jehovah the Shepherd of His people.* C. M. University.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim;
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

4 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

24. *Ascension of Christ.* L. M. Creation.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
 He claims the mansions as his right,—
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

25. *God's mercies a ground of confidence.* S. M.
Mt. Ephraim

TO God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

- 2 Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord! recall to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 As thou wert ever, kind.
- 3 Let all my youthful crimes
 Be blotted out by thee;
 And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
 In mercy think on me.
- 4 O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame!
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

26. *Conscious integrity.* L. M.
Wareham.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
 And try my reins, and try my heart;
 My faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.

- 2 I love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honours dwell:
 There shall I hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.

27.

*God a Father and a Friend.*L. M.
St. Olave's.

THOU, Lord, our guard, our light, our way,
 What dangers shall our souls dismay?
 God of our life! whom need we fear,
 When foes assault, if thou art near?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
 Our hearts have form'd and yet shall form;
 One thing we ask;—to spend our days
 In Zion's courts with prayer and praise.

3 Though every earthly friend depart,
 And love forsake a parent's heart;
 The Lord, on whom our hopes depend,
 Will prove a Father and a Friend.

4 Ye trembling saints! in every strait
 On God with sacred courage wait:
 His grace will life and strength afford;
 Oh! wait then daily on the Lord.

28.

*God a sure defence.*C. M.
Manchester.

TO thee, the Rock of our defence,
 For succour, Lord, we flee;
 Oh! let us not depart from hence
 Without a smile from thee.

2 If thou keep silence, we must fall
 To depths of dark despair;
 Vouchsafe to grant us, when we call,
 An answer to our prayer.

3 Thy promise cheers the path we tread,
 Thou canst not prove untrue;
 But, having honour'd Christ our head,
 Wilt bless his members too.

29.

*Jehovah the Universal King.*L. M.
Job.

GOD's word, like lightning from the skies,
 Strikes deep, and quick conviction flies;
 The nations tremble, and adore,
 Through earth, to its remotest shore.

- 2 Jesus is King! enthroned on high,
He reigns through all eternity!
His glory shall his Church increase,
With strength Divine, and endless peace.

30. *Divine compassion acknowledged.* L. M.
Hedle.

- I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God, can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life, and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

31. *The afflictions and the support of Christ.* S. M.
Aylesbury.

- M**Y trouble, Lord, regard:
My God, my fears control:
My eye consumes, my spirit faints,
My body and my soul.
- 2 My life is spent with grief,
In sighing pass my years;
My strength consumes, because of sin,
In grief, distress, and tears.
- 3 My times are in thy hand,
My great Almighty Friend:
When persecuting foes combine,
Do thou my soul defend.
- 4 Oh! grant me to behold
Thy power, thy truth, thy grace!
Lord, for thy mercy's sake, display
The brightness of thy face!

32. *Forgiveness of sins upon confession.* S. M.
Aylesbury.

- O** BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

33. *Humble prayer.* S. 7.
Haydn.

- T**HREE, Jehovah, thee adoring,
Prostrate at thy throne we bend;
Humbly there thy grace imploring,
Waiting till thy grace descend:
Thou art our Almighty Saviour!
Let thine arm be still reveal'd;
Cast around thy special favour,
Spread thine everlasting shield.
- 2 In thy love our heart rejoices,
While thy promises we claim;
Thee we praise with cheerful voices,
Trusting in thy holy name.
Lord, thy mercy, without measure,
Fills thy covenant of grace;
Grant to us that heav'nly treasure,
For on thee our hopes we place.

34.

*Confidence in God.*C. M.
St. Matthew's.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name!
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

4 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
 Who look'd to him for aid;
 Desired success in every face
 A cheerful air display'd.

5 Oh! make but trial of his love!
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear:
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

35.

*Hope in Christ.*C. M.
St. Matthew's.

O PLEAD my cause, my Saviour, plead,
 I trust alone in thee;
 O thou who didst for sinners bleed,
 A sinner save in me.

2 The great salvation there achieved
 My hope shall ever be;
 My soul has in her Lord believed,
 And he shall rescue me.

36. *Perfections and Providence of God.* L. M.
St. James'.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

2 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

3 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

4 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
Oh! let thy saints thy favour gain!
To upright hearts thy truth display.

37. *God the Guardian of the pious.* C. M.
Irish.

NOW let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that 's good:
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

2 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

38. *Sorrow for sin.* L. M.
St. Pancras'.

LORD, let thy fierce displeasure cease;
Stay thy just wrath, and grant relief:
My wounded spirit knows no peace,
Sore press'd beneath a load of grief.

2 Sad cause have I to mourn my state
Of guilt, just verging to despair;
My sins oppress me with a weight,
Far greater than my strength can bear.

3 For thy salvation, Lord, I call ;
 Oh! grant it to these longing eyes :
 Though deep and dangerous was my fall,
 By thy free grace I yet may rise.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord my God!
 In pity to a soul distress'd,
 Be near, and guide me in the road
 That leads to safety and to rest.

39.

*Pleading without repining.*C. M.
Burford.

GOD of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel ;
 Lord, I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder down to dust ;
 Our feeble power cannot withstand,
 And all our beauty's lost.

3 I'm but a sojourner below,
 As all my fathers were ;
 Oh! may I be prepared to go,
 When I the summons hear.

4 But if my life be spared awhile,
 Before my last remove,
 Oh! make thy praise my business still,
 And I'll proclaim thy love.

40.

*Praise for deliverance.*L. M.
St. Olave's.

IWAITED meekly for the Lord,
 'Till he vouchsafed a kind reply ;
 He did his gracious ear afford,
 And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 He took me from the dismal pit,
 When founder'd deep in miry clay ;
 On solid ground he placed my feet,
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

3 Who can the wondrous work recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

4 All those who humbly seek thy face
To joyful triumphs shall be raised ;
And all who prize thy saving grace
Shall sing with me, "the Lord be prais'd !"

41. *Blessed are the merciful.* . L. M.
Hedley.

HOW blest is he whom holy love
Fills with compassion for the poor ;
Whose heart the tenderest mercies move
To heal the sufferings they endure.

2 The Lord will save him in distress,
Preserve his life, and soothe his woes ;
With safety and with peace will bless,
And guard him from malicious foes.

3 In sickness, when his fainting heart
Can scarce its heavy load sustain ;
His faithful God will strength impart,
And smooth his bed, and ease his pain.

4 Lord, when thy boundless love we see,
Of its pure flame may we partake ;
Oh! teach us to be kind like thee,
And love our brethren for thy sake.

42. *Longing after God.* C. M.
Irish.

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

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

- 3 Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim ;
 Redeem us, and exalt thy name :
 Rise for our help, Almighty Lord !
 Salvation shall attend thy word.

45.

*The triumph of Christ.*L. M.
Windle.

WHENE'ER, my Saviour and my King,
 Thy praises I prepare to sing ;
 My ready tongue too faintly shows
 The love with which my heart o'erflows.

- 2 Arise to save, O thou Most High,
 And gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
 Supreme, majestic, and alone,
 Triumphant Conqueror, ride on.
- 3 Thy foes shall bow before thy hand,
 And nations own thy just command :
 By truth and righteousness made sure,
 Thy throne for ever shall endure.
- 4 Thy name shall dwell upon our tongues,
 And warm our hearts, and tune our songs ;
 To thee shall rise, through endless days,
 The incense of thy people's praise.

46.

*The Church's safety in times of trouble.*L. M.
Rockingham.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade :
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the City of our God;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through
 And watering our divine abode.

47. *The universal reign of Christ.* L. M.
Creation.

- J**ESUS the Lord ascends on high!
 He reigns in glory o'er the sky!
 Let the whole earth its offerings bring,
 Exalt his Name—proclaim him King!
- 2 Wide through the world he spreads his sway,
 And bids the heathen lands obey;
 His Church with willing offerings greet,
 And bend submissive at her feet.
- 3 His reign the heathen lands shall own:
 His holiness secures his throne;
 And earthly princes gather round,
 Where Abr'ham's race and God are found.
- 4 Princes by him their power extend,
 Earth's mighty shields to Jesus bend:
 He bids them rule—he bids them die—
 Himself o'er all exalted high!

48. *Love to the Sanctuary.* S. M.
Shirland.

- G**REAT is the Lord our God!
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
 The honors of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In ev'ry new distress
 We'll to his house repair;
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

4 The God whose love we know
 Will guide us till we die;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And through eternity.

49. *Vanity of worldly things.*

P. M.
 Kelly 1.

O H! why should I envy the great?
 Why wonder to see their success?
 For death will soon alter their state,
 And rob them of all they possess.

2 My treasure is laid up above,
 Where sorrow and change cannot come;
 And Death, through God's infinite love,
 Shall prove but the path to my home.

50. *The Last Judgment.*

8. 7. 4.
 Helmsley.

L O! the Mighty God appearing,—
 From on high Jehovah speaks!
 Eastern lands the summons hearing,
 O'er the west his thunder breaks:
 Earth beholds him!
 Universal Nature shakes!

2 Zion all its light unfolding,
 God in glory shall display;
 Lo! he comes! nor silence holding,
 Fire and clouds prepare his way:
 Tempests round him,
 Hasten on the dreadful day!

3 Now the heavens on high adore him,
 And his righteousness declare;
 Sinners perish from before him,
 But his saints his mercies share:
 Just his judgment—
 God, himself the Judge, is there.

51. *A penitent pleading for pardon.* L. M.
Rockingham.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!

Let a repenting rebel live:

Are not thy mercies large and free?

May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

52. *Prayer for grace.* L. M.
Denbigh.

LORD, may I in thy courts be seen

Fresh as the olive, ever green;

While there, on thy unchanging grace,

My everlasting hopes I place.

2 Then I'll proclaim thy praise abroad:
Thine arm has conquer'd, Mighty God;
Thy name I'll trust, its power confess,
Thy saints delight that Name to bless.

53. *Universal corruption of man.* 148th.
Casterton.

THE Lord look'd all around

Upon man's favor'd race,

If any might be found

Who sought their Maker's face;

But every single soul was seen
Corrupt, polluted, and unclean.

- 2 O that the day were come—
- Salvation's promised day!
When God shall bring them home,
And wash their sins away:
Then Gentiles shall lift up their voice,
And Judah's ransom'd sons rejoice.

54. *The believer's trust in God.* C. M.
Bedford.

SAVE me, O God, to thee I cry,
Incline, and hear my prayer:
Thou art my help, to thee I fly,
Unto my words give ear.

- 2 Oppressors rise, and foes surround,
Let all their threats be vain;
Nor cast thy servant to the ground;
My God, my soul sustain.
- 3 Then to thy courts I'll joyful bring
My sacrifice of praise;
The name of my deliverer sing,
And ceaseless anthems raise.

55. *The afflicted believer's prayer.* C. M.
Abridge.

GIVE ear, O Lord! hide not thy face;
In my complaint I mourn;
Forsake me not, my foes oppress;
Oh! when wilt thou return?

- 2 Afflictions, pressing on my heart,
Like waves successive roll;
While death, with his terrific dart,
O'erwhelms my trembling soul.
- 3 Oh, had I wings to aid my flight,
Soon like the dove I'd soar;
And speed my way to realms of light,
Where storms alarm no more.

4 Till then, encouraged by thy word,
I'll wait, nor wait in vain;
I'll cast my burden on the Lord,
Almighty to sustain.

56. *God a refuge from oppression.*

C. M.
Irish.

BE merciful to me, O God!
For threat'ning foes appal;
They strive against me day by day,
And fain would work my fall.

2 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do—
The offspring of the dust.

3 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
O set thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

57. *Refuge in God under trouble.*

L. M.
Devonshire.

WHEN gathering storms around me spread,
My gracious God, command thy aid:
Let Mercy's guardian care enclose,
Since on thy mercy I repose.

2 Beneath thy shade my troubled mind
Its Refuge and its Rest would find:
Beneath thy wings my soul I'll cast,
Till life's last gloomy hour be past.

3 Up to Jehovah, God Most High!
Through earth's dark clouds I urge my cry;
Whose mercy can assuage the storm,
And all I want or wish perform.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, thy high abode!
O'er all the glories earth can claim
Extend the honours of thy Name!

58.

*The Final Judgment.*G. 8's.
Monmouth.

ERE long the Mighty Judge shall come!
 Transgressors then shall hear their doom:
 The just his mercy shall record.
 Then, in that dread tremendous day,
 Th' astonish'd world, convinced, shall say
 That God the righteous will reward.

59.

*God a sure defence.*L. M.
Rockingham.

SAVE me, O God, thine arm display,
 And bid my foes thy power obey:
 When hosts of hell my soul invade,
 Rise, rise, my all-sufficient Aid.

2 Thou God, whose mercies round me flow,
 Thy presence shall before me go,
 Prepare my way, and bid me rise
 To view my conquer'd enemies.

3 In the dark day, when troubles rose,
 I bade my soul on thee repose;
 Thine arm of everlasting power
 My Sure Defence, my Refuge Tower!

4 To thee, my Strength, the song I'll frame;
 Thee still my Sure Defence I'll claim;
 And, while thy mercies endless flow,
 My God, thy endless praise I'll show.

60.

*For national mercies.*L. M.
Wareham.

LORD! let the people, once thy care,
 Again thy fav'ring presence share;
 Though oft repulsed, chastised by thee,
 O grant us still thy face to see.

2 How trembles this divided land,
 Beneath the terrors of thy hand;
 O thou the God whom we adore,
 Compose its strifes, its peace restore.

3 Behold us, Lord, oppress'd with woe,
As exiled from thy care we go;
O! let us yet thy mercy share,
And hear, O! hear, our ceaseless prayer.

4 Our hope, if placed on man, were vain;
O! let thy strength our hope sustain;
And may we, on thy help reclined,
In thee continued succour find.

61. *Faith and hope in God.*

S. M.
Aylesbury.

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

2 O lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My Shelter and my Shade!

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the Tower of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

62. *Trusting in God for Protection.*

L. M.
St. Olave's.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

63. *Longing after God.*

S. M.
Levens.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy—to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love Divine.

- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compared to this—
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

64. *The Exaltation of the Church in Christ.* SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

HEAR my voice, O God, in prayer,
Guard my life from servile fear;
From each hostile council hide,
Through life's dreary desert guide.

- 2 Then shall men thy power confess,
See thy hand, thy mercy bless;
Men shall fear, and God adore,
Own thy work, and strive no more.
- 3 But the just thy acts record,
Glorying only in the Lord;
They, who love and trust thy name,
Shall, with joy, thy praise proclaim.

65. *Praise.* L. M.
Wareham.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

- 2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear;
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;
 While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man who, near thee placed,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
 While we at humbler distance taste
 The pure delights thy temple gives.

66.

*Praise for deliverance.*SEVENS.
Resurrection.

- I**N thy works, O Lord, we view
 Love and majesty combined;
 Flames of wrath thy foes pursue,
 Rest and peace thy children find.
- 2 Thou hast caused a flood of woes
 On our weary hearts to fall;
 But thy love, which dealt the blows,
 Brought us safely through them all.
- 3 Let the name of God be blest
 By all nations far and near,
 For he gives his people rest
 From their sorrow and their fear.

67.

*Prayer for Conversion of the World.*S. M.
Levens.

- T**O bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline,
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known:
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

68.

*Christ exalted and triumphant.*L. M.
Creation.

- O** SAVIOUR, be thy praise express'd
 By those whom daily thou hast bless'd;
 Thy mighty Arm alone can save
 Lost sinners from the yawning grave.
- 2 Thou hast ascended up on high
 To the bright mansions of the sky,
 Triumphant over all the foes
 That dared thy gracious work oppose.
- 3 And still thou sendest from above
 Rich tokens of thy bounteous love;
 That sinners, rescued from their load
 Of guilt, may learn to walk with God.
- 4 Thy glorious Gospel shall send forth
 Its mighty voice from south to north;
 Till all the earth combine to raise
 The sacred melody of praise.

69.

*Suffering David a type of Christ.*L. M.
Rockingham.

- D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The agony of Christ our Lord;
 Behold the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul!
- 2 Yet, gracious God! thy power and love
 Have made his pain a blessing prove;
 The dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Atoned for sins which we have done.
- 3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honours of thy law restored;
 His sorrows made thy justice known,
 And paid for crimes, but not his own.
- 4 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the contrite sinner live;
 Thou, Lord, wilt hear us through his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

70.

*Prayer for Divine aid.*C. M.
Nayland.

GREAT God, attend my humble call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
Oh let thy grace prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2 Be thou my help in time of need,
To thee, O Lord, I pray;
In mercy hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

3 Let all who love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

71.

*Sustaining grace implored.*C. M.,
St. Ann's.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

72.

*Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.*L. M.
Warrington.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

73. *God our present and everlasting portion.* C. M.
Irish.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's Eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint..

74. *The Church pleading with God in affliction.* C. M.
St. Mary's.

WILL God for ever cast me off ?

His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock ?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood ;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before ;
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

75. *The government of Messiah.* I. M.
Hedley.

THY power, O God, will we proclaim,
Give thanks, and praise thy sacred name ;
Immortal God, thy works declare
Thy name in glorious might is near.

2 Let joyful congregations sing
The triumphs of their Lord and King ;
Messiah reigns ; at his command
All nations rise, subside, or stand.

3 God is our Judge ; adore his word ;
He sways the sceptre, holds the sword ;
Promotion comes from him alone,
He raises up, and he puts down.

4 The God of Jacob guards the just,
But treads the wicked to the dust ;
By his right hand, his saints shall rise,
And reign exalted in the skies.

76. *The majesty of God's dominion.* 148th.
Casterton.

IN Judah is God known !
And there his name is great ;
Let all thy glory own,
For awful is thy state.

Thy judgments near, thine anger shown,
Who dares appear before thy throne !

- 2 Though man his anger raise,
His utmost strength is vain ;
His wrath shall work thy praise,
His rage wilt thou restrain :
Then still obey th' eternal King ;
Your homage pay ; your off'rings bring.

77. *Comfort from God in trouble.*

8. 7.
Vesper.

WITH a weight of sorrow troubled,
From the Lord I sought relief ;
But my very cries redoubled
The sad burden of my grief.
Thoughts of God, and all his favours,
Pierce my soul, and check my prayer ;
And my wearied spirit wavers
On the borders of despair.

- 2 Will the Lord cast off for ever ?
Will his love return no more ?
Can his promise fail, and never
Bring me comfort as before ?
No,—the Lord of truth, abiding
Still the same through endless years,
Bids my soul, in him confiding,
Banish those distrustful fears.

- 3 Recollecting former seasons,
When thy wonders were display'd,
I can find sufficient reasons
To expect thy constant aid.
Lord, thy path is in the waters,
And thy footsteps are not known ;
To thy faithful sons and daughters
Everlasting love is shown.

78. *The Lord's care for His people.*

C.M.
Arlington.

HOW good, how faithful, Lord, art thou!
How false and stubborn we!
O teach us at thy feet to bow,
And yield our all to thee.

2 Our fathers, in their darkest hours,
From thee found strong relief;
O let their mercies, Lord, be ours,
But not their unbelief!

3 The rocks were cleft their thirst to slake,
The skies rain'd down their food;
And still thy laws they daily brake,
And still thy will withstood.

4 The same kind Father, Lord, thou art;
The same dark rebels we:
O touch with grace each erring heart,
And win them all to thee.

79. *Prayer for mercy.*

S.M.
Aylesbury.

THOU gracious God and kind,
O cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

80. *The Church's prayer under affliction.*

L. M.
St. Pancras'.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

3 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return ?

4 Do thou convert us, Lord ; do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

81. *Public praise and prayer.* S. M.
Levens.

SING to the Lord our strength,
With holy fervour sing !
Let hearts and instruments unite,
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his holy house,
And this his festal day ;
And he accepts the humblest prayer
That we sincerely pray.

3 Then let us open wide
Our mouths for him to fill ;
And he, who Israel well supplied,
Will feed his Israel still.

82. *Christ's Kingdom.* L. M.
Job.

ARISE, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod ;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

83. *God arising to subdue opposers.* S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

AND will the God of grace,
Perpetual silence keep ?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep ?

2 Arise, Almighty God,
Assume thy sovereign sway;
Before thy throne bid sinners bow,
And yield their hearts to thee.

3 Let all the nations know,
And spread thy name abroad;
Let all who dwell on earth confess
Their Saviour and their God.

84. *Means of grace ending in glory.*

C. W.
Irish.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place!
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face.

2 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

3 They shall proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

4 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that godly live.

85. *For the restoration of the Jews.*

L. M.
Wareham.

ARISE, O God! and let thy grace
Diffuse its beams on Jacob's race:
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.

2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
For ever shall thine anger burn?
And wilt thou never, Lord, return?

- 3 In pity their backslidings heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal!
 Check in mid course thy dreadful ire,
 And bid its kindled flames expire.
- 4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
 And wake to joy each grateful heart:
 May Israel's ransom'd tribes in thee
 Their bliss and full salvation see!

86.

*Sufficiency of God's grace.*P. M.
Dorking.

O FATHER, let me be
 An object of thy care;
 For daily unto thee
 I lift my humble prayer:
 Preserve my soul, for I am thine,
 And guide me with thy truth divine.

- 2 When cares and troubles fall
 Upon my wounded soul,
 On thee, O Lord, I call,
 For thou canst make me whole;
 And thou wilt hear my suppliant cry,
 And bid affliction's tear be dry.
- 3 Upon thy word I live,
 For thou art full of grace,
 And ready to forgive
 The souls that seek thy face;
 No power but thine my soul can bless,
 And ease the weight of my distress.
- 4 Teach me thy way, O Lord,
 That I may walk therein;
 Thy gracious help afford
 To keep my heart from sin:
 So shall I praise thy glorious name,
 And all thy mighty works proclaim.

87. *Blessedness of God's people.*P. M.
Vesper.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;

He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 Here the stream of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove :
None can faint, where such a river
Freely pours their thirst t' assuage,
Blessings which, like God, the giver,
Never fail from age to age.

3 Saviour ! if in Zion's city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame :
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show :
Solid joy and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

88. *Sinners invited to immediate repentance.* L. M.
Rockingham.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But ah ! how soon, approaching night
Will blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's heavenly sound !
Come, sinners, haste—oh ! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

- 3 In the lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 4 Now God invites, how bless'd the day !
 How sweet the gospel's heavenly sound !
 Come, sinners, haste—oh ! haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

89.

*The blessing of the Gospel.*C. M.
Cambridge.

- B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives :
 Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

90.

*God the help and hope of frail man.*C. M.
St. Ann's.

- O** GOD, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come ;
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal Home !
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure :
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame ;
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God ! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come ;
Be thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal Home.

91.

*Safety in Divine protection.*L. M.
Wareham.

HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare—
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 3 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers ; so the Lord
Makes his own Arm his people's guard.
- 4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

92.

*The Sabbath.*L. M.
Windle.

SWEET is the work, O God, our King ;
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest !
 No earthly care shall seize our breast ;
 O may our hearts in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 Our hearts shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word :
 His works of grace, how bright they shine ;
 How deep his counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O may we see, and hear, and know
 What mortals cannot reach below ;
 And all our powers find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy !

93.

*The kingdom of Christ.*104th.
Gardner.

- Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful Name ;
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save ;
 And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
 The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
 Our Saviour's praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might ;
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

94.

*The Believer's support in adversity.*L. M.
St. Olave's.

- B**LEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
 With chastening teachest in thy word ;
 Train'd by adversity, he's blest,
 And finds in thee his long-sought rest.

2 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake thy flock,
Thou art our Shepherd, Shield, and Rock ;
And when my feet seem'd nigh to fall,
Thou wast my Help, thou heard'st my call.

3 Oft when my thoughts tumultuous roll,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight my soul ;
And lead me to thy blest abode,
My Refuge, my Defence, my God.

95.

*Praise in the Sanctuary.*L. M.
Portuguese.

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

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
On bended knees devoutly fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Alone in all the world is great ;
The strength of earth is in his hand,
He made the sea, and fix'd the land.

4 He is our God, our Shepherd he,
His people and his flock are we :
Then let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there.

96.

*Salvation for the Heathen.*S. M.
Levens.

NOW let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains ;
Let earth repeat it to the skies,
The Lord, the Saviour reigns !

2 Sing to the Lord our God,
And bless his sacred name :
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

- 3 Through earth, let every tribe,
 Let every nation, sing;
 Glory, and grace, and might ascribe
 To our Eternal King.

97. *Grace leading to Glory.* L. M.
St. Olave's.

TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
 O'er all the earth; o'er all the sky:
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
 His dwelling is the Mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord:
 None but the soul that feels his grace
 Shall triumph in his holiness.

98. *Blessing of Christ's kingdom.* C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And Heaven and Nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

99. *Praise to a triumphant Saviour.* S. M.
Mansfield.

THE Lord in Zion reigns,
 Let earth his praise proclaim,
 And celebrate in loudest strains
 His great and dreadful name.

2 For holy is our Lord;
 Justice and grace surround
 His stedfast seat; and in his word
 Eternal truth is found.

3 Saviour, 'tis thine to spare,
 To pity and forgive;
 O may we learn in faith and prayer,
 To seek thy face, and live.

100. *A Psalm of Praise.* L. M.
Old 100th.

WITH one consent let all the earth,
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh! enter then his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

100.

*Psalm of Praise.*L. M.
Denmark.

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

101.

*The Believer's pious resolve.*L. M.
Warrington.

- M**Y song shall be of mercy, Lord;
Thy judgments shall my soul record;
To thee I'll sing with grateful voice,
I'll gaze, and tremble, and rejoice.
- 2 When wilt thou come to me, my God,
And make my heart thy blest abode?
O may I walk as in thy sight,
With conscience clear, and heart upright.
- 3 The faithful in my house shall dwell,
With me thy loving-kindness tell;
Deceit and falsehood shall depart,
The slanderous tongue, the froward heart.
- 4 The Church below, in peace and love,
Shall emulate the Church above;
Form'd by thy Spirit and thy word,
The holy city of the Lord.

102.

*God near in extremity.*C. M.
Arlington.

WHEN earthly joys glide fast away,
When hopes and comforts flee,
When foes oppress and friends betray,
I turn, my God, to thee.

2 Thy nature, Lord, no change can know,
Thy promise still is sure;
And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow
But thou canst work a cure.

3 Deliv'rance comes most bright and blest,
At danger's darkest hour;
And man's extremity is best
To prove thy grace and power.

4 High as thou art, thou still art near,
When suppliants succour crave;
And as thine ear is swift to hear,
Thine arm is strong to save.

103.

*Praise for Redemption.*L. M.
Hedley.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join,
In work and worship so divine.

D

104.

*Praise for providence and grace.*L. M.
Creation.**L**ONG as I live, all-bounteous Lord!

My song thy glories shall record :

Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.2 Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest :
God my Creator lifts my voice :
In God my Saviour I rejoice.3 Soon shall his arm his foes dismay,
And sweep the guilty race away :
And, while his saints his power adore,
The wicked sink to rise no more.4 Then, oh ! my soul, Jehovah bless,
His providence and grace confess :
Let all his works their tribute raise,
And triumph in Jehovah's praise.

105.

*Rejoicing in God.*C. M.
Cambridge.**G**IVE thanks unto the Lord with joy,

And call upon his name ;

Acquaint the people with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.2 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be adored ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.3 Seek ye the Lord ; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

106.

*Praise.*L. M.
St. Olave's.**O**H ! render thanks to God above,

The Fountain of eternal love ;

Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

107. *God the protector of His servants.* C. M.
Sheffield.

HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help omnipotence.

- 2 From all their dangers and their fears
Thy mercy sets them free;
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
We will thy name adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And trust thy grace for more.

108. *General praise to God.* C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise;
Awake, my harp, to sing;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

- 2 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy Name.
- 3 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

109.

*Forgiveness of injuries.*C. M.
Nayland.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet he, with dying breath,
Pray'd for his murderers on the cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 4 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain, before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

110.

*Christ the true Melchizedek.*113th.
Menmouth.

WE hail thy great triumphant day;
The willing nations own thy sway,
And joy thy rising beams to view;
Rescued by thee from error's night,
They shine as numberless and bright,
As crystal drops of morning dew.

- 2 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchizedek's, His reign
And Priesthood shall no period know:
God will exalt his glorious Head,
Through the whole earth his kingdom spread,
And lay each haughty rebel low.

111.

*God's unchangeableness.*L. M.
Hedley.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise,
My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng,
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Hath all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

3 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same;—
Holy and reverend is his name.

4 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

112.

*Security of the righteous.*113th.
Monmouth.

B ESET with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved, the just maintains his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that 's fill'd with heavenly light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

2 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God, relies :
Though waves and tempests roar around,
Safe on the Rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

113.

*Majesty of Jehovah.*113th.
Swithin.

Y E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

- 2 God through the world extends his sway;
 The regions of eternal day
 The shadows of His glory are:
 To him whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven wherein he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

114. *Deliverance of Israel from Egypt.*

C. M.
 Irish.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
 And led the tribes from thence;
 Their sanctuary was Jehovah's Name,
 Dominion and defence.

- 2 The sea stood back, amazed to view
 Mountains convulsed with fear;
 And Jordan's streams, aghast withdrew,
 Because the Lord was there.
- 3 Streams flow'd from rocks of rugged stone,
 Obedient at his word:
 Tremble, O earth, adore and own
 The presence of the Lord.

115. *The salvation of man wholly of grace.*

C. M.
 Cambridge.

NOT unto us, but to thy name,
 Great God! be glory given:
 Thy praise shall be on earth begun,
 And perfected in heaven.

- 2 Thy wisdom and thy boundless love
 Contrived the wondrous plan
 Of rescuing, from eternal death,
 Th' apostate race of man.
- 3 Should we, through grace, at length be found
 Among thy saints above;
 With them, in endless songs, we'll sing
 The triumphs of thy love.

4 To thee, O God, to thee alone,
 Be all the glory given;
 For 'tis of grace, from first to last,
 That sinners enter heaven.

116. *Vows made in trouble paid in the Church.*

C. M.
 Bath.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight,
 How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

117. *Praise from all Nations,*

L. M.
 Denbigh.

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

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

118. *Triumph in the resurrection of Christ.*

L. M.
 Creation.

ALL power and grace to God belong;
 He is my strength, and he my song:
 He comes, my Saviour, from his throne,
 He comes to bring salvation down.

- 2 Lo! rising from the tents of men,
The voice of joy resounds again:
His saints with him the triumph claim,
And shout salvation to his Name.
- 3 His own right-hand its strength displays,
In acts of valour and of grace:
The cross, the tomb, the throne declare
How vast his power and glory are.
- 4 For us he conquers, though he dies:
Behold the mighty Saviour rise!
His own right hand on high displays,
In acts of valour and of grace.

119.

*Breathing after holiness.*C. M.
Arlington,

- OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 Send thy good Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

119. *Instruction from the Scriptures.*

C. M.
 Nayland.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

119. *Prayer for quickening grace.*

C. M.
 Bedford.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Lord, give me life Divine!
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
 To speed me in the way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning powers;
 Thy word which I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
 And thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road ?

5 Then I shall love thy Gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning power
 To draw me near the Lord.

119. *Loving correction.* L. M.
St. Olave's.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
 I left my guide and lost my way,
 'But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I may learn his statutes well.

119. *God's Word our heritage.* C. M.
St. Matthew's.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 There my best thoughts engage.

2 Open our eyes to see, O Lord !
 The wonders it displays :
 O let us live and keep thy word,
 And walk in all thy ways.

119. *Wisdom a treasure.* SEVENS.
Resurrection.

DEARER, Lord, thy statutes far
 Than the world's best treasures are :
 Gold or honey I esteem
 Dross and dust, compared with them.

- 2 Like a lamp, whene'er I stray,
Shining bright upon my way,
Let thy pure and lively word
Still its quick'ning light afford.
- 3 Humble, teachable, and mild,
Meekly, like a little child,
At my gracious Saviour's feet
Let me take my dally seat.
- 4 Save, O save me, I am thine,
To thy ways my heart incline;
Ever let thy holy word
Light, and life, and peace afford,

119. *The Word of God inestimable.*

L. M.
Devonshire.

- O** HOW I love thy holy word;
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord;
It guides and keeps me in thy way:
I think upon it night and day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth;
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
What are all joys, compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows?
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd:
Thou mad'st me feel thy chast'ning rod,
And straight I turn'd me to my God.
- 4 O hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precept I had still despised;
But now thy word is my delight,
And makes my prospects calm and bright.

119. *Prayer for recovery and preservation.*

L. M.
Devonshire.

WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
And erred from the heavenly way;
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
Far from the paths of thee, our God.

2 Hear us, great Shepherd of the sheep!
Our wand'rings heal, our footsteps keep:
We seek thy shelt'ring fold again;
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

3 Teach us to know and love thy way;
And grant, to life's remotest day,
By thine unerring guidance led,
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

120. *Complaint of the wickedness of men.* C. M. London.

THOU God of love! thou ever blest!
Pity my suffering state:
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

2 Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

121. *God our Refuge.* C. M. Cambridge

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep:
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel safely keep.

3 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

122. *Delight in the Sabbath and temple of God.* C. M. Nayland.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
 Where willing children throng
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer—
 And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace! oh deign to dwell
 Within thy Church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found—
 Let all her sons unite,
 To spread with grateful zeal around,
 Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
 Which thou hast call'd thine own;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at thy throne.

123.

*Confidence in God.*S. M.
Leven's.

TO thee I lift my eyes,
 O God, my prayer attend!
 O thou, that dwell'st above the skies,
 Help to thy servant send.

2 Thy faithful servant, Lord,
 May I observant stand;
 Waiting for all thou dost afford,
 And passive in thy hand.

3 Teach me to do thy will;
 My eyes are fix'd on thee,
 Thy holy pleasure to fulfil,
 To suffer or obey.

124.

*Praise for national deliverance.*113th.
Carey.

HAD God forsook us when our foes
 In adverse hosts against us rose;
 Had God, we now may surely say,
 Forsook us in the dreadful day,

When gath'ring troops their wrath outpour'd,
Their fury had our tribes devour'd.

2 Down we had sunk, and o'er our head
The swelling floods their waves had spread:
Down we had sunk—but bless'd be God,
Whose arm the timely help bestow'd
And all opposers chased away,
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

3 See, as the bird with sudden spring,
Exulting mounts upon the wing,
Just rescued from the fowler's art;
So triumph we with thankful heart,
And, saved by God's preventing care,
Shake from our feet the broken snare.

4 When woes and dangers round us rise,
Our help on God alone relies;
To him our liberty we owe,
And own his strength against the foe,
Whose hand thy centre fix'd, O earth!
And gave th' enduring heavens their birth.

125.

*The Church's security.*L. M.
Job.

THEY who the Lord Jehovah trust,
Shall find their highest hopes are just:
What storms can Zion's mount remove,
Or shake the Rock of endless love?

2 His presence shall his Church enclose,
At once the lofty mountains rose
Round Salem's seat; his arms engage
Their sure defence from age to age.

3 Thy goodness, gracious Lord, display
To those who love and keep thy way,
Who walk directed by thy fear,
And serve thee with a heart sincere.

126.

*Deliverance.*L. M.
Sandbach.

WHEN God, from sin's captivity,
Sets his believing people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

2 But soon they gladly triumph thus,—
“The Lord hath done great things for us;”
Turn our captivity, O Lord,
Like southern streams which hear thy word.

3 Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy:
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

127.

*Success depends on God.*L. M.
St. James'.

EXCEPT the Lord our labours bless
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power sustain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,
Early to rise, and late to sleep;
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

4 For thus thy sons, by mercy led,
Through life's dark trials safely tread;
And in thy blessing never cease
To find prosperity and peace.

128.

*Blessing of the Lord.*C. M.
Devizes.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
Who walks his holy ways;
God his obedience will reward,
And bless with peace his days.

- 2 O that our families may rise
 In unity and love;
 As tender plants, meet for the skies,
 To part no more above.
- 3 Thus shall the man on earth be blest,
 Who fears the mighty Lord;
 And when he soars to endless rest,
 Be blest with full reward.
- 4 Eternal God, thy children bless,
 And let thy Church increase
 In faith, truth, grace, and righteousness,
 And everlasting peace.

129. *Trials and deliverances.* C. M.
Cambridge.

MANY a time, from early youth,
 Have enemies assail'd;
 But through thy help, O God of truth,
 Have never yet prevail'd.

- 2 So Zion's foes shall all decay,
 Fall prostrate at her feet;
 As with'ring grass that fades away,
 Consumed by searching heat.

130. *Faith and patience in trouble.* S. M.
Aylesbury.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I send my cry;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

- 2 Should'st thou transgression mark,
 Lord, who shall ever stand?
 But thou forgiv'st, that we may fear,
 And own thy gracious hand.
- 3 My soul with patience waits
 For thee the living Lord:
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

- 4 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray;
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows,
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal succour flows.
- 6 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

131.

*Prayer for grace.*SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 "Clothed with humility."

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child;
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee;
 Nothing seek but things above,
 Happy, happy in thy love.

4 Oh! that all may seek and find
 Every good in Jesus join'd!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

132.

*For God's blessing in the sanctuary.*L. M.
Wareham.

GOD in his temple let us meet;
 Low on our knees before him bend;
 Here hath he fix'd his mercy-seat;
 Here, on his worship, we attend.

- 2 Arise into thy resting-place,
 Thou and thy Ark of strength, O Lord!
 Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
 Speak, for we hearken to thy word.
- 3 With righteousness thy priests array:
 Joyful thy chosen people be:
 Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
 Let all, be holiness to thee.

133.

*The beauty of Christian love.*L. M.
Warrington.

- H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
 When souls in Christian love combine,
 Whose cares and joys united meet
 In bonds of charity divine!
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment, pour'd
 On Aaron's consecrated head,
 When balmy odours, richly shower'd,
 Wide o'er his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er display'd,
 Impearl'd with dew, a fairer light:
 Nor Zion's beauteous hills, array'd
 In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 On them the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When time's frail comforts charm no more.

134.

*Praise and prayer.*G. M.
University.

- B**EHOLD! ye servants of the Lord,
 Your hands in worship raise;
 Worthy is God to be adored
 Both day and night with praise.
- 2 Thou Lord of heaven and earth, send down
 A blessing from above;
 With grace and truth thy servants crown,
 And seal us with thy love.

135.

*Exhortation to praise God.*8. 7.
Haydn.

PRAISE Jehovah without ceasing,
 Spread abroad his glorious fame;
 In his courts for ever blessing,
 Praise and magnify his name.
 Blest employment! holy pleasure!
 Praise, ye servants of the Lord;
 Israel, his peculiar treasure,
 Sound his praise, his love record.

2 Sov'reign Lord of earth and heaven,
 Seas and deeps perform thy will:
 To thy Name be glory given,
 Thy good pleasure all fulfil.
 Through successive generations,
 Thy memorials, Lord, remain;
 Thou, the Judge of all the nations,
 King of kings, for ever reign.

136.

*Song of praise.*L. M.
Creation

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

137.

*Hope of heaven.*SEVENS.
Perdona

FAR from Zion, far from home,
Christians, here a captive band,
Like despised strangers roam,
Mindful of their native land.

2 Sin and guilt the sigh compel,
While they drag the bondage chain:
Earth and sense, and powers of hell,
First allure, and then disdain.

3 How shall we, oppress'd on earth,
Raise our thoughts to joys above?
Tune our hearts to sacred mirth,
Triumph in the Saviour's love?

4 Yet shall Zion's endless rest
Still our thoughts and songs employ;
Dearer to our longing breast,
Than the brightest scenes of joy.

138. *The Church's praise for deliverance.* L. M.
Tranquillity.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and name below
So much thy power and glory show.

3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139.

*God's omniscience.*L. M.
Islington.**T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search has known

- My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceived by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways ;
 Thou knowest what my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand ;
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.
- 4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part ;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

140.

*Prayer under temptation.*S. A.
Mt. Ephraim.

- J**EHOVAH, God Most High !
 Thee, thee my God I own :
 Then let my supplicating cry
 Be heard before thy throne.
- 2 O God the Lord, thy power
 Salvation can impart :
 Thy shield, in every dang'rous hour,
 Has shelter'd o'er my heart.
- 3 Still all my foes repel,
 Their dark designs restrain,
 So shall the powers of earth or hell
 Assault my soul in vain.

141.

*Supplication.*L. M.
Portuguese.

- L**ORD, let my prayer like incense rise ;
 And when I lift my hands to thee,
 As on the evening sacrifice,
 Look down from heaven well-pleas'd on me.

- 2 Mine eyes are unto thee, my God;
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the Hand that wields the rod;
I own thy chastisements are just.
- 3 But O redeem me from the snares
• With which the world surrounds my feet!
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

142. *God the hope of the helpless.* L. M.
St. Pancras'.

- T**HE Lord shall hear my humble prayer,
To him my heart disclosed its care;
I'll pour my sorrows at his seat,
And all my griefs and fears repeat.
- 2 O'erwhelm'd with woe my spirit lay,
Yet still my God observed my way:
Thine eyes the secret snares discern'd,
Spread round my steps where'er I turn'd.
- 3 Hopeless on earth, by all forsook,
Jesus, my Lord, to thee I look:
"Thou art my refuge here," I cry,
"My portion in the worlds on high."
- 4 Oh bow attentive to my prayer,
Else shall I sink in deep despair:
Let all my foes, too strong for me,
Own my Almighty friend in thee.

143. *Hope sustaining against despondency.* L. M.
St. Pancras'.

- M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious, God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad.
And cry for succour from thy throne!
Oh, make thy truth and mercy known!
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass!
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there!

- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes which burden me:
Down to the dead my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn:
When will thy smiles, my God, return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And thou for ever hide thy love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave:
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye:
Make haste to help before I die!

144. *Victory in the spiritual warfare.*

C. M.
Arlington.

- F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

145.

*Praise.*C. M.
Nayland.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou Sov'reign Lord of All;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all thy ways,
 And all thy words are truth.

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

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

146.

*Praise.*113th.
Swithin.

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 prayer 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 th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

147. *The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.* L. M.
Hedley.

- PRAISE 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 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 His 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.

148. *Praise.* 148th.
Farnham.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
In praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

- 2 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

149.

*Praise.*104th.
Hanover.

- O** PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
 Among all his saints, his praises to sing:
 In Christ our Redeemer let Israel rejoice;
 And children of Zion be glad in their King.
- 2 From death and from hell, redeem'd by his grace,
 In hymns and in songs his praises express;
 Who soon in his glory his servants will place,
 And with his salvation the humble will bless.
- 3 Then let them declare, that sin to destroy,
 And men to redeem, the Son of God came:
 Such honour and triumph his saints shall enjoy;
 O therefore for ever exalt his great name!

150.

*Praise.*L. M.
Sandbach.

- O** PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows!
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he in our behalf has done:
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ;
 Let every creature praise the Lord.

H Y M N S.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. *The presence of God sought in His house.* C. M.
Nayland.

A GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
We kneel within thy house of prayer,
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
And make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

2. *'Jesus stood in the midst.'* Luke 24. 36. L. M.
Wareham.

C OME, condescending Saviour, come,
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb;
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

2 Oh! come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.

- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd;
 Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest:
 Not for one transient hour alone,
 But there to fix thy lasting throne.
- 4 Enter, and make our hearts thy home;
 And, when our life's last hour is come,
 Let us but die as in thy sight,
 And death shall vanish in delight.

3. *'Joining in Covenant with God. Jer. 50. 5.* C. M.
Cambridge.

COME, let us join our souls to God,
 In everlasting bands;
 And seize the blessings he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.

- 2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
 And seek his favour there;
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And offer fervent prayer.
- 3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
 The cov'nant of his grace;
 Nor shall the years of distant life
 Its memory e'er efface.
- 4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
 To seek their fathers' God;
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their fathers' feet have trod.

4. *'A new Spirit will I put,' &c. Ezek. 36. 26.* L. M.
Windle.

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love;
 Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
 And let thy gracious power be known.

- 2 Oh! let a holy flock await,
 Num'rous, around thy temple gate;
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to thee.

5. *'I will satisfy her poor,' &c. Ps. 132. 15.*

L. M.
Job.

CONFIRM the hope thy word allows;
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And "satisfy her poor with bread."

- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
Athirst and hungry we are come;
Now, from the fulness of thy word,
Feed us, and send us thankful home.

6. Malachi 3. 16.

L. M.
St. Olave's.

FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer;
In Jesu's name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.

- 2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more;
Oh may we here thy presence find,
And serve thee with a thankful mind.

- 3 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's blest employment to begin:
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.

- 4 Grant that our souls, renew'd by thee,
In faith and friendship may agree:
And for thy sake delight to heal,
Or share the pains that others feel.

- 5 Father, look down with pitying eye:
Our sins forgive, our wants supply:
Through stedfast faith, that works by love,
Prepare us for thy rest above.

7. *'I am the resurrection,' &c. John 11. 25.*

C. M.
Irish.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here;
Send forth thy Spirit, with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

- 2 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.
- 3 Thy power and mercy first prevail'd
 From death to set us free;
 And, often since, our life had fail'd,
 If not renew'd by thee.
- 4 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
 To thee for help we call;
 Our life and resurrection thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all.
8. *'Come, and let us return unto the Lord.'* Hos. 6. 1. ^{113th.} Eaton.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain:
 Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest tost:
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

9. *'Will God in very deed dwell with man?'* 1 Ks. 8. 27. ^{L. M.} Sandbach.

GREAT God! and wilt thou condescend
 To dwell with mortals here below;
 Canst thou thy footsteps downward bend
 To this dark world of sin and woe?

2 .Yes, we have seen thee, glorious Lord,
 Oft times within thy temples shine;
 And witness'd in thy sacred word
 Some glimpses of thy face divine.

3 Here, then, our souls would ever wait,
 To catch the tokens of thy love;
 And stand attending at thy gate,
 Till taken to thy courts above.

10. *'Where two or three,' &c. Matt. 18. 20.* C. M.
Arlington.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
 Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our feeble hearts to raise;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
 The contrite heart, bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith address our prayers;
 And in the presence of the Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may thy Gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by grace divine,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 And bend their wills to thine.

11. *'Praying in the Holy Ghost.'* Jude 20. 6-7's.
Adamant.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
 For the solemn work of prayer;
 Grant that when we bend the knee
 All our thoughts may turn to thee;
 And thy presence may be found
 Breathing peace and joy around.

2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
 Make thy power and glory known;
 Thus may we be taught to call
 Humbly on the Lord of all,
 And with reverence and fear
 At thy footstool to appear.

3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
 On thy promise to repose,
 All thy tender love to trace
 In the Saviour's work of grace,
 And with confidence depend
 On our gracious God and Friend.

12. *Welcome to the Redeemer. Matt. 21. 9.* L. M.
Tranquillity.

HOSANNA to the living Lord,
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!

2 O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer;
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim.

3 But, chiefest in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee.

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

13. *Christ in the midst of His people. Jer. 29. 12, 13.* L. M.
Cook.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord!
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word.

- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
Ah! Lord, behold us at thy feet,
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.
- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place!
- 4 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
And may their hearts be fill'd with love:
Oh! may their light to all appear,
And prove their doctrine from above.

14. *The Pool of Bethesda.* John 5. 2—4. St. ^{L. M.} Pancras'.

HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

- 2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, a sin-diseased soul,
Still lie exposed at the pool.
- 3 Thou covenant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool;
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;
Oh! let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

15. 'Worship God in the Spirit.' John 4. 24.

SEVENS.
Perdona.

IN thy presence we appear;
Lord, we love to worship here,
When, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

- 2 Thou through Christ art reconciled,
 Each in him is own'd thy child;
 Abba, Father! give us grace
 In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue:
 Then our joyful sounds shall bless
 Thee, "The Lord our Righteousness."
- 4 While to thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend;
 Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through thy name,
 In their voices let us own
 Jesus speaking from the throne.

16. *Adoration of the Redeemer.* Eph. 3. 17, 19. L. M.
Stonefield.

- J**ESUS, thy saints assemble here,
 Thy power and goodness to declare:
 Oh! may these happy seasons prove
 That we have known redeeming love!
- 2 And while of mercies past we speak,
 And sing of endless joys to come,
 Let thy full glories on us break,
 And every thought give Jesus room.
- 3 Thy everlasting love we sing,
 The source whence all our pleasures spring:
 How deep it sinks! how high it flows!
 No saint can tell, no angel knows.
- 4 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
 No thought explore the bounds of grace;
 Like its great Author's name, it shines
 In infinite, unfolded lines.

5 The love which saves our souls from hell,
On this side heaven we ne'er shall tell;
But when we reach bright Canaan's plains,
We'll sound it in immortal strains.

17. 'Where two or three,' &c. Matt. 18. 20. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

JESUS, we thy promise claim;
We are gather'd in thy name,
In the midst do thou appear—
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

18. 'Praying and watching.' Eph. 6. 18. L. M.
Stonefield.

LED by a Father's gentle hand,
Through this dark wilderness of woe;
We long to reach that peaceful land
Where streams of lasting comfort flow.

2 Oh! may our meetings here be bless'd
To fit us for that holy place;
May faith and love inflame each breast
With zeal to run the heavenly race.

3 Here may the Spirit shed the light
Of truth, to guide us on our way;
God's word upon our conscience write,
And teach us how to watch and pray.

4 We would dismiss each worldly thought,
When thus we commune with our God;
Our theme shall be the love that brought
A Saviour from his bless'd abode.

- 5 We'll think how Jesus lived and died,
 The pains and sorrows that he bore;
 The blessings which his love supplied,
 The home to which he's gone before.
- 6 There we will hope to rest ere long,
 And gladly change, before his throne,
 The pilgrim's for the conqu'ror's song;
 Saved by redeeming grace alone.
19. *'The Lord is in this place.'* Gen. 28. 16. F. M.
Eaton.
LO, God is here! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place!
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face:
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing;
 To Him enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord! our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill!
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign will!
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
20. *'My leanness, my leanness,' &c.* Is. 24. 16. C. M.
Manchester.
LONG have we sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak our faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace
 Our mem'ry can retain.

- 3 How cold and feeble is our love,
 How negligent our fear!
 How low our hope of joys above,
 How few affections there.
- 4 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in our heart,
 And make us learn thy grace.
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

21. *For the graces of the Spirit.* John 16. 13. S. M.
Levens.

- L**ORD, bid thy light arise
 On all thy people here;
 And when we raise our longing eyes,
 Oh! may we find thee near.
- 2 Thy Holy Spirit send
 To quicken every soul;
 To make the most rebellious bend
 To thy Divine control.
- 3 Stir up the blind and dead
 With thy awakening grace;
 Teach wandering sinners how to tread
 Thy paths, and seek thy face.
- 4 Let all that own thy name
 Thy sacred image bear;
 And light in every heart the flame
 Of vigilance and prayer.
- 5 Since in thy love we see
 Our only sure relief,
 Oh! raise our earthly minds to thee,
 And help our unbelief.

22. 'God be merciful to us.' Ps. 67. 1.

L. M. D.
Creation.

LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place:
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.

2 O! King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among thy subjects cease:
One is our faith, and one our Lord;
One body, spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy church and people call;
Oh! may we one communion be,
One with each other, one with thee.

3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless;
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness:
Let many in the judgment-day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear.

23. 'So as I have seen Thee,' &c. Ps. 63: 2.

L. M.
Sandbach.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace,
Thy saints behold thy cheering face;
And we have seen thy glory shine,
With power and majesty Divine.

2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die:
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.

3 Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

24. *'Hearken Thou to the,' &c. 1 Kings 8. 30.* ^{L. M.} Tranquillity.

LORD, in thy earthly courts we meet,
 To bow and worship at thy feet;
 And, for thy mercies past, to raise
 Our tribute of unfeigned praise.

2 Whene'er assembled here below,
 We come with rev'rent hearts to show
 Thy wonders of redeeming love:
 Oh! listen from thy courts above.

3 And touch the preacher's lips with fire,
 As here our thirsting souls desire
 The truths of thy most holy word;
 Nor let us hear in vain, O Lord.

4 Whene'er we seek a Father's face,
 And suppliant at thy throne of grace,
 Prest with a thousand wants we plead,
 Oh! hear us in our hour of need.

5 And though the glories of thy train
 The heaven of heavens can't contain,
 Arise into thy resting-place,
 And dwell within us by thy grace.

25. *God's temple on earth. Ps. 84. 1.* ^{SEVENS.} Sicilian M.

LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
 E'en on earth thy temples are!
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne ;
 Here thou makest thy glories known ;
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with holy songs of joy
 We our happy lives employ ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

26. *'Where two or three,' &c. Matt. 18. 20.* SEVENS.
Resurrection.

LORD, we plead thy promise here :
 Let thy presence now appear ;
 On our souls thy Spirit pour,
 Light, and life, and peace restore.

2 Raise our thoughts from things below ;
 Faith's discerning eye bestow ;
 Let our hearts from sin made free,
 Hold sweet intercourse with thee.

3 With a beam of living fire,
 Purify each low desire ;
 Be thou, Lord, our aim and end,
 Our best hope, and constant friend.

27. *'The Spirit of Grace,' &c. Zech. 12. 10.* C. M.
University.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our fallen spirits pitying see,
 True penitence impart :
 And let a healing ray from thee
 Beam hope upon our heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful songs to raise ;
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

28. *The year of Jubilee.* Isaiah 61. 2.

L. M.
 Creation.

L OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round ;
 Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 The rich inheritance, once lost,
 Freely restored through Christ, we boast—
 Eternal rest, and glorious peace,
 In mansions builded by his grace.

3 How bless'd who know the gospel sound,
 That spreads these joyful tidings round ;
 And speaks a Jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run !

4 Pilgrims to Zion's city bound,
 Now passing through the desert ground,
 We'll urge with speed our heavenly way,
 And press to realms of endless day.

29. '*They go from strength to strength.*' Ps. 84. 7. Sicilian M

P. M.

M A Y each sabbath bring us nearer
 To our glorious rest above ;
 And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
 Till we reach the realms of love.

30. '*We have fellowship,*' &c. 1 John 1. 7.

L. M.
 Cook.

M A Y he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above :
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to glow with love.

- 2 If unto us by grace 'tis given
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 Our souls, ere long, shall meet in heav'n :
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 Oh! may we then, for his name's sake,
 Out of his fulness all receive ;
 And in communion now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus ;
 Fix'd be our thoughts and hearts on him
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten to the glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

31. *Power of Christ.* Matt. 11. 2—6. L. M.
Stonefield.

- O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled?
 Nor longer might thy grace endure,
 To heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And preach the gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Saviour, come! return again,
 With brighter beams thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 Redeemer, come! and as of yore
 The prophet went to clear thy way,
 A harbinger thy feet before,
 A dawning to thy brighter day—
- 4 So now may grace with heavenly shower,
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there.

32. *'The secret of Thy presence.* Ps. 31. 20. ^{L. M.} Sandbach.

O SAVIOUR, when thy servants meet
To sing thy praise, vouchsafe to hear;
And when we worship at thy feet,
With answering love our spirits cheer.

2 Lord, as we bow before thy throne,
Thy promised presence may we find;
Thy everlasting love make known,
To comfort every doubting mind.

3 Here let the mourner joy to see
The gracious hand that dries his tears;
And contrite sinners find in thee
A refuge from their darkest fears.

4 Here may we cast our burdens down;
And, lighten'd of each earthly load,
Press on to gain the immortal crown,
And rest in thy divine abode.

5 Oh! may we live by faith and prayer,
As those once lived who dwell with thee;
That in their blessing we may share,
And where thou art, our home may be.

33. *'Be still, and know that I am God.'* Ps. 46. 10. ^{C. M.} Manchester.

STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple wait:
We look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
We wait to learn thy will;
Silent we stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all we live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

- 4 We wait, our vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And long in thee to live.

34. 'Which dwelleth in Zion.' Ps. 9. 11. L. M.
Wareham.

THE God of grace in Zion dwells,
And there his boundless love reveals;
He raised, and he adorns the house,
Where he his richest gifts bestows.

2 Here mercy opens all her store,
To heal the sick, and feed the poor;
Here Gospel promises impart
Relief to ev'ry wounded heart.

3 Peace here extends her balmy wings,
And joy in ev'ry bosom springs;
Here saints, inspired with zeal and love,
Anticipate the bliss above.

4 Oh! may our God on us bestow
A dwelling in his house below!
Till we at length, through grace, shall rise
To fairer mansions in the skies.

35. *Trust in God.* Nahum 1. 7. 113th.
Carey.

THOU Lord, my safety, thou my light,
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast own'd thy care?
Though gath'ring war around I see,
I fix secure my trust on thee.

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask, that to my end,
Fair Sion's courts I may attend,
There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God.

3 Adopted by thy care, in thee,
 The Parent and the Friend I see:
 O let me on thy aid reclined,
 Thee still my great salvation find;
 Nor leave me helpless and forlorn,
 The absence of thy grace to mourn.

36. 'Not hearers only.' James 1. 22.

L. M.
 Buxton.

THY blessing, gracious God, afford,
 And let success attend thy word:
 Let humble souls thy truth receive;
 Let sinners hear thy voice, and live.

2 Save us from Satan's cursed snares,
 And from the world's distracting cares;
 While we within thy courts appear,
 May we digest the truths we hear.

3 May we the joyful tidings hear
 With holy love and godly fear,
 And credit to the Gospel give
 As that blest word by which we live.

4 Thy sov'reign power, O God, impart,
 And write thy law upon our heart;
 Wisdom divine on us bestow,
 And may we practise what we know.

5 Preacher and people then shall raise
 United songs of grateful praise,
 Till both at length shall mount above
 To triumph in redeeming love.

37. *God's presence in his Temple.* 2 Chron. 7. 1. L. M.
Rockingham.

WHAT will these sacred walls avail,
 Unless thy presence, Lord, be here?
 Bereft of thee, our prayers must fail
 To bring refreshing comforts near.

2 How did thy temple, Lord, of old
 Once shine with living glory bright!
 But all was desolate and cold,
 When guardian spirits took their flight.

3 O do not thus forsake the place
 Where we assemble in thy name;
 Here show the brightness of thy face,
 Here all thy power and love proclaim.

4 Here may our hearts within us burn,
 Thy truth and loveliness to see;
 And grant, when homewards we return,
 That we may still converse with thee.

38. '*Come from the four winds.*' Ezek. 37. 9. L. M.
Wareham

WHEN Zion's sons, great God appear
 In Zion's courts for praise and pray'r;
 Then in thy Spirit deign to be,
 As one with those who worship thee.

2 Till thou shalt o'er the waters move,
 'Twill but a barren season prove;
 Lifeless and cold will be the song—
 The preacher dull—the service long.

3 Without thy sov'reign power, O Lord,
 No joy the Gospel can afford;
 No drops of heavenly love can fall,
 To cheer the weary, thirsty soul.

4 Winds from the north and south, awake,
 Take of the things of Jesus take;
 Diffuse thy kind, celestial dew,
 Bring pardon, peace, and healing too.

5 Then shall we count the season dear,
 To those who speak and those who hear;
 And all conspire with sweet accord,
 In hymns of joy to praise the Lord.

39. '*There am I in the midst of them.*' Matt. 18. 20. L. M.
Evening H.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise.—

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company:
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

BEFORE SERMON.

40. '*Not as the word of men.*' 1 Thess. 2. 13. C. M.
Manchester.

ALMIGHTY God!—eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known:
Touch by the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise:
O let the guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 Now let our darkness comprehend,
The light that shines so clear:
Thy Spirit, Lord, in mercy send,
And give us ears to hear.

41. '*The joyful sound.*' Ps. 89. 15. 8. 7. 4.
Helmsley.

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

- 2 Oh may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give!
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully thy truth receive,
And for ever to thy praise and glory live.
- 3 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence with us evermore be found.
- 4 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever reign with Christ in endless day.
42. 'Hear us from heaven.' 1 Kings 8. 30. L. M.
Job.
- C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word—
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide—
One true, eternal God, confess'd!
May nought in life or death, divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.
- 5 With thee, and these, for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

43. 'Like a hammer,' &c. Jer. 23. 29. C. M.
Sheffield.

ETERNAL source of light and love,
Thy sov'reign power impart;
And let thy word a hammer prove,
To break the flinty heart.

- 2 Let sinners hear thy voice, and live;
O make thy mercy known;
Do thou thy sacred Spirit give,
The word of grace to crown.

44. 'That which I see not, teach thou me.' Job 34. 32. L. M.
Stonefield.

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer, learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty know,
O let thy word the secret show.

- 2 Prayer after prayer to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend;
That word, which rightly understood,
Affords the soul a lasting good.
- 3 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
What are all joys, compared with those
Thine everlasting word bestows?
- 4 With pity view me at thy feet,
To be instructed, Lord, I wait:
Here wait I still, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy word I am made wise.

45. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest.' Matt. 9. 38. L. M.
Cook.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We pray for those who plead for thee;
Successful servants may they be!

- 2 Clothe thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.

- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And thy pure Gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let list'ning multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains they grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.
- 5 Let sinners break their cruel chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains ;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

46. *Ambassadors for Christ.* 2 Cor. 5. 20. ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

GOD, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ ! thine embassy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace ;
And gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live !

47. *The Message of God.* Judges 3. 20. ^{L. M.} Sandbach.

GREAT God ! thy blessing now impart,
Bring home thy word to every heart ;
Seal'd to us all let this truth be,
" God has a message unto me."

2 If thou set home a sense of guilt,
The stoutest sinner's heart shall melt ;
And each shall say, and feel, and see,
" God has a message unto me."

3 Nor less shall each dear saint rejoice,
And sing, with rapture in his eyes,
Blessed for ever let him be !
" God has a message unto me."

4 Whenever I'm permitted, Lord,
To read or hear thy holy word,
O may its counsel always be
A message from my God to me !

48. *'Blessed are all they that wait for Him.'* Is. 30. 18. L. M. Wareham.

GREAT Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glories of thy saving name.

2 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

3 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our wayward hearts thine own.

49. *'How beautiful,' &c.* Is 52, 7. S. M. Mansfield.

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

2 How blessed are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets wish'd to hear,
And sought, but never found !

3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light,
Which kings and prophets wish'd to see,
But died without the sight!

4 Make bare thine arm, O Lord!
Send forth thy truth abroad:
Let sinners everywhere behold
Their Saviour and their God.

50. *'Speak, for thy servant heareth.'* 1 Sam. 3. 10. 8. 7. 4.
Helmsley.

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

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
Let us give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment, greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss, for evermore.

51. *'Brethren, pray for us.'* 1 Thess. 5. 25. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

LORD of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in thy way,
And speak thy holy word;
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallow'd fire,
And needful grace afford.

- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God;
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church his gifts to shower;
To them, a messenger of power;
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live in thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above:
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

52. '*Awake, O north wind.*' Sol. Song. 4. 16. C. M.
Nayland.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Wake, heavenly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each anxious hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

53. '*Filled with the knowledge,*' &c. Col. 1. 9—13. L. M.
Stonefield.

O GRACIOUS God, thy servants fill
With the blest knowledge of thy will:
Thy wisdom, Lord, to us impart;
Give us an understanding heart.

2 So shall our daily walk accord
With the pure precepts of the Lord;
So shall our ways be pleasing found,
And we in holiness abound.

3 Then shall we know thee more and more;
 And thou our weaken'd strength restore:
 Thy glorious power shall in us live,
 And patience and long-suff'ring give.

4 We praise thee, who dost us prepare
 Thy saints' inheritance to share;
 From Satan's reign of darkness take,
 And thy Beloved's servants make.

5 We have redemption through his blood,
 Pardon of sin, from thee our God.
 The unseen God in him we see;
 The first-born of creation HE!

54. 'Revive thy work,' &c. Hab. 3. 2. L. M.
Rockingham.

O THOU, at whose almighty word
 The glorious light from darkness sprung!
 Thy quick'ning influence afford,
 And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

2 As when, of old, the water flow'd
 Forth from the rock at thy command;
 Moses in vain had waved his rod,
 Without thy wonder-working hand;

3 Thus we would in the means be found,
 And thus on thee alone depend,
 To make the gospel's joyful sound
 Effectual to the promised end.

4 Now while we hear thy word of grace,
 Let self and pride before it fall;
 And rocky hearts dissolve apace,
 In streams of sorrow, at thy call.

5 On all our youth assembled here
 The unction of thy Spirit pour;
 That they may learn thy love and fear,
 Lest thou shouldst strive and call no more.

55. 'By every word,' &c. Deut. 8. 3. L. M.
Tranquillity.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we for grace received would raise
Immortal songs of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free
Thy grace, to all who come to thee!
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For these we wait upon thee, Lord!
For these we listen to thy word;
Descend, like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let one soul attend in vain.

56. 'Attend upon the Lord,' &c. 1 Cor. 7. 35. L. M.
Portuguese.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each thy sacred word apply
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

—

AFTER SERMON.

57. 'God giveth the increase.' 1 Cor. 3. 6.

C. M.
Irish.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous-fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;
That all whose souls thy truth receive
Its saving power may know.

58. 'Let us exalt His name.' Ps. 34. 3.

SEVENS.
Pardona.

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore;
Where, above all sin and pain,
Soon we hope to meet again.

3 To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

59.

'Leave me not,' &c. Ps. 27. 9.

8. 7. 4.
Kelly 2.

GOD of our salvation, hear us ;
 Bless, oh bless us, ere we go ;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow :
 Saviour keep us—
 Keep us safe from every foe.

2 May we live in view of heaven,
 Where we hope to see thy face ;
 Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace ;
 Keep us walking
 Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To the place we call our home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer ;
 Hope more bright of joys to come ;
 And when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

60. 'The God of love and peace,' &c. 2 Cor. 13. 11. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly 2.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Lord, revive us, trav'ling through this wilderness.

61. 'The grace of the Lord,' &c. 2 Cor. 13. 14. 8. 7. D.
Benediction.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.
 Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys this earth cannot afford.

62. 'Shew me a token.' Ps. 86. 17.

P. M.

OF thy love some gracious token,
 Grant us, Lord, before we go;
 Bless the word which has been spoken;
 Life and peace on all bestow;
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with thee remain:
 Oh direct us, and protect us,
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

63. 'Thy blessing is upon thy people.' Ps. 3. 8. P. M.
Carshalton.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow.
 O Lord! the abundant harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

64. *The Gospel preached.* 1 Pet. 1. 12. 8. 7. D.
Benediction.

PRAISE we him by whose kind favour
 Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears;
 May its sweet reviving savour
 Fill our hearts, and quell our fears.
 Truth—how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
 Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
 Lord to ev'ry heart apply;
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy.
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
 This our aim (oh! leave us never);
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

65. *'He sendeth forth,' &c. Ps. 147. 15.* SEVENS.
Resurrection.

SAVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and pow'ful let it prove:
O let sinners hear thy call,
And thy people grow in love.

- 2 What has now been spoken, bless;
Follow it with pow'r divine;
Give the Gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice;
Hear it, and return to God.

66. *'Go in peace.' Luke 7. 50.* P. M.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart;
Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving fear and guilt below;
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

LORD'S DAY.

67. *'He rested on the seventh day.' Gen. 2. 2.* L. M.
Job.

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest;
Come, bless the day that God hath bless'd.

- 2 This day may our devotions rise
Through Christ a grateful sacrifice;
And our bless'd Lord that peace bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 That peace of God within the breast
Is the rich foretaste of a rest
Which for the Church of Christ remains—
A rest from sin, and guilt, and pains.

- 4 In holy duties let this day,
Heaven's type and emblem, pass away;
And may we thus each sabbath spend,
In hope of that which shall not end.

68. 'The Sabbath a delight.' Is. 58. 13.

F. M.
Eaton.

- A** MIDST this earthliness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,
Sabbath! how sweet thy holy calm
Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm!
'Tis almost as, restored awhile,
Earth had resumed her Eden smile.
- 2 Day, doubly sanctified and bless'd!
Day of the great Creator's rest!
Day, when the Saviour ceased his woes,
Finish'd his work, and glorious rose.
What cheering truths thy hours rehearse,
Thou birthday of the universe!
- 3 Best day, and dearest of the seven!
Emblem and harbinger of heaven!
On thee we love to mingle there,
Where rise the sounds of praise and prayer;
Where saints attend the living word;
And crowd the table of their Lord.
- 4 But if on earth so calm, so blest,
The house of prayer, the day of rest;
Think what a Sabbath must be there,
Where all is bliss beyond compare!
Think what a Sabbath there shall be,—
The Sabbath of eternity!

69. 'Remember the Sabbath-day.' Ex. 20. 8.

L. M.
Windle.

- A** NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul; enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

70. *I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day.* Rev. 1. 10. L. M.
Hedley.

A WAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!

This is the day believers prize:
Improve this Sabbath then with care,
Another may not be thy share.

2 Oh! solemn thought! Lord, give me pow'r
Wisely to fill up ev'ry hour:
Oh! for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above.

3 Jesus, assist; nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil;
To glorify thy boundless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.

4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Like dew, command thy word to fall,
Refreshing, quick'ning, saving all.

71. *'The evening to rejoice.'* Ps. 65. 8. SEVENS.
German H.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

72.

'Praise waiteth,' &c. Ps. 65. 1.

L. M.
Creation.

- E**TERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.
- 3 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As passing sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Still supplicate thy gracious throne.
- 4 Soon shall our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs!
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

73.

'Honour him; not,' &c. Is. 58. 13.

S. T. T.
Kelly 2.

EV'RY thought should be directed
 Heavenward through this hallow'd day;
 Worldly themes should be rejected,
 Themes that draw the soul away:
 'Tis the day of sacred rest;
 'Tis the day the Lord has bless'd.

2 Oh what glorious themes invite us,
 When we look on mercy's plan!
 These are themes may well delight us,
 Themes of joy to guilty man;
 Full of sweetness, full of grace,
 Suited to the sinner's case.

3 Why should we grow weary, thinking
 Of the Saviour's grace and love?
 From these springs his people drinking,
 Get a taste of joys above:
 Oh! 'tis good the Lord to know;
 'Tis our heaven begun below.

74.

'Oh! send out thy light,' &c. Ps. 43. 3.

F. M.
Abridge.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns!
 How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
 Our frailties; Lord, forgive;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 Where sabbaths never end.

75. 'An house of prayer for all people.' Is. 56. 7. ^{6-78.} Adamant.

GREAT Creator, who this day
 From thy perfect work didst rest,
 By the souls that own thy sway,
 Hallow'd be its hours and blest!
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb,
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom;
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin and live to thee!

3 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
 Sent this day with power from high!
 Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
 Be thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me to the truth of God.

76. 'We which have believed do enter,' &c. Heb. 4. 3. ^{L. M.} St. Olave's.

HOW welcome to the saints, when press'd
 With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile!

2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
 We seem to breathe a diff'rent air;
 Composed and soften'd by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.

3 With joy we hasten to the place
 Where we the Saviour oft have met;
 And, while we feast upon his grace,
 Our burdens and our griefs forget.

4 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
 Here we thy promised presence seek;
 Open thy hand with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

77. *'I have loved the habitation of thy house.'* Ps. 26. 8. ^{8. 8. 6.} Harwood.

HAIL, peaceful morn; thy dawn I hail;
 How do thy hours my mind regale
 With feasts of heavenly joy;
 Nor can I half thy blessings name,
 Which kindle in my soul a flame,
 And all my powers employ.

2 Thou hallow'd season of repose!
 Thou balm to soothe the troubling woes,
 Of this care-stricken breast;
 Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,
 And with the faithful will I meet
 To taste thy holy rest.

3 How shall I best improve thy hours?
 Lord, on me shed, in copious showers,
 Thy Spirit and thy grace;
 That when thy sacred courts I tread,
 My soul may eat the heavenly bread,
 And sing Jehovah's praise!

4 May every sermon, like the dew,
 Gently distil, refresh, renew,
 And elevate the mind;
 Received with meekness, truth, and love,
 Engrafted, fruitful, may it prove,
 And leave its joy behind.

5 Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
 My best, my holiest, happiest day,
 The sweetest of the seven;
 But yet a rest for saints remains,
 A sabbath free from cares and pains,
 Eternal and in heaven.

78. *'I hate vain thoughts.'* Ps. 119. 113. ^{L. M.} Devonshire.

I FAIN would love the day of rest,
 Would still esteem this day the best;
 But oft, alas! I've need to say,
 "How barren is my soul to-day!"

- 2 True, I frequent the house of prayer;
I go and sit with others there;
I hear and sing, and seem to pray,
But oft my mind is call'd away.
- 3 I fain would see the Saviour near;
Of him would think, and speak, and hear;
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.
- 4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,
I fain would give the day to God:
But, seldom to my purpose true,
'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.
- 5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief;
Oh! bring thy worthless worm relief:
Revive thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and powers control.
79. *'There remaineth therefore a rest,' &c. Heb. 4. 9. ^{L. M.} Windle.*

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which from the desert rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O may we all that rest attain,
A rest from sorrow and from pain.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

80. *'In the morning will I direct my prayer,' &c. Ps. 5. 3.* ^{L. M.} Sandbach.

MY Saviour, my eternal Friend,
 Accept my morning sacrifice,
 While prostrate at thy feet I bend,
 And hail the day that saw thee rise.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest;
 Come, gracious Lord, erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch of my breast.

3 Oh! bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful wish through all the day.

4 Thus would I wait the blissful hour,
 That bids me quit this house of clay;
 Then burst my chains, and upward soar
 To realms of everlasting day.

81. *'Let my prayer beset forth before thee,' &c. Ps. 141. 2.* ^{L. M.} Buxton.

ONCE more assembled on thy day,
 O Father, hear us when we pray:
 And teach us thankfully to own
 The love that draws us near thy throne.

2 Lord, let thy grace our souls inspire
 With a pure ray of heavenly fire;
 That our united songs may rise
 In grateful incense to the skies.

3 Oh! may our faith, on wings of love,
 Soar upward to the realms above;
 And grant us fervency of prayer,
 That we may find a blessing there.

82.

'The Lord is risen.' Luke 24. 34.148th.
Casterton.

ON this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

2 All hail! triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

3 Great King, gird on the sword,
Ascend thy conq'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

83.

'Thou meetest him that rejoiceth.' Is. 64. 5.6-7s.
Day.

ON this day of holy rest,
Meet us in thy house of prayer,
With thy sacred presence bless'd,
Lord, exclude each earthly care;
Draw us by the cords of love
Up to higher worlds above.

2 Let not Nature have her sway,
Knit to things of time and sense;
Consecrate this hallow'd day,
Shield us in Omnipotence.
May the precious season prove
Emblem of the rest above.

3 May we think and speak for thee,
Seek thy holy will alone:

Father, let this Sabbath be
Spent in waiting at thy throne;
May thy Spirit, Holy Dove,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.

84. 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Amos 3. 12. L. M.
Devonshire.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
Promised and purchased by his blood;
Hear me, in this most sacred hour,
Implore thy sanctifying power.

2 In vain I seek the house of prayer,
Unless thy presence meet me there;
Vainly, unless thy grace incline
This weak and sinful heart of mine.

3 Lord, by thy Spirit now prepare
Thy servant for thy praise and prayer:
Teach me, as in thy courts I kneel,
My sin to mourn, my need to feel.

4 Incline my soul, that, as I sing,
My heart's best praises I may bring,
And with unfeigned love rejoice
To tell thy mercies with my voice.

5 So bless me Lord, that I may find
The peace which thou hast left behind;
So teach me now to hear and pray,
That I may grow in grace this day.

85. 'Delight thyself also in the Lord.' Ps. 37. 4. 8. 7s.
Hotham.

SWEET the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

2 From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise !
 Who thy wonders can declare ?
 How profound thy counsels are !
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
 Grateful fervour still inspire ;
 All our powers, with all their might, !
 Ever in thy praise unite.

86. *'I am the good Shepherd.'* John 10, 11. L. M. Teddington.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
 One blessed Sabbath more behold ;
 Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
 Among the sheep in this thy fold.

2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
 And let thy presence fill the throng ;
 Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
 And bid the feeble heart be strong.

3 Gather the lambs within thine arms,
 And fondly on thy bosom bear ;
 The weak and faint defend from harms,
 And gently lead with Shepherd's care.

4 Put forth thy Shepherd's crook, and stay
 Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them back ;
 Oh ! bring the wand'ers home to-day,
 And save them for thy mercy's sake.

87. *'A day in thy courts is better,'* &c. Pa. 84.10. L. M. Stonefield.

THIS is the day the Lord hath bless'd,
 The day to us in mercy given ;
 The holy Sabbath of his rest,
 The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 This day within thy courts, O Lord,
 Thy saints delight to seek thy face ;
 To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
 Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.

- 3 May we the bless'd assembly join;
 To God devote the sacred day;
 Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
 Look up to heaven and learn the way.
- 4 May we by every Sabbath grow
 In grace, humility, and love;
 Thus, by thy holy rest below,
 Made fitter for thy rest above.

88. *'The day which the,' &c. Ps. 118. 24.* C. M. Sheffield.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
 He calls the hours his own:

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne,

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace—
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The Church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

89. *'The Lord is risen indeed.' Luke 24. 34.* 148th. Casterton.

THE Lord is ris'n indeed,
 And bids his members rise;

Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
 Pursue him to the skies:

This is the day the Lord hath made;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

2 On this triumphant day,
 Peculiarly his own,
 He calls his Church to pray,
 And sing around his throne ;
 This is the day the Lord hath made ;
 Rejoice, and be for ever glad.

3 Jesus, to us impart
 Thy resurrection's pow'r,
 And teach our quicken'd heart
 Its living Lord t' adore,
 To vie with the redeem'd above,
 Rejoicing in thy pard'ning love.

4 Us by thy peace assure,
 Thou dost our sins forgive ;
 And then our spirits pure
 Unto thyself receive,
 To keep the day of rest above,
 Rejoicing in thy heav'nly love.

90. *'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.'* Ps. 116.7. L. M.
Rockingham.

THIS on the Sabbath, day of rest,
 That shines serenely bright and fair,
 Believers feel that they are blest,
 Released from earthly woe and care.

2 If heaven be ever felt below,
 A day so heavenly sure as this,
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

3 Delightful season! soon will night
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;
 And morrow's quick returning light
 Must call us to the world again.

4 Yet there will dawn at last a day,
 A sun that never sets shall rise :
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
 The heavenly sabbath never dies.

91.

'Seek ye my face.' Ps. 27. 8.

C. M.
Bedford.

- T**O-DAY God bids his people rest ;
 To-day he sends his grace :
 " Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said ;
 Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Thee may we serve and please to-day ;
 Be this our one employ ;
 No worldly cares, no vain delights,
 Disturb our hallow'd joy.
- 3 Among th' assembly of thy saints
 May we be faithful found ;
 Together join in humble prayer,
 And in thy praise abound.
- 4 Let thy good Spirit help our souls
 With faith thy word to hear :
 Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
 And let us find thee near.

92.

'They shall be abundantly satisfied,' &c. Ps. 36. 8.

148th.
Casterton.

- W**ELCOME, delightful morn !
 Thou day of sacred rest ;
 I hail thy kind return ;
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From low delights, and mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the king descend,
 And fill his throne of grace ;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face :
 Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours :
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor sabbaths be enjoy'd in vain.

93. 'A day in Thy courts,' &c. Ps. 84. 10.

S. M.
Levens.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
And we by faith may see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is better than ten thousand days
Spent in the joys of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

94. 'If ye keep in memory,' &c. 1 Cor. 15. 2.

L. M.
Buxton.

WELCOME to us this sacred day,
Which brings remembrance of our Lord;
To him we'll now our homage pay,
And hear his sweet reviving word.

2 We'll joyful in his presence meet,
And sing of that amazing love,
Which saved us from the lowest pit,
And raised our hopes to life above.

3 What though affliction's keenest smart
May often cause us to bewail,
And oft temptation's piercing dart
Our feeble souls may here assail;

4 We'll mourn in hope, and hail him nigh,
Who comes to save from ev'ry foe;
With joy we'll meet him in the sky,
And see an end of all our woe.

95.

'God is a Spirit.' John 4. 24.

L. M.
Devonshire.

- W**E seek thy temple, holy Lord,
 On this thine own appointed day ;
 With joy to speak thy praise abroad,
 In faith and penitence to pray.
- 2 But whilst each knee, each heart is bow'd,
 Where are the signs of old reveal'd ?
 Where is the awful glorious cloud
 Which scarce the present God conceal'd ?
- 3 Vain thought, away ; we need no sign,
 If but that holier faith be given,
 Which lifts the soul to worlds divine,
 And gives to earth the air of heav'n ;
- 4 That tells for us the Saviour stands
 His Father's awful throne beside,
 And lifts in prayer his pierced hands,
 And pleads, oh, words of pow'r ! he died.
- 5 Away, then, every vain desire,
 Be every sinful thought abhorr'd ;
 What ! shall we bring unhallow'd fire,
 E'en to the altar of the Lord ?
- 6 Oh ! we are weak—but mighty thou !
 The boon we ask, good Lord, impart :
 In praise, to feel a seraph's glow,
 In prayer, a sinner's broken heart !

96.

'Serve him day and night in his temple.' Rev. 7. 15.

C. M.
Arlington.

- W**HEN, O dear Saviour, when shall I
 Behold thee all serene ;
 Blest in perpetual sabbath day,
 Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here
 Amidst a world of cares :
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend ;
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,
 Where Sabbaths never end.

97. *'And He rested on the seventh day.'* Gen.2.2. ^{113th.} Monmouth.

WHEN God from dust created man,
 Six days had seen the growing plan,
 And his creating power confess'd :
 The seventh his perfect work display'd ;
 Th' Almighty Sire his work survey'd,
 And sanctified the day of rest.

2 Still mindful of that festal day,
 His faithful sons their homage pay
 Before their heavenly Father's throne ;
 With hymns of praise and pious prayer
 His everlasting rest declare,
 And joyful seek, and wait their own.

3 Come, Saviour come! Creator, Lord,
 Substantial Light, Eternal Word,
 And bring th' eternal Sabbath near!
 And strong in faith, and warm with love,
 With steady aim our feet shall move,
 Till the expected dawn appear.

98. *'Not doing thine own ways.'* Is. 58. 13. ^{113th.} Eaton.

YE vain engrossing thoughts, away :
 The Lord demands our hearts this day :
 From earthly trifles bids us fly,
 And seek the glories of the sky ;
 We come, O Lord, at thy decree,
 To yield our willing hearts to thee.

2 Oft as these sabbath-hours return,
 Fresh proofs of mercy we discern,
 And joy to see thy grace bestow'd
 To light the darkness of our road :
 Oh! let that light direct our way
 To regions of eternal day.

- 3 Now let our souls in thee repose
 The burdens of their wants and woes:
 And from thy word new power derive
 To keep our feeble faith alive.
 Thy blessing, Lord, we long to gain;
 Let us not seek thy face in vain.
- 4 While here we dwell with cares oppress'd,
 Few are the hours of perfect rest:
 But heaven will all our loss repair,
 Each day will be a Sabbath there:
 Lord, by the teaching of thy grace,
 Prepare us for that holy place.

 SATURDAY EVENING.

99. 'The preparations of,' &c. Prov. 16. 1.

L. M.
 Windle.

- A**NOTHER week has pass'd away,
 Another sabbath now draws near:
 Lord, with thy blessing crown the day
 Which all thy children hold so dear.
- 2 Deliver'd from its weekly load,
 How light the happy spirit springs,
 And soars to thy divine abode,
 With peace and freedom on its wings!
- 3 Now 'tis our privilege to find
 A short release from all our care;
 To leave the world's pursuits behind,
 And breathe a more celestial air.
- 4 O Lord! that earthly love destroy
 Which clings too fondly to our breast;
 Through grace prepare us to enjoy
 The coming hours of hallow'd rest:
- 5 And, when thy word shall set us free
 From ev'ry burden that we bear;
 Oh may we rise to rest with thee,
 And hail a brighter sabbath there!

100. 'The preparation day,' &c. Luke 23. 54.

6-7s.
Day.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On th' approaching sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of-sin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

101. 'To-morrow is the rest of the holy sabbath.' Ex. 16. 23. ^{113th.} Eaton.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When with the still, expiring day
The sabbath's peaceful hours begin;

- How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest.
- 2 Hush'd is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease ;
While soft the vesper breezes play
To hymn the glad return of peace :
Delightful season ! kindly given,
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.
- 3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things ;
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings ;
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal sabbath day.

SACRAMENTS.

BAPTISM.

102. *'Baptizing them in,' &c. Matt. 28. 19.* L. M.
Rockingham.
COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou ;
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Pour forth thy energy Divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.
103. *'Suffer the little,' &c. Matt. 19. 14.* SEVENS.
Sicilian M.
JESUS, kind, inviting Lord,
We with joy obey thy word,
And in earliest infancy
Bring our little ones to thee.
- 2 Born they are, as we, in sin,
Make the unconscious lepers clean ;
Purchase of thy blood they are,
Let them all thy blessing share.

104. *'Forbid them not.'* Mark 10. 14. C. M.
Nayland.

JESUS, we lift our souls to thee ;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
And let the little infants be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Oh ! let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their soul renew ;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

3 Lord, if thou lengthen out their race,
Continue still thy care ;
And, shouldst thou quickly end their days,
Their place with thee prepare.

105. *'He shall gather the lambs.'* Is. 11. 11. C. M.
Sheffield.

LO ! Israel's gracious Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms :
Behold, he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of glory came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

LORD'S SUPPER.

106. *'This do in remembrance of me.'* Luke 22. 19. C. M.
Arlington,

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary ;
O Lamb of God ! my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me !
Yes, while a pulse or breath remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.
107. *'The bread that I will give.'* &c. John 6. 51. SEVENS.
Pardona.

BREAD of heav'n ! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread !

- 2 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy Cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died ;
Lord of life, oh ! let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

108. 'Evermore give us this bread.' John 6. 34. P. M.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

109. 'Receive ye one another.' Rom. 15. 7. L. M. Sandbach.

COME in, beloved in the Lord,
Enter in Jesu's precious name;
We welcome you with one accord,
And trust our Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll hope in fellowship to prove;
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass the vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we altogether meet,
Around the throne of God above.

110. 'Upon the first day of the week,' &c. Acts 20. 7. L. M. St. James'.

DEAR to my soul this festal morn,
That upwards calls my thoughts away;
Salute, my heart, the glad return
Of this—the sacramental day.

2 Blest Spirit, source of life Divine,
Help me by faith on Christ to feed;
Grant me the peace, the hope benign
That from his promises proceed.

3 Teach me to dwell with grateful thought,
 With love, and pure devotion's flame,
 On him who man's redemption bought,
 And may I ever praise his name.

4 May life and all my powers be thine,
 Till pilgrim cares and struggles cease;
 To thee I'll then my soul resign;
 With Jesus dwell, and rest in peace.

111. *'To give repentance and forgiveness,' &c. Acts 5.31.* ^{113th.} Eaton.

FORGIVE, O Lord, our wand'rings past;
 Henceforth we would obey thy call;
 Our sins far from us let us cast,
 And turn to thee devoutly all:
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's eternal King.

2 Hear us, O God, in mercy hear:
 With sorrow we our guilt deplore:
 Pity our anguish, calm our fear,
 And give us grace to sin no more:
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's eternal King.

3 While at thine altar's foot we kneel,
 And of thy holy rite partake,
 Our pardon, Lord, vouchsafe to seal,
 For Jesus, our Redeemer's sake:
 Then with archangels we shall sing
 High praise to heaven's eternal King.

112. *'See that ye refuse not.'* Heb. 12. 25.

8. 7.
 Haydn.

HAST thou, holy Lord, Redeemer,
 Left for man this pledge of love,
 Thee to honour, to remember,
 When enthroned in light above?
 Didst thou quit for him thy glory,
 Sojourn in a vale of tears,
 Realize that bitter story
 Prophesied by holy seers?

- 2 Didst thou, pierced with keenest anguish,
 Close the great, the gracious plan,
 Guiltless suffer, guiltless languish,
 To deliver guilty man?
 And shall the redeem'd, ungrateful,
 Hostile to a Saviour's views,
 Sunk in sin and pleasures hateful,
 This thy dearest pledge refuse?
- 3 Search, O Lord! and cleanse and save us;
 Heal us by thy power divine;
 Burst the bonds that here enslave us,
 That we may be wholly thine.
 Thus may we, secured from sadness,
 All with joy and peace believe;
 Feed on thee with faith and gladness,
 And thy cup of grace receive.

113. *'My flesh is meat indeed.'* John 6. 55. L. M.
Stonefield.

- I**N sacred fellowship we meet,
 To celebrate our Saviour's death:
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat:
 His people feed on him by faith.
- 2 How blest the people who are his!
 To them the bread of life is given;
 How fair, how rich their portion is,
 They hope to see their Lord in heaven.
- 3 Till he appears, his death shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of joy;
 And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our pow'rs employ.

114. *'Is it not the communion,'* &c. 1 Cor. 10. 16. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

- I**N blessed union here we meet,
 We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
 And eat the bread of heaven;
 How highly privileged are we,
 And oh! how thankful should we be,
 To whom this grace is given.

- 2 To join in fellowship, how sweet!
 With those who in the Saviour meet,
 Enlighten'd from above;
 How excellent the pleasure is,
 That flows from such a feast as this,
 Where all are join'd in love.
- 3 But if such joy is found to flow
 From sacred fellowship below,
 Then what must heaven be;
 Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
 And dwell in happiness complete
 Throughout eternity?

115. 'Thou preparest a table,' &c. Ps. 13. 5. ^{8. 7.} Benediction.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
 Through my pilgrimage below;
 And beside the waters lead me,
 Where thy flocks rejoicing go.
 Could I wander, fear disdainings,
 Could I leave thy shelt'ring fold;
 Heedless of thy grace constraining,
 In the strength of nature bold?

- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling, I implore;
 Now thy grace hath found me, never
 Would I wander from thee more.
 Oh how sweet, how comfortable,
 In the wilderness to see
 Such provisions, such a table,
 Spread for sinners, spread for me.
- 3 Here thy bounty still partaking,
 In these signs of bread and wine,
 Freely all things else forsaking,
 I behold the Saviour mine.

In that bruised body broken,
 In the shedding of that blood,
 What a gracious pledge and token,
 Lord, we have for every good.

- 4 To his cross for refuge flying,
 I'll prepare for strife within;
 There from my Redeemer, dying;
 Learn the sinfulness of sin.
 Cleansed, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
 By his matchless love and power,
 Now he says, (no longer harden'd,)
 "Go in peace, and sin no more."

116. *'If any man thirst,' &c.* John 7. 37. ^{S. M.} M. Ephraim.

JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board;
 Here pardon'd sinners meet, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

- 2 Here we survey that love
 Which spoke in every breath,
 Which crown'd each action of his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.

- 3 Here let our powers unite,
 His glorious name to raise;
 And holy joy fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

117. *'When the disciples came together,' &c.* Acts 20. 7. ^{6-7s.} Day.

MEETING in the Saviour's name,
 "Breaking bread" by his command;
 To the world we thus proclaim
 On what ground we hope to stand,
 When the Lord shall come with clouds;
 Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 'Tis the sinner's blest resource ;
 Jesus magnified the Law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse :
 What a joyful truth is this !
 Oh ! how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose ;
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns ;
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains ;
 His the triumph and the crown ;
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died,
 Sing of him who rose again ;
 By his blood we're justified ;
 And with him we hope to reign ;
 Yes, we hope to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

118. 'Eat, O friends!' Cant. 5. 1.

L. M.
 Windle.

- M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food !
- 3 Oh ! let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;
 With hearts inflamed, let all attend ;
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 And more that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

119. *'This do in remembrance of me.'* Luke 22. 19. L. M. Sandbach.

OURS is a rich and royal feast,
 Provided by the King of heaven :
 How privileged are they, and blest,
 To whom the bread of life is given !

- 2 In sacred fellowship we meet,
 To celebrate our Saviour's death :
 His blood we drink, his flesh we eat ;
 His people feed on him by faith.

- 3 On earth his dying love shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
 And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our powers employ.

120. *'He that eateth of this bread,'* &c. John 6. 58. C. M. Nayland.

PARENT of good, whose plenteous grace
 O'er all creation flows ;
 Humbly we ask thy power to bless
 The food thy love bestows.

- 2 Thy love provides the sacred feast :
 Another gift impart ;
 Give us in faith this food to taste,
 And with a grateful heart.

- 3 Life of the world, our souls to feed
 Thyself descend from high ;
 Grant us of thee, the living bread,
 To eat and never die.

121. *'Truth, Lord,'* &c. Matt. 15. 27. L. M. Devonshire.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word,
 But own my heart with shame and grief
 The hold of sin and unbelief.

- 2 Lord, in thy house I hear there's room ;
And, vent'ring hard, behold I come :
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy children, room for me ?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine ;
But, oh! my soul wants more than sign ;
I faint unless I feed on thee,
And drink thy blood as shed for me.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed ;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed :
Lord, I believe thy grace is free :
Oh! magnify that grace in me!

122. '*All things are now ready.*' Luke 14. 17. L. M.
Wareham.

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

- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son :
Ready the pard'ning Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his gracious hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony heart to move ;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bless'd estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
To happiness in Christ restored ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace.

123. *'Lord, evermore give us this bread.'* John 6. 34. L. M.
Buxton.

TO feed by faith on Christ, my bread,
His body broken on the tree,—
To live in him, my living head,
Who died and rose again for me ;—

2 Be this my joy and comfort here ;
This pledge of future glory mine :
Jesus, in Spirit now appear,
And break the bread and pour the wine.

3 From thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of thy dying love ;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

124. *'Let us join ourselves,'* &c. Jer. 50. 5. C. M.
Arlington.

WE covenant with hand and heart
To follow Christ our Lord ;
Satan, the world, and flesh resist,
And to obey the word.

2 We'll love each other heartily,
And bear the cross and shame ;
We will confess Christ openly,
And glorify his name.

3 O Lord ! thy strength in us renew,
Keep us from every fall ;
Nothing without thee can we do,
By thee we can do all.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

125. *'Teach me thy statutes.'* Ps. 119. 12. C. M.
Bath.

BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold thy servant stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy Word,
The guidance of thy hand.

- 2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart ;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.
- 3 Lord, from thy Word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store ;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.
- 4 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page ;
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

126. *'Thy statutes have been,' &c.* Ps. 119. 54. C. M.
Nayland.

- F**ATHER of mercies, in the word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines !
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolations rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Oh may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight !
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view a Saviour there !

127. *'Give me understanding,' &c.* Ps. 119. 34. C. M.
Sheffield.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 And may thy word my thoughts engage
In each perplexing case ;
Help me to feed on every page,
And grow in every grace.

4 Thus let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days !
Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

128. *'How sweet are Thy words,' &c.* Ps. 119. 103. C. M.
London.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The Pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that Pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
 Where wit and reason fail;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My wand'ring feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy road,
 That leads to thy right hand.

129. *The entrance of Thy words,' &c.* Ps. 119. 130. C. M.
University.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic as the sun;
 It gives a light to every age:—
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise;—
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Eternal thanks, O Lord, be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 Oh! may our souls with joy pursue
 The paths of truth and love;
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above!
-

HOLY TRINITY.

130. *'Blessed be Thy glorious name,' &c.* Neh. 9. 5. ^{L. M.} Wareham.

BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

131. *'Bring all things to your,' &c.* John 14. 26. ^{C. M.} Cambridge.

FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Though nations far abroad.

132. 'The grace,' &c. 2 Cor. 13. 14.

L. M.
Old 100th.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found ;

Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quick'ning power extend.

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

133. 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' Rev. 4. 8. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly 2.

GRACIOUS God ! look down in kindness
On thy children gather'd here ;

Once we wander'd in our blindness,
But thy mercy brought us near :
Blessed Father !

Keep us in thy holy fear.

2 Jesus, author of salvation !
On whose merits we rely ;
Thine be ceaseless adoration,
Thine the homage of the sky :
Blessed Saviour !

Bring us all to bliss on high.

3 Holy Spirit ! who art given
To renew the sinful heart ;
Pledge and antepast of heaven,
Thou our life, our comfort art ;
Blessed Spirit !

Never from our souls depart.

134. 'Let us exalt his name.' Ps. 34. 7. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
G Christian fellowship, how sweet!
 When (their theme of praise the same)
 They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move;
 He beheld the world undone:
 Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love:
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love:
 With our stubborn hearts he strove;
 Chased the mists of sin away,
 Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
 When the saints in glory meet;
 Where the theme is still the same,
 Where they praise Jehovah's name.

135. 'The Father, the Word, and the,' &c. 1 John 5. 7. 113th.
Eaton.

GREAT God! whose awful mystery,
G Though yet unknown, our hearts believe;
 Our wants and cares we bring to thee,
 And all thy words in faith receive:
 Thy truths, for human reach too high,
 Our comfort, hope, and strength supply.

2 Thy goodness, Father, we confess,
 Which gave and still preserves our breath;
 When fearful loads of guilt oppress,
 Incarnate Son, we plead thy death;
 And lost in darkness, sin, and woe,
 Spirit, thy help and joy we know.

3 Thus to thy strength our weakness clings,
 And always finds the promise sure;
 Our conscious heart the witness brings;
 And thus, believing, we adore;
 Till death shall take the veil away,
 And faith be lost in perfect day.

136. '*Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.*' Is. 6. 3. L. M.
St. James'.

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 Bright in thy deeds and in thy fame;
 For ever be thy name adored,
 Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
 To take our load of sins away,
 Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
 Along the realms of upper day!

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
 In streams of light and glory given;
 Thou source of blessedness and love,
 Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
 Our every thought, our every song;
 And ever may thy praises flow,
 From saint and seraph's hallow'd tongue!

137. '*Access by one Spirit,*' &c. Eph. 2. 18. L. M.
Teddin ton

O THOU, whom neither time nor space
 Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
 Nor faith, in boldest flight, can trace,
 Save through thy Spirit and thy Son:

2 And thou, that from thy bright abode,
 To us in mortal weakness shown,
 Didst graft the manhood into God,
 Eternal, co-eternal Son!

3 And thou, whose unction from on high,
 By comfort, light, and love is known!
 Who in the glorious Deity,
 Great Spirit, art for ever One!

4 Great First and Last! thy blessings give!
 And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
 To love and praise thee while we live,
 And do whate'er thou would'st have done.

138. 'The peace of God,' &c. Phil. 4. 7. L. M.
Sandbach.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the Holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On ev'ry soul assembled here.

139. 'Holy, holy, holy,' &c. Rev. 4. 8. L. M.
Warrington.

TO thee, Jehovah, praise we sing,
 Almighty Father, heavenly King;
 To thee, Jehovah, Saviour, God
 The Prince of Peace, Redemption's Lord.

2 To thee, Jehovah, Spirit, too
 We give the praise which is thy due:
 Great Three in One, accept us here,
 Thou God of Christians, bend thine ear.

3 Bless'd be thy wisdom, love, and grace,
 So glorious to a sinful race,
 Which laid the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
 That raises us from sin to God.

4 How kind the office each sustains,
 Whose grace in our salvation reigns;
 The Father gives, the Saviour dies,
 The Holy Ghost his death applies.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

140. 'Blessed be His,' &c. Ps. 72. 19.

P. M.
Casterton.

TO God the Father yield
Immortal praise and love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins which man had done.

2 To God th' eternal Son
Let praise immortal flow,
Who bought us with his blood,
Who saves from endless woe:
And now on high he lives and reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.

3 To God the Holy Ghost
Immortal honours give,
Whose new-creating power,
Can make the dead to live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Immortal praise to thee,
O Father, Spirit, Son,
The undivided Three,
The great mysterious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

141. 'While I live will I praise,' &c. Ps. 146. 2.

8. 7.
Haydn.

TO the Source of every blessing
Grateful anthems let us raise;
Holy joy our souls possessing
Swells the tribute of our praise.
Glory to the almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wand'ring sheep to gather,
Sent a Saviour from above.

- 2 To the Son all praise be given,
 Who, with love unknown before,
 Left the bright abode of heaven,
 And our sins and sorrows bore.
 Equal strains of warm devotion
 Let the Spirit's praise employ,
 Author of each holy motion,
 Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.
-

ADVENT AND BIRTH OF CHRIST.

142. *'Unto us a Child is born.'* Is. 9. 6. 148th.
Farnham.

HAIL, brightest, happiest morn,
 That ever beam'd from heaven!
 To us a Child is born,

To us a Son is given;

Let ev'ry heart its homage bring
 In honour to the new-born King.

- 2 What wondrous love is this!

The Lord of life appears,

And quits the realms of bliss

For this dark vale of tears;

Consents to tread this cursed ground,

Where sin and misery abound.

- 3 Give us an angel's tongue,

An angel's willing mind;

And let thy name be sung,

Great God, by all mankind.

Let the whole earth, with one accord,

Confess that Jesus is the Lord.

143. *'He hath visited and,' &c.* Luke 1. 68. C. M.
Cambridge.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long:

Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,

And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 He comes the pris'ners to release
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye long closed in night
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the riches of his grace,
 To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With thy beloved name.

144. 'Unto you is born.' Luke 2. 11. DOUBLE SEVENS.
Easter H.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph 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!
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell,
 Jesus our Immanuel.

- 3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 'Ris'n 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 conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
 Sing we then, with angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King:
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and sins forgiven.

145. 'The government shall be,' &c. Is. 9. 6. ^{L. M.} Tranquillity.

- H**ELPLESS in sin, in woe forlorn,
 Lo! unto us a child is born;
 Yea, unto us a Son is given!
 Messiah visits us from heaven.
- 2 From Jesse's stem shoots forth a rod,
 A man—and yet the Mighty God;
 Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace,
 To captive souls he brings release.
- 3 His arm the government sustains,
 And through eternity he reigns;
 Not time, which ends all earthly things,
 Shall terminate the peace he brings.
- 4 Welcome the day that gave him birth:
 "Glory to God and peace on earth,
 Good-will to men:" thus angels praise,
 And we should echo back their lays.

- 5 Hosanna! then, to David's Son,
 Who deigns to sit on David's throne:
 Thou for thyself our hearts prepare,
 And reign supreme enthroned there.

146. 'Christ in you the hope of glory.' Col. 1. 27. ^{SEVENS.} Resurrection.

JOYFUL day that saw him come
 On this friendless world to roam;
 Joyful day that heard arise
 Songs of praises from the skies.

- 2 Glory, glory to our King,
 Who did joyful tidings bring:
 God the Father reconciled,
 And the rebel own'd a child.

- 3 Saviour! full of truth and grace,
 Make our hearts thy dwelling-place:
 Mean, unworthy though they be
 To receive a guest like thee.

- 4 But wherever thou dost rest,
 All with holiness is blest;
 Nought of sin can e'er remain
 In thy holy, heavenly train.

- 5 Joyful day, when thou dost come,
 Making in our hearts thy home;
 Then with angels we can sing,
 Glory, glory to our King.

147. 'Let all the angels,' &c. Heb. 1. 6. ^{8. 7.} Haydn

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
 May a sinner praise thy name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
 Lord of ev'ry land and nation,
 "Ancient of eternal days;"
 Sounded through the wide creation:
 Be thy just and lawful praise.

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

148. *'His name shall be called,' &c.* Is. 9. 6. ^{L. M.} Teddington.

- M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all;
 My praise shall climb to his abode:
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The Great Supreme, Almighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense,
 Eternal ages saw him shine;—
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six-days' work he made
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 As man, he pities my complaint;
 His power and truth are all divine;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint;
 Lord, make thy full salvation mine!

149. *'The Word was made,' &c.* John 1. 14. C. M.
Nayland.

- O** SAVIOUR! whom this joyful morn
 Gave to our world below,
 To wand'ring and to danger born,
 To weakness, toil, and woe;—
- 2 Incarnate Word, by ev'ry grief,
 By each temptation tried;
 Who lived to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died;—
- 3 If gaily clothed and richly fed,
 In dang'rous wealth we dwell;
 Remind us of thy manger-bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 But, if it be thy blessed will
 In poverty we pine;
 Make us content, remembering still
 A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 Through this world's fickle, various scene,
 From sin preserve us free;
 Like us, thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with thee.

150. *'Unto us a Child,' &c.* Is. 9. 6.

S. M.
Levens.

- R**EJOICE in Jesu's birth,
 To us a Son is given;
 To us a Child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven.
- 2 He reigns above the sky,
 This universe sustains;
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The king Messiah reigns.
- 3 Th' Almighty God is he,
 Author of heavenly bliss;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of Peace.

- 4 Wider and wider still
 He will his sway extend;
 With peace divine his people fill,
 And joys that never end.
- 5 Now for thy promise sake,
 O'er earth exalted be;
 The kingdom, power, and glory take,
 Which all belong to thee.
- 6 In zeal for God and man,
 Thy full salvation bring;
 The universal Monarch reign,
 The saints' eternal King.

151. *'Unto Him that loved,' &c. Rev. 1. 5, 6.* SEVENS.
Resurrection

- S**ON of God, to thee we bow:
 Thou art Lord, and only thou:
 Thou, the blessed virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church, and head.
- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
 Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.
- 3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
 Of salvation by thee wrought;
 Wrought to set thy people free;
 Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 4 May we follow and adore
 Thee, our Saviour, more and more;
 Guide and bless us with thy love,
 Till we join thy saints above.

152. *'Mercy and truth,' &c. Ps. 85. 10.* 148th.
Casterton.

- T**HE long-expected morn
 Has dawn'd upon the earth;
 The Saviour, Christ, is born,
 And angels sung his birth;
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng;
 We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

2 Now sing of peace divine,
 Of grace to guilty man;
 No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
 Could form the wondrous plan:
 Where peace and righteousness embrace,
 And justice goes along with grace.

3 Give praise to God on high,
 With angels round his throne;
 Give praise to God with joy;
 Give praise to God alone:
 'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
 And give the Saviour endless praise.

153. *'I bring you good tidings.'* Luke 2. 10. L. M.
Hedley.

WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
 For unto us a Saviour's born;
 See, how the angels wing their way,
 To usher in the glorious day!

2 Hark! what sweet music—what a song—
 Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
 Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
 Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
 Glory to God, who reigns on high;
 Let peace and love on earth abound,
 While time revolves and years roll round.

EPIPHANY.

154. *'Fellow heirs of the same Body.'* Eph. 3. 6.8. 7.
Vesper.

HAIL! thou source of ev'ry blessing,
 Sov'reign Father of mankind;
 Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,
 In thy courts admission find.
 Grateful now we fall before thee,
 In thy Church obtain a place;
 Now by faith behold thy glory,
 Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach thy sacred throne:
 In thy covenant united,
 Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.
 Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
 See the Star of Mercy shine!
 Myst'ry hid in former ages,
 Myst'ry great of love Divine.

3 Hail! thou all-inviting Saviour;
 Gentiles now their off'rings bring;
 In thy temple seek thy favour.
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
 Live devoted to thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

 DEATH OF CHRIST.
155. *'They shall mourn for Him.'* Zech. 12. 10.C. M.
Abridge.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.
156. 'He humbleth Himself.' Phil. 2. 8. C. M.
Bedford.
- A**ND did the holy and the just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love, so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its saving power to me?
- 4 What glad returns can I impart
For favours so Divine?
O! take my all—this worthless heart—
And make it only thine.

157. *'Remove this cup from me.'* Luke 22.42. L. M.
St. Patrick's.

FATHER Divine, the Saviour cried,
 While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,
 "Remove this bitter cup away."
 2 But if these pangs must still be borne,
 Or helpless man be left forlorn ;
 I bow my soul before thy throne,
 And say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
 And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
 Our hearts and not our lips alone,
 Would say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."
 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
 We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
 Which, from our portion in his pains,
 Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

158. *'He hath put Him to grief.'* Is. 53. 10. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
 Hath not the Father put to grief
 His spotless Son for me ?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charged on thee ?
 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people owed :
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled with thy blood ?
 3 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest !
 The merits of thy great High-Priest
 Have bought thy liberty ;
 Trust in his efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee.

159. 'Christ died for us.' Rom. 5. 8.

C. M.
Arlington.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see ;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemn'd to die
Escape the just decree ?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burden'd with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh ! how can I get free ?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea ;
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.

5 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea ;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

160. 'The Lord hath laid,' &c. Is. 53. 6.

8. 7.
Haydn.

HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring ;
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :

All thy people are forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

161. *'It is finished.'* John 19. 30.

8. 7. 4.
 Calvary.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 "It is finish'd!" oh! what pleasure
 Do these joyful words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd!"
 Saints the dying words record.

3 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name!
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

162. 'Christ died for,' &c. 1 Cor. 15. 3. L. M.
Devonshire.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Draw near, and trace in sad review
 His grief who groan'd beneath your load:
 He gave his precious life for you,
 The ransom of your soul to God.

3 But lo! the Lord forsakes the tomb:
 In vain his foes forbid his rise;
 Angelic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Cease, cease your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led his captive, death, in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save:"
 Then ask of death, Oh! where's thy sting?
 And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

163. 'Whom they pierced.' Zech. 12. 10. 6-7's.
Adamant.

HEART of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesu's cross subdued;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a stream of blood;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Crucified th' incarnate Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fix'd him there;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Plunged into his side the spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No! with all my sins I'll part;
 Break, oh! break, my harden'd heart.

164. '*The cross of our Lord,*' &c. Gal. 6. 14. L. M.
Rockingham.

HOW great the wonders of the cross,
 Where our Redeemer bled and died!
 Its noblest life our spirit draws
 From his deep wounds and pierced side.

2 Let this world's joys be all forgot,
 Its gain be loss in our esteem,
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

165. '*Memory of Thy great goodness.*' Ps. 145. 7. C. M.
Bedford.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh—

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet in anguish he survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee;
 What love his latest words display'd,
 "Meet and remember me!"

- 4 Remember thee; thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But his recorded there!

166. 'I beheld a Lamb,' &c. Rev. 5. 6. 7. 6.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recal to mind,
 Send thine answer from above,
 And let us mercy find:
 Let our cry ascend to thee,
 And ev'ry burden'd soul release;
 Oh! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From all iniquity release;
 Oh! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

167. 'It is not possible,' &c. Heb. 10. 4. ^{S. M.} M. Ephraim.

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

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

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

- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree;
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.
168. *'Plead for a man with God.'* Job. 16. 21. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.
- O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord hath done
 And suffer'd once for me!
- 2 Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,
 Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
 And thine availing blood:
 That righteousness my robe shall be;
 Thy merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send:
 By him some word of life impart,
 And graciously assure my heart
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To call my soul away:
 Leaving the world and earthly things,
 I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day.

169. 'Who remembereth us.' Ps. 136. 23.

C. M.
Bedford.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He came, and (oh amazing love!)
He died for our relief.

3 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

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

170. 'Shall we continue in sin?' &c. Rom. 6. 1. L. M.
Devonshire.

SHALL the believer dare to sin,
Because his sins have been forgiven?
Shall sov'reign grace, which makes him clean,
Be thus abused?—forbid it, heaven.

2 Shame on that heart which does not melt,
And shame on that unpitying eye,
Which feels not anguish for the guilt
For which the Saviour came to die.

3 If yet those sufferings were to come
Which should a guilty world redeem;
Oh! could we bear to swell the sum
Of what must be endured by him?

4 Oh! could we bear to add by sin
A sharper point to every thorn;
And make each cruel stripe more keen
By which his holy flesh was torn?

- 5 Yet every sin we dare commit,
 If we indeed have tasted grace ;
 More sharply pierced those hands, those feet,
 And marr'd with deeper lines that face.
- 6 Dear injured Saviour! ne'er may those
 For whom thy precious blood was shed,
 Give cause of triumph to thy foes,
 But shrink from sin with holy dread.
- 7 Nor let the cruel sight be shown,
 That he, whose love all love transcends,
 Was wounded in the house of one
 Of those who call themselves his friends.

171. '*The blood of sprinkling.*' Heb. 12. 24.

L. M.
Cook.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God!
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful weapon bears.

- 2 Let me my grateful homage pay,
 With courage sing, with freedom pray:
 And, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son ;—
- 3 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
 Expired to set the vilest free ;
 On this I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in his name.

172. '*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*' Mark 15. 34.

L. M.
Devonshire.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!
 See, how the sacred crimson tide
 Flows from his hands, his feet, his side!

- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,
To die for man,—surprising grace!
Yet pass rebellious angels by—
Oh! why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- 4 Can I survey the scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 5 Come, gracious Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this senseless heart;
'Till all its pow'rs and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

173. 'Looking unto Jesus.' Heb. 12. 2.

8. 7.
Haydn.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go,
Prove his death each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

174. 'A fountain opened.' Zech. 13. 1.

C. M.
University.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 6 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.
175. *'They shall look on Me.'* Zech. 12. 10. 8. 7.

TO the cross I turn me sighing,
Jesus view for sinners dying,
Rack'd with doleful agony.
Was e'er sorrow like his sorrow?
Would I weep? from hence I'll borrow
Tears of duteous sympathy.

- 2 Yet, my Saviour's tribulation
Pays the price of my salvation,
Bids my streaming eyes be dry;
By his stripes my wounds are healed,
By his blood my pardon sealed,
Now, my soul, thou shalt not die!
- 3 On the cross he groans extended,
Love and grief thus sweetly blended,
Kindred grief and love impart:
Henceforth for thy sorrow mourning,
And thy love with love returning,
Lord, to thee I yield my heart.

176. 'Looking to Jesus.' Heb. 12. 2.

113th.
Eaton.

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

177. 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' L. M.
Rockingham.

WAS it for me that Jesus bled,
When nail'd to the accursed tree?
Did he for me hang down his head,
Yielding the ghost in agony?

2 Mine were the sins which made him groan,
Sinking beneath his Father's rod;
But these he bore as if his own,
To reconcile my soul to God.

3 Mine were the sins which struck the blow,
Which lifted Jesus up on high;
And well may godly sorrow flow,
When mem'ry dwells on Calvary.

178. 'The love of Christ.' Eph. 3. 19. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

WHAT tongue can speak the wondrous love
That brought our Saviour from above.
To die for guilty man?
Search to the limits of each zone,
And ask if ever there was known
Such love since time began.

2 Lord, could not all the deadly rage
Of foes forbid thee to engage
In such a blest design?
When death and torture were in view,
Did not the dreadful thought subdue
E'en such a love as thine?

- 3 No; thou hast bow'd thy willing head,
To suffer, in thy creatures' stead,
The penalty of sin:
The debt is paid, and by thy grace,
Man's ruin'd and polluted race
A heavenly crown may win.
- 4 Saviour, to us thy grace impart,
Let the corruptions of our heart
Be crucified with thee:
That we may here enjoy thy love,
And in a happier realm above
Thy cloudless glory see.

179. '*The cross of our Lord,*' &c. Gal. 6. 14. ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul; my life, my all.

180. '*World crucified unto us.*' Gal. 6. 14. ^{8. 7.} Benediction.

- WHEN I read the contradiction,
Christ endured my soul to gain;
Gaze upon the crucifixion;
Shall I of the cross complain!
Let not, Lord, thy sore affliction
Have been borne for me in vain.

- 2 Lo! upon the tree extended,
 Jesus bows his dying head;
 Bears the wrath of God offended;
 Suffers in the sinner's stead.
 Now thy days of woe are ended,
 'Twas for thee, my soul, he bled.
- 3 E'en in death his love was sealed
 To the lost repentant thief:
 By his stripes our wounds were healed;
 Joy obtained by his grief.
 Lord, thy grace to me revealed,
 Gives thy mourning child relief.
- 4 After earth's deceitful pleasure
 Never more my heart shall rove:
 Farewell, ev'ry worldly treasure!
 Now my treasure is above.
 I shall draw in plenteous measure,
 From the fountain-head of love.
- 5 Praise henceforth and adoration,
 To the throne of grace I'll bring;
 Hail, O Israel's consolation!
 Let each ransom'd sinner sing:
 Hail, thou God of our salvation!
 Hail, O Prophet, Priest, and King!

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

181. 'Now is Christ risen.' 1 Cor. 15. 20.

C. M.
 Sheffield.

- A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
 The heathen world in gloom!
 Oh what a sun which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb!

172 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
 To bind our Lord in death :
 He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
 By his expiring breath.

4 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung :
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

5 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
 To hail this happy morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 On nations yet unborn.

182. 'He that believeth,' &c. John 11. 25, 26. C. M.
Cambridge.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy praised,
 His Majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky ;
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust ?
 Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserved against that day ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
 Till their salvation come ;
 We walk by faith as pilgrims here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

183. 'He is risen.' Mark 16. 6.

SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

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

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O death! is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O grave!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head :
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

184. 'He led captivity captive.' Eph. 4. 8.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r :
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Lo! how he bursts the bonds of death,
And re-assumes his vital breath,
To make our title good :
May all our souls to heav'n aspire,
In thought, in will, in strong desire,
To earthly pleasure dead.

174 RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

3 With thankful hearts we look and see
 Our Saviour clothed with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:
 Yet though our Lord is honour'd thus,
 Still all his thoughts are fix'd on us,
 He'll take us to his home.

4 His church is all his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her he did redeem:
 He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
 And prays that she may spoil her foes,
 And ever reign with him.

185. *'The first-fruits.'* 1 Cor. 15. 19. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

O JOYFUL sound! O glorious hour!
 When Christ, by his Almighty power,
 Arose and left the grave:
 Now let our songs his triumph tell,
 Who broke the chains of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.

2 "The first begotten from the dead,"
 Behold him rise, his people's head,
 Immortal life to bring:
 What! though the saints like him shall die,
 They share their leader's victory,
 And triumph with their king.

3 No more we tremble at the grave;
 For he who died our souls to save,
 Will raise our bodies too:
 What though this earthly house shall fail,
 The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
 And build it up anew.

186. *'Raised us up together.'* Eph. 2. 6. L. M.
Creation.

STUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
 Design'd for rebels such as we?
 O let our ardent praises rise
 High as our hopes, beyond the skies!

- 2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
Might ever in the dust remain ;
These guilty spirits sent to dwell
'Midst all the miseries of hell.
- 3 But lo! incarnate love descends,
Down to the sepulchre it bends ;
Rising, it tears the bars away,
And springs to its own native day.
- 4 Then was our sepulchre unbarr'd ;
Then was our path to glory clear'd ;
Then, if that Saviour be our own,
Did we ascend a heav'nly throne.
- 5 A moment shall our joy complete,
And fix us in that shining seat ;
Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
And by unchanging truth secured.
- 6 O may that love, in strains sublime,
Be sung to the last hour of time !
And let eternity confess,
Through all its rounds the matchless grace.

187. ' *Thou hast led,* &c. Ps. 58. 18.

148th.
Casterton.

- T**HE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

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

188. '*The Lord is risen indeed.*' Luke 24. 34. P. M.
Levens.

"**T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 And are the tidings true?
 Yes, they who saw the Saviour bleed,
 Beheld him living too.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Then justice asks no more;
 Mercy and truth are now agreed,
 Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Then is his work perform'd:
 The captive surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Then hell has lost his prey:
 With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 He lives to die no more:
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.

189. '*Appear with him in glory.*' Col. 3. 4. P. M.
Tranquillity.

WE sing his love who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived again,
 That all his saints through him might have
 Eternal conquest o'er the grave.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
 His own almighty power shall keep;
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
 When death itself shall die away.

- 3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
- 4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

190. 'I am the resurrection.' John 11. 25. L. M. Wareham.

- WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the powers of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death ;
Sweet pledge that all, who trust his name,
Shall rise and draw immortal breath !
- 3 Our Surety freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seized ;
Our pardon in his hands we see,
And love to view Jehovah pleased.
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more ;
And ever lives our cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, adore ;
See the rich diadem he bears !
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

ASCENSION AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

191. 'To make intercession,' &c. Heb. 7. 25. 148th.
Casterton.

- 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 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.
- 4 My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

192. 'Sing praises,' &c. Ps. 47. 6. 6-7th.
Day.

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

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the victor's praise they sing:
 "Open now, ye heav'nly gates!
 'Tis the King of Glory waits."
- 3 Now behold him high enthroned!
 Glory beaming from his face!
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace!
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 "Glory, glory to our King."

193. 'Thou hast ascended.' Ps. 68. 18. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

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

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates:
 Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin;
 Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us he intercedes;
 His prevailing death he pleads;
 Near himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,
 Far above yon azure height!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee above the skies.

194. 'My Redeemer liveth.' Job. 19. 25. L. M.
Sandbach.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
And still he pleads for me above ;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

3 He lives, my kind and constant friend,
Who still will keep me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

4 He lives that he may in me dwell,
And save me from the power of hell ;
To comfort me whene'er I faint,
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

5 He lives my mansion to prepare ;
And he will bring me safely there ;
He lives, all glory to his name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

195. 'The Forerunner.' Heb. 6. 20. L. M.
St. Olave's.

JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more ;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete ;
For ever undisturb'd his seat ;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone ;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight,
 With sacred wonder and delight;
 Jesus thy own forerunner see
 Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

196. 'Rejoice with joy unspeakable.' 1 Pet. 1. 8.

L. M.
 Cook.

O JESUS, Saviour of mankind,
 Delight of every faithful mind;
 Creator of this earthly frame,
 Loud would I praise thy glorious name.

2 What strange excess of clemency
 Prevail'd that thou should set us free
 From sinful crimes: and guiltless give
 Thy life to make the guilty live.

3 Hell's dark abodes are forced by thee;
 Its captives from their chains set free;
 And thou, with this triumphant train,
 At God's right hand doth victor reign.

4 No tuneful lays so sweet appear,
 No harmony so charms the ear;
 No thought can so delight the mind,
 As Jesus, Saviour of mankind.

5 O Jesus, our reward above,
 Be thou on earth our only love:
 In thee alone our glory be
 Both here and in futurity.

197. 'All nations shall call,' &c. Ps. 72. 17. S. M.
Silver Street.

PREPARE a thankful song
 To the Redeemer's name:
 His praises should employ each tongue,
 And ev'ry heart inflame.

2 He laid his glories by,
 And shame and death endured,
 That guilty rebels, doom'd to die,
 From wrath might be secured.

- 3 And now he pleading stands
 Before his Father's throne;
 And satisfies the law's demands
 With what himself hath done.
- 4 The Holy Ghost he sends,
 Our stubborn wills to move;
 To make his enemies his friends,
 And conquer them by love.
- 5 Oh! may we not refuse
 Such rich unbounded grace,
 Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
 But seek the Saviour's face.

198. *'Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.'* Phil. 4, 4. 148th.
Farnham.

- R**EJOICE! the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
 "Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice."
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When he had purged our stains,
 He took his seat above.
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
 "Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice."
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour given.
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
 "Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice."
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet.

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice ;
 " Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice."

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
 The trump of God shall sound " Rejoice !"

199.

' *Stood a Lamb.*' Rev. 5. 6.

L. M.
 Buxton.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands ;
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains,
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
 He sympathizes with our grief,
 And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at his throne
 Let us make all our sorrows known ;
 And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
 To help us in the evil hour.

- 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 pow'r;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.
-

REDEMPTION.

202. *'With the heart man believeth.'* Rom. 10.10. L. M.
Sandbach.

AND is salvation brought so near,
 Where sinful men expiring lie?
 Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
 And shout it joyous to the sky.

2 I ask not, who to heav'n shall scale,
 That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
 Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
 To bring him from the dreary tomb.

3 From heav'n on wings of love he flew,
 And conqueror from the tomb he sprung:
 My heart believes the witness true,
 And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I sing salvation brought so near,
 No more on earth expiring lie;
 I teach the world my joys to hear,
 And shout them to the echoing sky.

203. *'Commendeth His love.'* Rom. 5. 8. L. M.
Tranquillity.

ARISE, my soul, from meaner things,
 To praise the mighty King of kings;
 And among all his works and ways
 Let love call forth the highest praise.

- 2 Love brought a Saviour from the skies
To die for me that I might rise
Above the power of death and hell,
And near his face for ever dwell.
- 3 O gracious Saviour, guide me still,
Teach me submission to thy will;
From groundless terrors set me free,
Let nothing part my soul from thee.
- 4 And when the hour of death is near,
Thy love shall calm each rising fear;
Safe through the gloomy vale convey,
And bear me to the realms of day.

204. 'Master, we perish.' Luke 8. 24. L. M.
Devonshire.

- B**EFORE thy cross, my dying Lord,
I cast my soul, and trust thy love;
Oh! here thy saving power afford,
And seal my pardon from above.
- 2 No threat'ning foes shall drive me hence,
Helpless and fainting I draw near;
Resolved, (for 'tis my last defence),
If I must die, to perish here.
- 3 But, Saviour, for thy mercy's sake,
Relieve the anguish of my heart;
The bruised reed thou wilt not break,
Nor bid the contrite soul depart.
- 4 Wash'd in thy blood, I shall be pure;
Cheer'd by thy smile, shall feel no shame;
Saved by thy love, I stand secure,
And triumph in a Saviour's name.

205. 'The year of my,' &c. Is. 63. 4. 148th.
Farnham.

- B**LW 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 sin-atonng Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 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.

5 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.

206. *'A light from heaven.'* Acts 26. 13.

S.M.
 Shirland.

BRIGHT as thy glories shine,
 Thou dazzling sun, I see
 A glory far surpassing thine
 Now beaming down on me.

2 Go forth in this thy might,
 And distant nations bless;
 But happier they who see the light
 Of truth and righteousness.

- 3 Before thy rising ray
The night of nature flies;
But moral darkness flies away
When Jesu's glories rise.
- 4 Jesus, my sun thou art,
Fountain of light and love;
Whose living radiance fills my heart,
And never will remove.
- 5 Shine, glorious Saviour, shine,
With joy thy beams I see;
For glory that surpasses thine
Can never fall on me.

207. 'Christ our wisdom.' &c. 1 Cor. 1. 30. L. M.
St. Olave's.

- B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

208. *'As in Adam all die,' &c.* 1 Cor. 15. 22.

L. M.
Hedley.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law;
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

209. *'Blessed be Thy glorious name.'* Neh. 9. 5.

C. M.
London.

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

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 But, Father, in thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
We see both truth and mercy shine
In their divinest forms.

4 And thus the glories of the Lamb
Fill heaven and earth with praise;
Archangels learn Immanuel's name,
And celebrate his grace.

5 Oh! may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

210. 'Looking unto Jesus.' Heb. 12. 2.

C. M.
 Irish.

FOR ever 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 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

211. 'Thou art worthy,' &c. Rev. 4. 11.

8. 7. 4.
 Kelly 2.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to him who bore the cross!
 Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
 Death, the death deserved by us:
 Spread his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end:
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend:
 Praise the Saviour,
 Magnify the sinners' Friend.

- 3 While we hear the wond'rous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb."
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

212. *'The gospel of the grace of God.'* Acts 20. 24. L. M.
St. James.

- G**OD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 The pris'ner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth, to realms of endless day.
- 4 Oh! grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To see thy light, to know thy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

213. *'We beheld his glory.'* John 1. 14. L. M.
Wareham.

- G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Is he compared with wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 3 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
Oh! let a lasting union join
Our souls to Christ the living vine.

- 4 Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 5 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.
- 6 Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 7 Is he design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 8 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 9 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.
214. *'Who is a God like,' &c.* Micah. 7. 18.

118th.
Eaton.

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

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
This is thine own prerogative,
And in the honour shall none share.

Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God!

Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!

Pardon, bestow'd through Jesu's blood!

Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh!

Who is a pard'ning God like thee?

Or who has grace so rich and free?

215. 'Prepare ye the way.' Is. 40. 3.

L. M.
Creation.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry!

It shakes the mountains, rends the earth.

The King appears, behold him nigh!

The God by nature, man by birth!

2 The paths before his feet make straight,

And every obstacle remove:

Bow down, ye hills, your lofty height,

Do homage to redeeming love!

3 Then shall the lowly valley rise,

Its budding honours spring to view;

Swift the creating mandate flies,

And all is blissful, all is new.

4 Redeemer, now the word fulfil;

Thy glory to our souls make known;

Transform us to obey thy will,

And thee, our Lord and Saviour, own.

216. 'Christ our wisdom,' &c. 1 Cor. 1. 30. ^{S. M.} Mt. Ephraim.

HOW heavy is the night

That hangs upon our eyes,

Till Christ, with his reviving light,

Upon our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread

To meet the wrath of heaven;

But in his righteousness array'd,

We see our sins forgiven:

- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 His hands, infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God ;
 Thy sov'reign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

217. '*Two immutable things.*' Heb. 6. 18. L. M.
St. Olave's.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God ?
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

218. '*An everlasting light.*' Is. 60. 19. C. M.
Nayland.

I SEE, my Saviour Christ, I see
 Thy glories from afar ;
 Thy beams shoot forth, thy shadows flee,
 Thou bright and morning Star.

- 2 We grope in darkness here below,
 Till thou arise to bless ;
 Nor God, nor hope, nor truth we know,
 Nor peace, nor righteousness.
- 3 We read, and search with anxious mind,
 In thy prophetic word ;
 But no interpreter we find,
 Till thou the light afford.
- 4 Hail ! blessed light ! to thine abode
 We raise our gladden'd eyes ;
 And tread the safe and pleasant road
 That leads us to the skies.
- 5 Yet, gracious Lord, our view of thee
 How faint at best, how weak !
 Dimly, as through a glass, we see
 The Saviour whom we seek.
- 6 Shine forth, bright Sun of glory, shine !
 Increasingly display
 The light of truth and grace divine,
 Till all is perfect day.

219. ' *The desire of all nations.*' Hag. 2. 7.

C. M.
 Bath.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou glorious Prince of Grace !
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.

- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet ;
 To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
 On thy exhaustless store ;
 From thee they all their bliss receive,
 And still thou givest more.

- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
 They find their all in thee ;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity.

220. ' *The Lord is good.*' Nah. 1. 7.

DBL. 7s.
 Hotham.

JESUS, full of truth and love,
 We thy gracious word obey :
 Faithful let thy mercies prove ;
 Take our load of guilt away :
 Fain we would on thee rely,
 Cast on thee our every care ;
 To thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.

- 2 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
 Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God ;
 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art ;
 Now our wearied souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

221. ' *Then shall we know,*' &c. Hos. 6. 3.

L. M.
 Buxton.

JESUS, mine advocate above,
 Let me not hear of thee alone ;
 But make the wonders of thy love
 By deep experience sweetly known.

- 2 On thee my soul would fix its eye ;
 My lips would taste thy heavenly grace ;
 Then would I raise thine honours high,
 And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.

- 3 The sacred flame from heart to heart
 Should with a rapid progress run ;
 Till each in God could boast his part,
 Through sweet communion with his Son.

4 Thus may the servants of the Lord,
 Feel the salvation they proclaim;
 And thus may crowds receive the word,
 And echo back the Saviour's name.

222. 'My soul thirsteth for thee.' Ps. 63. 1. L. M.
Job.

JESUS, my Saviour and my King,
 Oh! let thy grace my soul inspire;
 That I thy praise may ever sing,
 My hope, my joy, my fond desire!
 2 Oh! may I glory in thy cross,
 And never from thy favour fall;
 But count each worldly object loss,
 To know the Lord mine all in all.
 3 Then shall my spirit, unconfined,
 On wings of faith, and hope, and love,
 Leaving all earthly joys behind,
 Reach forth, and gain the bliss above.

223. 'As Moses lifted up,' &c. John 3. 14. L. M.
Rockingham.

JESUS, our only help and hope,
 May we thy healing grace receive;
 Thou wast on Calvary lifted up,
 That dying men might look and live.
 2 We feel the dire disease within,
 Nor aught on earth can ease our pains;
 Wounded by Satan and by sin,
 The poison runs through all our veins.
 3 Dear Saviour, hear our mournful cries,
 Behold our helplessness and grief;
 To thee we lift our weeping eyes,
 Oh! grant us now the wish'd relief.

224. 'Prophet, Priest, and King.' L. M.
Sandbach.

JESUS, the Prophet of thy church,
 Whose word with heavenly wisdom glows;
 Unveil our hearts, direct our search,
 To gain the knowledge it bestows.

- 2 Oh ! let thy solemn call awake
 Each soul to penitence and prayer ;
 The chains of sin and error break,
 And write thy sacred precepts there.
- 3 Jesus, our Priest, whose boundless love
 Has made atonement for our guilt,
 And now before the throne above
 Offers the blood which thou hast spilt ;
- 4 To us thy power and love reveal,
 Thy pardon to our souls convey ;
 Their fears remove, their sickness heal,
 And wash their deadly stains away.
- 5 Jesus, our King, with conquering might
 Ride on, thy glorious work complete ;
 Put all our enemies to flight,
 And cast them down beneath thy feet.
- 6 To every frail and feeble soul
 New life and energy impart ;
 Teach us to bow to thy control,
 And rear thy throne in every heart.

225. *' Upon this rock I will build,' &c.* Matt. 16. 18. L. M.
Job.

JESUS, the Rock believers have,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
 Who stoop'st to take our flesh and blood,
 The wondrous Man, the incarnate God !

- 2 On thee alone thy church is built ;
 Thou, only thou, dost free from guilt ;
 To thee alone our praise we bring,
 And thee, the great Foundation, sing.
- 3 In thee salvation stands secure ;
 This strong foundation must endure ;
 Stronger than death thy love is known,
 Nor can thy church be overthrown.

4 In vain continued hosts assail,
 Nor shall the gates of hell prevail ;
 Nor force nor fraud the building shock,
 Founded on thee, the Eternal Rock.

226. *Neither is there salvation in any other.* Acts 4. 12. L. M. Buxton.

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

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

3 No other name will heaven approve ;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 (Ordain'd by everlasting Love,)
 To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly path depart ;
 Oh ! let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
 Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

227. *'He hath covered me,' &c.* Is. 62. 10. L. M. Rockingham.

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

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To take my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived and died for me.

- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay,
 While, through thy blood, absolved I am
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
 Let the whole world thy mercy prove !
 Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;
 Now take the spoils of death and hell.

228. ' *A name above every name.*' Phil. 2. 9. 148th.
Casterton.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore :
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came—
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 Divine Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King ;
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing :
 Thine is the power ; behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

229. 'According to his mercy.' Tit. 3. 5.

C. M.
Bedford.

LORD, we confess our num'rous faults ;
How great our guilt has been !

Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are saved by sov'reign grace
Abounding through the Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'T is by the water, and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'T is through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

230. 'Justified freely by his grace.' Rom. 3. 24.

L. M.
Angel's H.

MY everlasting hope relies
On Christ's atoning sacrifice ;
Through him my peace is made in heav'n,
My guilt removed, my sin forgiv'n.

2 Jesus has borne the curse for me,
From every charge to set me free ;
Why should I yield to slavish fear,
If God himself pronounce me clear ?

3 Oh! may my soul for ever praise
 His free, his justifying grace;
 And by a holy conduct prove
 My int'rest in his saving love!

231. 'With the Lord there is mercy.' Ps. 130. 7.

L. M.
 Hedley.

MY grateful heart would now record
 The boundless mercy of the Lord;
 'Tis sovereign, and divinely free,
 The source of every good to me.

2 Mercy upholds me in the way,
 Reclaims me when I go astray;
 Mercy doth all for me provide,
 And nothing needful is denied.

3 Mercy prepares the gospel feast,
 And makes my soul a welcome guest;
 I will not turn from mercy's door,
 For mercy feeds the hungry poor.

4 Let mercy, Lord, prevent me still,
 And guard my soul from every ill;
 Let mercy compass me around,
 And guide me safe to Canaan's ground.

5 Then in the mansions of thy love,
 Prepared for happy souls above,
 With loudest notes I'll sing and tell
 How mercy saved my soul from hell.

232. 'Count all things but loss,' &c. Phil. 3. 8.

L. M.
 Cook.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss:
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes ; and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands,
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

233. ' *A chief corner stone.*' 1 Pet. 2. 6. L. M.
Wareham.

NOT on ourselves, but on thy word,
 Our own unchanged, unchanging Lord ;
 On truth immutable, we rest,
 In covenanted love, are blest.

- 2 Thou art the one foundation stone,
 Elect and precious—thou alone ;
 And they who on thyself are built,
 And only they, are free from guilt.
- 3 The rock was smitten, when thy side
 Gave forth its pure and purple tide ;
 And whiter than the mountain snows
 Are they o'er whom that current flows.
- 4 No cherubim in dread array
 Can bar that new and living way ;
 Thy cleansing blood, thy righteousness,
 Give to the Father free access.
- 5 O blessed truth—to those reveal'd
 Who are by thine own Spirit seal'd !
 O blessed pledge—that they shall raise
 Their anthem of eternal praise.
- 6 Until our souls (in thee complete)
 Shall cast their crowns before thy feet,
 Let our devoted service prove
 The power of thy redeeming love.

234. '*Freely give us all things.*' Rom. 8. 7. ^{L. M.} Warrington.

NOW let my soul with transport rise,
 And range through earth, and mount the skies,
 And view each various form of good,
 Where angels hold their high abode.

2 Hath not the bounteous King of heaven
 From his embrace already given
 That Son of his eternal love,
 Who filled the brightest throne above ?

3 Behold his hand on Jesus laid !
 Behold that Lamb a victim made !
 And what shall mercy hold too good
 For sinners, ransom'd with his blood ?

4 My soul, with heavenly faith embrace
 The sacred cov'nant of his grace ;
 Then in delightful silence wait
 The issues of a love so great.

235. '*To triumph in Christ.*' 2 Cor. 2. 14. ^{L. M.} St. George's.

NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise
 And view our Lord in all his love ;
 Look back to hear his dying cries,
 Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross !
 Beneath our sins he groan'd and died :
 See where he sits to plead our cause,
 By his Almighty Father's side !

3 How shall we, pardon'd rebels, show
 How much we love our dying God ?
 Lord, we would banish every foe :
 We hate the sins which cost thy blood.

236. '*Full of grace and truth.*' John 1. 14. ^{L. M.} Tranquility.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
 Hosannah to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace ! 'tis a sweet and charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground !
- 4 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his glorious face !
Where all his beauties we behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

237. ' *I beseech you,*' &c. Rom. 12. 1.

L. M.
Buxton.

- O** NOT when o'er the trembling soul
The thunder-peals of Sinai roll ;
Not when we look with shrinking awe
Upon that unforgiving law ;
- 2 Not then, though thoughts of anguish dart
Their arrows through the stricken heart,—
O 'tis not then we feel within
The full malignity of sin.
- 3 'Tis when by faith we turn our eyes
On him, our Priest and Sacrifice ;
Mark his mysterious pangs, and know
Our peace was purchased by his woe ;
- 4 When in faith's happiest, holiest hours
We dare to call that Saviour ours,—
'Tis then our hearts within us burn ;
We look on him we pierced, and mourn :
- 5 'Tis then a voice is heard within,
Which breaks the tyrant yoke of sin ;
For he our load of guilt who bore,
He bids us " go and sin no more."

238. ' *We have not an High Priest.*' Heb. 4. 15. ^{L. M.} St. James'.

- O**UR souls with humble pleasure trace
 The Saviour's condescending grace ;
 He that is Lord of earth and skies
 Took on him man's infirmities.
- 2 Our heavy woes his soul oppress'd ;
 That he might succour the distress'd ;
 And hence our griefs his pity move,
 For all his thoughts are thoughts of love.
- 3 Our weakness he will ne'er despise,
 But grant our needy souls supplies ;
 He'll help us in the trying hour :
 Himself has felt the tempter's pow'r.
- 4 Within his heart compassion reigns,
 He hears our groans, he feels our pains ;
 When foes arise, or straits attend,
 He is our sympathizing Friend.
- 5 His ear regards our mournful cry,
 His gracious aid is ever nigh :
 Then let us to his throne repair,
 And seek his help by ardent pray'r.

239. ' *Who gave himself,*' &c. 1 Tim. 2. 6. ^{C M.} Manchester.

- R**EDEMPTION! oh! the thrilling word!
 It tells of joy in woe ;
 Of more than prophets saw or heard,
 Of all that we can know.
- 2 Redemption! God's great charity
 To man imprison'd long ;
 The world's reprieve ; the sinner's plea ;
 And heaven's eternal song.
- 3 Redemption! but—its countless cost!
 It cost the blood of Him
 Who spread the heavens, and rules the host
 Of flaming Seraphim.

4 Redemption! be its joy proclaim'd
 By men of every tongue;
 Where Christ has never yet been named,
 Where Satan's power is strong.

5 Redeemer! thou who diedst for all!
 Let all thy love adore:
 Let Jew and Heathen join to call
 Thee—Lord for evermore.

240. '*I am the Lord that healeth.*' Ex. 15. 26. C. M.
Sheffield.

REMEMBER him who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "Help thou mine unbelief."

2 She, too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

3 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
 To touch thee, if we may:
 Oh! send us not despairing home;
 Send none unheal'd away.

241. '*My heart shall rejoice.*' Ps. 13. 5. C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

SALVATION! oh the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm to ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 In death's dark gloom we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

242. 'Christ the Lord our,' &c. Jer. 23. 6. C. M.
London N.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
 And in that name we trust;
 Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
 Thou art thy people's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie;
 O Saviour! stretch thy gracious arm,
 And bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair;
 Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
 Shall our great Surety clear.

4 Pardon and peace, and lively hope,
 To sinners now are giv'n;
 Israel and Judah soon shall change
 Their wilderness for heav'n.

5 With joy we taste that manna now,
 Thy mercy scatters down;
 We seal our humble vows to thee,
 And wait the promised crown.

243. 'Plenteous in mercy.' Ps. 86. 5. L. M.
Teddington.

SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die;
 'Tis mercy free which knows no bound;
 How grand, how gladsome is the sound!

2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
 The light of mercy dawn'd on man;
 When God announced the early news,
 "The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."

3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born ;
And in its fullest splendour shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried, "'T is done !"

4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
And broke the power of all his foes :
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

244. ' *Who is a God like unto thee ?* ' Mic. 7. 18. L. M.
Warrington.

SUPREME in mercy, who shall dare
With thy compassion to compare ?
For thy own sake wilt thou forgive,
And bid the trembling sinner live.

2 Millions of our transgressions past,
Cancell'd, behind thy back are cast ;
Thy grace, a sea without a shore,
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.

3 And lest new legions should invade,
And make the pardon'd souls afraid,
Our inbred lusts thou wilt subdue,
And form degenerate hearts anew.

4 Our leader-God, our songs proclaim ;
We lift our banners in his name ;
With songs of triumph forth we go,
And conquer every vaunting foe.

5 His truth to Jacob shall prevail ;
His oath to Abraham cannot fail ;
The hope of saints in ancient days,
Which ages yet unborn shall praise.

245. ' *He humbled himself.* ' Phil. 2. 8.

L. M.
Job.

THE God of glory dwells on high ;
He rules the armies of the sky :
Ten thousand thousand round him stand,
Obedient to their King's command.

- 2 The God of glory, moved by love,
 Descends in mercy from above ;
 And he, before whom angels bow,
 Is found a man of grief below.
- 3 This love is great, too great for thought ;
 Its length and breadth in vain are sought :
 No tongue can tell its depths and height ;
 The love of God is infinite.
- 4 But though his love no measure knows,
 The Saviour to his people shows
 Enough to give them joy when known,
 Enough to make their hearts his own.
- 5 Constrain'd by this, they walk with him,
 His love their most delightful theme :
 To glorify him here, their aim ;
 Their hope, in heaven to praise his name.

246. ' *Wisdom of God in a mystery.*' 1 Cor. 2. 7. ^{113th.} Monmouth.

- W**E sing the deep mysterious plan,
 Which God devised e'er time began ;
 And then disclosed in all its light.
 We bless the wondrous birth of love,
 Which beams around us from above,
 With grace so free, and hope so bright.
- 2 Here has the wise eternal mind
 In Christ, their common head, conjoin'd
 Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven ;
 Through him, from the great Father's throne,
 Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
 And endless peace and life are given.
- 3 No more the awful cherubs guard
 The tree of life with flaming sword,
 To drive afar man's trembling race ;
 At Salem's pearly gates they stand,
 And smiling wait (a friendly band !)
 To welcome strangers to the place.

- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,
 Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,
 And ardent hope our bosoms raise ;
 From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
 To these resplendent realms of day,
 We'll try to send the sounding praise.

247. ' *Joy over one sinner.*' Luke 15. 5.

L. M.
 Wareham.

WHO can describe the joys which rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return !
 To see an heir of glory born !

2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his own grace and love ;
 With joy the Son looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The soul which he has form'd anew ;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

248. ' *Came into the world to save sinners.*' 1Tim.1.15.^{113th.}
 Carey.

WHO can express the soothing charm,
 To feel our Lord's upholding arm ;
 To hear him say to each apart,
 " Come unto me," thou trembling heart ;
 To read the promise in his name,
 " Sinners to save Christ Jesus came."

2 Though fallen, we may cheerful rise ;
 " Our intercessor never dies."
 O may we hold this comfort fast ;
 And when our Lord appears at last,
 May we depart where shadows cease,
 With words of blessing and of peace.

249. *'Is there no balm in Gilead?'* Jer. 8. 22. L. M.
Devonshire.

WHY droops my soul, with guilt opprest?
 Why do these fears disturb my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind Physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies!
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for me.

3 Millions, who now his throne surround,
 Here sought relief, here mercy found;
 His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
 Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their tears.

4 Lord, prostrate at thy feet I lie,
 There to receive a cure or die;
 O may thy love remove my pain,
 And healing grace triumphant reign!

250. *'Believe also in me.'* John 14. 1. L. M.
Job.

WHY should we doubt the Saviour's power
 To help us in each trying hour?
 Dare we suppose he cannot save,
 Who conquer'd death, and rent the grave?

2 Why did he leave his heavenly throne,
 And make our sufferings his own?
 In grief of soul why did he pray—
 "My Father, take this cup away?"

3 Why did he bear the cross, and die
 With more than mortal agony?
 Why in bright clothing did he rise,
 And show himself to doubting eyes?

4 He promised those who would repent,
 The Comforter should soon be sent;
 And to the sorrowing, sinking soul
 He speaks the word, and they are whole.

- 5 Then clear our faith, dispel our fears,
 Receive, O Lord, our feeble prayers ;
 Teach us before thy cross to fall,
 And be to us our " all in all."

251. ' *The Sun of Righteousness.*' Mal. 4. 2.

S. M.
 Levens.

WITH beams of heav'nly grace,
 The bless'd Redeemer came ;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness
 To those that fear his name.

2 'Tis his celestial light
 That shines from pole to pole ;
 'Tis he dispels the gloomy night
 That overwhelms the soul.

3 When we are in distress,
 From him our comfort springs ;
 He, as the Sun of Righteousness,
 Has healing in his wings.

4 When clouds of guilt arise
 To intercept the light,
 And hide the Saviour from our eyes,
 How gloomy is the night !

5 O may his rays divine
 Enlighten all our way ;
 Till we in his blest image shine,
 In everlasting day.

252. ' *Glad tidings of great joy.*' Luke 2. 10.

L. W.
 Hodley.

WITH joy we hear what God has done
 To save us through his blessed Son ;
 Wisdom and happiness to give,
 And make the dying sinner live.

2 At the glad sound of Gospel peace,
 The mourner finds his troubles cease ;
 The weary rest from all their pains,
 And wondering captives break their chains.

- 3 That word the stubborn spirit rends,
And enemies are turn'd to friends ;
The blind look up with glad surprise,
And glory cheers their opening eyes.
- 4 O blessed news ! the price is paid,
A full redemption has been made ;
Jesus for us has borne the rod,
And sinners may draw near to God.
- 5 O Father, teach us to embrace
The wondrous offers of thy grace ;
Our hearts with heavenly wisdom bless,
To use the mercies we possess.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

253. ' *A desire to depart.*' Phil. 1. 23. L. M.
Stonefield.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below :
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale !"

254. ' *Given thee living water.*' John 4. 10. L. M.
Teddington.

BLEST Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine !
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Emanuel's land above
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

255. 'Until the Spirit,' &c. Is. 32. 15.

L. M.
Job.

BREATHE, Holy Spirit, from above,
Until our hearts with fervour glow:
Oh kindle there a Saviour's love,—
True sympathy with human woe!

2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
And terror from each conscience flee;
Oh speak to every bosom peace,
Unknown to all who know not thee!

3 Give us to taste of heavenly joy,
While here we celebrate thy praise;
Guide us to wealth without alloy;
Our hopes to cloudless glory raise.

4 Extend thy power to every place
Where Christ is named, but not adored;
And teach each church, through sov'reign grace,
Once more to seek and serve the Lord,

5 Pour forth thy light on heathen lands,
Which under Satan's thralldom groan;
Turn them from idols made with hands,
To bow before Immanuel's throne.

256. 'Intercessions for all.' 1 Tim. 2. 1.

C. M.
Nayland.

COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
Comforter of us all;
Teach us to know thy word aright,
That we may never fall.

- 2 Keep, Lord, our Queen ; her council guide,
 And give them will and might
 Thy Gospel ever to maintain,
 And so put sin to flight.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, guide, assist,
 All preachers of thy word ;
 By them o'erthrow the powers of sin
 With this thy two-edged sword.
- 4 True faith in us, O Lord ! increase,
 And let love so abound,
 That all at home may live in peace,
 And all about us round.
- 5 Convert men that are now thy foes,
 And bring them to thy light ;
 Till all shall in thy truth agree,
 And praise thee day and night.
257. *'Teach me to do thy will.'* Ps. 143. 10. L. M.
Wareham.

COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
 Whose power and grace are unconfined ;
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To our illumined eyes display
 The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
 Cause us to run the heavenly way,
 The book unfold, and loose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make us know
 The mysteries of redeeming love ;
 The emptiness of things below,
 And excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze we stray,
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
 To show the dangers of the way,
 And guide our feeble steps to God.

258. 'Lead by the Spirit of God.' Rom. 8. 14. L. M.
Wareham.

- C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above!
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there.

259. 'When He is come.' John 16. 8. S. M.
Shitland.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal,
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

260. ' *I will put my,* &c. Ezek. 36. 27. L. M.
St Olave's.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy bless'd abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of heavenly fire ?
 Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
 Teach it to burn with pure desire.

3 Impress upon my wand'ring mind
 The love that Christ for sinners bore ;
 And give a new, a contrite heart,
 A heart the Saviour to adore.

4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now the Saviour see ;
 Oh ! soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

261. ' *Christ is All and in All.* Col. 3. 11. 113th.
Eaton.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Eternal source of heavenly love ;
 Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,
 That we may emulate the choir,
 That, without ceasing, hymn his praise,
 The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Lo ! when we lay in guilt and sin,
 Deform'd without, defiled within,
 From heaven he look'd with pitying eye,
 From heaven he came to bring us nigh,
 And, through the merit of his blood,
 To give us free access to God.

3 Hosannas, then, to Christ be raised;
 For ever be the Saviour praised;
 Be honour, power, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven;
 For he is worthy to receive
 More praise than heaven and earth can give.

262. 'The love of God,' &c. Rom. 5. 5. C. M.
Nayland.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be
 In this poor dying state;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thine all-quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

263. 'Praying in the Holy Ghost.' Jude 20. 113th.
Eaton.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid;
 Come visit every humble mind,
 Come pour thy joys on all mankind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples meet for thee.

- 2 Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to thee.

264. *'The Spirit which He hath given us.'* 1 John 3. 24. L. M.
Stonefield.

- D**EAR Lord, and can thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do-I not find this healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?
- 4 What less than thy almighty Word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust;
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
 " I love my God, and taste his grace ;"
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace.

6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 For ever dwell, O God of love,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

265. *'He dwelleth with you,' &c.* John 14. 17. 148th.
Casterton

EARNEST of future bliss,
 Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail!
 Fountain of holiness,

Whose comforts never fail :

Thy cleansing gifts on saints bestow'd,
 The witness of their peace with God !

2 By thee, on earth, we know
 Ourselves in Christ renew'd ;
 Brought by thy grace into
 The family of God :
 Of his adopting love the seal,
 And faithful teacher of his will.

3 Great Comforter, descend,
 In gentle breathings down ;
 Preserve us to the end,
 That no man take our crown :
 Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,
 And ever keep us near to thee.

266. *'He shall guide you,' &c.* John 16. 13. S. M.
Irish.

ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
 Are burst the bands of death ;
 Be this for us a favour'd hour !
 Oh ! give us living faith !

2 'T is thine to cheer us when distress'd,
 To raise us when we fall ;
 To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
 And aid when sinners call.

3. 'T is thine to bring God's sacred word,
 And write it on our heart ;
 There its reviving truths record,
 And there its peace impart.

4 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
 Our hearts, and guide our ways ;
 Pour down thy quick'ning grace on us,
 And tune our lips to praise.

267. *'The Spirit itself beareth witness.'* Rom. 8. 16. ^{C. M.} University.

ETERNAL Spirit ! Source of Truth !

Our contrite hearts inspire ;
 Kindle the flame of sacred love,
 And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the mourning soul,
 With guilt and fear oppress'd ;
 'T is thine to bid the dying live,
 And give the weary rest.

3 Let no false joy deceive our minds ;
 Lest, while we boast thy light,
 We fall from all our tow'ring hopes,
 Down to eternal night.

4 Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be ;
 That we, in singleness of heart,
 May worship only thee.

5 Thus with our spirits witness bear
 That we're the sons of God ;
 Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

268. *'The Holy Ghost whom the,' &c.* John 14. 26. ^{L. M.} Wareham.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chain of reigning sin ;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

269. ' Grieve not the Holy,' &c. Eph. 4. 30. ^{S. M.} Mt. Ephraim.

- F**ORBID it, Lord, that we,
Who from thy hand receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.
- 2 Oh ! keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray ;
Lest by our carelessness we drive
The sacred guest away.
- 3 How can we bear to lose
Our best and kindest friend ;
Life, health, and happiness refuse,
And joys that never end !
- 4 Are Satan's chains so light,
So easy to be borne,
That we thy tender love should slight,
Thy glorious freedom scorn ?
- 5 Lord, make us wholly thine ;
And in our hearts of stone
Let grace with purer lustre shine,
To mark us for thine own.

270. *'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.'* Ps. 25. 1. SEVENS.
Pardona.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Source of bliss!

- Mercy is my only plea;
All I want is simply this,
More of fellowship with thee.
- 2 Lord, illuminate my soul,
Shed the light of life within,
Exercise a sweet control,
Free me from the power of sin.
- 3 Rid me from the grasp of sense,
Fruitful source of all my grief;
Let thy sacred influence
Triumph over unbelief.
- 4 Open Christ's eternal love
In its depth, and breadth, and height;
Raise this grovelling soul above,
Wing it to the world of light.
- 5 Consecrate me for thine own,
In this body deign to dwell;
On my heart erect thy throne,
Crush the thought that would reel.

271. *'Abound in hope,' &c.* Rom. 15. 13. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the cloud of nature's night:

- Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light
Raise us, sinners,
From the power of sin and death.
- 2 Hear, oh! hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace;
Rest upon this congregation,
Great distributor of grace:
May we ever
Feel and own thy heavenly sway.

- 3 Author of our new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove ;
 Make our souls thy habitation ;
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love :
 Heavenly teacher,
 Guide and bless us all our days.

272. *'I will come unto thee,' &c.* Ex. 20. 24. SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

HOLY Ghost, thy pow'r impart
 To the souls assembled here ;
 Give the understanding heart,
 Lord, bestow the hearing ear.

2 Be a tongue to him who speaks,
 Speaks for Jesus Christ alone ;
 Be a guide to him who seeks
 Grace and mercy at the throne.

3 Deepen, Lord, the sense of sin,
 Fill us with a holy zeal ;
 Crush each deadly foe within ;
 On our hearts the promise seal.

4 Lord of life, we look to thee,
 Great in wisdom, might, and love ;
 Let thy presence set us free,
 Grant thy teaching, Holy Dove.

273. *'Faith, Hope, Charity,'* 1 Cor. 13. 13. SEVENS.
Pardona.

HOLY Spirit, in my breast,
 Grant that lively faith may rest ;
 And subdue each rebel thought,
 To believe what thou hast taught.

2 When around my sinking soul
 Gathering waves of sorrow roll ;
 Spirit blest, the tempest still,
 And with hope my bosom fill.

3 Holy Spirit, from my mind
 Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
 Deed and word unkind remove,
 And my bosom fill with love.

- 4 Till our faith be lost in sight,
 Hope be swallow'd in delight;
 Love return to dwell with thee,
 In the threefold Deity.

274. 'Through sanctification,' &c. 1 Pet. 1. 2. C. M.
Abridge.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!

The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray:

Reason debased can never find
 The safe, the narrow way.

- 3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
 The stubborn will subdue?

'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
 To form the heart anew.

- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
 And upward bid them rise,

And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes,—

- 5 To chase the shades of night away,
 And bid the sinner live:

A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.

275. 'Of power, and love,' &c. 2 Tim. 1. 7.

113th.
Eaton.

I WANT the Spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind;

Of power to conquer inbred sin,
 Of love to thee and all mankind;
 Of health, that pain and death defies,
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear?

Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter :
 O come ! and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

- 3 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast ;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God !

276. *' Filled with the Holy Ghost,'* Acts 2. 4. DBL. S. M.
Shirland.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power :
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse ev'ry mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe :
 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

- 3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre, shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day ;
 Spirit of truth, be thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O ! Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

277. 'Awake as in the ancient days.' Is. 51. 9.

113th.
Carey.

- L**ORD, show thy glory, as of old,
 The work of heavenly love display;
 And let our longing eyes behold
 Another pentecostal day:
 Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
 And send thy quick'ning Spirit down.
- 2 Thou seest, Lord, how far we stray,
 Oppress'd with ills we cannot flee;
 How sin hath drawn our hearts away
 From peace, from happiness, and thee.
 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, bestow,
 And snatch us from the depths of woe.
- 3 Encompass'd with a host of foes,
 Our strength is small, our danger nigh;
 Where can we find some brief repose,
 Or whither for protection fly?
 O Lord! thy mighty Spirit send,
 Our hearts to strengthen and defend.
- 4 Now let a brighter day begin
 Than ever yet was witness'd here;
 Bid the dark gathering clouds of sin
 Before thy presence disappear:
 Reign in each heart; in ev'ry place
 Set up the empire of thy grace.

278. 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' John 20. 22. ^{6 8's.} Monmouth.

- N**OT to a single age confined,
 For every soul of man design'd,
 O God, we now that Spirit claim:
 To us the Holy Ghost impart,
 Breathe him into our waiting heart;
 We wait, we pray, in Jesu's name.
- 2 Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 To make us share the life divine;

Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
 Send him our souls to sanctify,
 And show and seal us ever thine.

- 3 So shall we pray, and never cease,
 So shall we thankfully confess
 Thy wisdom, truth, and power and love ;
 With joy unspeakable adore,
 And bless and praise thee evermore,
 And serve thee like thy host above.

279. *'Return, we beseech thee.'* Ps. 80. 14. L. M.
St. Pancras.

O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
 Thy just displeasure ever mourn ;
 Thy Spirit, grieved, and long withdrawn,
 Will he no more to us return ?

- 2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
 Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain ;
 Come, repossess these longing hearts
 With all the graces of thy train.

- 3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
 Once more be with thy presence blest ;
 Here be thy grace anew display'd,
 Be this thine everlasting rest.

280. *'Gather you out of all countries.'* Ezek. 36. 24. 112^h.
Carey.

O LORD God, hearken from thy throne,
 And send thy various blessings down ;
 While by thine Israel thou art sought,
 Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
 Gather'd by thee from every land,
 Known as thy people may we stand !

- 2 Thy grace a flowing stream proceeds
 To cleanse the stain of evil deeds.
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 Our hearts renew, and fill with love ;
 Soften to flesh the inward stone,
 And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Then shall we loathe our former way,
 Thy will revere, thy laws obey.
 From the first breath of life divine,
 We'll own the gracious work as thine ;
 And ever of the Lord inquire
 To grant his will, and our desire.

281. *'The Lord direct your hearts,' &c.* 2 Thess 3.5. ^{L. M.} Wareham.

O LORD, the Holy Ghost, subdue
 Each wayward temper, thought, and will :
 Our spirits by thy power renew,
 And all thy faithful word fulfil.

2 'Stablish our souls with strength'ning grace ;
 From evil thy defence afford ;
 Enable us in all our ways
 To keep the precepts of our Lord.

3 Direct our hearts aright to know
 Our heavenly Father's wond'rous love :
 Patience of hope in Christ bestow,
 To wait his coming from above !

4 And ever may the Lord of peace,
 Peace, by all means, himself restore !
 May he, and the Redeemer's grace,
 Be with us now, and evermore !

282. *'Breathe upon these,' &c.* Ezek. 37. 9. ^{L. M.} Stonefield.

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all the fulness of thy grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend upon our fallen race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word :
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order, in thy path :
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 5 God from eternity hath will'd,
 " All flesh shall my salvation see ;"
 So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
 The Saviour's sufferings crown'd by thee.

283. ' *Where is the Lord?*' 2 Kings 2. 14. L. M.
Cook.

- O**H for that flame of living fire
 Which shone so bright in saints of old !
 Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
 Calm in distress, in danger bold.
- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
 In Abram's breast, and seal'd him thine ;
 Which bade Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
 And glow with energy divine ?—
- 3 That Spirit which from age to age
 Proclaim'd thy love and taught thy ways,
 Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
 And breathed in David's hallow'd lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
 As when Elijah felt its power ;
 When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
 Or Job endured the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
 Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;
 Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
 And teach us how to love thee more.

284. ' *My Spirit in ye, and ye shall live.*' Ezek. 37. 14. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

- S**PIRIT, Jehovah, glorious Lord,
 Vouchsafe thy presence with thy word,
 To all thy church around ;
 Lord, give to each of thine, now here,
 The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
 To know the joyful sound.

- 2 Without renewings of thy grace,
To see God's glory in Christ's face,
And manifest the Lord;
Our ordinance will barren prove,
Not one will taste of Jesu's love,
Or savour in thy word.
- 3 Almighty Lord, let all around
In sweet communion now abound,
With God and God's dear Son;
If thou wilt open to our view
The love of each, and draw us too,
To thee our hearts will run.
- 4 Sweet Comforter, do thou behold
The little ones of Jesu's fold,
With special grace this day;
That all thy children, taught of thee,
May have their portion full and free,
And none go lean away.
- 5 Then with loud praises, through our hosts,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By every tongue be given;
And each will say, in godly fear,
"This is God's house, the Lord is here,
And this the gate of heaven."
- 6 And daily, till our Lord shall come,
To take his whole redeemed home,
(With him for ever then):
The Lord send blessings from above!
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Be with us all. Amen.

285. 'Perfect that which concerneth me.' Ps. 138.8. C. M.
Nayland.

SPIRIT of holiness, look down
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh bring thy comforts near!

- 2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
 Oh let thy grace remove !
 And may the souls which thou hast taught
 To weep, now learn to love.
- 3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
 The wounds it made before ;
 Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
 That we may doubt no more.
- 4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
 And make our darkness light ;
 That we a glorious race may run,
 Till faith be lost in sight.
- 5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
 The Lord's unclouded face,
 In fitter language we shall learn
 To sing triumphant grace.

286. *'I will pour out my Spirit,' &c.* Acts 2.17. ^{L. M.} Warington.

- S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 Shed thy sweet influence from above ;
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung ;
 Through all the list'ning earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comforter, bless'd Guide,
 Still o'er thy favour'd church preside :
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

287. *'Likewise the Spirit,' &c.* Rom. 8. 26. ^{L. M.} Hedley.

- S**PIRIT of Power ! to thee I cry !
 Look on my soul's infirmity ;
 And teach me e'en my utmost need,
 That I may seek thy help indeed.

- 2 Spirit of Love ! I ask thine aid,
That all my sins, before me laid,
May but through thee to Jesus guide,
To shelter in his pierced side.
- 3 Spirit of Truth ! oh, teach my mind
To turn from subtleties refined,
And seize the faith that makes us free,
In all its meek simplicity.
- 4 Spirit of Holiness ! consecrate
My will ; my heart anew create ;
Till all its prime affections tend
To thee, their Author and their End.
- 5 Spirit of Faith ! oh give me wings,
To soar above terrestrial things ;
And zeal, to fix my ardent eyes
Upon the bright eternal prize.
- 6 Spirit of Joy ! oh lead me on
Through life, and even to thy throne,
Where I for ever may abide,
In Jesus' likeness satisfied !

288. '*Spirit beareth witness,*' &c. Rom. 8. 16.

SPIRIT of truth and holiness,
Whose comforts never fail,
Earnest of everlasting bliss,
Thee, Holy Ghost, we hail !
The Comforter, on saints bestow'd,
The Witness of our peace with God.

- 2 Children of light and holiness,
We "Abba, Father," cry ;
In Jesu's blood and righteousness,
To God by thee brought nigh ;
Of his adopting love the Seal,
And faithful Teacher of his will.

3 The living fruits of holiness
 And love, by thee, we show ;
 Thus, heirs of everlasting bliss
 Ourselves we prove below :
 This witness in our hearts we join,
 O blessed Comforter, with thine.

4 Spirit of grace and holiness,
 Still give us light and joy ;
 Fill us with love, keep us in peace,
 Safe for the world on high :
 Of Jesu's faithful love the Seal,
 And Teacher of his holy will.

289. 'Take not thy Holy Spirit.' Ps. 51. 11. L. M.
Rockingham.

STAY, injured, grieved Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee much despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And still suppress'd each guilty fear,
 And vex'd and urged thee to depart,
 From day to day, and year to year ;—

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;—

4 Yet oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High-Priest ;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.

5 From Satan's snares my soul release ;
 And raisé me by thy gracious hand ;
 Restore me to the way of peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

290. 'Spirit of God dwelleth in you.' 1 Cor. 3. 16. St. Olave's.

- T**HE Holy Spirit sure is nigh !
 'T is he sustains my fainting heart !
 Else would my hope for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping powers rejoice ?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
 Can it be less than power Divine,
 Which animates these strong desires ?
- 4 What less than thy almighty word
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust ;
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

291. 'The Comforter which,' &c. John 14. 26. Mt. Ephraim.

- T**HOU Comforter Divine,
 Let thy bright rays of love
 Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
 Us from each sinful way ;
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Oh ! fill thou every heart
 With love to all our race !
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 The fulness of thy grace.

292. 'I will lead them,' &c. Isa. 43. 16.

S. M.
Levens.

'T IS God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

293. 'The earnest of our inheritance.' Eph. 1.14.

C. M.
Oxford.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some token of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show 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.

PRAISE.

294. 'In everything give thanks.' 1 Thess. 5.18.

L. M.
Islington.

ALL-glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise ?
What flaming love and zeal is due,
While heaven stands open to our view ?

- 2 Once we were fallen, O how low !
 Just on the brink of endless woe ;
 But lo, a ray of cheerful light
 Scatters the horrid shades of night !
- 3 Far, far beyond these mortal shores
 A bright inheritance is ours ;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy blissful state.

295. '*He is King of kings,*' &c. Rev. 17. 14. C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

- A**LL hail the great Emmanuel's name !
 Ye angels, prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall ;
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye realms of every tongue and name
 Ye nations great and small ;
 Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall ;
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

296. '*I change not.*' Mal. 3. 6.

L. M.
Creation.

- A**LMIGHTY and eternal King,
 Whose will the universe obeys ;
 Vouchsafe to hear us when we bring
 The feeble tribute of our praise.

- 2 While earth through all her changeful frame
Is mouldering by a slow decay ;
Thou art unchangeably the same,
Thy years shall never pass away.
- 3 And as thy love in ages past
Was swift to hear and answer prayer ;
We trust it will for ever last
To guard us with unwearied care.
- 4 O Lord, while thus our hearts aspire
The song of gratitude to raise ;
Touch our cold lips with heavenly fire,
And teach us how to hymn thy praise.

297. *'Thy saints shall bless thee.'* Ps. 145. 10. C. M.
Sheffield.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days ;
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 3 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

298. *'Greatly to be praised.'* Ps. 145. 3. L. M.
Warrington.

ALMIGHTY God, to thee belong
The heart-felt praise, the grateful song ;
From thee all joy and peace proceed,
And grace to help thy people's need.

- 2 Who can recount thy mercies o'er,
Or fathom that unbounded store
Of love divine, which freely gave
Thy Son, rebellious man to save?
- 3 And is this love held forth to me?
Amazing thought! Ah! can it be?
Angelic tongue can ne'er express
The vastness of redeeming grace!
- 4 For me, a rebel worm, he died;
For me "my Lord was crucified:"
Away, ye sins; ye lusts, begone;
I will be his, and his alone.
- 5 Almighty Jesus, make me thine;
O wash me in thy blood divine;
Preserve my soul from every sin,
And reign the sov'reign Lord within.

299. '*Thou givest them their meat.*' Ps. 145. 15. L. M.
Wareham.

ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 't is thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word,
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song can do no more.

300. '*Made nigh by the blood of Christ.*' Eph. 2. 13. C. M.
Sheffield.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

- 2 O for a song of ardent praise
 To bear our souls above!
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
 And bring us yet more near:
 Here may we see thy glories shine,
 And taste thy mercies here.
- 4 Cheer'd with the view, our souls shall rise
 In such a scene as this;
 And view the happy moment near,
 That shall complete our bliss.

301. 'The song of Moses,' &c. Rev. 15. 3.

S. M.
 Shirland.

- A**WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
 Sing of his rising power;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel the heart
 Ascending with the tongue:
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say—
 "Ye blessed children, come:"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his pilgrims home.

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302. 'The loving-kindness of the Lord.' Is.63.7. L. M.
Warrington.

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

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh how great.

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose ;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud ;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

303. 'Love of Christ passeth knowledge.' Eph.3.19. 118th.
Carey.

A WAKE, my soul, awake, and sing
The praises of thy heav'nly King ;
Awake, and join the sacred throng,
The Saviour's love demands thy song :

In grateful strains attune the lyre,
And emulate th' angelic choir.

2 Loudly the joyful news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesu's name!
Salvation! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around:
Tell ev'ry fearful trembling soul,
The Saviour's word shall make him whole.

3 Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King,
To him in grateful strains I'll sing;
I'll praise him whilst I have my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Oh! may my happier spirit rise,
To join the chorus in the skies!

304. '*The fig-tree shall not blossom.*' Hab. 3. 17. DEL. L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
Let fear no more in me take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil;
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race:
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of his face:

Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off, I see;
 Still will I in my Saviour trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

- 4 In hope, believing against hope,
 His promised mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To seek salvation in his name:
 Soon, O my Saviour, bring it nigh!
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
 On wings of love, mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

305. '*The word of the Lord,*' &c. 1 Pet. 1. 25. ^{C. M.} Cambridge.

BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly theme;
 Awake, my heart, and sing
 The gracious work and saving name
 Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

- 3 Jesus, unchangeably the same,
 My confidence, my boast;
 Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

306. '*Blessed be his glorious name.*' Ps. 72. 19. ^{L. M.} Warrington.

BLESSINGS for ever to the Lamb,
 Who bore for us our sin and shame:
 Let the whole world his praise repeat,
 Whilst angels worship at his feet.

307. '*Kings and priests unto God.*' Rev. 1. 6. ^{L. M.} Portuguese.

BLEST Lamb of God, with grateful praise
 Our voices high to thee we raise;
 Redeem'd by thy most precious blood,
 We are both kings and priests to God.

- 2 Lift up your hearts, ye saints, and sing
 Loud hallelujahs to our King :
 Let ev'ry nation, tongue, and tribe,
 Praise, glory, might, to him ascribe.

308. ' *Who is like unto the Lord ?* ' Ps. 113. 5. C. M.
Nayland.

BEFORE the radiance of thine eye,
 The heavens no longer shine ;
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

2 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below ?

To this vile world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe ?

3 How strange, how awful is thy love !
 With trembling we adore ;

Not all the exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.

4 While golden harps and angel tongues
 Resound immortal lays ;

Great God, permit our humble songs
 To raise and speak thy praise.

309. ' *Worthy the Lamb.* ' Rev. 5. 12. Bentinck.

COME, all ye saints of God,
 Publish through earth abroad, Jesus' fame ;
 Tell what his love has done ;
 Trust in his name alone,

Shout to his lofty throne, "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears ;

Dry up your mournful tears ; swell the glad
 theme :

To Christ, our gracious King,

Strike each melodious string,

Join heart and voice to sing, "Worthy the
 Lamb!"

- 3 Hark, how the choirs above,
 Fill'd with the Saviour's love, dwell on his
 name!
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crown'd:
 While all the heav'ns resound, "Worthy the
 Lamb!"

310. 'Every creature,' &c. Rev. 5. 13. C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus:"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to raise thy glories high,
 And speak thy endless praise.

- 5 Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

311. 'Glory, and honour, and thanks,' &c. Rev. 17. 9. Bentinck.

COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing, help us to praise!
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword, our prayer attend !
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness, on us descend !
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear, in this glad hour !
Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power !
- 4 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be, hence—evermore !
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity love and adore.

312. *'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.'* 1 Sam.7.12. ^{8. 7.} *Vesper.*

- C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me, Lord, the rapt'rous measures
Sung by flaming hosts above ;
Bid me tell the countless treasures
Of my God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace break every fetter
That withholds my heart from thee.

- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Saviour, take my heart and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

313. *'Serve ye the Lord with gladness.'* Ps. 100. 2. S. M.
Mansfield.

COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ; .
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While we surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

314. *'Jesus departed into a solitary place.'* Mark 1. 35. C. M.
Bath.

FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With praise and prayer agree ;
 And seem by thy rich bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song ;
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of life divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 Redeemer, thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love ;
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

315. *'In everything give thanks.'* 1 Thess. 5. 18. ^{c. M.} Gainsborough.

FATHER of mercies, let our songs
 With thee acceptance find :
 Thy loving-kindness we confess
 To us and all mankind.

- 2 Thanks for creation are thy due,
 For life preserved by thee,
 And all the blessings life affords,
 So great and yet so free.
- 3 Thanks for redemption, above all,
 To us in Jesus given ;
 Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
 And for the hope of heaven.

- 4 Oh! let a sense of this thy grace
 Our best affections move;
 That, while our lips thy praise proclaim,
 Our hearts may feel thy love.

316. *'Praise waiteth for thee in Zion.'* Ps. 65. 1. 6-7s.
Adamant.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Beaming through the bleeding Lamb; -
 Worshipp'd by the heavenly host,
 As th' eternal great "I am!"
 Endless praise to thee be given,
 Praise on earth, and praise in heaven.

- 2 Praise we thee for want or wealth,
 As thy wisdom deems it best;
 Thine in sickness, thine in health,
 On thy promises we rest.
 Praise on earth to thee be given,
 Echoing forth the praise in heaven.

- 3 But the gift of thy dear Son
 Claims a note of higher praise;
 Grace and glory, all in one,
 Mocks the creature song we raise.
 Lord, accept the tribute given,
 Praised by those not yet in heaven.

317. *'Honour and glory,' &c.* Rev. 5. 13. L. M.

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

318. *'While I live will I praise the Lord.'* Ps. 146. 2. L. M.
St. James'.

GOD of my life, through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
 The song shall wake with op'ning light,
 And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast;
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail;
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!
319. *'I will praise thy name for ever.'* Ps. 145. 2. L. M.
St. Asaph.
- G**OD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God our great deliv'rer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care,
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
An useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found!
- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand;
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its beauteous Lord.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life; and in the arms of death,
My soul the pleasant theme prolong;
Then rise to aid the angelic song.

320. *'The Lord be magnified.'* Ps. 35. 27. L. M.
Teddington.

- G**OD of salvation, we adore
 Thy saving love, thy saving pow'r ;
 And to our utmost stretch of thought
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
 The sword by which our sins are slain ;
 And while abased in dust we bow,
 We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Away each thought of human pride :
 Let God alone be magnified :
 His glory let the heavens resound,
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
 Saints, who but taste it here below,
 Join every angel's voice to raise
 Continued, never-ending praise.

321. *By grace are ye saved.'* Eph. 2. 5.

S. M.
Kerry.

- G**RACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days :
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

322. 'Praise ye the Lord.' Ps. 146. 1.

SEVENS.
Resurrection,

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,

While Jehovah's praise we sing;

Holy, holy, holy Lord,

Be thy glorious name adored.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,

Still our hallelujahs hear;

Purer praise we hope to bring,

When with saints above we sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state

Where thou reign'st supremely great;

Look with pity from thy throne;

Send thy Holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,

Guide our footsteps in thy way;

Till we come to reign with thee,

And thy glorious greatness see.

323. 'The Sun of Righteousness.' Mal. 4. 2.

C. M.
Condensation.

HOW bless'd thy creature is, O God!

When, with a single eye,

He views the lustre of thy word,

The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,

And frown on earthly things,

The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,

With healing in his wings.

3 The soul, a dreary province once

Of Satan's dark domain,

Feels a new empire form'd within,

And owns a heavenly reign.

4 The glorious orb, with golden beams,

Does cheering rays impart;

But Jesus gives more joyful light,

That shines upon the heart.

- 5 Shine ever, Lord, upon my heart,
 And grace on me bestow ;
 Till, in full light of perfect day,
 I all thy glory know.

324. '*Sit with me in my throne.*' Rev. 3. 21.

L. M.
 Job.

HOW can it be, thou Heavenly King,
 That thou shouldst man to glory bring—
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 And give them an immortal crown !

- 2 O Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.

- 3 First-born of many brethren thou,
 To thee both earth and heaven must bow ;
 Help us to thee our all to give ;
 Thine may we die, thine may we live.

325. '*Thy name is as ointment.*' Canticle 1. 3.

C. M.
 Irish.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace :

- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd thy child.

5 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
 Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But, when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

326. 'All things are yours.' 1 Cor. 3. 21. L. M.
Sandbach.

HOW vast the treasures we possess;
 How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
 This world is ours, and worlds to come;
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours, the gifts of God,
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
 While the good Spirit shows us how
 To use and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown our days,
 They help us, Lord, to speak thy praise;
 If bread of sorrows be our food,
 These sorrows work our lasting good.

4 We would not change our blest estate,
 For all the world calls good or great;
 And while our faith can keep her hold,
 We envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, we wait thy daily will;
 Thou shalt divide our portion still;
 Grant us on earth what seems thee best,
 Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

327. *'O Lord, I will praise thee.'* Is. 12. 1.

SEVENS.
Pardona.

I WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away;
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

3 Praise ye then his glorious name;
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all his deeds.

4 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations roll it round;
Zion shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

328. *'The earth is full of thy goodness.'* Ps. 33. 5.

L. M.
Cook.

IN busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

2 And ev'ry moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

3 Through all creation let thy name
Be echoed with a glad acclaim!
Thy praise let grateful churches sing,
With praise let heaven for ever ring!

4 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last;
Through all our years, in ev'ry place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

329. *'Nevertheless I am not ashamed.'* 2 Tim. 1. 12. L. M.
Hedley

- J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No; when I blush, be this my shame—
 That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4^r Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And oh may this my glory be,
 That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

330. *'He is precious.'* 1 Pet. 2. 7. 113th.
Eaton.

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

4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
 A willing subject at thy feet;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to thy government submit:
 The Saviour-King my heart would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.

331. 'None other name under heaven.' Acts 4.12. C. M.
Devizes.

JESUS, I love thy saving name,
 'Tis music to mine ear,
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are vanity,
 And gold but sordid dust.

3 All that my largest thoughts can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 And, dying, glory in thy love,
 The antidote of death.

332. 'Salvation to our God.' Rev. 7. 10.

149th.
Farnham.

LET heaven and earth unite;
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with us
 The Saviour of mankind,—
 To fall before th' atoning Lamb,
 And praise the blessed Saviour'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 thou didst come the world to save.

333. *'I will bless the Lord at all times.'* Ps. 34. 1. L. M.
St. Olave's.

LORD, can a helpless worm, like me,
 Attempt to make her way to thee ?
 Yes, let me raise thy praises high,
 In weakness thou canst strength supply.

2 'Twas by thy grace I first begun,
 Resolved the heavenly race to run :
 'Tis grace corrects me when I stray,
 'Tis grace upholds me in the way.

3 Run on, my soul, and still adore,
 Receiving still, still asking more :
 In Christ thy strength and wisdom lies,
 O look to him with steadfast eyes.

4 He who thus loved thee unto death
 Will love thee to thy latest breath ;
 Keep sight of him, my soul, and run,
 He'll crown thee when thy race is done:

334. *'I the Lord do keep it.'* Is. 27. 3. 8. 7.
Haydn.

LORD, what blessed consolation
 Do thy promises supply !
 In the season of temptation
 Is not thy assistance nigh ?
 Art thou not a strong defender
 Of thy church from all her foes ?
 Shall the citadel surrender,
 Though assail'd by rudest blows ?

2 No : the rock on which she's founded
 Stands immoveably secure ;
 Though by enemies surrounded,
 She shall flourish and endure.

May thy Spirit safely guide us
 Through the dangers of our road ;
 And in happier realms provide us
 With a peaceable abode.

335. 'Praise is comely.' Ps. 147. 1.

SEVENS.
 Alcester.

MEET and right it is to sing
 Glory to our God and King ;
 Meet in ev'ry time and place
 To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join, ye saints, the song around ;
 Angels, help the solemn sound ;
 Publish through the world abroad
 Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praises here to thee we give,
 Gracious Lord, our thanks receive ;
 Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
 Everywhere be thou adored.

336. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation.' Ps. 27. 1. C. M. Bath.

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

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,
 And tells me I am his.

4 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I break through ev'ry foe :
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

337. *'It is good to sing praises.'* Ps. 147. 1. C. M.
Sheffield.

MY God, what silken cords are thine'
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine'
To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

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

4 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

338. *'Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.'* Ps. 147. 7. P. M.

MY great Redeemer, unto thee I owe
More than my heart can feel, or lips express;
Yet would that heart with grateful ardour glow,
Those lips attempt thy holy name to bless.

2 In thee, blest Saviour, has my soul believed;
All thou hast promised, all that thou hast done,
And all thou art, I have by faith received;
My hope is fix'd on thee, and thee alone.

3 And while that hope extends beyond the tomb,
In thee believing, it is mine to know
A joy that brightens nature's darkest gloom,
A peace that sweetens every cup below.

4 And when I know thy soul's deep agony
Secured that joy, that peace; thy bitter death,
My everlasting life: can I from thee
Withhold the tribute of my feeble breath?

5 Oh! that my every breath, my every thought,
 Word, action, spirit, could its anthem raise!
 Oh! that my soul to thy resemblance wrought,
 Were thus thy living monument of praise!

6 But, O my God, thyself alone canst give
 The grace, the power thus to will and do;
 Let thine own Spirit ever in me live,
 Then will I live thy praise, and sing it too.

339. 'It is he that hath made us.' Ps. 100. 3. S. M. Camberwell.

MY Maker and my King!
 To thee my all I owe;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live;
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than I can give.

4 Lord, what can I impart,
 When all was thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Oh! let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

340. 'God was in Christ.' 2 Cor. 5. 19.

L. M. Pergolesi.

MY soul, in grateful strains record
 The love of thy redeeming Lord;
 To all around his praises tell
 Who snatch'd thee from the brink of hell.

2 Why should Jehovah condescend
To call himself the sinner's friend ;
Or why in terms so sweet proclaim
His mercy in a Father's name ?

3 Blest Saviour ! in thy work I see
Why God is merciful to me ;
How he a rebel can receive ;
How he can all my sins forgive.

4 Descend, blest Spirit, from above,
In all the energy of love ;
To me thy heav'nly gifts impart,
And seal salvation to my heart.

341. *'Our fellowship is with the Father.'* 1 John 1.3. L. M.
St. Olave's.

NO hour, no season is to me
Like that I pass alone with thee ;
No joy on earth my spirit knows
Like that which from thy presence flows.

2 Then faith directs her ardent eye
To Jesus lifted up on high ;
Beholds him on the cross, the throne—
And calls two worlds in Christ her own.

3 Then at thy feet the fervent prayer
Deposits all the bosom's care ;
And from the fount of life anew
Draws strength and sweetest comfort too.

4 O wondrous power, by which the soul
Can upon thee her burden roll ;
O wondrous grace of God most high,
Who does that living power supply.

5 Praise ye the Lord—my soul shall bring,
Though poor, her glad thank-offering :
With prayer, her praise shall ever rise,
And God will not the poor despise.

6 This grace be mine while here below,
 Myself increasingly to know ;
 My joy on earth, my joy above,
 Thy gracious presence and thy love.

342. *'Kept by the power of God.'* 1 Pet. 1. 5. C. M.
Cambridge.

NOT unto us, but thee, O Lord,
 Be praise and glory given,
 For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
 Which brings us nearer heaven.

2 Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,
 Secure beneath thine eye ;
 And safe at last they all shall stand,
 Before thy throne on high.

3 Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,
 Thy glory they shall see ;
 And eye to eye, and face to face,
 For ever dwell with thee.

4 Oh! hasten, Lord, the glorious day,
 Call all thy children home ;
 Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

343. *'Let us exalt his name.'* Ps. 34. 3. SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud the Saviour's name :
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Sing of his redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face ;
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, refrain your tears ;
 Trembling hearts dismiss your fears :
 See the guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin;
 Now from bliss no longer rove—
 Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
 Welcome all to Jesus' rest,
 Who descended from above,
 Prompted by redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Saints below, and saints above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

344. 'God is faithful.' 1 Cor. 10. 13.

L. M.
 Job.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song:
 His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,
 And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
 With mingled cruelty and rage?
 A faithful God restrains their hands,
 And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
 A strength proportion'd to our day;
 And, when united trials meet,
 Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
 Which Jesus ratified with blood:
 Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
 And still in him let Israel trust.

345. 'Worthy is the Lamb.' Rev. 5. 12.

C. M.
 Sheffield.

O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord!
 Whom angel-hosts adore;
 When shall I join, in raptured strains,
 The bright celestial choir?

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- 2 In pity, view a sinful worm,
 A prisoner here below;
 A pilgrim, journeying through the land
 Of darkness, sin, and woe.
- 3 Ten thousand voices round thy throne
 Unite in hymns divine;
 "Salvation to the Lamb!" they cry,
 As high in bliss they shine.
- 4 Fain would I now begin the song,
 To thee, my God and friend;
 Then mingle with the choirs above,
 In praise which ne'er shall end.

346. *'We joy in God'* Rom. 5. 11. L. M.
Tranquillity.

- O THOU in whom all comfort lies,
 The source of all our inward joys;
 To thee we look, to thee we call,
 Our only hope, our life, our all.
- 2 Blest Saviour, with delight we dwell,
 On themes no mortal tongue can tell;
 The glory of thy cross exceeds
 All human, all angelic deeds.
- 3 Oh! may the love which brought thee down
 Continue still thy work to crown;
 Till ev'ry nation shall confess
 Thy grace, thy blood, and righteousness.

347. *'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.'* Ps. 16. 11. DRL. SEVENS.
Hotham

- O BJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus crucified for me;
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee.
 Thee to praise and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below!
 Thee to see and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are thine,
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

348. *'My spirit hath rejoiced in God.'* Luke 1. 47. C. M.
Devizes.

O H! for a thousand tongues to sing
 The great Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of our God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that soothes our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 And sets the pris'ners free:
 His blood can make the guiltiest clean;
 His blood avails for me.

4 He speaks; and, list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive;
 The broken contrite hearts rejoice;
 The humble poor believe.

349. *'Glory in the Lord.'* 1 Cor. 1. 31. 104th.
Hanover.

O H! 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 ;
 Renew'd by thy Spirit 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 bliss of thine own ;
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
 For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

350. ' *God forbid that I should glory.*' Gal. 6.14. L. M.
Stonefield.

OH! who, that turns a thoughtful eye
 To see the Lamb on Calv'ry die ;
 Can ever of his goodness doubt,
 Or fear that he will cast them out ?

2 There let my thoughts with wonder stay,
 Till all my griefs are wiped away :
 Nor may I ever grieve him more,
 Nor e'er distrust his mercy's power.

3 Thus, while I sing his bleeding love,
 My unbelieving fears remove :
 Oh ! may this sweet, delightful song,
 For ever dwell upon my tongue.

4 Help me, my Saviour, tune my heart,
 And in thy praise I'll bear my part ;
 Until I see thy face above,
 And there for ever praise thy love.

351. *'The Lord turned again,' &c.* Ps. 126. 1. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

O UR songs shall be of Jesu's love,
 Who left the heavenly courts above
 To bear our guilt and shame;
 Th' eternal uncreated Word,
 Both David's Son, and David's Lord,
 Jehovah is his name.

2 Thou "King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
 Dispose our hearts to hear thy word,
 Thy wondrous grace to tell;
 Wake, harp of Judah, bear the sound
 Far as creation's utmost bound;
 All hail! Immanuel.

352. *'One body and one Spirit.'* Eph. 4. 4. P. M.

O UR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented firm in one;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun:
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire;
 He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
 And fill'd the enlarged desire.
 A Saviour, let creation sing;
 A Saviour, let all heaven ring:
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours—
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er—
 We're joining them who're gone before,
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly;
 We'll stand, unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die.

Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We'll cut our passage through;
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll claim the crown our due.

A Saviour, &c.

3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain;
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour the mighty flood!
 Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour, &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 To fill thy starry crown;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
 May we—a little band of love—
 Be sinners saved by grace;
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour, &c.

353. *'And He led them on safely.'* Ps. 78. 53. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly.

S AVIOUR, through the desert lead us;
 Without thee we cannot go;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
 2 Through a desert, waste and cheerless,
 Though our destin'd journey lie;
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy.
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

- 3 When we halt (no track discov'ring),
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us,
 And we shall not miss our way.
- 4 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us;
 Manna shall our camp surround:
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us;
 Streams shall from the rock abound.
 Happy people!
 What a Saviour we have found!

354. *'Name of the Lord a strong tower.'* Pv.18.10. ^{L. M.} Warrington.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
 His various and his saving names;
 Oh! may they not be heard alone,
 But by our sure experience known!

- 2 Awake our noblest pow'rs to bless
 The God of Abram, God of peace;
 Now by a dearer title known,
 Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
 Is open to his servant's prayer;
 Nor can one humble soul complain,
 That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
 To thee we lift expecting eyes;
 And boldly through the desert tread,
 For God will guard, where God shall lead.

355. *'The sons of God shouted for joy.'* Job. 38.7. ^{SEVENS.} Resurrection.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
356. 'My spirit hath rejoiced in God.' Luke 1. 47. SEVENS.
Pardona.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name:
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, his cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high."
Lord, unloose my falt'ring tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil;
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

- 4 Oh! my Saviour, shield, and sun,
 Lord and master, brother, friend,—
 Ev'ry precious name in one,—
 May I love thee to the end.

357. 'Bless His name.' Ps. 100. 4. L. M.
Angel's H.

TEACH us the song that angels sing,
 When they extol their heavenly King;
 Teach us the anthem seraphs raise,
 When hymning thine exalted praise.

- 2 Or rather, Lord, thy children teach
 That song no angel's voice can reach;
 No seraph can of Jesus say,
 "His blood hath wash'd my sins away."

- 3 The high archangels, that excel
 In strength, may on thy glories dwell;
 But we in strains more loud will bless
 "Jesus! the Lord our Righteousness."

- 4 Come, O thou blessed Spirit, come,
 And in thy Zion fix thy home:
 Inspired by thee, our souls shall bring
 A tribute worthy of our King.

- 5 We'll join by faith the ransom'd throng,
 Begin the everlasting song;
 Anticipate the promised rest,
 And love and worship with the blest.

358. 'With loving kindness,' &c. Jer. 31. 3. L. M.
Pergolesi.

THE God of truth his Church has bless'd,
 And loved with an eternal love;
 Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,
 And from his grace shall ne'er remove.

- 2 The heavens and earth shall pass away,
 And be to dissolution brought;
 But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,
 For her Redeemer changeth not.

- 3 This love in ev'ry trying hour,
 O Lord, will cheer the trembling saint;
 Then, draw us with increasing power,
 That we may run and never faint.

359. '*Revealed them unto babes.*' Matt. 11. 25. C. M.
Nayland.

- T**HE mysteries of God alone,
 To simple minds reveal'd,
 Are to the worldly wise unknown,
 From sages deep conceal'd.
- 2 And is it given us to know
 The riches of his love?
 To see by faith while here below
 Our blessed home above?
- 3 Then let us, without ceasing, raise
 The glad and grateful song;
 Life's journey, spent in ceaseless praise,
 Will not appear too long.
- 4 And till we drink the joy unmix'd,
 Which from God's presence flows;
 May we upon his truth be fix'd,
 And in his love repose.

360. '*Through patience,*' &c. Rom. 15. 4. L. M.
Wareham.

- T**HEE for the Scriptures, Lord, we praise,
 Written that we may learn thy ways:
 For while in patient faith we live,
 Their comfort solid hope can give.
- 2 O God of patience towards man!
 May we thy Son's example scan!
 And, to each other good and kind,
 Walk here with an united mind.
- 3 O God of comfort! us incline
 In faith and worship to combine,
 And with one mind and mouth proclaim
 The mercies of our Father's name.

- 4 O God of hope! let joy and peace
 Together with our faith increase:
 That, through thy Holy Spirit's power,
 Hope may abound yet more and more.

361.

*Te Deum.*L. M.
Creation

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!

We praise thy name with one accord;
 Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
 Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
 And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
 Both cherubin and seraphin,
 The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
 The prophets swell the immortal song;
 The martyr's noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
 Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing!
 Thus earth below and heaven above
 Resound thy glory and thy love.

362. 'Praise ye Him, all His hosts.' Ps. 148. 2. S. S. S.
Harwood.

THOU God of power and God of love,
 Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praise archangels sing!
 And veil their faces, while they cry,
 "Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
 "Thrice Holy!" to their King:

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
 And bless and praise the Saviour's name,
 Through whom thy grace is given;
 Who bore the curse to sinners due,
 Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
 And makes them heirs of heaven.

- 3 The veil that hides thy glory, rend;
 And here in saving power descend,
 And fix thy blest abode;
 Here to each heart thyself reveal,
 And all who enter, cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

363. *'More than can be numbered.'* Ps. 40. 5. ^{L. M.} Teddington.

THY bounties, Lord, to me surmount
 The power of language to recount;
 From morning dawn, the setting sun
 Sees but my work of praise begun.

- 2 The mercies, all my moments bring,
 Ask an eternity to sing;
 What thanks those mercies can suffice,
 Which through eternity shall rise?

- 3 Rich in ten thousand gifts possess'd,
 In future hopes more richly bless'd;
 To thee I'll sing till death shall raise
 A note of more proportion'd praise.

364. *'The only wise God.'* Jude 25. ^{S. M.} Shirland.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel, and his care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

365. *'Am known of mine.'* John 10. 14. C. M.
Oxford.

- T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.
- 5 Lead on, great Shepherd! led by thee
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

366. *'Sun of Righteousness arise.'* Mal. 4. 2. L. M.
Creation.

- T**O thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day;
Who, while he gilds all Nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of righteousness;
Whose noble light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
 With beams of light and love divine;
 Quicken'd by him, our souls shall live,
 And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 Oh! may his glories stand confess'd
 From north to south, from east to west:
 Successful may his gospel run,
 Wide as the circuit of the sun.

367. *'Goodness and mercy shall follow me.'* Ps. 23. 6. ^{L. M.} Pergolesi.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
 Through all the wide celestial plains;
 And its full streams redundant flow
 Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through Nature's works its glories shine;
 The cares of providence are thine;
 And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
 A fairer temple to thy name.

3 Oh! give to every human heart
 To taste and feel how good thou art:
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

368. *'Awake up, my glory.'* Ps. 57. 8. ^{113th} Monmouth.

TUNE every heart, wake every tongue,
 Be every thought and feeling strung,
 To swell a joyful hymn of praise;
 Oh! for the golden harps of heaven,
 The strains to mortals never given,
 The melody that angels raise.

2 Bring now our grateful numbers, bring,
 Sweeter, and yet more sweetly sing;
 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Heaven and earth are full of thee,
 Full of thy glorious Majesty,
 Be thou eternally adored."

3 Lord, let thy mighty Spirit stir
 The soul of ev'ry worshipper,
 In every breast enshrine thy love;
 In all our actions let it glow,
 Bright'ning at every step below,
 Until it blaze full-orb'd above.

369. 'We are the Lord's.' Rom. 14. 8. L. M.
Hedley.

WE are the Lord's!—how bless'd the thought!
 The Lord's—by blood divinely bought;
 Made free from all the curse of sin,
 Rooted, and firmly built in him.

2 We are the Lord's!—delightful thought!
 By Jesus loved, by Jesus sought;
 Yes, loved and sought when wand'ring wide;
 Nay, loved by him whom we defied.

3 In life and death we are the Lord's,
 Full bless'd with all his love affords;
 Hence, while we live, or when we die,
 No hand shall cut the sacred tie.

4 When time and things have fled away,
 And we have pass'd the evil day;
 No fate shall change the firm decree:
 We are the Lord's—and still shall be.

5 We are the Lord's—and so shall rest,
 In Jesu's fulness richly bless'd;
 Where sin nor sorrow e'er betide,
 But love and glory shall abide.

6 Then glory to the highest Lord;
 All glory for his gracious word;
 All glory to his sov'reign grace,
 Still beaming in the Saviour's face.

7 What then have we to fear or love?
 Christ is the chief on earth, above;
 No charge, nor aught the law records,
 Can break the bond—We are the Lord's.

370. *'These things saith the Amen.'* Rev. 3. 14.

P. M.

WE bless thee, O thou great Amen,
 Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
 Confirming all his words;
 No promises are doubtful then,
 For all are yea, and all amen,
 In Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Secured in this the Church on high,
 And all below unceasing cry,
 Amen, Amen, Amen;
 To thee, O Lord, all praise is given,
 The loud response of earth and heaven;
 All hail, thou great Amen.

2 O faithful witness of our God,
 Who came by water and by blood,
 Proving the Holy One:
 Thy record must for ever stand,
 Of life eternal from God's hand,
 And all in thee his Son.
 Secured in this the Church on high,
 And all below unceasing cry,
 Amen, Amen, Amen;
 To thee, O Lord, all praise is given,
 The loud response of earth and heaven;
 All hail, thou great Amen.

371. *'A feast of fat things.'* Is. 25. 6.L. M.
Job.

WE praise the Lord for heav'nly bread,
 With which immortal souls are fed:
 We praise thee for that heav'nly feast,
 Which Jesus with delight could taste.

2 He, while he sojourn'd here below,
 Had meat, which strangers could not know:
 That meat he to his people gives,
 And he that tastes the banquet lives.

3 So let me live, sustain'd by grace,
 Fill'd with the fruits of righteousness :
 Enter my heart, all-gracious Lord,
 And sup with me, and deck thy board.

4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
 And hope, that bears the soul above,—
 Be these my dainties, till I rise,
 And taste the joys of paradise.

372. *'Goodness and mercy shall follow me.'* Ps. 23. 6. ^{C. M.} University.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys :
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

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

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 But, oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

373. *'Other sheep I have.'* John 10. 16. ^{C. M.} Gainsborough.

WILT thou, dread majesty of heav'n !
 Accept us for thy sheep ?
 And with a shepherd's tender care,
 Such worthless creatures keep ?

- 2 Wilt thou stretch forth thy guardian arm,
O'er our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down,
In thy refreshing shade?
- 3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls,
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortals e'er repay,
For favours great as thine?
Thy grace surpasses human thought,
Thy bounties are divine.
-

PRAYER.

374. *'One thing is needful.'* Luke 10. 42. S. M.
Camberwell.

- A** SAVIOUR is my hope:
He bought me with his blood;
He rose, he reigns, and sends his help,
That I may live to God.
- 2 His charge to keep I have;
My God to glorify:
To come to him my soul to save,
And fit me for the sky.
- 3 Through grace, to serve mankind,
My calling to fulfil;
To be renew'd in heart and mind
To do his holy will.
- 4 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
Account with joy to give.

- 5 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Lord Jesus, be my life, my way,
 And I shall never die.

375. *'I will bless Thee.'* Gen. 12. 2.

6-7's.
 Day.

- A** BBA, Father, while we sing,
 Let the Spirit comfort bring ;
 Taught to cast our care on thee,
 Daily mercies let us see :
 Still enrich us with thy grace ;
 Give us with thy sons a place.
- 2 By thy Spirit they are led ;
 Nourish'd with celestial bread ;
 Strengthen'd through their mortal strife ;
 Kept to everlasting life ;
 Peace and hope to them are given ;
 Time and glory ; earth and heaven.
- 3 What though trials wait us here ;
 Christ endured what we must bear ;
 If his grace our strength sustain,
 Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain ;
 Peace shall flow from ev'ry loss ;
 Endless glory from the cross.

376. *'Affection on things above.'* Col. 3. 2.

C. M.
 Bath.

- A** H! give me, Lord, the single eye,
 Which aims at nought but thee :
 I fain would live, and yet not I—
 But Jesus live in me.
- 2 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
 But in thy ark of peace ;
 Thy cross, the balance of my mind ;
 Thy wounds, my hiding-place.
- 3 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
 If thou my keeper art ;
 Get thee behind me, God is near,
 My Saviour takes my part.

- 4 On him my spirit I recline,
 Who put my nature on;
 His light shall in my darkness shine,
 And guide me to his throne.

377. 'Watch and pray.' Matt. 24. 41. C. M.
Abridge.

- A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, oh! let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

378. 'God is my defence.' Ps. 59. 9. S. S. G.
Halifax C.

- A** MIDST my dangers, Lord, to thee
 For succour and defence I flee:
 To thee I raise my eyes;
 And thy almighty strength implore,
 Who hast the journey trod before,
 And taught us how to rise.

2 I then shall pass secure through all
 The venom'd darts that round me fall,
 If thou my soul defend:
 The threats of all my foes are vain,
 If thou my trembling limbs sustain,
 And bear me to the end.

3 I then shall bound aloft, elate,
 Released from sin and every weight,
 And pleasure's charms disown;
 And, from the final conflict past,
 The glorious prize shall reach at last,
 A never-fading crown.

379. *'Ask what I shall give thee.'* 1 Kings 3. 5. L. M.
Buxton

AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thine image let me bear;
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength;
 To have thy boundless love reveal'd
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign;
 Living or dying, rich or poor,
 All shall be well if thou art mine.

380. *'Maketh intercession for us.'* Rom. 8. 26. C. M.
London N.

AUTHOR of every good desire,
 Cast not my soul away;
 Here light one spark of holy fire,
 Give me the wish to pray.

- 2 Lord, though I be so weak and vile;
 Thy suppliant deign to bless;
 Upon my poor petitions smile;
 Give me the wish'd success.

381.

'Author of faith.' Heb. 12. 2.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
 To thee who wouldst not have me die,
 But know the truth and live:
 Open mine eyes to see thy face,
 Work in my heart thy saving grace,
 And life eternal give.

- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till thou the veil remove:
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write thy name upon my heart,
 And manifest thy love.

- 3 I know the work is only thine,
 The gift of faith is all divine;
 But, if on thee we call,
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
 And give us hearts to feel and know
 That thou hast died for all.

- 4 Be it according to thy word!
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
 Let what I ask be given;
 The bar of unbelief remove,
 Open the door of faith and love,
 And take me into heaven!

382. 'The Lord shall give them,' &c. Ps. 85. 12.

C. M.
Arlington.

AUTHOR of good, to thee I turn;
 Thy ever wakeful eye,
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Oh! let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide:
 That love shall all vain loves expel,
 That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Alas! by error's force subdued,
 Too oft my stubborn will
 Most blindly shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill.
- 4 Not what I wish, but what I want,
 Oh! let thy grace supply;
 The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

383. *'Choose ye whom ye will serve.'* Josh. 24. 15. L. M.
Rockingham.

- A**WED by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Fear to confess the Lord most high?
 How then should I before him stand?
 How meet the terrors of his hand?
- 2 Shall I, to please the thoughtless throng,
 Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
 Or, lured with idle pleasures, flee
 The Cross, O Lord, endured by thee?
- 3 And what is man—his pride and power?
 The passing vapour of an hour:
 Lord, to thyself my spirit raise,
 Above the world, its scorn or praise!
- 4 My life, my heart, my soul are thine;
 Bright in thine image may I shine;
 In me fulfil thy pleasure, Lord;
 Thy will be done, thy name adored!

384. *'The throne of grace,' &c.* Heb. 4. 16. L. M.
Mansfield.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
 The promise calls me near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

385. *'O my God, be not far from me.'* Ps. 38. 21. L. M.
Tranquillity.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this wand'ring, treach'rous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle seas and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

386. *'Will look up.'* Ps. 5. 3.

SEVENS.
Pasciello.

CALMER of the troubled breast,
In me dwell, and I in thee;
Holy peace and holy rest,
Heaven's gate and heaven' key.

- 2 Though the clouds of sorrow lour
 O'er the path by mortals trod ;
 Sorrow flies the hallow'd hour
 Spent in fellowship with God.
- 3 Unto me thyself impart ;
 In my soul thyself reveal ;
 Fix thy kingdom in my heart—
 My inheritance and seal.
- 4 While I tread this vale of death,
 Upward my affections raise ;
 Breathe in me, and be thy breath,
 Ceaseless prayer and ceaseless praise.
387. ' *As an adamant,* ' &c. Ezek. 3. 9, 10. L. M.
Winchester.
- CAPTAIN of my salvation, hear,
 Stir up thy strength and bow the skies ;
 Be thou, the God of battles, near,
 And in thy majesty arise.
- 2 Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace ;
 Arm me with all thy armour now ;
 Set like a flint my steady face ;
 Harden to adamant my brow.
- 3 Adverse to sin's rebellious throng,
 Still may I turn my fearless face ;
 Stand as an iron pillar strong,
 And stedfast as a wall of brass.
- 4 Give me thy might, thou God of power ;
 Then let or men or fiends assail,
 Strong in thy strength, I'll stand, a tower
 Impregnable to earth or hell.
388. ' *The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.* ' Mal. 4. 2. 6-7's.
Day.
- CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true and only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till thy mercy's beams I see—
 Till they inward life impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

389. *The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.* L. M. Wareham.

- COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done
 By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

390. *'Light is sown for the righteous.'* L. M. Buxton.

- COME, Jesus, come, return again;
 With brighter beam thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam;
 And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

- 3 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When death rides darkly o'er the sea;
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee.
- 4 Come, Jesus, come, and, as of yore
 The prophet went to clear thy way,
 A harbinger thy feet before,
 A dawning to thy brighter day;
- 5 So now may grace, with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there.
391. 'Ask, and it shall be given.' Matt. 7. 7. SEVENS.
Steibelt.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not turn away.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;
 Oh! remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

392. *'Will manifest Myself to him.'* John 14.21. L. M.
St. Olave's.

- C**OME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 Oh! let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free,
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But day and night to live to thee!
- 3 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 but thine.
- 4 Henceforth, may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul;
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 5 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.

393. *'The desire of all nations.'* Hag. 2. 7.

8. 7.
Haydn.

- C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Bless'd desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
 Born their Saviour and their King;
 Born to reign in us for ever;
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone:
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

394. *'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.'* Ps. 73. 24. C. M.
St. Ann's.

COMFORT me, gracious Lord, I pray,
 For I would fain be thine;
 Seek me again, whene'er I stray,
 And keep this heart of mine.

2 Up to thy throne I lift my eyes,
 In pity look on me;
 Give but a smile, the idol flies,
 And I shall live for thee.

3 'Tis on thy mercy, grace, and love,
 That I alone depend;
 Give me to reign with thee above,
 My everlasting friend.

4 Be to me all in life or death,
 I ask no boon beside;
 And when I yield my parting breath,
 To glory be my guide.

395. *'Thou art my refuge and my portion.'* Ps. 142. 5. C. M.
Irish.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
 No comeliness I see;
 The one thing needful, gracious Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy redeeming love
 Into my soul convey;
 Thyself bestow: for thee alone,
 My all in all, I pray.

3 Loved of my God, for thee again
 With love sincere I'd burn;
 Chosen of thee, ere time began,
 I'd choose thee in return.

- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
 Oh! teach me to resign :
 I'm rich to all intents of bliss
 If thou, O God, art mine.

396. 'My refuge is in God.' Ps. 62. 7. C. W.
Richmond.

- D**EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies;
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat
 When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
 If thou, my God, art near;
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
 And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
 Thy constant aid impart;
 Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
 Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh! never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat;
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

397. 'Let us labour to enter into that rest.' Heb. 4. 11. 113th.
Eaton.

- D**EAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
 And magnify thy grace divine;
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,
 That would his heart to thee resign;
 A worm, by self and sin opprest,
 That pants to reach thy promised rest.
- 2 With holy fear and rev'rent love,
 I long to lie beneath thy throne;
 I long in thee to live and move,
 And stay myself on thee alone.
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
 To find in thee the promised rest.

- 3 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
 With all its wrathful fury die;
 Let the Redeemer dwell within,
 And turn my soul to things on high:
 Oh! may my heart, by thee possess'd,
 Enjoy in thee my promised rest.

398. *'God is our refuge.'* Ps. 46. 1. C. M.
Manchester.

- D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee when sorrows rise,
 On thee when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 There let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

399. *'I am the good Shepherd.'* John 10. 11. C. M.
Harrington.

- D**EAR Shepherd of the chosen flock,
 We love to hear thy voice;
 When full of kind redeeming love,
 Thou bidst our hearts rejoice.
- 2 O, let us never quit the road
 That leads to thine abode!
 O, suffer not our feet to stray
 From thee, the living God!
- 3 'Tis thy delightful work to save,
 Thy pleasure and thy joy;
 Then let thy praise each fleeting hour
 Our grateful thoughts employ.

- 4 A stranger, Lord, we will not know,
Through thy preserving grace;
But follow thee with cheerful steps
To heaven thy dwelling-place.

400. *'Live to Him which died for them.'* 2 Cor. 5. 15. L. M.
Devonshire.

EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died,
Surrender'd to the Crucified.

- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know,
My friend and my companion, thou;
Constrain my soul thy sway to own,
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

- 4 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice;
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

- 5 Larger communion let me prove
With the bless'd object of my love;
But oh! for this no power have I,
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

401. *'Exceeding greatness of His power.'* Eph. 1. 19. L. M.
Sandbach.

ETERNAL God, thy power display;
Chase all the shades of night away;
Let every foe before thee fly,
And bring each Gospel blessing nigh.

- 2 Thy dying love, O Lord, reveal,
That love which melts the heart of steel;
Each stubborn will in mercy bow,
And lay the rebel sinner low.

- 3 Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
And all thy waiting people bless ;
Arise upon our hearts, and shine,
Till every heart be wholly thine.
- 4 In flame our cold affections, Lord,
Renew them by thy quickening word ;
Bind every thought in willing chains,
Till not a rebel thought remains.

402. 'Hear my cry, O God.' Pa. 61. 2.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

- E**TERNAL Ruler of the sky,
Who dost our various wants supply,
In whom we live and move ;
O hear the humble suppliant's pray'r,
And deign to make us still thy care,
And perfect us in love !
- 2 When doubts and fears our minds perplex,
When grief and care our spirits vex,
And we thy aid implore ;
Then hear, O God, our earnest prayer,
Relieve our minds from all its care,
Our hope and joy restore.
- 3 And long as we this life enjoy,
Grant that we may that life employ,
In works of righteousness ;
Give us our sinful state to see,
And draw us nearer still to thee,
And fill our souls with peace !
- 4 Then when this mortal life is past,
And death, with friendly hand, at last
Shall close our weary eyes ;
May guardian angels round us stand,
And bear our souls at thy command,
To yonder blissful skies !

403. '*Excellent is Thy loving kindness.*' Ps. 37.1. L. M.
St. Olave's.

ETERNAL Sovereign of the skies,
Whose love our utmost want supplies;
Still on thy word may we depend,
And love thee as our surest Friend.

2 For outward comforts we would trust
Thy power, which form'd us from the dust;
And look for thy protecting aid
To bless the souls which thou hast made.

3 Thy gracious hand preserves from care,
Or lends its strength the load to bear;
Provides relief from want and pain,
Or turns our losses into gain.

4 Then teach us never to repine,
Nor trust to any hand but thine;
Teach us to run the heavenly race
With hopes as boundless as thy grace.

404. '*Our Father,*' &c. Matt. 6. 9. L. M.
Wareham.

FATHER of heaven, whose gracious hand
Dispenses good in boundless store;
May every breath thy praise expand
And every heart thy name adore.

2 Great Lord, may all our waken'd powers
To spread thy sway exulting join;
Till we shall dare to think thee ours,
And thou shalt deign to call us thine.

3 Whate'er thy will, may we display
Hearts that submit without a sigh;
Whate'er thy law, may we obey,
Like raptured saints, and feel it joy.

4 Vouchsafe us what our wants require,
This fleeting life in peace to spend;
But bid our wishes, Lord, aspire
To grasp the life that cannot end.

5 Our countless crimes with mercy view,
 For Jesus' sake their guilt remove:
 And teach us, Lord, to pardon too,
 That thou may'st see a world of love.

6 Protect us when temptation's near,
 Keep us from pride and passion free;
 Shield us from sin and sorrow here,
 And bring us, Lord, at length, to thee.

405. *'To reveal His Son in me.'* Gal. 1. 16. 113th.
Eaton.

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;
 Show 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!

406. *'Let the peace of God rule,'* &c. Col. 3. 15. C. M.
Devizes.

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

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

- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine
 And crown my journey's end.

407. '*Study to be quiet,*' &c. 1 Thess. 4. 11. L. M.
Teddington.

FORTH 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 assign'd
 Oh! let me cheerfully fulfil;
 In all thy works thy presence find,
 And prove thine acceptable will.

- 3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And ev'ry moment watch and pray;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to thy glorious day.

- 4 For thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
 And run my course with holy joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heaven.

408. '*Therewith content.*' 1 Tim. 6. 8. L. M.
St. Asaph.

FOUNTAIN of blessing! ever bless'd:
 Enriching all, of all possess'd:
 By whom the whole creation's fed;
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.

- 2 To thee my very life I owe;
 From thee do all my comforts flow;
 And every blessing that I need,
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire:
 Content with little would I be;
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

409. *'Such an High Priest became us.'* Heb. 7. 26.

8. 7.
Haydn.

FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more;
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore.
 Suff'ring Son of man, be near me,
 All my suff'rings to sustain,
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In thy days of flesh below,
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe,—
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark Satanic hour,
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

4 By the travail of the Spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree;
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In my pangs remember me.
 By thy death, I thee conjure,
 A weak, dying soul befriend,
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

410. *'Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.'* Ps. 35. 3. C. M.
St. Ann's

- G**OD of my life, thy love display,
And bring thy mercy near;
 O save me in the trying day,
 From danger and from fear.
- 2 While sin and hell exert their might,
 To thee for aid I fly;
 Arm me, dear Saviour, for the fight,
 And grant me victory.
- 3 How would my mournful heart rejoice
 Amidst my care and toil,
 Might I but hear thy gracious voice,
 Or see thy heav'nly smile.
- 4 I could the joys of life resign,
 And wait to see my end;
 Might I but know that thou art mine,
 My Saviour and my Friend.

411. *'I cried unto God.'* Ps. 77. 1. L. M.
St. Pancras

- G**OD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall:
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint;
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

412. '*I am a stranger with thee.*' Ps. 39. 12.

L. M.
Buxton.

GOD of my life! whilst here I roam,
An exile from my native home;
To thee I lift my tearful eye,
And for thy gracious succour cry.

2 Unless thy mighty arm be near,
My spirits to support and cheer;
My feeble faith will surely fail,
And Satan o'er my soul prevail.

3 For lo! where'er I look, I see
Some object that would lead from thee:
The world without, my heart within,
Alike allure and tempt to sin.

4 But why complain? for whilst I pray
My anxious fears are chased away;
And God, in tender mercy, hears
My cry, and notices my tears.

5 Thy sacred influence shall fire
My breast with ev'ry pure desire;
My vile affections crucify,
And fix on heav'n my steadfast eye!

413. '*Cause His face to shine.*' Ps. 67. 1.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

GOD of our life, our Hope thou art!
Oh! never from our side depart,
Or dark our path must be;
For all our comforts here below,
Blest Saviour! every joy we know,
We owe alone to thee!

2 And when, life's dangerous voyage past,
Our feeble barks have gain'd at last
The port where they would be;
Then, Saviour, on that blissful shore
Shall echo loud for evermore
Our song of praise to thee.

414.

Eph. 1. 16—20.

L. M.
Wareham.

- G**OD of our Lord and Saviour, hear;
Father of glory, grant our prayer;
 The knowledge of thyself impart,
 And wisdom teach to every heart.
- 2 Give us enlighten'd minds to see
 The blessed hope reveal'd by thee;
 The glorious heritage above
 Of saints, that taste thy richest love.
- 3 Grant us to know that mighty aid,
 That raised the Saviour from the dead,
 And throned him in supreme command
 O'er earth and heaven, at thy right hand.
- 4 Then, quicken'd from the death of sin,
 Our souls shall endless life begin:
 Thy mighty power that life maintain,
 Till we with Christ in glory reign.

415.

'One thing have I desired.' Ps. 27. 4.

L. M.
Sandbach.

- G**REAT God! I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be:
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 2 Is darkness and distress my share?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care:
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 3 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below,
 "That Christ is mine;"—this great request
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

416.

'The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.' Mal. 4. 2.

L. M.
Job.

- G**REAT Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And chase the darkness from mine eyes;
 Now let thy beams of glory shine,
 And fill my soul with light divine,

2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
 Defend me from the powers of hell:
 Be thou a sun and shield to me,
 Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee.

417. *'Let your light so shine,' &c.* Matt. 5. 16. L. M.
Pergolesi.

GREAT teacher of thy church, we own
 Thy precepts all divinely wise:
 O may thy mighty power be shown
 To fix them still before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
 And fill our breast with heav'nly zeal;
 That, while we trust thy power to save,
 We may that sacred law fulfil.

3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heavenly grace,
 May our examples brightly shine,
 And the sweet lustre of thy face
 Reflected beam from each of thine.

418. *'Thou art the Guide of my youth.'* Jer. 3. 4. L. M.
Tranquillity.

GUIDE of my days, to thee I cry,
 Great God, to me be ever nigh;
 Lighten mine eyes, convert my heart,
 Nor let me from thy ways depart.

2 Ten thousand snares beset my way,
 To draw my helpless soul astray:
 Regard my cry, my prayer attend,
 And with thy power and grace defend.

3 Let all my future life to thee,
 My gracious Lord, devoted be:
 Cleansed in thy blood may I be found,
 When the last awful trump shall sound.

4 Then, with thy saints, will I proclaim
 The triumphs of thy sacred name;
 And in thy righteousness divine,
 Like them, in glory ever shine.

419. '*Strangers and pilgrims on earth.*' Heb. 11.13. 8.7.4.
Kelly 2.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong deliv'rer, be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the brink of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside:
Bear us through the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, we will ever give to thee.

420. '*Christ the First and the Last.*' Rev. 1.8. C. M.
Bath.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Author of all our faith;
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path!

2 Hail, First and Last, the Morning-Star,
In whom we live and move!
Increase our little spark of faith,
And multiply our love.

3 Let the belief which Jesus taught
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Oh! let us go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From one degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face!

421. *'Whole armour of God.'* Eph. 6. 13. 8. 8 6
Harwood.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day;
A 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 show the danger near!
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 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.

422. *'Prepare to meet thy God.'* Amos 4. 12. L. M.
Rockingham.

HOW shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What off'rings can secure thy grace,
And calm the terrors of thy brow?

2 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
And all our dreadful guilt declare;
More than the stars that fill the skies,
Thy mercies and our sins appear.

3 Could off'rings flow, and victims bleed,
None could thine awful justice stay;
The Saviour's blood alone we plead,
To take our countless sins away.

4 With humble faith to that we fly;
Oh! may our souls be sprinkled o'er!
That we no more in terror lie,
And dread thy judgment-seat no more.

423. *'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'* 1 Sam. 7. 12. SEVENS.
Perdona.

- I** MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise;
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot
 Well I know concerns me not:
 This should set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power;
 Guard me in each trying hour:
 Let thine unremitted care
 Save me from each lurking snare.
- 4 May thy dealings only prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love:
 So I all to thee resign;
 Father, let thy will be mine.

424. *'Watch and pray.'* Matt. 26. 41. C. M.
St. David's.

- I** WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
 The tender conscience, give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make!
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

425. *'What time I am afraid, I will trust.'* Ps. 56. 3. S. M.
Levens.

IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail;
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come;
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in ev'ry state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

426. *'Leaving us an example.'* 1 Pet. 2. 21. C. M.
Sheffield.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

427. *'A Covert from the tempest.'* Is. 32. 2. DBL. SEVENS.
Hotham.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh! receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

428.

'See Him as He is.' 1 John 3. 2.

L. M.
Wareham.

JESU, my Saviour, in thy face
 The essence lives of every grace;
 All things beside which charm the sight
 Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.

- 2 Thy beauty, Lord,—the enraptured eye
Which fully views it first must die;
Then let me die, through death to know
That joy I seek in vain below.

429. *'Undertake for me.'* Is. 38. 14.

C. M.
Arlington.

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

2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

3 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this vile heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within.

4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

430. *'Unto you which believe, He is precious.'* 1. Pet. 2. 7. ^{113th.} Carey:

JESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, thine alone, I live;
Thyself to me, O Jesus, give.

2 O Lord, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

3 More hard than marble is my heart,
 And foul with sins of deepest stain;
 But thou the mighty Saviour art,
 Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain:
 Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
 Thy blood wash all these stains away!

4 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

431. 'Lo, we have left all.' Mark 10. 28.

148th.
 Farnham.

JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord!

I trust thy faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss,
 Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss:
 For more the treacherous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

4 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft from all below
 To heaven, my destined place!

Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

432.

'The Lord,' &c. Luke 22. 61.

DBL. 7. 6.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring 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, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give, most earnestly implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Fall 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.

433.

'I give myself unto prayer.'

L. M.
Winchester.

JESUS, my pattern and my guide,
Let me at thy blest feet abide;
And on thee cast mine every care,
And daily "give myself to prayer."

2 While I'm a sojourner below,
Where, gracious Lord, where can I go,
But to thy throne? and worship there,
And ever "give myself to prayer."

3 Though Satan rages at my soul,
And thundering tempests o'er me roll,
To seek thee, Lord, I can't forbear;
In faith "I give myself to prayer."

4 Still in the strength of sov'reign grace,
I'll wait, and seek my Saviour's face;
Soon I a glorious crown shall share:
Till then, I'll "give myself to prayer."

434. 'Learn of Me.' Matt. 11. 29.

L. M.
Pergolesi.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.

4 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

435. 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' 2 Cor. 12. 9.

DBL. S. M.
Levens.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st 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 maintain
 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 arm'd with jealous care;
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon thy word:
 Thy 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 waiting soul shalt guide
 Unto thy perfect love.

436. 'To live is Christ.' Phil. 1. 21.

L. M.
 Stonefield.

JESUS, our best, our only Friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire;
 Jesus, in love to us descend,
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be:
 Pardon and sanctify us all;
 Let each thy full salvation see.

- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
Oh! take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear,
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

437. *'Flesh lusteth against the Spirit.'* Gal. 5.17. L. M.
Rockingham.

- J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mix'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 Oh! let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispersed by opening light.

438. *'I am the good Shepherd.'* John 10.1. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

- J**ESUS, Shepherd of the sheep!
Powerful is thine arm to keep
All thy flocks with safest care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

2 Thee their guide and guard they own;
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Thee they follow day by day,
Fearful lest their feet should stray.

3 Lord, thy helpless sheep behold;
Gather all into thy fold;
Gently lead the wand'ers home;
Watch them, lest again they roam.

4 Bring thy sheep, now far astray,
Lost in Satan's evil way;
Then (the fold and Shepherd one)
We shall praise thee round the throne.

439. '*My sheep hear My voice.*' John 10. 27. L. M.
St. Olave's.

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

2 Oh! guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray:
Cherish the young, sustain the old;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

3 Oh! may the sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

440. '*Yield yourselves unto God.*' Rom. 6. 13. L. M.
Islington.

JESUS, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
That so my chief desire may be
To dedicate myself to thee.

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
Grant that this thought may give me joy:
Thou, Lord, hast apprehended me,
And turn'd my wayward heart to thee.
- 3 And, since thine eye pervadeth space,
Present thyself in ev'ry place;
Grant, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
That still my heart may cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing ev'ry worldly thing,
Beneath the covert of thy wing;
May this my constant feeling be,
That all I want I find in thee.

441. *'After the order of Melchisedec.'* Ps. 110. 4. SEVENS.
Sicilian M.

KING of Salem! meet us now;
We before thy presence bow,
King of righteousness and peace!
With thy gracious presence bless.

- 2 King of peace! to thee we fall;
And to thee devote our all.
Bless us all our days below;
Let us thy salvation know.

442. *'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.'* Ps. 73. 24. SEVENS.
Pardona.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
And in thee begin to live,
Day and night will cry to thee,
"As thou art, so let us be."

- 2 Fix, oh! fix each wav'ring mind;
To thy sway our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill our hearts with fervent love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
'Take the purchase of thy blood.

- 4 May we in thy name believe,
Of thy fulness now receive,
Die to sin, and live to thee
Then we shall indeed be free.
- 5 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man ;
Endless praise to thee be given
By thy saints in earth and heaven.

443. '*Simon Peter followed Jesus.*' John 18. 15. I. M.
Buxton.

LEAD me to suffer, and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh :
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me smiling to expire.

2 If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back ;
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.

3 While scarce I dare, with Peter say,
" I'll boldly tread the suffering way ;"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope, and silent love.

444. '*To lead them in the way.*' Ex. 13. 21. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly 2.

LEAD us, heavenly Father ! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee :
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be !

2 Saviour ! breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go !

- 3 Spirit of our God ! descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure, that can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardon'd, guided ;
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

445. '*Light to them that sit in darkness.*' Luke 1. 79. ^{8. 7.} _{Vesper.}

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death ;
 Come, and all thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek and contrite heart.
 Come, and manifest the favour
 Thou hast for thy ransom'd race ;
 Come, thou kind and tender Saviour,
 Manifest thy gospel grace.

- 3 Help us in thy great compassion,
 Oh thou Prince of peace and love ;
 Show us all thy great salvation,
 Raise our hearts to things above !
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
 By the influence of thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

446. '*None of these things move me.*' Acts 20. 24. ^{C. M.} _{Nayland.}

LORD, I am thine, forsake me not,
 But still thy servant own ;
 Afflictions are my daily lot,
 And sorrows press me down.

- 2 A thousand snares attend my path,
And I am prone to fall;
But, Lord, support my feeble faith,
And bear me safe through all.
- 3 I would not cast my hope away,
When dangers round appear;
From duty's path I would not stray,
Nor yield to slavish fear.
- 4 Lord, I would still adhere to thee;
Let not my purpose move;
O may my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love.

447. 'There remaineth a rest.' Heb. 4. 9.

C. M.
Bath.

- 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 fix'd 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 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author, and my End!

448. *'A thorn in the flesh.'* 2 Cor. 12. 7. 8. 6. 8.

LORD, if consistent with thy will,
 Oh take this thorn away ;
 But, if for me 'tis needful still
 That it should longer stay,
 Then patience give, the thorn to bear,
 And faith to trust thy love and care.

2 The thorn I know is sent by thee,
 A token of thy love,
 That I may truly humbled be,
 Like those thou dost approve :
 I would lie passive, and be still,
 And bow submissive to thy will.

3 Oh may this thorn lead me to see
 Thy all-sufficient grace ;
 Though weak, thy strength shall perfect be ;
 And I in thee rejoice ;
 If Jesu's power is seen in me,
 I'll glory in infirmity.

449. *'O that my ways were directed.'* Ps. 119. 5. L. M.
Islington.

LORD, let thy grace my powers renew,
 And ev'ry reigning sin subdue ;
 My soul to swift obedience draw,
 And in my heart inscribe thy law.

2 Let my repentance be sincere,
 Let faith in all its fruits appear ;
 In flame my heart with holy love,
 And fix my hope on things above.

3 May I detest a lying tongue,
 And hate to do my neighbour wrong ;
 Let justice through my actions shine,
 Join'd with benevolence divine.

4 Keep me from each polluting stain,
 From thoughts impure and deeds unclean ;
 And let me consecrated be,
 A holy temple, Lord, for thee.

450. 'What do ye more than others?' Matt. 5. 47. L. M.
Sandbach.

- L**ORD, make my faith in thee sincere,
 Within my heart implant thy fear;
 And let my daily conduct prove,
 Thou art the object of my love.
- 2 Let thy good word my thoughts employ,
 Be this my treasure and my joy;
 And let the men be dear to me
 Who most excel in purity.
- 3 O may I, with a patient mind,
 Be to my Father's will resign'd;
 And humbly wait for that bless'd day,
 When God shall wipe my tears away.
- 4 Let fervent zeal my heart inflame
 In all to glorify thy name;
 May this my constant study be,
 While here I live, to live to thee.

451. 'Carest Thou not that we perish?' Mark 4. 38. 148th.
Darwell.

- L**ORD of all power and might,
 My Saviour and my friend,
 From waves of dark affright,
 My earnest cries ascend:
 Carest thou not for all my pain?
 Arise! O Lord, rebuke and reign.
- 2 Bid the fierce tempest cease,
 These fiery thoughts disarm;
 But speak, oh! Prince of Peace,
 And great shall be the calm:
 Pride, anger, strife within rebel,
 Yet speak, and all shall still be well.
- 3 Spirit of peace and love!
 Let thy sweet influence reign:
 Oh! holy, heavenly Dove!
 Are all my cries in vain?
 And must I, on my bended knees,
 Be left to strive with sins like these?

- 4 No, holy Jesus, come,
 And shed thy love abroad;
 Make thou this heart thy home,
 The temple of my God:
 Then shall the inward conflict cease,
 And every thought be perfect peace.
- 5 Then kneeling at thy throne,
 Rejoicing in thy word,
 Gladly my soul shall own
 The presence of her Lord:
 Nor pride invade, nor anger dare
 Disturb my rest, when thou art there.

452. *'I will take the stony heart out,' &c. Ezek. 11. 19.* ^{L. M.} Buxton.

- L**ORD, shed a beam of heavenly day,
 Remove all unbelief away;
 And thaw with rays of love divine
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
 Of feeling all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt
 Might cause the very stones to melt;
 But I can read each wondrous line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
 (Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To change this harden'd heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
 Do thou apply the Saviour's blood;
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

453. '*The preparations of the heart.*' Prov. 16. 1. ^{DBL. C. M.} St. Matthew.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With rev'rence and with fear;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
 We perish if we cease from prayer!
 Oh! grant us power to pray!
 And, when to meet thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burthen'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want, and woe;
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go?
 God of all grace, we come to thee,
 For broken, contrite hearts:
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility, the sense
 Of godly sorrow give,—
 A strong desiring confidence
 To see thy face and live,—
 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone,
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ—on Christ alone,—

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay,—
 Courage our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay;—
 Give these,—and then thy will be done;
 Thus strengthen'd with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

454. *'In all thy ways acknowledge Him.'* Prov. 3. 6. C. M. University.

LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;

Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 To thee, oh! my unerring guide,
I would myself resign;

In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;

And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
Guide thou my wand'ring feet;
And, when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

455. *'I will lift up mine eyes.'* Ps. 121. 1.

REVENS.
Perdona.

LORD, to thee I lift mine eyes,
Hands and heart I lift to thee;

Let my prayer accepted rise,
Weak, imperfect though it be.

2 Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;

May I do thy will below,
As thy will is done above.

3 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch, and near me stay;

And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

456. *'Grow in grace,'* &c. 2 Pet. 3. 18.

L. M.
Rockingham.

LORD, what I want, and still implore,
Is grace to love thee more and more;

A heart renew'd, set free from sin,
And fill'd with heavenly light within.

2 Oh! could I reach this blissful state!
For this my longing soul shall wait,
Till sov'reign love, with mighty power,
Shall on my soul the blessing shower.

3 With holy love and humble joy,
May grace my ev'ry power employ;
Till, far removed from sin and shame,
My soul shall ever bless thy name.

457. 'O Lord, what shall I say?' Joshua 7. 8. L. M. Devonshire.

LORD, who hast suffer'd all for me,
My grace and pardon to secure;
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

2 The storm of loud repining hush,
Give me, O Lord, submissive faith;
Nor let me speak of my distress,
Who merit everlasting wrath.

3 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp as mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

458. 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts.' Eph. 3. 17. 8. 7. Haydn.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.

2 Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest;

Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our souls at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return—and never,
Never more thy temple leave:
Thee may we be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted, may we be;
Let us see our full salvation,
Perfectly secured 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.

459. *'The greatest of these is charity.'* 1 Cor. 13. 13. ^{8. 8. 6.} Harwood.

MAY we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
And do on earth our Father's will,
As angels do above:
Still walk in Christ, the living way,
With all thy children, and obey
The law of Christian love.

2 So may we join thy name to bless,
Thy grace adore, thy power confess,
From sin and strife to flee:
One is our calling, one our name,
The end of all our hope the same,
A crown of life with thee.

- 3 Spirit of life, of love, and peace,
 Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
 Thy gracious help supply :
 To ev'ry soul the blessing give,
 In Christian fellowship to live ;
 In joyful hope to die.

460. 'Ye should follow His steps.' 1 Pet. 2. 21. L. M.
Wareham.

MY bless'd Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 What truth and love thy bosom fill !
 What zeal to do thy Father's will !
 Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer :
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern : make me bear
 More of my gracious image here ;
 Then God shall own my humble name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

461. 'God is love.' 1 John 4. 8. L. M.
Winchester.

MY God, forbid these tears to flow,
 For 'twas thy mercy dealt the blow ;
 Thy hand, which wounded me, can heal,
 And soften every pain I feel.

2 Let not my faithless heart withstand
 The chastening of a Father's hand ;
 But seek its comfort from above,
 And trust in thee, whose name is Love.

3 Let no base thoughts within me rise,
 No murmuring mingle with my sighs ;
 Though my heart bleeds, it would not blame,
 Nor cast dishonour on thy name.

- 4 My sins deserved thy wrath, O Lord,
But mercy stays the avenging sword,
And even in trouble makes me see
How tender is thy love to me.
- 5 O let this rod through grace subdue
My sin, and all my soul renew;
Make me more willing to obey,
And flee from every evil way.
- 6 Grant that my spirit thus refined
May leave earth's fading joys behind;
Mount to a happier rest above,
And share the fulness of thy love.

462. 'We cry, *Abba, Father.*' Rom 8. 15.

C. M.
Bath.

MY God! my Father!—cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!

Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart:
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways, great God! are little known
 To my weak erring sight;
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own
 That all thy ways are right.

7 My God! my Father!—blissful name!
 Above expression dear!
 If thou accept my humble claim,
 I bid farewell to fear.

463. *'Loose him, and let him go.'* John 11. 44. L. M.
 St. Olave's.

MY God, if I may call thee mine,
 From heaven and thee removed so far;
 Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead;
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
 O break not then a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb;
 In all the marks of death appear,
 Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's power to know!
 Free me indeed,—repeat the word;
 And loose my bonds, and let me go.

464. *'Commune with your own heart.'* Ps. 4. 4. L. M.
 Tranquillity.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone ;
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My Saviour and my heaven I find.

465. *'The Lord shall be a light unto me.* Mic. 7. 8. ^{L. M.} Uffingham.

MY God, my Sun, thy blissful rays
 Can warm, rejoice, and guide my heart ;
 How dark, how mournful are my days,
 If thine enliv'ning beams depart !

2 Scarce, through the shades, a glimpse of day
 Appears to these desiring eyes :
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise ?

3 O let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spread the sky !
 My glorious Sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.

4 Oh for the bright, the joyful day,
 When hope shall in fruition die !
 As tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

466. *'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.* Ps. 116. 7. ^{L. M.} Devonshire.

MY only Saviour, when I feel
 O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, opprest ;
 'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
 Low at thy feet, "Thou art my rest."

2 When with a trembling heart I try
 My state by truth's unerring test,
 Oft it condemns me ; then I fly
 To thee for pardon, thee for rest.

- 3 I'm weary of the strife within;
 Strong powers against my soul contest;
 O let me turn from self and sin
 To thy dear cross! there, there is rest.
467. *'Draw me, we will run after Thee.'* Sol. Song 1. 4 ^{113th.} Carey.
- O DRAW me, Saviour, after thee,
 So shall I run and never tire:
 With gracious words still comfort me;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
 Free me from every weight: nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day;
 My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay:
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power:
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died!
468. *'O send out Thy light.'* Ps. 43. 3. L. M.
Hedley.
- O FOR a beam of heavenly light
 To guide my wand'ring steps aright;
 And lead me to the blest abode
 Where dwells my Father and my God.
- 2 Lord, I am weak, and prone to stray;
 Oh! keep me in thy holy way;
 What nature wants, let grace supply,
 And smooth my progress to the sky.
- 3 Though I am but a worm of earth,
 Sinful by practice as by birth;
 Oh! let divine compassion shed
 New lustre on the path I tread.

4 Trusting in Jesus, let me go
 In safety through this vale of woe;
 And may his gracious presence cheer
 My heart in all its wanderings here.

5 And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
 Oh! let me rest upon that shore,
 Where sin shall never more molest,
 Nor drive me from my Saviour's breast.

469. '*Light is sown for the righteous.*' Ps. 97.11. C. M.
Nayland.

O GOD, my refuge and my hope,
 Thy light and love display,
 To bear my sinking courage up,
 O'er life's tempestuous sea.

2 When sorrow weighs my spirit down,
 And gloomy fears arise,
 Oh! lead me to thy gracious throne,
 And hearken to my cries.

3 When with affliction's load oppress'd,
 I languish and complain;
 Oh! set my troubled heart at rest,
 And mitigate my pain!

4 When in the vale of death I tread,
 And view the awful tomb;
 Shed thy kind beams around my bed,
 To brighten all the gloom.

5 Thy presence will my pains beguile,
 And cheer my drooping soul;
 Thy pard'ning love and heavenly smile
 Will all my fears control.

470. '*I will give you rest.*' Matt. 11. 28. C. M.
Irish.

O GOD of boundless grace divine,
 To thee alone I flee;
 Then teach this wayward heart of mine
 To find its rest in thee.

- 2 The carnal joys of earthly schemes,
Which nature loves to rear,
But mock the eye, like sickly dreams,
And quickly disappear.
- 3 The bliss I want is that which springs
From sense of sin forgiven;
Which wings its flight from creature things,
To feast itself in heaven.
- 4 Whate'er I lack of fleeting joys,
Oh! fill my soul with this,
Which neither life nor death destroys,
An ever-flowing bliss.
471. *Jacob at Bethel. Gen. 28. 8.* C. M.
Manchester.
- O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
472. *'I am Thine, save me.' Ps. 119. 94.* L. M.
Angel's Hymn.
- O GOD, thy mercy, vast and free,
Hast turn'd my happy soul to thee:
Still round me let that mercy shine,
And save me, Lord, for I am thine!

- 2 Thy truth display; thy power reveal;
 Oh! let me now thy presence feel:
 Give me the joys of love divine,
 And save me, Lord, for I am thine!
- 3 From self, from Satan, and from sin,
 From foes without, and fears within;
 Though they against me all combine,
 O save me, Lord, for I am thine!
- 4 And when in glory I appear,
 And sing with the redeemed there;
 Then shall this work of joy be mine,
 To praise that love which made me thine.

473. 'Sanctify you wholly.' 1 Thess. 5. 23.

8. 8. 6.
 Harwood.

- O JESUS, let me bless thy name!
 All sin, alas! thou know'st I am;
 But thou all pity art:
 Change into flesh this heart of stone;
 Such power belongs to thee alone:
 O sanctify this heart.
- 2 A poor, ungrateful wretch, to thee
 For help against myself I flee;
 O let thy grace be given:
 Thou only canst my mountains move,
 Fill me with holiness and love,
 And fit my soul for heaven.
- 3 Then let thy Spirit shed abroad
 The love, the wondrous love of God,
 In this cold heart of mine:
 O may he now descend and rest,
 And dwell for ever in my breast,
 And make it wholly thine.
- 4 What shall I plead my suit to gain?
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 I plead what thou hast done;

Didst thou not die the death for me ?
 Jesu, remember Calvary,
 And take me for thine own.

- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
 My Friend, my Advocate with God,
 My Ransom, and my Peace !
 Surety, who all my debt has paid,
 For all my sins atonement made,
 The Lord my righteousness !

474. *'Not my will, but thine be done.'* Luke 22. 42. ^{C. M.} Nayland.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears.
- 3 No ; let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant :
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'T is better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
 Shall I resist them both,
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth ?
- 6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
 " Still bind me to thy sway ;"
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

475. *'Approve things that are excellent.'* Phil. 1. 10. ^{C. M.} Harrington.

O MAY my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My soul to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
And Satan's treach'rous ways ;
Around me let each virtue shine
That brings my Saviour praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To meet thee in the skies.

476. *'Christ in you the hope of glory.'* Col. 1. 27. ^{C. M.} St. Ann's.

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art form'd within ;
Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin !

2 Oh ! may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly pleasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light !

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze may we become
United, Lord, to thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home
They perfect beauty see.

477. *'Our love made perfect.'* 1 John 4. 17. 113th.
Eaton.

O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love :
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove !
Jesus, apply thy pard'ning blood,
And make this bosom fit for God.

2 Saviour, I dwell in awful night,
Until thou in my heart appear ;
Arise, propitious sun, and light
An everlasting morning there :
Thy presence puts the shadows by ;
If thou withdraw, how dark am I !

3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down ;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind ;
And seal me thine adopted son :
A fallen, helpless creature take,
And heir of thy salvation make.

478. *'The prayer of Jabez.'* 1 Chron. 4. 9. 10. S. M.
Levens.

O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless !
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace.

2 Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide ;
Till with his saints, in Canaan's land,
My portion he divide.

479. *'Make Thy face to shine.'* Ps. 31. 16. L. M.
Stonefield.

O THOU ! from whom all blessings spring,
My God, my Saviour, and my King !
Enrich my heart with grace divine,
And nature's stubborn acts refine.

- 2 Enlarge my faith, my will restrain,
Charge home the soul-polluting stain
Of in-bred guilt, and let me feel
That thou alone hast power to heal.
- 3 O wondrous Saviour! whom to know,
Is thine own heaven begun below;
All idols in my heart dethrone,
That God may reign—and God alone.

480. 'Lord, remember me.' Luke 23. 42. C. M.
Arlington.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me.

2 When on my aching burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily;
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh! let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be;
All hail, reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree;
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

481. *'When the poor seek water.'* Is. 41. 17. L. M.
St. James.

- O** THOU great fountain! full and free,
Communicate thy grace to me;
To me that sacred treasure give
Which makes the dying sinner live.
- 2 To my poor thirsty, barren heart
Thy sanctifying grace impart;
Diffuse thy plenteous streams around,
To water all the parched ground.
- 3 To thee, O let my soul aspire,
As on the wings of pure desire;
Let love within my bosom glow,
And steady faith with vigour grow.
- 4 Let fervent zeal, and lively hope,
And patience bear my courage up:
Let sacred peace and joy divine
Sweetly prevail and reign within.

482. *'The love of Christ.'* Eph. 3. 19. S. S. G.
Harwood.

- O** THOU, my only joy who art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
My thirsty spirit pants to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this obdurate heart!
For thee and for thy love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh that I could for ever sit,
 Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet ;
 This be my constant choice ;
 My chief desire, my highest bliss,
 My peace, my heaven on earth is this,
 To know and hear his voice.

483. *'Your whole spirit, &c.'* 1 Thess. 5. 23. ^{S. M.} Mt. Ephraim.

O THOU, the God of peace,
 Thy blessing we entreat ;
 Our every grace do thou increase,
 Our holiness complete.
 2 Our body, spirit, soul,
 Require thy quickening aid ;
 Renew our frame ; and may the whole
 By thee be holy made.
 3 Then when our Lord appears,
 Unspotted we shall be ;
 Our hope thy precious promise cheers,
 Assured thy truth to see.

484. *'My presence shall go with thee.'* Ex. 33. 14. ^{L. M.} Wareham.

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 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.
 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.
 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I'll follow thee ;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill !

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

485. '*The fire shall ever be burning.*' Lev. 6. 13. L. M.
St. Olave's.

O THOU who camest from above
 The pure celestial fire t' 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, rising to its source, return
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee;
 Still do thou guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Teach me to do thy perfect will,
 And acts of faith and love repeat;
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make my happiness complete.

486. '*The will of the Lord be done.*' Acts 21. 14. L. M.
Islington.

O THOU who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand!
 Our wayward erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
 Mould ev'ry purpose of the soul;
 O'er all may grace victorious be,
 That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And, while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,—
 Until the joyful summons come
 That calls thy willing servants home.

487. *'Let Him do what seemeth Him good.'* 1 Sam. 3. 18. C. M.
Bedford.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
 Though now it seem severe ;
 Forbid my unbelief to say,
 There is no mercy here !

2 O grant me to desire the pain
 That comes in kindness down,
 More than the world's supremest gain,
 Succeeded by a frown !

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
 Love only shall I see ;
 The very Hand that strikes the blow,
 Was wounded once for me.

488. *'Led by the Spirit of God.'* Rom. 8. 14. L. M.
Buxton.

O THOU, whose piercing eye surveys
 Our inmost thoughts, our secret ways ;
 Direct our thoughts, that they may be
 Withdrawn from earth, and fix'd on thee.

2 Thy guiding Spirit, Lord, bestow ;
 Show us the way we ought to go ;
 And let our steps be always found
 Tending to Zion's hallow'd ground.

3 Though earth has chain'd our souls, and sin
 Has reign'd and rioted within ;
 One gracious word, one smile from thee
 Can break their power, and set us free.

4 Thy voice can bid our wandering cease,
 And lead us in the paths of peace ;
 Then, Lord, thy blessing deign to give,
 Look on us, and our souls shall live.

489. *'Enoch walked with God.'* Gen. 5. 22. C. M.
University.

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

490. *'Renew a right spirit within me.'* Ps. 51. 10. C. M.
Nayland.

- O**H ! for a heart that knows the worth
Of Jesu's dying love ;
Wean'd from the vanities of earth,
To seek true joys above ;—
- 2 A heart no longer rudely toss'd
On error's restless tide ;
Its prospects drear, its wishes cross'd,
Its hopes unsatisfied ;

- 3 But taught to trace the unseen hand
Of an almighty Lord ;
Meekly to bow at his command,
And trust his faithful word—
- 4 A heart that has renounced the world
And burst its galling chain,
Where Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
And sin has ceased to reign ;—
- 5 A heart that will not fail to keep
The glorious prize in view ;
Though weary, will not yield to sleep,
Though faint, will yet pursue ;
- 6 A heart with holiest fervour warm'd,
Faithful, resign'd, and pure,
Where God's own image has been form'd,
For ever to endure.
- 7 Oh ! grant me, Lord, with such a heart
To run the heavenly race ;
That, when I'm summon'd to depart,
I may behold thy face.

491. *'My son, give me thine heart.'* Prov. 23. 26. ^{C. M.} University. ●

- OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me ;—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;—
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within ;—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

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

492. *'Ye shall be free.'* John 8. 36. L. M.
Devonshire.

O H! from the world's vile slavery,
 Almighty Saviour, set me free;
 And, as my treasure is above,
 Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
 My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;
 In every lifeless prayer I find
 The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move
 That melts not at a Saviour's love?
 What can that sluggish spirit raise
 That will not sing a Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
 Above this world of sin and sense;
 Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
 And rest not till to thee they rise.

493. *'Help Thou mine unbelief.'* Mark 9. 24. L. M.
St. Olave's.

O H! may we with a steady faith
 Believe whate'er Jehovah saith!
 Then shall we glorify him more,
 And his unbounded love adore.

2 Did we but trust our heavenly Friend,
 And on his faithful word depend;
 Then should we fearless view the grave,
 And death itself no sting would have.

3 This faith would cheer our gloomiest way,
 And turn our darkness into day;
 While still our constant aim would be,
 O God, to live or die to thee.

494. *'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'* Matt. 26.39. C. M.
Manchester.

O NE prayer I have, all prayers in one,
 When I am wholly thine;
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

2 All wise, almighty, and all good,
 In thee I firmly trust;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee,
 Whate'er I have I owe;
 And back, in gratitude from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will?
 No; let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
 Of nothing long possess'd;
 And all must fail when I go home,
 For this is not my rest.

6 Write but my name upon the roll
 Of thy redeem'd above;
 Then heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
 Shall love thee for thy love.

495. *'After this manner pray ye.'* Matt. 6. 9. S. S. G.
Harwood.

O UR Father, whose eternal sway
 The bright angelic hosts obey,
 Oh! lend a pitying ear!
 When on thy awful Name we call,
 And at thy feet submissive fall,
 Bow down thine ear, and hear!

- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
And rebels to thy sceptre bend,
Yielding to sov'reign love ;
Make it our pleasure to fulfil,
On earth, the dictates of thy will,
As angels do above !
- 3 From thy kind hand each earthly good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come :
Lord, give us still a fresh supply ;
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God, which rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies ;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbour in that breast,
Which feels the love of heaven.
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
Oh! set our spirits free !
But if temptation shall assail,
Thy mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.
- 6 Thine is the power : to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs :
All glory to thy name !
Let every creature join our lays
In one resounding act of praise,
And all thy love proclaim.
496. *'If God so loved us,' &c.* 1 John 4. 11. G. M.
Gainsborough.
- O UR God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

- 2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of thee ;
For none who're truly born of God
Can live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same ;
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain contentious world
See how true Christians love ;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

497. '*Father which seeth in secret.*' Matt. 6. 6. C. M.
Sandbach.

OUR heavenly Father's piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night ;
In deep retirement he is nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There let that piercing eye survey
Our duteous homage paid ;
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O God ! may thy own heavenly fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love,
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

498. '*Driven with the wind and tossed.*' Jas. 1. 6. L. M.
St. Patrick.

PITY, dear Lord, thy feeble child,
By sin and Satan oft beguiled ;
Daily to thee I still return,
My sad inconstancy to mourn.

- 2 Thou seest me wav'ring to and fro,
 And toss'd with various winds that blow;
 Thou hast compassion for the weak,
 The bruised reed thou wilt not break.
- 3 O settle my unstable heart,
 Let me not from thy truth depart;
 Confirm my faith, increase my love,
 And fix my heart on things above.
- 4 Let my whole soul united be,
 By firmer ties, O Lord, to thee:
 Let me my few remaining days
 Be stedfast in thy work and ways.

499. 'More abundantly.' John 10. 10. L. M.
Teddington.

PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
 Who on so kind an errand came;
 Came, that by him his flock might live,
 And more abundant life receive.

- 2 Hail, great Emmanuel from above,
 High seated on thy throne of love!
 Pour thy life-giving Spirit down,
 Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive, we sigh and cry!
 Scarce raise to thee our languid eye!
 Kind Saviour, let our dying state
 Compassion in thy heart create:
- 4 The Shepherd's blood the sheep must heal;
 O may we all its influence feel;
 Till inward deep experience show,
 Christ can begin a heav'n below.

500. 'In quietness and in confidence.' Is. 30. 15. 6-7's.
Day.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Humble, upright, free from art;
 Make me as a little child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide
 Let me thankfully receive;
 What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care—
 Why should I the burden bear?

501. 'Return, O Lord, how long?' Ps. 90. 13. ^{L. M.} Devonshire.

RETURN to bless my waiting eyes,
 And cheer my mourning heart, O Lord!
 Without thee, all beneath the skies
 No real pleasure can afford.

2 When thy loved presence meets my sight,
 It softens care and sweetens toil;
 The sun shines forth with double light,
 The whole creation wears a smile.

3 Upon thine arm of love I rest,
 Thy gracious voice forbids my fear;
 No storms disturb my peaceful breast,
 No foes assault when thou art near.

4 Lord, hear my cry, and come again!
 Put all mine enemies to shame;
 And let them see 't is not in vain
 That I have trusted in thy name.

502. 'I will put thee in a cleft of the rock.' Ex. 33. 22. ^{6-7's.} Adamant.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy riven side which flow'd—
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling :
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;—
Wash me Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

503. '*Shall we continue in sin?*' Rom. 6. 1.

S. M.
Aylesbury.

SHALL we go on in sin,
Because thy grace abounds ?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God :
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 May we be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

504. '*The meek will He guide.*' Ps. 25. 9.

L. M.
Buxton.

SHEPHERD of souls, and God of grace,
Who know'st our feet are prone to stray ;
Help us, O Lord, thy path to trace,
And follow thee in all thy way.

2 With grateful, meek, and humble mind,
May we thy blest example see ;
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd ;
And hallow'd ev'ry thought to thee.

- 3 When trials vex, and griefs prevail,
 With lamb-like patience fill our breast ;
 When Satan and the world assail, ♡
 Near thee in safety may we rest.
- 4 So when at last, at thy right hand,
 The ransom'd flock their homage bring ;
 With them on Sion may we stand,
 And ever bless our Lord and King.

505. *'I said not, Seek ye me in vain.'* Is. 45.19. C. M.
St. Ann's.

- S**INNERS, of Adam's fallen race,
 Sinners by practice too ;
 In prayer, O God ! we seek thy face,
 In prayer for mercy sue.
- 2 No trembling penitent to thee
 E'er turn'd, and was denied ;
 Accept, O Lord ! our only plea,—
 For us thy Son hath died.
- 3 For him, thy gift, thy name we bless ;
 To us, for whom he died,
 Through faith impute his righteousness,
 And we are justified.
- 4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love !
 May we, for whom he died,
 Receive thy Spirit from above,
 And thus be sanctified.
- 5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
 Through Christ, who for us died ;
 May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
 With him be glorified.

506. *'The Christian Israel.'* Deut. 32. 9. 113th
Carey.

- S**TRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way.
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.

- 2 When we have number'd all our years,
 And stand at length on Jordan's brink ;
 Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
 O let not then the spirit sink !
 But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
 Plunge through the stream to rise above !

507. *'There arose a great storm.'* Mark 4. 37. ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
 Out of the depths to thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm ;
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still."

- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hopes on thee ;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.

- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

508. *'Night cometh when no man can work.'* John 9. 4. ^{L. M.} Buxton.

THE short-lived day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast ;
 With rapid speed the moments run
 In which the work of life is done.

- 2 I would not wish on earth to stay,
 Beyond this short, uncertain day ;
 But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
 The work appointed me below.

- 3 Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn ;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.
- 4 With willing heart and active hands,
Lord, I would practise thy commands ;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

509. '*We being many are one bread.*' 1Cor.10.17. ^{C. M.} Cambridge.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make ;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

510. '*God that performeth all things.*' Ps. 57. 2. ^{C. M.} Nayland.

THOU boundless source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil ;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will.

- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be;
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.
- 5 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.
- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If thou art with us there.

511. *'Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.'* Jer. 17. 14. C. M.
Bath.

- T**HOU gracious Lord, I fain would live
On thee from day to day;
Content with what thy love shall give,
Or what it takes away.
- 2 Since thou art pledged to fit my soul
For everlasting bliss;
I yield thee up the whole control,
I yield thee all for this.
- 3 My Father looks for penitence,
A godly sense of sin;
To me this sacred boon dispense,
And break this heart within.
- 4 A living faith my God demands;
Again I look to thee;
I cast myself upon thy hands;
Impart that faith to me.

- 5 My heavenly Father looks for fruit ;
 To thee I raise the eye :
 Be thou my never-failing root,
 And yield a rich supply.
- 6 Thy suretyship secures the end,—
 Eternal life in heaven :
 To thee may all my powers bend,
 My heart and soul be given.

512. *'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord.'* Rom. 14. 8. ^{C. M.} Arlington

THOU gracious God, my source of bliss—
 Oh! set my spirit free ;
 On earth my pray'r is simply this,
 That I may live to thee.

2 From nature's darkness thou didst bring
 My soul to bend her knee ;
 Be thou my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 That I may live to thee.

3 A rebel to that patient love
 Which waited long for me,
 My gratitude I fain would prove—
 Oh! let me live to thee.

4 I am a wayward child, I own,
 But mercy is my plea ;
 Then grant me succour from thy throne,
 And I shall live to thee.

513. *'Whom have I in heaven but Thee?'* Ps. 73. 25. ^{113th.} Bristol.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows ;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 And inly sigh for thy repose :
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of every motion there.
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found its all in thee.

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

4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
 And make it only know thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy Saviour, God, thine all:
 Oh! dwell in me, fill all my soul;
 And all my powers by grace control!

514. * *You hath He quickened.* Eph. 2. 1. L. M.
St. Olave's.

THOU Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Author of life, and light, and love;
 Exert thy power in every heart,
 And all thy gracious gifts impart.

2 If dead in sin's wide path we lie,
 Nor fear the second death to die;
 Thy quick'ning call in mercy give,
 "Ye dying souls, awake, and live."

3 In conflicts dark, of deep distress,
 When faith is weak, and fears oppress;
 O chase the sinking gloom away,
 And turn our darkness into day.

4 The cold and stony heart remove,
 And give us, Lord, a heart of love;
 Thy saving work of grace complete,
 And make our souls for glory meet.

5 Then quicken'd, taught, renew'd by thee,
 And led, through Christ, to victory;
 To God, omnipotent, we'll raise
 The song of love, and joy, and praise.

515. '*Christ is All, and in'all.*' Col. 3. 11. C. M.
Abridge.

THOU risen One! I look to thee,
 Give back that look again;
 For while thy presence dwells with me,
 All creature joys are vain.

2 One whisper of thy peace within,
 Begets a holy calm;
 I feel my soul released from sin,
 While leaning on thine arm.

3 Oh! what is all this passing scene,
 If thou art only near?
 Ere long, as though they had not been,
 Will all my griefs appear.

516. '*Bear ye one another's burdens.*' Gal. 6. 2. C. M.
Harrington.

TRY us, O God! and search the ground
 Of ev'ry evil heart:
 Whate'er of sin in us is found,
 Oh! bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Pity thy helpless sheep;
 Bring back our feet into the way,
 And there thy wand'ers keep.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord;
 Each others' burdens bear:
 Let each his friendly aid afford
 To soothe his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
 Help us ourselves to prove;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

517. 'Give Thy servant an,' &c. 1 Kings 3. 9. C. M.
Richmond.

WE ask not, Lord, for streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;

We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;

2 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;

We ask not pleasure, pomp, and pow'r,
Lest we should go astray;

3 We ask for Wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;

A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

518. 'Touched with the feeling,' &c. Heb. 4. 15. 113th.
Gardner 1.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;

On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced ev'ry human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 When aught shall tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;

To shun the precept's holy light,
Or quit my hold on Jesu's might;
May He, who felt temptation's power,
Still guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last;

Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

R

519. 'The anchor of the soul,' &c. Heb. 6. 19.

6-7's.
Day.

WHEN I hear the tempest rave
Wildly round my troubled heart ;
When no earthly power can save
From temptation's fiery dart ;
Jesus, let thy hand be nigh,
Hear my supplicating cry.

2 When my conscience knows no rest,
Lord, thy saving mercy bring ;
Give me shelter in thy breast,
Hide me underneath thy wing ;
With the blood which thou hast spilt
Cleanse me from the stains of guilt.

3 Let me, in the time of need,
To thy cross for succour flee ;
Then I shall be blest indeed,
If thou deign to smile on me :
Gracious Lord, my cause maintain,
Then my foes shall rage in vain.

520. 'There am I.' Matt. 18. 20.

L. M.
Buxton.

WHEN in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow ;
O ! this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

2 Jesus, in whom but thee, above,
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee ?

3 My flesh is hast'ning to decay ;
Soon shall the world have pass'd away :
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and being fail ?

4 But oh! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
 And I will triumph while I die:
 My strength, my portion is divine,
 And Jesus is for ever mine!

521. *'Hear Thou from the heavens.'* 2Chron.6.39. SEVENS.
German H.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe;
 When our bitter tears o'erflow:
 When we mourn the lost, the dear;
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
 Thou hast shed the human tear;
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

3. Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

4. When the heart is sad within,
 With the sense of all its sin;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

5. Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
 Though the sins were not thine own;
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
 Gracious Son of David, hear!

522. *'Shall the Sun of righteousness rise.'* Mal. 4. 2. 113th.
Carey.

WHEN streaming from the eastern skies
 The morning light salutes my eyes;
 O Sun of Righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine;
 Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
 And turn my darkness into day!

2. When to heaven's great and glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring;

And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name ;
 Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God !

523. *'The God of peace be with you all.'* Rom. 15. 37. ^{113th.}
 Eaton.

WHEN struggling passions rage within
 To gain the mastery of the soul,
 To drag me headlong into sin,

Despising reason's weak control ;

Then bid those struggling passions cease,

Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

2 When worldly cares my thoughts perplex,

With presage sad of future woes ;

When troubles keen my spirits vex,

The loss of friends, the hate of foes ;

Then bid those cares and troubles cease,

Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

3 When fears are strong and faith is weak,

When anxious doubts disturb my breast ;

And far and near I vainly seek

A short repose, and find no rest ;

Then bid those fears and doubtings cease,

Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

4 And when at length this earthly scene

Shall fade before my glimmering sight ;

Should clouds of darkness intervene

To hide thy beams of heavenly light ;

Then bid those clouds of darkness cease,

And take me to the realms of peace !

524. *'To increase and abound in love.'* 1 Thess. 3. 12. ^{L. M.}
 Wareham.

WHERE'ER we be, where'er we go,

May God the Father guide our way !

May Christ our Lord his mercy show,

And all his grace to us convey !

2 May he our mutual love increase,
 And make our love to all abound !
 And when he comes, in holiness
 Establish'd may our hearts be found.

3 Let us then tread, by Jesus taught,
 The ways our Father will approve ;
 O may we by his grace be brought
 Yet more and more those ways to love !

525.

'Seek peace.' Ps. 34. 14.

D. M.
Islington.

WHILE contests rend the Christian church,
 Oh may we live the friends of peace !
 The sacred mine of Scripture search,
 And learn from man, vain man, to cease.

2 O teach us, Lord, thy truth to know,
 And separate from all beside ;
 This would we guard from every foe,
 Nor fear the issue to abide.

3 Be ours to recommend thy grace,
 That sinners may believe and live ;
 That they who live may run the race,
 And then the crown of life receive.

4 Lord, search our hearts, O search them through,
 And there destroy what's not thine own ;
 Whene'er we speak, whate'er we do,
 O may we seek thy praise alone !

526.

'Thanks be unto God.' 2 Cor. 9. 15.

L. M.
Bristol.

WHILE heav'nly bounty crowns my days,
 Let my whole life be spent in praise :
 O God of love, to me impart
 That precious gift, a thankful heart.

2 Thou hast my ev'ry want supplied ;
 To save my soul thy Son hath died :
 I taste the blessings of thy love ;
 O let me not unthankful prove.

- 3 O save me from the dreadful snare
Of discontent and earthly care ;
Lest I through unbelief depart
From thee, with an unthankful heart.
- 4 Thy sharpest strokes are strokes of love,
Thy frowns a healing med'cine prove ;
I 'll wear thy yoke, my faithful God,
Nor be unthankful for thy rod.
- 5 Thy vows are on me, Lord ; I 'll raise
To thee a monument of praise ;
To thee the grateful tribute give :
O let me not unthankful live.

527. *'As a man chasteneth his son.'* Deut. 8. 5.

L. M.
Hedley.

- W**HY is my heart with grief opprest ?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest—
Forget that God, thy God, is near ?
- 2 Hast thou not often call'd the Lord
Thy refuge, thy almighty friend ?
And canst thou fear to trust that word
On which thy hopes of heaven depend ?
- 3 Lord, form my temper to thy will ;
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May every painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love.
- 4 O may this weak, this fainting mind
A father's hand adoring see ;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee.

528. *'These all died in faith.'* Heb. 11. 13.

L. M.
Warcham.

- W**ITH wand'ring Jacob, let us say,
" If God will keep me by the way ;
Guide and defend me, clothe and feed,
Then God shall be my God indeed."

- 2 With him who led the ransom'd flock
Through the Red Sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
"Thy presence with us go or rest."
- 3 Join we God's people in our youth,
Quit the vain world, like humble Ruth,
With them resolved our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live or die.
- 4 Like Joshua, through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife;
May each this solemn pledge record,
"I and my house will serve the Lord."
- 5 When prayers and vows to heaven we make
The words of Solomon we'll take;
Freely for every blessing call,
Yet ask forgiveness with them all.
- 6 And now, O Lord our God, to thee
The sum of our petitions be
The language of thy blessed Son,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

 PENITENTIAL.

529. 'To whom shall we go?' John 6. 68. S. M.
Aylesbury.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show
And pour out my complaint?

- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet for him I stay!

- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see :
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

530. ' *Therefore have I hope.*' Lam. 3. 21.

L. M.
Buxton.

- A**ND shall a sinful worm complain
Of weary days and nights of pain ?
Dare I arraign the will of God,
Who bought me with his precious blood ?
- 2 Are not my times within his hand ?
Are not these pains at his command ?
Do I not hear him sweetly say,
"Strength shall be given as thy day ?"
- 3 Oh ! may these light afflictions prove
Means to increase my faith and love ;
And may I meekly bear the cross,
In mercy sent to purge my dross !
- 4 Am I not his, his purchased one,
A burning brand from Satan won ?
Have I a grief he does not share ?
A pang he helps me not to bear ?
- 5 Oh, no ! Immanuel guards my bed,
His arm of love supports my head ;
Like John, I lean upon his breast,
And find in him a perfect rest.

6 Then welcome, trials ; welcome, pains ;
 While Jesus thus my soul sustains,
 He will receive my parting breath,
 And guide me through the vale of death.

531. ' *Speak the word only.*' Matt. 8. 8. S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

AND wilt thou yet be found ?
 And may I still draw near ?
 Then listen to the plaintive sound
 Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
 For still the same thou art ;
 To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
 Lift up a helpless heart.

3 The daily death I prove,
 Saviour, to thee is known :
 'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
 And not my God alone.

4 My sinful passions chide,
 Who only canst control,
 Canst turn the stream of nature's tide,
 And calm my troubled soul.

5 O my offended Lord !
 Restore my inward peace ;
 I know thou canst : pronounce the word,
 And bid the tempest cease.

6 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

532. ' *I abhor myself.*' Job. 42. 6. C. M.
St. Mary's.

APPEAR, great God, appear to me,
 That, by myself abhorr'd,
 Ashamed I may for ever be
 Before my glorious Lord :

- 2 That only sight can pride abase,
Can force me to submit,
Which makes archangels veil their face,
And tremble at thy feet!

533. *'Ask, and it shall be given you.'* Matt. 7. 7. C. M.
London N.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

534. *'My sin is ever before me.'* Ps. 51. 3. C. M.
Bedford.

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

- 2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time, unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

- 3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
 And when thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 Oh! speed my soul to thee.

535. '*Uphold me with Thy free spirit.*' Ps. 51. 12. L. M.
St. Patrick.

A WAKE from sin's delusive sleep,
 My heavy guilt I feel and weep:
 Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
 I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of bliss above,
 Shed down a look of heavenly love;
 That balm shall sweeten all my pain,
 And bid my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,
 My ruin'd nature now restore;
 And let my life and temper shine,
 In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

536. '*Blot out my transgressions.*' Ps. 51. 1. L. M.
St. Pancras.

B LOT out my sins, Redeemer, God,
 In the pure fountain of thy blood!
 Till thou the healing stream apply,
 I fear thy dreadful Majesty.

2 See how the swelling waters roll,
 Threat'ning to drown my sinking soul;
 Command the angry surge to cease,
 And breathe a calm, celestial peace.

3 I know thy promises engage
 To keep from fire and tempests' rage;
 But naked truths no comfort give,
 Without the power by which they live.

4 Some reconciling word impart,
 To heal my poor blacksliding heart;
 A heart, though prone to every ill,
 That fain would love and serve thee still.

5 Like Peter, Lord, I've thee forsook,
Turn, cast on me a gracious look ;
E'en heaven would be no heaven to me,
Without that look of love from thee.

537. 'Spare Thy people,' &c. Joel 2. 17.

DBL. 7's
Hotham.

• **B**Y thy birth and early years ;
By thy griefs, and sighs, and tears ;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

2 By thy woe intensely great,
Agony, and bloody sweat ;
By thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn ;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon thy honour'd name ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

3 By thy passion, cross, and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
By thy power from death to save ;
By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
Giver of the Holy Ghost ;
Look on us with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

538. 'Is not My word,' &c. Jer. 23. 29.

C. W.
Windsor.

COME, 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 Oh! that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn:
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

539. *'The Lord turned and looked on Peter.'* Luke 22.61. C. M. Abridge

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace;
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,
From Jesus to depart.

3 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh;
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

4 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

540. *'Who is a Godlike unto Thee?'* Micah 7.18.

DBL. 7's.
Hotham.

DEPH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 2 Pity from thine eye let fall;
 By a look my soul recall;
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and break my heart.
 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament;
 Now my sad revolt deplore;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

541. 'And wept over it.' Luke 19. 41. S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wond'ring angels see!
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep:
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

542. 'I will arise,' &c. Luke 15. 18. TENS.

FATHER, again in Jesu's name we meet,
 And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
 Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
 To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

2 Oh! we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
 And all thy work from day to day declare:
 Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?
 Does not thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
 Too oft our feet from thee, our Father, rove:
 But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
 Returning sinners to a Father's home.

- 4 Oh by that name in whom all fulness dwells!
 Oh by that love which ev'ry love excels!
 Oh by that blood so freely shed for sin!
 Open bless'd mercy's gate, and take us in.

543. *'Renew a right spirit within me.'* Ps. 51. 10. 113th.
Eaton.

FATHER 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 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 loathe myself and sin.

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

544. *'O wretched man that I am.'* Rom. 7. 24. SEVENS.
German H.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 Oh! restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs!

2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Fill'd with grief and shame, we own :
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne !

5 God of mercy, God of grace !
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 Oh ! restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs !

545. *'God be merciful to me a sinner.'* Lukel8.13. ^{L. M.} St. Patrick.

HEAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
 For I have nowhere else to fly :
 My only hope I cast on thee ;
 " O God, be merciful to me."

2 I've nothing, Lord, wherein to trust ;
 To thee I come a sinner lost ;
 Mercy alone I make my plea ;
 " O God, be merciful to me."

3 Jesus has died ! and while I mourn
 My sins, and see his body torn,
 To his atoning blood I flee ;
 In him " be merciful to me !"

4 Sinful indeed I am, and vile ;
 Yet give me, Lord, one pard'ning smile ;
 And where thou art, oh, let me be !
 Saviour, " be merciful to me."

546. *'An evil thing and bitter,' &c.* Jer. 2. 19. ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

HOW could I sin against thy love,
 Thou blessed, undefiled One ?
 How could I grieve thy heavenly Dove,
 By what my sinful soul has done ?

2 Oh ! wash me in thy cleansing blood,
 And work repentance deep within ;
 And let thy Spirit stem the flood
 That gushes from the seat of sin.

3 Lord, give me grace to watch and pray
 Against that thing which love denies;
 And wean me from each wilful way,
 Till nature struggles, gasps, and dies.

4 Dear Lord, this sinful heart of mine
 Is bound to thee by vows and grace;
 But thou alone canst make it thine;
 Oh! cleanse it for thy dwelling-place.

547. *'As the early dew it goeth away.'* Hos. 6. 4. C. M.
Arlington.

INCONSTANT service we repay,
 And treach'rous vows renew;
 False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
 And transient as the dew.

2 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
 And loud implore thy grace,
 To bear our feeble footsteps on
 In all thy righteous ways.

3 Arm'd with this energy divine,
 Our souls shall steadfast move,
 And with increasing comfort press
 On to thy courts above.

548. *'Lord, save us, we perish.'* Matt. 8. 25. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly 2.

JESUS, boundless in compassion,
 On thy pow'r my hopes rely;
 From the waves of deepest sorrow,
 Listen to a sinner's cry.

"Lord, I perish,"

Save, oh! save me, or I die!

2 Plunged beneath the rolling billows,
 And no friend, no helper near,
 See me lost, and lost for ever,
 Shouldst thou not for me appear.

Jesus, save me!

Oh! dispel my gloomy fear.

- 3 Whither can a wretched outcast
 Seek relief, but in thine aid ?
 Whither look but to thy temple,
 Helpless, guilty, and afraid ;
 Great Redeemer !
 All my soul on thee is stay'd.

549. ' *Quicken Thou me.*' Ps. 119. 25. L. M.
Rockingham.

- J**ESUS demands this heart of mine,
 Demands my love, my joy, my care ;
 But ah ! how dead to things divine,
 How cold my best affections are !
- 2 'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful power,
 Divides my Saviour from my sight ;
 Oh ! for one happy, shining hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, thy love can raise
 My captive powers from sin and death ;
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last, expiring breath.

550. ' *Put me in remembrance.*' Is. 43. 26. C. M.
Bedford.

- J**ESUS, thy power I fain would feel ;
 Thy love is all I want :
 Oh ! let thine ears consider well
 The voice of my complaint !
- 2 O Jesus, undertake for me :
 Thy peace to me be given !
 For while I stand away from thee,
 I stand away from heaven !
- 3 I will not my offence conceal,
 I will not hide my sin ;
 But all my crimes with weeping tell,
 And own how vile I've been.
- 4 Lord, will thy wrathful jealousy
 Like fire for ever burn ?
 And wilt thou not a succour be,
 And comfort those that mourn ?

- 5 Reject not, Lord, my humble prayers;
 Nor yet my soul destroy:
 Hath not my Saviour sown in tears,
 That I might reap in joy?

551. *'Lamented after the Lord.'* 1 Sam. 7. 2. L. M.
Buxton.

LOOK from on high, great God, and see
 Thy saints lamenting after thee;
 The tokens of thy presence give,
 And now thy gracious word revive.

2 How did thy ancient people mourn,
 And wish to see thy kind return!
 We too have cause to weep and pray,
 For mercy in the trying day.

3 We mourn, we languish, and complain;
 O God, revive thy work again;
 Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
 And let our foes prevail no more.

4 Thy presence in thy house afford;
 To ev'ry heart apply thy word;
 That sinners may their danger see,
 And now begin to mourn for thee.

552. *'I will look against thy holy,' &c.* Jon. 2. 4. C. M.
Manchester.

LORD, we have broke thy holy laws,
 And slighted all thy grace;
 And justly thy avenging wrath
 Might cast us from thy face.

2 To thee, in our Redeemer's name,
 We raise our humble cries;
 May these our prayers, perfumed by him,
 Like grateful incense rise.

3 Oh! never may our hopeless eyes
 An absent God deplore,
 Where the blest temples of thy love
 Shall stand reveal'd no more.

- 4 Far from those regions of despair
 Appoint our souls a place,
 Where not a frown through endless years
 Shall veil thy smiling face.

553. '*Thou canst make me clean.*' Matt. 7. 2. 8. 7.
Haydn.

LORD, whose grace, in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stains away;
 Jesus, from thy holy dwelling,
 Hear us, help us when we pray!
 From the filth of vice and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage;
 Evil thoughts, and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth, and selfish age;

- 2 From the lusts, whose deep pollution
 Adam's elder taint disclose;
 From the tempter's dark intrusion,
 And from everlasting woes;
 From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene;
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus, Master, make us clean!

554. '*O save me, for Thy mercies' sake.*' Ps. 6. 4. C. M.
Arlington.

MERCY alone can meet my case;
 For mercy, Lord, I cry;
 Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
 In mercy, or I die.

- 2 Save me, for none beside can save:
 At thy command I tread,
 With failing step, life's stormy wave:
 The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just;
 But wilt thou leave me?—No:
 I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
 I will not let thee go.

- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

555. 'Fled for refuge,' &c. Heb. 6. 18.

S. M.
Aylesbury.

- M**Y former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come!"
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day, that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

556. 'Look not behind thee.' Gen. 19. 17.

L. M.
Devonshire.

- M**Y God! and can I linger still,
With coward heart and wavering will,
Loth from my sins to be set free,
Still loth to give my sins to thee?

- 2 My Maker! whose creative word
Being, with all its powers, conferr'd;
I hold my all from thee alone:
Shall I not render thee thine own?
- 3 My Saviour! who didst drink for me
The bitter cup of agony;
Can I so long ungrateful prove
To suffering, dying, pardoning love?
- 4 Spirit of Life! whose voice within,
Oft warns my conscious soul of sin;
Still shall my heart to thee be closed,
And thou still grieved, and still opposed?
- 5 But is there mercy, Lord, with thee?
And hope for me? yes, e'en for me?
And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And look on me, and bid me live?
- 6 O great our highest thought above,
Untold, unfathomable love!
Lord, I with joy thy word receive,
And love, and wonder, and believe.

557. *'Wilt Thou not revive us again?'* Ps.85. 6. ^{L. M.} Uffingham.

- M**Y gracious Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?
- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If thou indeed hast set me free;
Why am I thus, if thou hast died,
If thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.

- 4 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song :
Faintly ascends the imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.
- 5 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair ;
By conscience dragg'd or custom led,
I come ; nor know that God is there !
- 6 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart !
And guard the gifts thyself hast given :
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

558.

'O turn unto me.' Ps. 86. 16.

L. M.
St. Patrick's.

- M**Y soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !
- 2 Lost and undone, for aid I cry ;
In thy death, Saviour, let me die !
Grieved with thy grief, pain'd with thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will,
With thy meek lowliness to fill ;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will, may mine be lost !
- 4 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 5 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

559. '*A broken and contrite heart.*' Ps. 51. 17. C. M.
St. David's.

- O** FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow!
- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

560. '*In the day of my trouble I will call.*' Ps. 86. 7. L. M.
St. Pancras.

- O** GOD, my refuge and my all,
On thee for help I loudly call;
Where else can wretched sinners fly,
When danger and distress are nigh.
- 2 My soul, with conscious guilt oppress'd,
Can find no comfort, ease, or rest;
O bring thy pard'ning mercy near,
Remove my sins, subdue my fear.
- 3 A tempest from the frowning skies
Fills me with terror and surprise;
The waves of grief like mountains roll
To overwhelm my fainting soul.
- 4 O let my poor distracted mind
In thee relief and comfort find;
Be thou my rock and refuge nigh,
And save me e'er I sink and die.

561. '*Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*' Luke 17. 13. L. M.
St. Patrick.

- O** JESUS! full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face—
In mercy look, and take me in.

- 2 Thou know'st 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!
- 3 The stone to flesh, O Lord! convert;
The veil of sin once more remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love.
- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
And to thy yoke my spirit bow.

562. '*Be merciful unto me, O Lord.*' Ps. 86. 3. L. M.
Devonshire.

- O LORD! how merciful art thou!
Although of sinners we are chief;
Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
In humble hope to find relief.
- 2 O Saviour! why should we despair,
Since for the vilest thou didst die?
Wilt thou not hear the sinner's prayer?
Wilt thou not hear his secret sigh?
- 3 Cleanse thou the thoughts of ev'ry heart,
Help us to live to thee alone;
Thy gracious Spirit now impart,
And take away the heart of stone.

563. '*I have surely heard,*' &c. Jer. 31. 18. L. M.
Buxton.

- O LORD my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!
- 2 O! pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain?

3 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling;
 I'll crouch beneath his shelt'ring wing;
 I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
 Me, even me, his love may spare.

564. 'My hope is in Thee.' Ps. 39. 7.

C. M.
 Arlington.

O LORD! turn not thy face away
 From them who prostrate lie;
 Lamenting sore their sinful lives,
 With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide
 To all who mourn their sin;
 Oh shut them not against us, Lord!
 But let us enter in.

3 We come, Lord, to thy throne of grace,
 Where mercy does abound;
 Desiring mercy for our sin,
 To heal our sin's deep wound.

4 Mercy, O Lord! mercy we ask:
 This is the total sum;
 For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer:
 Oh, let thy mercy come!

565. 'I am poor and needy.' Ps. 86. 1.

S. M.
 Aylesbury.

O THAT I could repent!
 From all my idols part;
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief opprest
 For having grieved my God;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 With soft'ning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

566. 'Teach me Thy way.' Ps. 86. 11.

S. M.
Levens.

O THOU who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone;
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown!

2 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be;
Confirm my faith, increase my love,
And draw my soul to thee.

567. 'Draw me, we will run after Thee.' Sol. Song. 1. 4. ^{C. M.} St. Ann's.

O THOU, whose tender mercies hear
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tear
From sorrow's weeping eye:

2 See! low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

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

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

568. 'There is forgiveness with Thee.' Ps. 130. 4.

113th.
Eaton.

O 'T IS enough, my God, my God!
Now let me give my wand'rings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy ling'ring 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!

569. 'Save in the Cross,' &c. Gal. 6. 14.

C. M.
 Abridge.

O H, if my soul were form'd for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins, my gracious Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God;
 Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart hath so decreed:
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

570. 'To give repentance,' &c. Acts 5. 31. DBL. S. M.
 Aylesbury.

O H that I could repent!
 Oh that I could believe!
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave!

Thou, by thy two-edged 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 the load remove :
 Wound ; and pour in, the wound to heal,
 The balm of pard'ning love.

571. '*A place called Gethsemane.*' Matt. 26. 36. L. M. St. Patrick.

OPPRESS'D with grief, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
 Where can I find a refuge near ?
 Dear Saviour, unto thee I flee,
 O ! hide me in Gethsemane.

- 2 My sins assume an awful form ;
 Around I view the rising storm ;
 I fly, my only Lord, to thee,
 O ! hide me in Gethsemane.

- 3 In that sweet garden, thou didst bear
 Of guilt and pain my awful share ;
 Thy bleeding form methinks I see,
 Extended in Gethsemane.

- 4 O ! fill my heart with fervent love ;
 To thee let each affection move ;
 From sin preserve me ever free,
 While shelter'd in Gethsemane.

572. '*They that are sick.*' Matt. 9. 12. C. M. London N.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case ;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.

- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine ;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin ?
 No words of mine can fully paint
 That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
 And set my spirit free :
 Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
 Who longs to live to thee ?

573. *'Out of the depths have I cried.'* Ps. 130. 1. C. M.
Arlington.

- P**ROSTRATE, O Lord, before thy feet,
 A guilty sinner lies,
 And upward to the Mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice drive me hence !
 Stay, stay the dreadful storm !
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a fallen worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe ;
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt ;
 No tears but those which Jesus shed,
 No blood but that he spilt.
- 5 Think of his sorrows, gracious Lord,
 And all my sins forgive ;
 Justice will well approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

574. 'To him that is of a contrite spirit.' Is. 66. 2. C. M.
St. Ann's.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 't is only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

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

575. 'The Lord is my Rock.' Ps. 18. 2. S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

THE sins of youth and age
Aloud for vengeance cry ;
What satisfaction can I make,
Or where for shelter fly ?

2 Jesus, a rock thou art,
Ordain'd by heaven to be
A refuge to the trembling soul ;
And why not such to me ?

3 Secured from every ill,
Exempt from every fear ;
Eternal wrath will never reach,
No arrow pierce me there.

576. 'Let Israel hope in the Lord.' Ps. 130. 7. L. M.
Rockingham.

THE mourning sinner thou wilt hear,
And not despise his humble pray'r ;
For while thou dost correct his sins,
Thy heart to pity still inclines.

2 O wondrous grace, that can forgive
Wretches who don't deserve to live!
No longer thy displeasure burns,
When once the prodigal returns.

3 May we thy promised mercy prove,
And witness thy forgiving love;
Teach us with all thy saints to know
Thou canst be just, yet gracious too.

577. *'Return, ye backsliding children.'* Jer. 3. 22. L. M.
Buxton.

THINE eyes, O Lord, the sheep behold,
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold;
That guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again.

2 Behold,—for mercy dwells with thee,—
Behold a sinner bend the knee!
To thee, O Lord, to thee I pray!
My night illumine, and guide my day.

578. *'I am brought very low.'* Ps. 142. 6. 113th.
Eaton.

THOU Lamb of God, for whom alone
We suffer pain, and shame, and loss;
Hear thine afflicted servants groan,
Crush'd by the burden of thy cross;
And bear our fainting spirits up,
And bless the bitter, sacred cup.

2 But wilt thou not at last appear,
Into thy hand the matter take?
We look to no protector here,
But thee our only refuge make;
To thee, O righteous Judge, appeal,
And wait in faith, thy holy will.

3 Thou wilt not shut thy bowels up,
Or justice to the weak deny;
Thy mercy's ear thou wilt not stop
Against the mourning prisoner's cry;
Who ever make our humble moan,
And look for help to thee alone.

- 4 Then help us meekly to sustain
 The cross of man's oppressive power;
 To slight the shame, endure the pain,
 And calmly wait the welcome hour,
 Which brings the fiery chariot down
 And takes us to our heavenly crown.

579. *'Blessed is he whose transgression,' &c.* Ps. 32. 1. S. M. Aylesbury.

- T**HOU Lord of all above,
 And all below the sky;
 Prostrate before thy feet I fall
 And for thy mercy cry.
- 2 Forgive my follies past,
 The sins which I have done;
 Oh, bid a contrite sinner live,
 Through thine incarnate Son.
- 3 The burden which I feel,
 Thou only canst remove;
 Do thou display thy pard'ning grace,
 And thine unbounded love.
- 4 One gracious look of thine
 Will ease my troubled breast:
 Oh! let me know my sins forgiven,
 And I shall then be blest.

- 580. *'Quicken Thou me.'* Ps. 119. 25. S. M. Aylesbury.

- T**HY miracles of love
 To me no joy impart;
 In me no tender passions move,
 Oh! my unfeeling heart.
- 2 When, Lord, to thee I turn,
 Nail'd to the accursed tree,
 With no transporting love I burn,
 Although thou diedst for me!
- 3 When I my sins recall,
 To pass before my eye;
 Scarce one bewailing tear will fall,
 I scarce can heave one sigh.

4 Thy promises I lay
Close to my pained breast;
Fain would I hope, hope flees away,
And still I find no rest.

5 Thus dark must I walk on
In fear and misery;
And never shall my bosom glow
With fervent love to thee?

6 Unclose, unclose these eyes!
Pour in the long'd-for day;
Before me bid thy glory rise!
My darkness chase away!

581. '*Thou hast searched me.*' Ps. 139. 1. L. M.
Rockingham.

THY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways;
Teach us their tendency to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been!
A maze of foolishness and sin!
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our guide, our souls are lost.

3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
So fatally our feet had stray'd,
Stern justice had its pris'ners led
Down to the chambers of the dead.

4 O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain;
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's hill.

582. '*I will arise and go to my father.*' Luke 15. 18. L. M.
St. Pancras.

TO thee, my God! though late, I turn;
For all my crimes at last I mourn:
O Lord! thy mercy I implore,
And grace, that I may sin no more.

- 2 Prolong awhile this fleeting breath,
That I may now prepare for death:
My God! let my repentance last,
And pardon my transgressions past.
- 3 Oh, by the passion of thy Son,
Whose sacred death man's life begun;
By that which our redemption cost,
Christ's blood, once shed to save the lost;
- 4 Let Justice throw the sword away,
Let sov'reign mercy bear the sway;
Save us, amidst our lives to come,
In death, and at the day of doom.

583. '*Righteous art thou, O Lord.*' Ps. 119. 137. L. M. Devonshire.

TO thee, my God, I make my plaint;
To thee my trembling soul draws near:
Let not thy chast'ning make me faint,
Nor guilt o'erwhelm me with despair.

2 What though thou frown, to try my faith?
What though thy heavy hand afflict?
Thou wilt not give me up to death,
Nor enter into judgment strict.

3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Thy rod commands me to repent;
If with my sin compared, 't is light,
And all in faithfulness is sent.

4 Though thou severely with me deal,
Still will I in thy mercy trust;
Accomplish in me all thy will:
Only remember, I am dust.

584. '*Turn thou me, and I shall,*' &c. Jer. 31. 18. L. M. Uffingham.

TURN me to thee, O God, most high;
O save me, save me, or I die;
And let a wretched sinner prove
The riches of thy sov'reign love.

- 2 May pow'r divine my heart renew,
And all the carnal mind subdue ;
I would not make a formal show,
And not thy saving mercy know.
- 3 If I a slave to Satan be,
Thy mighty arm can set me free:
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait;
Have pity on my helpless state.
- 4 If sin has still the sov'reign rule,
Release my captivated soul;
Thy pow'rful word alone can break
The hated yoke from off my neck.
- 5 Let holiness become my choice;
In thee let all my powers rejoice;
Be thou my hope and portion still,
And perfect in me all thy will.

585. 'In those days,' &c. Jer. 1. 4, 5.

S. M.
Levens.

- W**E would no longer live
To disobey thee, Lord;
To us thy promised Spirit give,
And rule us by thy word.
- 2 With inward grief we mourn,
Before thy awful face;
And with a melting heart return
To supplicate thy grace.
- 3 Dear Lord, we would be thine,
And never leave thee more:
Save us from every reigning sin;
Our wand'ring souls restore.
- 4 With humble faith we claim
The blessings thou hast given;
And, trusting in the Saviour's name,
Pursue the path to heaven.

586. *'O visit me with thy salvation.'* Ps. 106. 4. L. M.
St. Olave's.

WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time;
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight;
Sighs for a distant, happier clime!
2 'Tis just, 'tis right: thus He ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.
3 In thee we would behold our rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky;
Visit, O Lord, each mourning breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.
4 Cheerful, our hearts shall then survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And, patient, keep the heavenly way,
Which leads us homeward to our God.

587. *'Behold we come unto Thee.'* Jer. 3. 22. 113th
Carey.

WEARY of wand'ring 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 Oh! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' 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 t' offend thee more.

588. *'Look Thou upon us.'* Ps. 119. 132. C. M.
Irish.

WHEN all thy gracious acts to me
Repass before these eyes;
The more I think, the more I see,
But fills me with surprise.

- 2 Unweari'd love has crown'd my days,
 And fill'd my cup of bliss ;
 Yet faint has been my song of praise,
 A poor return for this.
- 3 Yea, often has this heart of mine,
 To grateful feelings dead,
 Abused those very gifts of thine
 Which crown'd my sinful head.
- 4 Oh ! let thy wondrous patience melt
 This senseless heart of stone ;
 And make thy vast forbearance felt,
 And praise ascend thy throne.

589. '*I remember the days of old.*' Ps. 143. 5.

SIXES.

WHEN, Lord, my former years
 Through all their course I trace,
 How large the sum appears
 Of mercy and of grace !

2 But still my languid heart
 Beats dull and cold within,
 Still hesitates to part
 With all the toys of sin.

3 Still, still it clings around
 The idols of my love,
 And all its joys are found
 Afar from joys above.

4 Oh ! let thy Spirit warm
 This icy breast of mine ;
 Break, break each earthly charm,
 And make me wholly thine.

590. '*Instruments of unrighteousness.*' Rom. 6. 13

8. 8. 6.
 Harwood.

WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, this revolving breast
 Would past offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black review ;
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The power of changing grace !

- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defiled,
 These feet, to erring paths beguiled,
 In heavenly league agree :
 Who would believe such lips could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding ways
 Should ever lead to thee ?
- 3 These eyes, that once abused their sight,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
 And weep a silent flood :
 These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer ;
 Oh ! wash away the stains they wear
 In thy redeeming blood !
- 4 These ears, that pleased could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board ;
 Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And long to hear thy word.
- 5 Thus art thou served in every part ;
 Oh ! more and more transform my heart ;
 This drossy heart refine ;
 That grace may nature's strength control,
 And a new creature—body, soul—
 Be, Lord, for ever thine !

591. *'I sought Him, but I could not,' &c.* Sol. Song. 5. 6. ^{148th.} Farnham.

WHERE is my Saviour now,
 Whose smiles I once possess'd ?
 Till he return, I bow,
 By heaviest grief oppress'd ;
 My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.

- 2 Where can the mourner go,
 And tell his tale of grief ?
 Ah ! who can soothe his woe,
 And give him sweet relief ?

Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

- 3 Jesus, thy smiles impart ;
My faithful Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn :
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

592. *'More than conquerors through Him.'* Rom. 8. 37. L. M. Buxton.

WHERE'ER I turn my eyes within,
What loads of guilt, what depths of sin,
Like oceans deep, like mountains high,
Call for the vengeance of the sky !

- 2 But Jesus comes ! the mighty Lord !
He wields the bright celestial sword ;
The strong man arm'd is forced to fly,
Whilst angels chant the victory.

- 3 Come, mighty conqueror of the heart,
Subdue my soul in every part ;
Ascend thy long-usurped throne :
Be thou my king, and thou alone.

593. *'Ye shall seek Me, and find Me.'* Jer. 29. 13. C. M. Bedford.

WITH guilt oppress'd, bow'd down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan ;
Give me, dear Lord, a heart of flesh,
Remove this heart of stone.

- 2 A burden'd sinner, lo ! I come,
An heir of death and hell ;
Oh ! seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.
- 3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see ;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
My Saviour died for me.

- 4 Oh! give this realizing faith,
 This soul-supporting view;
 Till old things be for ever past,
 And all within be new.

594. *'What must I do to be saved.'* Acts 16. 30. ^{L. M.} St. Patrick's.

WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
 My guilty soul for mercy cries;
 What shall I do, or whither flee,
 T' escape the vengeance due to me?

2 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
 In childhood, youth, and growing years!
 Before thy pure, discerning eye,
 Lord, what a sinful wretch am I!

3 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
 Death and destruction are my due;
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
 And bid a dying sinner live.

4 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
 Salvation free in Jesu's name?
 To him I look, and humbly cry,
 "Oh! save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

595. *'Arise, shine, for thy light is come.'* Is. 60. 1. ^{L. M.} Pergolesi.

ARISE, arise, with joy survey
 The glory of the latter day;
 Already is the dawn begun
 Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 The north gives up; the south no more
 Keeps back her consecrated store;
 From east to west the message runs,
 And both the Indies yield their sons.

- 3 Auspicious dawn ! thy rising ray
 With joy we view, and hail the day :
 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 And fill the world with glad surprise.

596. *'That the word of the Lord,'* &c. 2 Thess. 3. 1. L. M.
Cook.

- A**RISE, in all thy splendour, Lord,
 Let power attend thy gracious word ;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 And show the glories of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
 And be thou known th' almighty God ;
 Make bare thine arm—thy power display,
 While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.
- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace,
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease ;
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
 That all the world thy power may own.

597. *'Awake, O arm of the Lord.'* Is. 51. 9. L. M.
Stonefield.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
 And let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
 " I am Jehovah, God alone :"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favour come :
 Oh bring the tribes of Israel home !
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name ;
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

598. *'Door of faith unto the Gentiles.'* Acts 14.27 L. M.
Warrington

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, great King! we stand :
The voice that marshall'd every star
Has call'd thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise—
Our hopes revive, our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—to each impart
The single eye—the faithful heart !

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;
Recall the wandering spirits home :
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

599. *'A nation born in a day.'* Is. 66. 8. L. M.
Islington.

AWAKE, all-conqu'ring arm, awake,
And hell's extensive empire shake :
Assert the honours of thy throne,
And call the ruin'd world thy own.

2 Thine all-successful pow'r display ;
Produce a nation in a day ;
For at thy word this barren earth
Shall travail with a gen'ral birth.

3 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death ;
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,
Like waving corn before the winds.

4 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure
A world, where thou art known no more :
Transform it, Lord, by conq'ring love ;
And take them to the realms above.

600. *'White already to harvest.'* John 4. 35. ^{L. M.} Tranquillity.

BEHOLD th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear!

Behold the wilderness assume

The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

2 Events with prophecies conspire

To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:

The rip'ning fields, already white,

Present a harvest to the sight.

3 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,

In the bless'd labour share a part;

Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring,

To aid the triumph of our King.

4 Let us improve the heavenly gale,

Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail,

Till north, and south, and east, and west,

Shall be with thy salvation bless'd.

5 Where'er thy hand hath spread the skies,

Sweet incense to thy name shall rise;

And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,

By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

601. *'Let the whole earth be filled with,' &c.* Ps. 62. 19. ^{8. 7. 4.} Calvary.

BRIGHTER than meridian splendour
Beams Messiah's spotless fame;

Him we hail, our firm defender;

Him let every tongue proclaim.

He is precious;

He is gracious;

He for ever is the same.

2 Lord of glory! Source of favour!

Bid thy heralds take their stand:

Let thy name's reviving savour

Wake each dark and drowsy land.

Saviour, hear us;

Speak, and cheer us,

When we lift the suppliant hand.

3 Thou art all! and all adore thee,
 Where they hymn one ceaseless song:
 Soon shall earth, subdued before thee,
 Peal thy name her tribes among.
 Sons of glory,
 Chant the story,
 And your deep amen prolong!

602. *'Breathe upon these slain.'* Ezek. 37. 9. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

COME, thou mighty King of kings,
 Rise with healing in thy wings;
 Bare thine arm and ride on high,
 Glorious in thy majesty.

2 North and south, and east and west,
 All are waiting to be blest;
 Come and bless them, Prince of peace,
 Give their fetter'd souls release.

3 Thus shall earth's extended frame
 Swell the trophies of thy name,
 And redeemed souls confess
 "Jesus is our righteousness."

4 Saviour, send thy Spirit down,
 By his work thy pleasure crown;
 If he breathe not on the slain,
 All our efforts are in vain.

603. *'The Sun of Righteousness arise.'* Mal. 4. 2. 8. 7.
Vesper.

EARTH is but the land of shadows,
 Faintly tipt with glow-worm light;
 Where the prince of darkness reigneth,
 Presage of eternal night.
 O! thou Sun of glorious splendour,
 Shine with healing in thy wing;
 Chase away these shades of darkness;
 Holy light and comfort bring.

- 2 Let the heralds of salvation
 Round the earth with joy proclaim,
 Death and hell are spoil'd and vanquish'd
 Through the great Immanuel's name.
 Take thy power, Almighty Saviour,
 Claim the nations for thine own :
 Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
 Till each heart become thy throne !

604. '*I the Lord will hasten it.*' Is. 60. 22. L. M.
Wareham.

FATHER of mercies ! speed the hour ;
 Thy kingdom come on earth with power ;
 Let knowledge spread from pole to pole,
 As round the world the waters roll !

- 2 Now let the age of suffering end ;
 The reign of righteousness descend ;
 Vengeance for ever sheathe her sword ;
 Death be destroy'd, and life restored.

- 3 Oh, let thy mercy build and bless
 The church amid the wilderness ;
 Let ruin'd man rise from his fall—
 Be one with God, the All in All.

605. '*Come over and help us.*' Acts 16. 9. DBL. 7. 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strands,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sands ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile !

In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted,
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny!
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll;
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

606. *'The Son of man is Lord, &c. Luke 6. 5.*

8. 7.
 Vesper.

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
 Rise in choral strains to thee:
 Son of man, thy church rejoices
 In her weekly jubilee!
 Hallelujah! mercy beaming
 Lights the path that leads to God:
 Herald-lips divinely teeming
 Publish blessings bought with blood.

2 Hallelujah! praise ascending,
 Shall our faith-wing'd breathings stay?
 Lord, before thine altar bending,
 Let the heathen hail thy day!

Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us!
 Downward send thy quick'ning Dove:
 May his silver pinions bear us
 To the realms of rest and love!

607. *'Blessed be he that cometh,' &c.* Ps. 118. 6. 148th.
Casterton.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
 And seraphs find employ
 For their sublimest strains.
 Some new delight in heaven is known,
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.
 2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
 The joyful hosts descend;
 Jesus forsakes the sky;
 To earth his footsteps bend.
 He comes to bless our fallen race,
 He comes with messages of grace.
 3 Bear, bear the tidings round,
 Let every mortal know
 What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show.
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole!
 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And loud his grace proclaim.
 Angels and men, wake every string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

608. *'The Lord God omnipotent.'* Rev. 19. 6. SEVENS.
Resurrection.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.

- 2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd—
 Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done;
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway:
 He shall reign when like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
- 6 Then the end—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

609. *'He maketh wars to cease.'* Ps. 46. 9. C. M.
Cambridge.

HASTEN the glorious time, foretold
 In thine unerring word;
 When, from the greatest to the least,
 All men shall serve the Lord.

- 2 No more let nations, learning war,
 In hostile rage appear;
 But into plough-shares beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks the spear.
- 3 From Satan's long usurp'd domain,
 A sinful world release:
 Then with each other all shall dwell
 In universal peace.

610. 'In Him was life.' John 1. 4.

148th.
Casterton.

IN doubt and dread dismay,
 'Midst superstition's gloom;
 The heathen grope their way,
 And joyless reach the tomb:
 No holy light,
 No balmy ray
 Of gospel-day
 Has bless'd their sight.

2 Then, Star of Life, arise!
 And on thy healing wing
 With blood of sacrifice,
 Thy great salvation bring:
 Let heathen lands
 Thy brightness see:
 Oh! set them free
 From cruel bands.

3 With searching beam explore
 The dark strongholds of sin;
 And on the prisoners pour
 Transforming light within.
 Bright Morning Star!
 Unveil thy face,
 And shed thy grace,
 In realms afar.

4 O Jesu, Light of Life!
 Arouse the world from sleep;
 Send love in place of strife,
 And joy to those who weep.
 Great King of kings!
 Thy Spirit give;
 Let Gentiles live
 Beneath thy wings,

611. 'Give Him no rest.' Is. 62. 7.

L. M.
Buxton.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thy own pow'r shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the Gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

612. 'Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh.' Ps. 45. 8. L. M.
Warrington.

JESUS, immortal King, go on;
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.

3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.
- 5 Hark how the hosts triumphant sing—
“The Lord omnipotent is King!”
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!

613. *‘Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered.’* Ps. 68. 1. L. M.
Job.

- L**ET God arise, and let his foes
Be scatter'd wheresoe'er he goes;
As wax dissolves before the sun;
Let all his foes his presence own.
- 2 Let all the pow'rs of darkness fly
Before the God who reigns on high:
And when his ark appears, let all
The idols of the nations fall.
- 3 Let men from opposition cease,
Lay down their arms, and sue for peace;
From refuges of lies be driven,
Confess their sin, and be forgiven.
- 4 Let God arise and win the day;
The mighty God, his sceptre sway—
The golden sceptre of his grace—
Through ev'ry land, in ev'ry place.
- 5 And let his name, who shed his blood,
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung,
In ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

614. *‘He shall have dominion.’* Ps. 72. 8. L. M.
Islington.

- L**ET men on earth, and angels, bring
Their honours to the Saviour-King:
Let sinners own his sov'reign sway,
And ev'ry land his will obey.

- 2 O'er worlds below and worlds above,
 He rules by wisdom, pow'r, and love;
 Restrains his foes, and guards his friends;
 His wide dominion never ends.
- 3 In Zion he maintains his throne,
 And makes his kingly glory known:
 Nor hell nor death can e'er withstand
 The pow'r of his almighty hand.
- 4 The saints shall reign with Christ their head,
 When gloomy death himself is dead;
 There shall they shine in bliss complete,
 And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet.

615. 'Can these bones live?' Ez. 37. 3. L. M.
Rockingham.

- L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring bodies live?
 And can these perish'd bones revive?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known;
 That wond'rous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophecy upon the slain;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of death:
 Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.

616. 'Thy kingdom come.' Luke 11. 2. P. M.

- L**ORD, regard a world of strangers,
 Strangers to themselves and thee;
 Living in the midst of dangers,
 Heirs of sin and misery,
 Drawing here a feeble breath,
 Then resigning it in death.

- 2 Father, make thy footstool glorious,
 Keep thy promise to thy Son;
 Let his kingdom be victorious,
 Let thy will on earth be done:
 Beam in glory from on high,
 Bid the powers of darkness fly.
- 3 Thou of thy life-giving Spirit
 Hast the residue, O Lord;
 Bid the desolate inherit
 All the treasures of thy word:
 Bid the dead to life awake,
 For the great Redeemer's sake.
- 4 Great High Priest! for ever pleading—
 Even now—before the throne:
 While thy Spirit, interceding,
 Hears th' unutterable groan:
 Heaven and earth by thee are moved
 In behalf of sinners loved.
- 5 Hear the cry of all creation
 Travailing in pain for thee;
 Come, and bring the world salvation,
 Captive lead captivity.
 Cast the great usurper down;
 Wear thy richest, noblest crown.

617.

'Pray for us.' 2 Thess. 3. 1.

L. M.
St. Olave's.

MARK'D, as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes;
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear,
 E'en now unfolds the promised year;
 Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.

- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Oh! mark their steps, their fears subdued,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.
- 5 O Lord! amid this gloomy night,
Appear to bless our aching sight;
Turn thou our darkness into day;
Let ev'ry nation own thy sway.

618. *'The Day-spring from on high,' &c.* Luke 1.78. S. M.
Levens.

- N**O dawn of holy light,
No day of sacred rest,
E'er breaks upon the heathen's sight,
To soothe his troubled breast.
- 2 But lo! with healing ray,
The day-spring meets our eye;
And Christians, on their Master's day,
Rejoice to feel him nigh.
- 3 To him let praise be given,
The noblest, sweetest, best;
For he has brought us light from heaven,
And hope of endless rest.
- 4 Lord! let thy saving light,
Thy day of glorious rest,
Soon chase from earth the toilsome night,
And soothe each wearied breast.

619. *'Thy kingdom come.'* Matt. 6. 10. 113th.
Eaton.

- O** FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace!
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place:
The earth is thine, set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

- 2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
 And sinners scorn thy holy fear;
 Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
 Where'er thy messengers appear:
 Rise, we beseech thee, Lord, and bless
 The world with truth and righteousness.
- 3 More lab'ers in the vineyard send,
 And pour thine unction on them all;
 Give them a voice to shake and bend
 The mountains high and cedars tall!
 Bid wars and wild ambition cease,
 And fill the world with heavenly peace.

620. '*He must reign till,*' &c. 1 Cor. 15. 25. L. M.
Pergolesi.

- O'ER many heathen land afar,
 Through shady vale and sunny plain,
 Still onward moves the Gospel-car,
 Extending wide Messiah's reign.
- 2 His conquering arm shall soon prevail;
 His sceptre every realm obey;
 And earth's remotest regions hail
 The blessings of his peaceful sway.
- 3 Spirit Divine! awake our zeal,
 To urge the Saviour's triumph on!
 Each hand must work, each heart must feel,
 Till Christ the victory has won.

621. '*The acceptable year,*' &c. Luke 4. 19. S. 7. 4.
Helmsley.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Bless'd Jubilee! let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That Divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary:
 Let the Gospel loud resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western
 Let the morning chase the night:
 Chase the darkness from their long benighted eyes.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer, never cease:
 So Immanuel's fair dominions
 Shall extend and still increase,
 Till the kingdoms of the world are all his own.

622. *'Until the Spirit be poured,' &c.* Is. 32. 15. L. M.
Buxton.

- O H! may the Spirit from on high
 Kindle the fire of Christian love;
 And may the saints' united cry
 Speed swiftly to the throne above.
- 2 Now do we lift imploring hearts
 To thee, our Father, and our God;
 Bless with thy truth earth's darkest parts,
 And send thy gospel all abroad.
- 3 Expectant wait thy people, Lord,
 Messiah's triumphs now to see;
 Speak but thy light-imparting word,
 And error's blackest night shall flee.
- 4 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,
 And ride in prosp'rous majesty;
 Thy piercing truths shall soon convince,
 And bend the people's hearts to thee.
- 5 Ascend, O King of saints, thy throne,
 And let thy banners be unfurl'd;
 Demand the nations for thine own;
 Arise, and bless a waiting world.

623. *'Holding forth the Word.'* Phil. 2. 16. L. M.
Windle.

- O H! send God's holy book where'er
 Or winds can waft, or waters bear;
 Let India's sons its page revere,
 Let Afric's land the blessing share.

- 2 O Holy Ghost! who gave the word,
 With thine own truth thy light afford;
 Give thou the quick'ning, saving power;
 On all the earth thy blessings shower.
- 3 Let grace thus turn each wand'rer's eye
 To him who did for sinners die;
 And sin and sorrow hence be driven;
 And earth be changed from earth to heaven.

624. *'Men shall be blessed in Him.'* Ps. 72. 17. 8. 7.
Vesper.

- O H! what glorious times are dawning
 On a dark and ruin'd world!
 'Tis the long-expected morning;
 Satan from his seat is hurl'd.
 Hark! the jubilee is sounding,
 Gladsome notes are echo'd round;
 Ev'ry heart with joy rebounding,
 Hails the gospel's welcome sound.
- 2 As the light is still advancing,
 Backward shrinks the hellish foe:
 Faith, through future ages glancing,
 Views another Eden glow.
 Hasten, Lord, the joyful season;
 Claim the heathen as thy own;
 Break the pride of human reason,
 Reign as Sov'reign Lord alone.

625. *'Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,' &c.* Ps. 81. 3. S. M.
Levens.

- O UR festal morn is come!
 And, Lord, we look to thee;
 Thy house shall be our joyful home,
 Thy name our melody.
- 2 Our fathers built this fane,
 And watch'd the livelong night:
 They sleep in death; but we remain
 To hail a purer light.

- 3 Then, blow the trumpet, blow;
 The psalm, the psaltery take:
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
 And ev'ry lip awake.
- 4 Sound, sound that sweetest strain,
 The gospel-jubilee!
 Till, bursting from their idol-chain,
 The heathen shall be free.

626.

'Shine upon us.' Ps. 67. 1.

148th.
Darwell.

- R**ISE, gracious God, and shine,
 In all thy saving might;
 And prosper each design
 To spread thy glorious light:
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
- 2 Oh! bring the nations near,
 That they may sing thy praise:
 Let all the people hear
 And learn thy holy ways:
 Reign, Mighty God, assert thy cause,
 And govern by thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth thy glorious power!
 The nations then will see,
 And earth present her store
 In converts born of thee:
 God, our own God, his Church will bless,
 And earth shall yield her full increase.

627. 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come.' Is. 60. 1.

148th.
Casterton.

- R**ISE, Sun of Glory, rise!
 And chase those shades of night,
 Which now obscure the skies,
 And hide the sacred light:
 Oh chase those dismal shades away,
 And bring the bright Millennial day.

2 Send now thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord!
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy Word;
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,
 And cast their idol-gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race,
 And the whole earth become
 The temple of thy grace;
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

628. *'Lengthen thy cords,' &c. Is. 54. 2.* L. M.
Creation.

SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
 Through distant lands his triumphs spread!
 And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 God's sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Sion's gates arrive;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 O may his conquests still increase,
 And ev'ry foe his power subdue;
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above;
 In lofty songs exalt his name,
 In songs as lasting as his love.

629. *'A Light of the Gentiles.' Is. 42. 6.* 113th.
Gardner 2.

SUN of unclouded Righteousness!
 With healing in thy wings arise;
 A lost benighted world to bless,
 Which yet in sin and ruin lies:
 Wrapt in Egyptian night profound,
 In chains of death and darkness bound.

2 As lightning launch'd from east to west,
 The coming of thy kingdom be;
 To thee, by angel-hosts confest,
 Bow every soul and every knee:
 Thy glory let all flesh behold,
 And then complete thy heavenly fold.

3 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
 And not the God of Gentiles too?
 To Gentiles make thy goodness known;
 Thy judgments to the nations show.
 Awake them by the Gospel-call;
 Light of the world, illumine all!

4 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
 And valiantly maintain thy cause!
 Go forth to spread thy kingdom here,
 And preach the glories of thy cross.
 O Lord, now hasten and maintain
 Thy lasting universal reign.

630. 'Let there be light.' Gen. 1. 3.

6. 4.
 Bentinck.

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And, where the Gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy protecting wing, healing and sight,—
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Health to the sick in mind—
 Oh! now, to all mankind, let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving holy Dove, speed forth thy flight;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 By thine almighty grace,
 And, in earth's darkest place, let there be light.

- 4 Blessed and Holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity, Wisdom, Love, Might,
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 O'er the world, far and wide, let there be light.

631. *'The Lord will be magnified.'* Mal. 1. 5. L. M.
Pergolesi.

- T**O distant lands thy gospel send,
 And thus thy empire wide extend:
 To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
 Thou King of Grace! salvation show.
- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,
 Thy name, O God! immortalize;
 May nations yet unborn confess
 Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

632. *'Thy kingdom come.'* Matt. 6. 10. 113th
Eaton.

- W**HEN my sad heart surveys the pain
 Which weary pilgrims here sustain,
 As o'er the waste of life they roam;
 Oppress'd without, betray'd within,
 Victims of violence and sin;
 Shall I not cry, "Thy kingdom come?"
- 2 And when I know whose strong control
 Can calm and cheer each troubled soul,
 And lead these weary wanderers home;
 Can lodge them in a Father's breast,
 And soothe this weary world to rest:
 Shall I not cry, "Thy kingdom come?"
- 3 O rise, the kingdom of the Lord!
 Come to thy realms, Immortal Word!
 Melt and subdue these hearts of stone;
 Erect the throne which cannot move,
 Stretch forth the sceptre of thy love,
 And make this rebel heart thine own.

633. *'The Day-spring from on high,'* &c. Luke 1.78. 8. 7. 4. Calvary.

YES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in every land:
 Mark his progress; darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood;
 God the Saviour is preparing
 Means to send his truth abroad:
 Ev'ry language soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Make the gospel soon victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land:
 Perish idols, at Jehovah's dread command.

JEWES.

634. *'Let God arise.'* Ps. 68. 1. L. M. Sandbach.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Israel's race;
 Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
 And call them to the promised land.

2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal;
 Their trespass hide; their pardon seal;
 O God of Israel! hear their prayer,
 And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The vast suspension of thy love?
 Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn,
 And wilt thou ne'er appeased return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

635. 'Ye shall seek Me,' &c. John 7. 34. L. M.
Wareham.

GREAT God of Abra'am, hear our prayer;
Let Abra'am's seed thy mercy share:
Oh! may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierced, and mourn.

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold;
Remember too thy promised word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts:
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

636. 'God is able to graff them in again.' Rom. 11. 23. L. M.
Stonefield.

OH! why should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

2 O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to their fold the wand'ers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail, in Christ, their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.

- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
 With contrite shame his bosom move,
 The Saviour he denied, to own,
 The Lord he crucified, to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise;
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

637. 'King over all the earth.' Zech. 14. 9. 8. 7.
Rousseau.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
 All the earth shall own his sway;
 He will make his kingdom glorious:
 He shall reign in endless day.
 Nations, now from God estranged,
 Then shall see a glorious light;
 Night to day shall then be changed,
 Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

- 2 Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
 Mourning, seek their Lord and God;
 Look on him whom once they pierced,
 Own and kiss the chast'ning rod.
 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
 Now thy glorious cause maintain;
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to thy reign.

CHARITY SERMONS.

638. 'To do good forget not,' &c. Heb. 13. 16. C. M.
University.

BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
 To thee our souls we raise;
 And to thy sov'reign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.

- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
 With ev'ry cheering ray,
 And still restrains the rising tear,
 Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
 For all the grace we see?
 Alas! the goodness worms can yield
 Extendeth not to thee.
- 4 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
 We cheerfully repair;
 And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
 Relieve the mourner's care.
- 5 Thus, passing through the vale of tears,
 Our useful light shall shine;
 And others learn to glorify
 Our Father's name divine.

639.

'Freely give.' Matt. 10. 8.

C. M.
Nayland.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 All-powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh! may our sympathising breast
 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 Freely to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid;
 Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
 Enthroned above the skies;
 And when he saw their lost estate,
 Felt his compassion rise.

- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
 On wings of mercy flew,
 We, whom the Saviour thus hath loved,
 Should love each other too.

640. '*All Israel shall be saved.*' Rom. 11. 26. C. M.
Richmond.

FOUNTAIN of truth, and grace, and power,
 Thy word can ne'er decay;
 But firmly fix'd, shall still endure,
 When worlds are pass'd away.

- 2 O smile propitious, while we dare
 The promises to plead,
 Which thy own sacred pages bear
 To faithful Abraham's seed.

- 3 Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour
 When this shall be fulfill'd;
 And thy dear Son, with mighty power,
 To Israel be reveal'd.

- 4 'Then Jew and Gentile shall combine
 Immanuel's name to praise;
 And sound his mercy, all divine,
 To everlasting days.

641. '*Offered willingly.*' 1 Chron. 29. 6. L. M.
Buxton.

JESUS! before thy throne we meet,
 To pour our off'rings at thy feet;
 All in their hand some talent bear,
 Oh! may we lay it humbly there!

- 2 For thee and for thy cause, with joy
 Our hands, our hearts, we would employ:
 Oh! smile upon us from above,
 That blest may be our work of love.

- 3 Alas! we need that willing heart,
 Which freely once thou didst impart;
 When Israel for thy temple wrought,
 And gladly all their off'rings brought.

4 Then let us feel thy presence now ;
 Our stubborn hearts in mercy bow ;
 Our zeal and love do thou increase,
 And bless us with the fruits of peace.

642. *'Ye have done it unto Me.'* Matt. 25. 40. C. M. Sheffield.

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 Ne'er shall we count the matchless sum ;
 Ne'er pay the mighty debt.

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine :
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may's't be clothed, and fed,
 And visited, and cheer'd :
 And in their accents of distress
 The Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'ence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see ;
 And by true charity would prove
 That we are own'd of thee.

643. *'Of Thine own have we given Thee.'* 1 Chr. 29. 14. C. M. Cambridge.

LORD, when our off'rings we present
 Before thy gracious throne ;
 We but return what thou hast lent,
 And give thee of thine own.

2 Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe,
 To us thou'rt ever kind ;
 And, while we of thy gifts bestow,
 Give thou the willing mind.

3 The power and willingness to give
Alike proceeds from thee;
Debtors we are, and, while we live,
Debtors shall ever be.

4 O Lord, our contributions bless,
For their appointed end;
And crown with happiest success
The cause that we befriend.

644. 'Walk in love.' Eph. 5. 2.

L. M.
Creation.

O UR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In him our spirit shall rejoice:
Assembled here with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise him, with our voice.

2 God of our hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress:
The husband of the widow thou;
The father of the fatherless.

3 May we the law of love fulfil;
Lighten each other's burthens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

4 Then grant our union here begun,
May last forever firm and free:
Around thy throne may we be one;
And dwell for evermore with thee.

645. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' Matt. 10. 8. ^{L. M.} St. Olave's.

TEACH us, O Lord! with cheerful heart,
As thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A lib'ral portion to the poor.

2 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
Freely we have received from thee:
Freely may we rejoice to give.

- 3 And while we thus obey thy word,
 And ev'ry call of want relieve ;
 Oh ! may we find it, gracious Lord,
 More bless'd to give than to receive.

 SCHOOLS.

646. *'Out of the mouth of babes,' &c.* Matt. 21. 16. 148th M.
Casterton.
 To be sung by the Children and Congregation.

Chil. COME, let our voice ascend,
 In one glad song of praise ;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our grateful hearts we raise.

Cong. To God alone the praise belongs :
 He claims our earliest, latest songs.

Chil. 2 Now we are taught to read
 The book of life divine ;
 Where our Redeemer's love,
 And brightest glories shine :

Cong. To God alone the praise is due,
 Who sends his word to us and you.

Chil. 3 Within these hallow'd walls
 Our wand'ring feet are brought ;
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught.

Cong. To God alone your praises bring,
 Let young and old his praises sing.

Chor. 4 Lord, bid this work of love
 Be crown'd with great success :
 May thousands, yet unborn,
 These institutions bless :
 Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
 In time and to eternity.

647. *'The Lord shall guide thee continually.'* Is. 58. 11. 113th.
Eaton.

- F**OR all thy mercies, gracious Lord!
 For lessons from thy holy word,
 For raiment, and for daily food,
 We laud and magnify thy name;
 And, with our cheerful hearts, proclaim
 That thou art faithful, wise, and good.
- 2 Whene'er allured from wisdom's way,
 Let not our footsteps, devious, stray;
 But, 'midst the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 Preserve our souls from ev'ry snare;
 Watch over us with tend'rest care,
 And guide us in thy holy truth.
- 3 Thus may we find, as years increase,
 Thy ways, Jehovah! ways of peace,
 Though all our earthly joys may fade;
 The Father's love may we partake,
 Forgiveness for the Saviour's sake,
 The Holy Spirit's heav'nly aid!

648. *'Thou hast taught me from my youth.'* Ps. 71. 17. C. M.
Bath.

- F**ROM the first dawn of infant life,
 Thy goodness we have shared;
 And still we live to sing thy praise,
 By sov'reign mercy spared.
- 2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
 O Lord! our hearts incline;
 And o'er the paths of future life
 Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught to read the word of truth,
 May we the word receive;
 And, when we hear of Jesu's name,
 In that bless'd name believe.
- 4 Let not our feet incline to tread
 Sin's broad destructive road:
 But trace those holy paths which lead
 To glory and to God.

649. 'Guide me with Thy counsel.' Ps. 73. 24. SEVENS.
Pardons.

GOD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, oh hear! our feeble cry;
Guide, oh guide! our wand'ring feet.

2 Young and erring trav'lers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.

4 Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsel ev'ry day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

5 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on ev'ry soul;
Hope—till time shall be no more;
Love—while endless ages roll.

650. 'Taught of the Lord.' Is. 54. 13. L. M.
Windle.

GREAT God, let children to thy throne
Look up, and trust in thee alone;
To thee our health, our lives, belong:
Oh! may we learn thy truth while young.

2 Teach us the knowledge of thy Son;
He shows the road which we must run:
It is a thorny path, and yet
It will not hurt our tender feet.

3 Jesus and all his saints have trod,
Unhurt, that narrow, rugged road;
And we, if Jesus be our guide,
Shall have our ev'ry want supplied.

- 4 He dwells in heaven, and yet below,
 He sees and knows what children do;
 And, when in his dear name they meet,
 He sits upon his mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh may his Spirit now approve
 This work of duty and of love!
 Oh may his Spirit make us still
 Desire and learn to do his will!

651. '*Hosanna to the Son of David.*' Matt. 21. 15. C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord;
 With Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Exalt th' Incarnate Word.

- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise:
 But thou wilt not despise the young,
 Who meekly chant thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast thy gifts,—how free!
 Thy blood, our life—thy word, our feast—
 Thy name, our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
 Our off'rings to thy throne;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
 But hearts to be thine own.
- 5 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng:
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor, but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour! if, redeem'd by thee
 Thy temple we behold;
 Hosannas, through eternity,
 We'll sing to harps of gold!

652. *'Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.'* Ps. 51. 5. L. M. Devonshire.

LORD, let a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of prayer and praise;
'Tis by thy great compassion we
Art taught to love and worship thee.

2 What evil hearts we have within,
Shapen in guilt, conceived in sin!
Now we are taught thy heavenly ways;
But oh! convert us by thy grace.

3 Lord, may our lives with thee begin,
Cleansed by our Saviour's blood from sin;
Not only taught thy truth to know,
But to believe and feel it too.

4 Remember, Lord, we are but dust;
'Tis to thy grace alone we trust!
Do thou instruct and guide us still,
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

653. *'O that Ishmael might live before Thee.'* Gen. 17. 18. S. M. Levens.

O LORD, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits' bend,
The subjects of thy grace!

2 We long for this delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 May they receive thy word,
And, as their years increase,
Grow in the knowledge of their Lord,
And praise his saving grace.

654. *'Gather the lambs with His arm.'* Is. 40. 11. SEVENS. Resurrection.

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the sufferings thou didst bear.

2 Be our shepherd ev'ry day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray :
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here :
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

655. *'My blessing upon thine offspring.* Is. 44. 3. L. M.
Warrington.

TO God our praises first belong,
Whose mercy like a river flows :
His mercy claims our sweetest song,
And rises higher than our woes.

2 We praise the Lord, that we were brought
In tender years to hear his word ;
And from the word of life are taught
To flee from sin, and fear the Lord.

3 Though humbly born, yet through thy care,
Extended wide as boundless space,
The poorest of us now may share
The richest treasures of thy grace,

4 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
We owe to thy paternal love :
Assist us, Lord, while we prepare
For nobler joys in heaven above !

5 Thus may our lips and lives express
The sense we have of love divine ;
And with our latest breath we 'll bless
Those generous friends who make us thine.

656. *'Gather the lambs with His arm.'* Is. 40. 11. S. M.
Falcon-st.

TO praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love, and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite !

- 2 Supremely good and great,
 He tends his blood-bought fold;
 He stoops, though throned in highest state,
 The feeblest to uphold.
- 3 He hears their softest plaint;
 He sees them when they roam;
 And if his meanest lamb should faint,
 His bosom bears it home.
- 4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep!
 A weakly flock are we;
 And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
 The lambs who look to thee.
- 5 And if through death's dark vale
 Our feet should early tread,
 Oh! may we reach thy fold, and hail
 The love which has us led!

657. *Wherewithal shall a young man' &c. Ps. 119. 9.* ^{S. M.} M. Ephraim.

- W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray;
 O make me learn, whilst I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days
 Teach me thy will to know;
 O God, thy sanctifying grace
 Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from ev'ry snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.

NATIONAL.

658. 'Turn us again, O God.' Ps. 80. 3.

C. M.
Bedford.

- A**LMIGHTY God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend;
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God! and why is Britain spared,
 Ungrateful as we are?
 Oh! make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, "Forbear!"
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
 Through this apostate isle!
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile!
- 5 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy all-powerful grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

659. 'O Lord, hear,' &c. Dan. 9. 19.

8. 7.
Haydn.

- D**READ Jehovah, God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call;
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesu's blood can cleanse them all.

Let that love veil our transgression ;
 Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save thy people from oppression ;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

660. 'Give thee peace,' &c. Num. 6. 26. L. M.
St. Patrick's.

GIVE peace in these our days, O Lord !
 Times of great peril are at hand ;
 Thine enemies, with one accord,
 Christ's name blaspheme in ev'ry land.

2 Give us that peace that we do lack,
 Through unbelief and evil life ;
 Thy word to give thou dost not slack,
 Which we unkindly use for strife.

3 Give peace, O Lord ! thy Spirit send ;
 With grief, and with repentance true,
 Pierce thou our hearts, our lives amend,
 And by true faith in Christ renew.

4 Give peace, and grant that fear and dread
 (Through thy sweet mercy, Lord, and grace)
 May fly, and truth lift up her head,
 And dwell and shine in ev'ry place.

661. 'It is the Lord,' 1 Sam. 3. 18. L. M.
Rockingham.

IT is the Lord : behold his hand,
 Outstretch'd with an afflictive rod ;
 And, hark ! a voice goes through the land,
 "Be still, and know that I am God."

2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
 In darkest shades our darker fears ?
 For who his coming may abide ?
 Or who shall stand when he appears ?

3 No, let us throng around his seat ;
 No, let us meet him face to face ;
 Prostrate our spirits at his feet,
 Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
 Turn swift destruction from our path ;
 Restrain his judgments, or chastise
 In tender mercy, not in wrath ?
- 5 He will, he will ; for Jesus pleads ;
 Let heaven and earth such love record ;
 For us, for us, he intercedes ;
 Our help is nigh—" It is the Lord."

662. '*Supplications, prayers,*' &c. 1 Tim. 2. 1, 2. C. M.
St. Mary's.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand,
 To offer up united prayer
 For this our sinful land.

2 Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
 Guide those who rule the helm ;
 Support the state, preserve the king, [or queen]
 And spare the guilty realm.

3 But should the dread decree be pass'd,
 And we must feel thy rod ;
 May steadfast faith still hold us fast
 To our offended God.

4 Whatever be our destined case,
 Accept us in thy Son ;
 Give us thy gospel and thy grace,
 And then thy will be done.

663. '*Men shall speak of the might,*' &c. Ps. 145. 6. 8. 7.
Vesper.

LORD of heaven, earth, and ocean,
 Hear us from thy bright abode,
 While our hearts with deep devotion,
 Own their great and gracious God:
 Now with joy we come before thee,
 Seek thy face—thy mercies sing:
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Guard thy church, and guide our king [or queen].

- 2 Health and ev'ry needful blessing
 Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
 Comforts undeserved possessing,
 Here we bend before thy throne:
 Young and old do now before thee
 Their united tribute bring;
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Shield our isle, and save our king [or queen].
- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,
 Lord, we praise for mercies past;
 Still to this most favour'd nation
 May those mercies ever last:
 Britons, then, shall still before thee
 Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Bless thy people—bless our king [or queen].

664. 'God save the king.' 1 Sam. 10. 24. L. M.
Pergolesi.

- O** KING of kings! thy blessing shed
 On our anointed sov'reign's head;
 And, looking from thy holy heaven,
 Protect the crown thyself hast given.
- 2 Her may we honour and obey,
 Uphold her right and lawful sway,—
 Rememb'ring that the powers that be
 Are ministers ordain'd of thee.
- 3 Her with thy choicest mercies bless;
 To all her counsels give success;
 In war, in peace, thy succour bring;
 Thy strength command — God save the queen.
- 4 And, oh! when earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly kingdoms fade away;
 Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
 A crown of immortality.

665. 'Spare Thy people.' Joel. 2. 17. L. M.
St. Pancras.

O RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme!

- We tremble at thy glorious name;
And all our crying guilt we own,
Humbled before thine awful throne.
- 2 Our land, which oft thine arm hath saved,
That arm most impiously hath braved;
Our land, which still its God hath loved,
Rebellious to that God hath proved.
- 3 But hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with holy fear?
Oh! bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 4 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
To theirs we join our humble prayer—
Our country shield, our nation spare.

666. 'Turn us again.' Ps. 80. 3. C. M.
Irish.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain, shine,

- With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy gracious face.
- 2 Amid our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround our favour'd land.
- 3 May God our Saviour scatter round
His choicest favours here;
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.
- 4 So let thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

667. [Nov.5.] *'Who delivered us.'* 2 Cor. 1.10. L. M.
Warcham.

- W**HILE Britain, favour'd of the skies,
 Recals the wonders God hath wrought ;
 Let grateful joy adoring rise,
 And warm to rapture every thought.
- 2 When wicked men combined their power,
 And doom'd these isles their certain prey ;
 Thy hand forbade the fatal hour—
 Their evil plots in ruin lay.
- 3 Again, our restless, cruel foes,
 Resumed, avow'd, a fresh design ;
 Again to save us God arose,
 And Britain owns the hand divine.
- 4 Such great deliv'rance God has wrought ;
 And still the gracious care of heaven
 Has down to us salvation brought :
 All praise to God, our God, be given.

668. *'Turn ye even to me.'* Joel 2. 12. L. M.
St. Pancras.

- W**HILE through our guilty land, O Lord !
 These awful judgments are abroad ;
 Oh ! whither shall the helpless fly ?
 To whom but thee direct their cry ?
- 2 The contrite sinner's cries and tears,
 O Lord, have often reach'd thine ears ;
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee our cov'nant God we call ;
 Before thy throne of grace we fall ;
 And is there no deliv'rance there ?
 And must we perish in despair ?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn ;
 To our forsaken God we turn :
 Oh ! spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.

- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
 We plead thy gracious promises;
 And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless woe;
 Let them prevail to save us too.
669. 'Not for thy righteousness.' Deut. 9. 5. L. M.
Uffingham.

WHY, gracious God, is Britain saved?
 Why bless'd with liberty and light?
 Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,
 Nor lost in superstition's night?

2 Not for our sakes we conscious own—
 A sinful, vile, ungrateful race;
 'Tis done to make thy glory known,
 To show the wonders of thy grace.

3 The wonders of that grace complete;
 Reform this wretched, guilty land;
 Let thankful love beneath thy feet
 Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand.

FAMILY.

670. *Before Meals.* L. M.
Windle.
- B**E present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored:
 These creatures bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with thee.
671. 'Every day will I bless Thee.' Ps. 145. 2. L. M.
Creation.
- B**Y day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 2 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 3 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues ;
 Th' Eternal God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

672. *'Thus did Job continually.'* Job. 1. 5. 113th.
Carey.

DEAR Lord, bow down thy gracious ear,
 Regard each parent's humble prayer :
 Before our eyes are closed in death,
 Or we to God resign our breath,
 Oh, may we all our children see
 Walking in holiness with thee.

673. *'He will command his household.'* Gen. 18. 19. L. M.
Pergolesi.

FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our families with peace ;
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand
 They have been and are still sustain'd.

2 To thee, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised ;
 And may our habitations prove
 The dwellings of the God of love.

3 To thee may each united house
 Morning and night present its vows :
 Our household, and the rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.

4 When we, through grace divine, have risen
 To join thy family in heaven ;
 Still may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name.

674. *'Have fervent charity.'* 1 Pet. 4. 8.

SEVENS.
Alcester.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide:
May our daily life express
Constant life and holiness.

675. *Before Meals.*

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

JESUS, our outward wants relieve!
But oh the food immortal give,
Our hungry souls to fill!
Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
And lead us through the wilderness,
Safe to thy heavenly hill!

676. *'Where two or three,'* &c. Matt. 18. 20.

L. M.
Windle.

LORD of the Sabbath, 'tis thy day:
Now, at its close, thy grace display:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Lo! two or three thy promise claim.

2 Thanks for thy house of prayer, O Lord!
Thanks for thy day, and for thy word;
For all the means which thou hast given
Of knowing thee, and gaining heaven.

- 3 The Sabbath ended, now we seek
 Thy blessing on us through the week ;
 Let all its days with thee begin,
 That each may prove a rest from sin.
- 4 Lord of the Sabbath, 'tis thy day,
 Let sinners feel and own thy sway :
 The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
 Spread thou thine empire through the world.

677. *'He will command his children.'* Gen. 18. 19. L. M. Wareham.

O GOD, our Father and our Friend,
 To our united pray'rs attend ;
 We would our humble homage pay
 Before thy throne from day to day.

2 May this our habitation be
 A constant residence for thee ;
 And may our joint devotions rise
 Like holy incense to the skies.

3 To us thy saving grace impart ;
 O dwell and reign in ev'ry heart ;
 May we in piety and love
 Be hast'ning for thy house above.

678. *'I will walk within my house.'* Ps. 101. 2. C. M. University.

O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a feeble band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
 All evil far remove,
 And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
 Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
 In Christian bonds unite :
 Let peace and love conclude the day,
 And hail the morning light.

4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of righteousness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.

679. *'Leave thy fatherless children.'* Jer. 49. 11. 6-78.
Adamant.

O THOU faithful God of love,
 Gladly I thy promise plead;
 Waiting for my last remove,
 Hastening to the happy dead,
 Lo, I cast on thee my care,
 Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in thy word alone,
 I to thee my children leave;
 Call my little ones thine own,
 Give them all thy blessing, give;
 Keep them while on earth they breathe,
 Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend
 Into thine embraces take,
 Be her sure, immortal Friend—
 Save her for my Saviour's sake;
 Free from sin, from sorrow free,
 Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
 Husband of the widow prove;
 Me and mine for ever bless,
 Tell me we shall meet above;
 Seal the promise on my heart,
 Bid me then in peace depart.

680. *'As the dew of Hermon.'* Ps. 103. 3. 8. 8. 7.

O H! sweet as vernal dews that fill
 The closing buds on Zion's hill,
 When evening clouds draw thither;
 So sweet, so heavenly 'tis to see
 The members of one family
 Live peacefully together.

- 2 The children like the lily flowers,
 On which descend the suns and showers,
 Their hues of beauty blending;
 The parents like the willow's boughs,
 On which the lovely foliage grows,
 Their friendly shade extending.
- 3 But leaves the greenest will decay,
 And flowers the brightest fade away,
 When autumn winds are sweeping;
 And be the household e'er so fair,
 The hand of death will soon be there,
 And turn the scene to weeping.
- 4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
 And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
 When spring comes smiling hither;
 And friends, who parted at the tomb,
 May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
 And meet in heaven together.

681. 'Peace be to this house.' Luke 10. 5.

8. 7.
 Vesper.

- P**EACE be to this habitation;
 Peace to all that dwell therein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,—
 Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of Peace! be present near us;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come;
 Raise to heaven our expectation;
 Give our favour'd souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation
 In the realms of bliss above.

682. *'He that keepeth Israel,' &c.* Ps. 121. 4. 8. 7.
Vesper.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly ;
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

683. *After Meals.* L. M.
Wareham.

WE praise thee, Lord, for every good ;
For life, and health, and needful food :
Oh may our souls be daily fed
With Christ, the True and Living Bread!

684. *After Meals.* L. M.
St. Olave's.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food ;
But, most of all, for Jesu's blood !
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

MORNING.

685. *'I myself will awake early.'* Ps. 108. 2. L. M.
Windle.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem :
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels take thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Glory to God, who safe has kept,
 And has refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

686. *'In the morning will I direct my prayer.'* Ps. 5. 3.

L. M.
 Cook.

FATHER, to thee our voice we raise ;
 Thy constant favours claim our praise :
 Help us to pay the tribute due
 For mercies ev'ry morning new.

- 2 Our waking hours, O God, attend,
 And all our future steps defend ;
 From ev'ry danger, sin, and snare,
 Preserve us by thy guardian care.

EVENING.

687. *'Evening, and morning, and at noon,' &c.* Ps. 55. 17. 113th. Carey.

AS ev'ry day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials or its cares,
 O Saviour, till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend;
 Teach me thy precepts all divine,
 And be thy great example mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pard'ning mercy, richly bless'd,
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labours done;
 Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed—
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

688. *'I will lay me down in peace.'* Ps. 4. 8. L. M. Magdalen.

GLORY to thee, my God this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, oh keep me! King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed:
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

- 4 Oh! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep which may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

689. *'The outgoings of the morning,'* &c. Ps. 65. 8. C. M.
Abingdon.

GOD of my life, with grateful heart,
My ev'ning song I raise;
But, oh! thy thousand, thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.

- 2 What shall I render for the care
Which me this day has kept?
A thankful heart, though no return,
'Thy grace will still accept.
- 3 The sins, and follies, holy God,
Which I this day have done,
I would confess with grief; and pray
For pardon through thy Son.
- 4 Much of my precious time I've lost,
This sinful waste forgive;
By one day nearer death—to thee,
Lord, teach me now to live.

690. *'Every day will I bless thee.'* Ps. 145. 2. C. M.
Gainsborough.

GREAT Sov'reign, let our ev'ning songs
Like holy incense rise:
Assist the off'rings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still our guard :
 And still to drive our wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass us around ;
 But, ah ! how few returns of love
 Hath our Redeemer found !
- 4 What have we done for him who died
 To save our sinful souls ?
 Alas ! our sins are multiplied,
 Fast as each minute rolls.
- 5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
 Lord, to thy cross we flee ;
 And yield them up, with all their powers,
 To be renew'd by thee.

691. *'At midnight I will rise to give thanks.'* Ps. 119. 62. 6-7s.
Day.

- I**NTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head ;
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
 Tired with glaring vanities :
 My great Master still allows
 Needful seasons of repose.
- 2 By my heavenly Father bless'd,
 Thus I give my powers to rest ;
 Heavenly Father, gracious name,—
 Night and day his love the same.
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Ev'ry anxious care forgot.
- 3 Thou, my ever bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good :
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
 These defenceless hours shall keep :
 Bless'd vicissitudes to me,
 Day and night, I'm still with thee !

692. *'I laid me down, and slept.'* Ps. 3. 5.L. M.
Windle.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry morning new ;
And ev'ning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise :
Help me to yield to thy command,
And in thy service spend my days.

693. *'Mine age is departed.'* Is. 38. 12.L. M.
Winchester.

NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides ;
I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep.

2 I've one day less the ground to tread
Where thorns abound and snares are spread :
And, oh! reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal.

3 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheer'd and bless'd thy road ;
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he shall never hide his face.

4 But if thou hast been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day ;
Strive yet the more that rest to attain
Where thou shalt never sin again.

5 Lord, I on thee alone depend,
Oh! guide me to my journey's end !
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave
To realms of joy beyond the grave !

694. 'The sun was set.' Gen. 28. 11.

L. M.
Job.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,

It is not night if thou be near:
Oh! may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep;
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

695. 'The Lord is thy keeper.' Ps. 121. 5.

8. 7. 7.
Vesper.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,

Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus now our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

696. 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.' Ps. 4. 8. Buxton.

L. M.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 Oh ! may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the hour of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

PARTING.

697. ' *They sent them away.*' Acts 13. 3.

S. M.
 Levens.

- A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different scenes repair ;
 Inseparably join'd in heart,
 The friends of Jesus are.
 Jesus, the corner stone,
 Did first our hearts unite ;
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 *Who walk with him in white.
- 2 Oh let us still proceed
 In his bless'd work below ;
 And following our triumphant head,
 To farther conquests go :
 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his lab'ers lies ;
 And lo ! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 3 Oh let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find
 Where all our labours end ;

Where all our toil is o'er,
 Our sufferings and our pain:
 Who meet on that eternal shore
 Shall never part again.

698. *'Commit thy way unto the Lord.'* Ps. 37. 5.

SEVENS.
 PARDONA.

AS the sun's enlivening eye,
 Shines on ev'ry place the same;
 So the Lord is always nigh
 To the souls that love his name.

2 For a season call'd to part,
 Let us now our souls commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

3 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.

4 In thy strength may we be strong:
 Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain;
 May we, by thy grace, ere long
 Meet to praise thy name again.

699. *'Made perfect in one.'* John 17. 23.

C. M.
 Cambridge.

BLESS'D be the God of peace and love,
 Whose grace won't let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
 And spread his praise below.

3 Oh! may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part
 Those who, enjoying Jesu's grace,
 In him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will he wipe off ev'ry tear,
 On Canaan's blissful shore;
 Where all who friends in Jesus are
 Shall meet to part no more.

700. *'They should see His face no more.'* Acts 20.38. L. M.
Pergolesi.

- F**AREWELL! and what if next we meet
 In yonder world to which we haste;
 And join to cast at Jesus' feet
 Our crowns while we his love shall taste!
- 2 Should sorrow therefore fill our mind?
 No! let this hope our bosoms swell;
 Then may we, smiling, look behind
 And say to friends and home, Farewell.

701. *'Ever be with the Lord.'* 1 Thess. 4. 17. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

- O**N earth we meet to part again,
 And oft assail'd by grief and pain,
 Divine support implore;
 The saints in heav'n, completely blest,
 For ever with their Saviour rest,
 And they shall part no more.
- 2 Apostles, there, with grateful joy,
 Their whole eternity employ
 The Saviour to adore;
 Martyrs, and pastors, at his feet
 Cast all their honours when they meet,
 But meet to part no more.
- 3 There God shall wipe away all tears,
 And banish sorrows, sighs, and fears,
 Which harass'd them before;
 Nor death, nor sickness, shall annoy
 The saints who meet in endless joy,
 And meet to part no more.

- 4 All true disciples will be there,
 For ever freed from sin and care,
 Young, aged, rich and poor;
 May friends and parents whom we love,
 And kindred, all then meet above,
 And meet to part no more!

702. *'Farewell.'* 2 Cor. 13. 11. L. M.
Teddington.

THY presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In ev'ry place thy children keep.

- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
 When absent, happy if we share
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts near thy feet;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as thine.

- 4 Give us in thy beloved house
 Again to pay our grateful vows;
 Or, if that joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

703. *'Exhorting one another.'* Heb. 10. 25. L. M.
Angel's Hymn.

WHILE in the world we still remain,
 We only meet to part again;
 But, when we reach the heavenly shore,
 We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 The hope that we shall see that day
 Should chase our present griefs away;
 A few short years of conflict past,
 We meet around the throne at last.

- 3 Then let us here improve the hours—
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise:
 To him with zeal devote our powers,
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

- 4 Whene'er required to part from those
 With whom the truth unites us here;
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,
 When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.

TRAVELLING.

704. *'If Thy presence go not with me,' &c. Ex. 33. 15.* St. ^{L. M.} Olave's.

- O** THOU by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide;
 My Lord, with thee, in sweet content,
 I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impress'd with sacred love;
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
 In heaven, or earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time;
 My country is in ev'ry clime;
 I can be calm, and free from care,
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

SICKNESS.

705. *'Shall we not receive evil?' Job. 2. 10.* ^{8. 8. 6.} Harwood.

AND shall I, Lord, the cup decline,
 So wisely mix'd by love divine,
 And tasted first by thee?
 The bitter draught thou drankest up,
 And but this single sacred drop
 Hast thou reserved for me!

- 2 Lo! I receive it at thy hand;
 And bear, by thy benign command,
 The salutary pain;
 With thee to live I gladly die;
 And suffer here, above the sky
 With thee, my Lord, to reign.
- 3 Here only can I thus show love—
 By suffering my obedience prove;
 But when my heaven I share,
 I cannot mourn for Jesu's sake,
 I cannot there thy cup partake,
 I cannot suffer there.
- 4 Full gladly, then, for thee I grieve,
 The honour of thy Cross receive,
 And bless the happy load;
 Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
 Who would not bow, like thee, his head,
 And die to reign with God!

706. *'Who healeth all thy diseases.'* Ps. 103. 3. ^{C. M.} Harrington.

- M**Y God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days;
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Back from the borders of the grave
 At thy command I come:
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.
- 4 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
 There would I choose to be;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heav'n with thee.

707. *'Wherefore doth a living man,' &c.* Lam. 3. 39. HDL. C. M.
St. Matthew's.

MY God, while on the bed of pain,
Beneath thy rod I lie,
Let not thy servant weep in vain,
But hearken to my cry:
I pray not that thou wouldst the yoke
From off my neck remove;
For, painful though I feel the stroke,
'Tis meant, I know, in love.

2 Yet this I pray, that as thy face
Is from thy servant veil'd,
Thou wouldst pour down those streams of grace
Whose fount has never fail'd—
That, while my flesh and spirit war,
My hope may rest on thee;
And, as my days of anguish are,
My inward strength may be.

3 Oh teach me then to kiss the rod
And bow my will to thine;
The path of grief my Saviour trod,
And why should I repine?
Upon his cross I'll fix mine eye;
That sight this trust affords,
That if I live, or if I die,
I still shall be the Lord's.

708. *'Let patience have her perfect work.'* Jas. 1. 4. L. M.
Devonshire.

“**O** FATHER! glorify thy name:”
So pray'd, at woe's approach, my Lord;
Disease corrodes this mortal frame;
O Father! be thy name adored.

2 Why fear the path of grief to tread?
Why, Father, shrink from thy decree,
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter, way to thee?

- 3 On wings of faith, o'er joys of earth
 Thy servant, Father, teach to rise;
 And view the blessing's native worth,
 Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.

709. *'He knoweth our frame.'* Ps. 103. 14. C. M.
St. Ann's.

O LORD! whate'er is felt or fear'd,
 This thought is our repose,—
 That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
 Its various weakness knows.

- 2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
 While struggling with our load;
 In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
 Our Father and our God.

- 3 Supported by our Saviour's love,
 We tend to realms of peace:
 Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
 And ev'ry frailty cease.

710. *'O God, forsake me not.'* Ps. 71. 18. 113th.
Eaton.

O THOU, whose wise paternal love
 Hath brought my active vigour down,
 Thy choice I thankfully approve;
 And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
 I offer up my life's remains,
 And choose the state my God ordains.

- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Health's work I can no longer do;
 Yet, while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show;
 My patience may thy glory raise,
 My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

- 3 Oh! may I live of thee possess'd,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain;
 The anguish of my lab'ring breast,
 The daily cross I still sustain,
 For Him that languish'd on the tree,
 But lived, before he died, for me.

711. *'The Lord hath dealt bountifully.'* Ps. 116. 7. 115th.
Carey.

SING to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Let ev'ry tongue my Saviour bless ;

So strong to help in danger's hour,
So present in his healing power ;
And from the margin of the grave,
So good a dying worm to save!

- 2 Brought from the gates of death, I give
My life to him by whom I live :
Raised from a restless bed of pain,
I render him my strength again ;
And only wait to prove his grace,
And only breathe to speak his praise.

712. *'I went with them to the house of God.'* Ps. 42. 4. C. M.
Manchester.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts! to-day
Within thy temple meet ;

And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

- 2 The dew lies thick on all the ground :
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around :
Shall I of hunger die ?

- 3 Behold thy pris'ner : loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will ;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy pris'ner still.

- 4 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art ;
Oh ! give me here a house of prayer,
Here sabbath joys impart.

- 5 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold ;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

713. *'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.'* Ps. 104. 34. ^{C. M.} Nayland.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay ;
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love :
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace Divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

- 9 If such the sweetness of the streams
 What must the Fountain be!
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee.

 DEATH.

714. *'Cast me not off in the time of old age.'* Ps. 71. 9. ^{C. M.} London N.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
 On thee my hopes remain;
 And when the day of trouble comes,
 I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
 And of my youth the friend;
 And as my days began with thee,
 With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the power in whom I trust,
 The arm on which I lean;
 He will my Saviour ever be,
 Who has my Saviour been.

4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
 And evil days descend;
 Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
 To mourn my latter end.

5 Therefore, in life I'll trust to thee,
 In death I will adore;
 And after death will sing thy praise,
 When time shall be no more.

715. *'The God which fed me all my life long.'* Gen. 48. 15. ^{C. M.} Bath.

AMID the anguish and the strife,
 That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears.

- 2 Serene, like Jacob, we would die,
And "gather up our feet ;"
Would chide the ling'ring hours and fly
Our Saviour-God to meet.
- 3 Our dearest comforts we could leave,
With glory in our eyes ;
Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
And point them to the skies.
- 4 Our trembling lips, if thou art nigh,
When life's sad hours are few,
With joy shall say—" Behold we die,
But God shall be with you."

716. 'Which sleep in Jesus.' 1 Thess. 4. 14. L. M.
Buxton.

- A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep:
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
'To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place ;"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep!

717. *'Finish my course with joy.'* Acts 20. 24. L. M.
Stonefield.

ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
 For the rich gospel of thy grace!
 And that our hearts may love it more,
 Teach them to feel its vital power.

2 With joy may we our course pursue,
 And keep the crown of life in view;
 That crown, which in one hour repays
 The labour of ten thousand days.

3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
 Unmoved, their terrors we'll survey;
 And the last hour improve for thee,
 The last of life, or liberty.

4 Welcome those bonds, which may unite
 Our souls to their supreme delight!
 Welcome that death, whose painful strife
 Bears us to Christ, our better life.

718. *'At evening time it shall be light.'* Zech. 14. 7. 6-8's.
Eaton.

“**A**T evening time let there be light,”
 Life's little day draws near its close;
 Around me fall the shades of night—
 The night of death, the grave's repose,
 To crown my joys, to end my woes;
 At evening time let there be light!

2 At evening time let there be light;
 Stormy and dark hath been my day;
 Yet rose the morn divinely bright—
 Dews, birds, and blossoms, cheer'd the way:
 Oh! for one sweet, one parting ray!—
 At evening time let there be light!

- 3 At evening time there shall be light,
 For God hath spoken—it must be;
 Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
 His glory now is risen on me;
 Thine eyes shall his salvation see—
 'Tis evening time, and there is light.

719. *'I shall go the way whence,' &c.* Job 16. 22. ^{L. M.} Devonshire.

- B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread
 Down to the regions of the dead!
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
 Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 From scenes of duty, means of grace,
 We shall to God's tribunal pass;
 Important journey! awful view!
 How great the change! the scene how new!
- 3 Jesus! to thee our all we trust;
 And, if thou call us down to dust,
 At thy command that path be trod,
 Which through the grave conducts to God.

720. *'He gathered up his feet.'* Gen. 49. 33. ^{L. M.} Buxton.

- B**LEST and at peace, prepared for death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet:
 Shall soon resign this mortal breath,
 And die my fathers' God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among the people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see:
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me!
- 3 Oh that without one ling'ring groan
 I may the welcome word receive!
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live!
- 4 Go with me through the awful shade,
 And certify that thou art mine:
 My spirit calm and undismay'd,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall trouble whom thy presence cheers;
 My light, my life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

721. *'Prepare to meet thy God.'* Amos 4. 12. L. M.
St. Patrick's.

DEATH, in a thousand awful forms,
 Appears and sweeps our race away;
 While to surviving dying worms
 It loudly calls to watch and pray.

2 And where shall mortal sinners flee
 For refuge from the general doom?
 Jesus, there's none, there's none but thee
 Can save us from the wrath to come.

3 But O! thy mercy, gracious Lord,
 Can all our guilt and fears remove:
 O now thy saving grace afford,
 And fit us for the realms above!

722. *'Lazarus is dead.'* John 11. 14. P. M.
St. Swithin.

FRIEND after friend departs!
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end!
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

2 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone:
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

3 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are past away;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

723. *'Let them sing aloud upon,' &c. Ps. 149. 5.* ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of Death :

I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last expiring breath.

2 Death's direful sting has lost its power :

A ransom'd sinner, saved by grace,
Lives but to die, and die no more,
But see, unveil'd, thy blissful face.

3 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,

And I shall enter endless rest :
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name for ever blest.

4 O Saviour, let thy will be done !

Like yielding clay I humbly lie :
May ev'ry murmuring thought be gone,
Most peacefully resign'd to die.

724. *'The angel of the Lord encampeth,' &c. Ps. 34. 7.* ^{C. M.} Sheffield.

HOW sweet, how glorious is the hope,
That when my change shall come,

Angels shall hover round my bed,
And bear my spirit home !

2 Then shall my disimprison'd soul

See Jesus, and adore !
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear

The trumpet's joyful sound ;
And by my Saviour's power restored,
At his right hand be found.

4 These eyes shall see him in that day,

The God who died for me !
And all my wondering powers shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee ?

- 5 If such the views that grace unfolds
 To mortals here below;
 What raptures must the saints above
 In Jesu's presence know!

725. '*Your fathers, where are they?*' Zech. 1. 5. S. M.
Kerry.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
 That bears us to the sea!
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity!

- 2 Our fathers! where are they,
 With all they call'd their own?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honour gone.

- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting friend!
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.

- 4 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 'Till with them in the land of light
 We dwell before thy face.

726. '*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt, &c.* Gen. 3. 19. L. M.
Buxton.

HOW this defiled and grov'ling frame
 Cleaves to the dust from whence it came!
 And, lodged within the grave's domain,
 We soon shall blend with dust again.

- 2 The earth, that mocks our weary tread,
 And scarce repays our toil with bread,
 Is, through our sin, accursed to be
 A type of our depravity.

- 3 Earth yields us scanty gifts:—she gave
 A cradle, and prepares a grave;
 Her glory, in its proudest form,
 Ends in corruption and the worm.

- 4 Gladly let faith and hope survey
The hour, when earth shall pass away;
And, wrapp'd in folds of blazing fire,
Her glory with her shame expire.
- 5 A new creation then shall rise;
New heavens and earth shall meet our eyes;
And, raised from dust, and freed from stain,
We shall our Paradise regain.

727. '*O death, where is thy sting?*' 1 Cor. 15.53.

L. M.
Cook.

- I** CANNOT shun the stroke of death:
Lord, help me to surmount the fear;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart;
In me let ev'ry sin be slain:
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue;
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour thee in all I do!
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,
Where in thy light I light shall see:
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possess'd of thee.
- 5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death;
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

728. '*He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.*' Ps. 37.4. ^{113th.} Carey.

- I** MAY not mount to worlds above,
Elijah-like, on wheels of fire;
But well I know my Saviour's love
Will grant me all my heart's desire:

- He will not leave me in that hour,
To shake beneath the tempter's power.
- 2 An inward peace is all I crave,
When this poor heart and flesh shall fail;
My God will strengthen what he gave,
Nor let my unbelief prevail.
I know, O Lord, that I can die
Without triumphant ecstasy.
- 3 Methinks a self-abasing view
Will chasten, though it won't destroy;
The plant it saturates with dew,
Will blossom in a world of joy.
Oh! may I end my fleeting days
In weeping, singing, pray'r, and praise.

729. '*Sorrow not even as others.*' 1 Thess. 4. 13. 8. 8. 6.
Halifax C.

- I**F death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain load:
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatch'd away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

730. '*Thou shalt die, and not live.*' Is. 38. 1. C. M.
St. David's.

IF I must die, oh! let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, oh! let me die,
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

731. '*When I am old and greyheaded,*' &c. Ps. 71. 18. 113th.
Gardner 1.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O! may I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

732. '*Into Thine hand I commend my spirit.*' Ps. 31. 5. L. M.
Job.

JESUS, I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty and merciful to save;
Thou wilt to death go down with me,
And gently lay me in the grave.

2 This body there shall rest in hope,
This body which the worms destroy;
For surely thou wilt bring me up,
To glorious life and endless joy.

733. 'Christ, who is our life.' Col. 3. 4.

LET reason vainly boast her power
 To teach her children how to die ;
 The sinner in a dying hour,
 Needs more than reason can supply ;
 A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Alone can cheer him in his end.

2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
 And ev'ry earthly hope is fled ;
 What then can give the sinner ease,
 And make him love a dying bed ?
 Saviour, thy voice his heart can cheer ;
 He's blest even then, if thou art near.

3 Then let me die the death of those
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood ;
 Who on his faithfulness repose,
 And know that he indeed is God :
 Around his throne we'll joyful meet,
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

734. 'The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.' Ps. 108. 16. ^{C. M.} Crowle.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender, transient flower,
 That even in blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears—
 The Saviour dwells on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 There joys shall never die.

735. *'Thou wilt show me the path of life.'* Ps. 16. 11.

L. M.
Ely.

- O** GOD of love, with cheering ray,
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love through each revolving year,
Has wiped away affliction's tear,
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!
- 4 Crown my last moment with thy power—
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the raptured heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

736. *'Precious in the sight of the Lord.'* Ps. 116. 15. ^{L. M.} St. Asaph.

- O** HAPPY dead, in thee that sleep,
While o'er their mould'ring dust we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who shalt come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!
- 2 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our own.

737. *'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'* Acts 7. 59.

^{L. M.}
Buxton.

- O** THOU, that hast redemption wrought,
Friend of the souls thy blood hath bought;
To thee our spirits we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

- 3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When ev'ry mortal bond was broke.
- 4 We on that friendship, Lord, repose,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we, when sinking in the grave,
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.
- 5 Oh! may our spirits by thy hand,
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who 'midst the blessings of thy reign,
Lose all remembrance of their pain.
- 6 In raptures there divinely sweet,
Give us our kindred souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph shall display.

738. *'Be not afraid; only believe.'* Mark 5. 36.

C. M.
Irish.

- O**H for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

739. *'Thou hast made my days an handbreadth.'* Ps.39.5. ^{113th.} Carey.

OH let me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end;
Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
How soon my fabric shall return
To earth—and in the silent tomb
Its seat of lasting rest assume.

2 What are my days! (a span their line)
And what my age compared with thine!—
Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows;
Swift like a fleeting shade we run,
And Vanity and Man are one!

3 God of my fathers, here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire:
Where shall I, then, for refuge flee,
On whom repose my hope, but Thee?

4 Before thy throne my knees I bend:
To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend:
Oh spare me, Lord, awhile, oh spare!
My strength renew, my heart prepare,
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

740. *'Therefore be ye also ready.'* Matt. 24. 44. ^{8. 7.} Rousseau.

OH! my God may I be living
Just as I would wish to die;
All my powers to thee be giving
Rip'ning for eternity.
In the path of sweet communion;
May I walk with thee below;
So that there be no disunion
In the world to which I go.

- 2 May my days be spent in praising
 Thy forbearing, endless love;
 When I wake may I be raising
 Higher, holier, notes above.
 Grant me fellowship in Spirit,
 Through thine own incarnate Son;
 And thy throne may I inherit,
 Holy, undefiled One!

741. *'He knoweth our frame. Ps. 103. 14.* L. M.
St. Pancras.

OUR life is but a brittle thread,
 And soon we mingle with the dead;
 In frailty we a while sojourn,
 Then to our native dust return.

2 Jehovah knows how weak we are,
 And makes our feeble life his care;
 Strength he proportions to our day,
 Rememb'ring that we are but clay.

3 He sees our num'rous foes prevail,
 He sees our languid spirits fail;
 Our fainting souls his pity move;
 For everlasting is his love.

4 Soon shall the toils of life be o'er,
 And pains and griefs be felt no more;
 Then he will raise us to his throne,
 And form our bodies like his own.

742. *'Whom have I in heaven but Thee.'* Ps. 73. 25. L. M.
Devonshire.

SOV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,
 Lo! mortal men by thousands die;
 One glance from thee at once brings down
 The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 The friendly band no more shall greet
 Accents familiar once, and sweet;
 No more the well-known features trace,
 No more renew the fond embrace.

3 Yet if our Father's faithful hand
 Conduct us through this gloomy land,
 Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
 And follow where he leads the way.

4 He, nobler friends than here we leave,
 In brighter, surer worlds can give :
 Or, by the beamings of his eye,
 A lost creation well supply.

743. *'Abraham came to mourn,' &c.* Gen. 23. 2. L. M.
Rockingham.

THE God of love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear and heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,
 When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend ;
 Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
 Th' almighty, everliving Friend.

3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
 Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;
 Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
 O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
 Thou art each tender name in one ;
 On thee we cast our hourly care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.

744. *'I am now ready to be offered.'* 2 Tim. 4. 6. L. M.
Truro.

THE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run ;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure 's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

745. *'Thou hast been our dwelling-place.'* Ps. 90. 1. ^{L. M.} Stonefield.

- T**HOU, Lord, through ev'ry changing scene
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through ev'ry age, eternal God,
Their peaceful home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are born a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our father's place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart and guard our head.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more;
To thee our happy souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our families we leave:
Them may their father's God receive;
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

746. *'Now lettest thou thy servant.'* &c. Luke 2.29. ^{DBL. 7's.}
Hotham.

THIS enough—the hour is come;
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now, and steadfast prove
God of truth, and God of love!

2 Since, at length, my aged eye
Sees the day-spring from on high!
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade;
Lift their eyes, and, from afar,
Hail the light of Jacob's star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.

3 Sun of Righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings;
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine on Sion's favour'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

747. 'O death, where is thy sting?' 1 Cor. 15. 45.

P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame!

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite—

Steals my senses, shuts my sight—

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens to my eyes: my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

"O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?"

748. 'Here we have no abiding place.' Heb. 13. 14. L. M.
Kelly.

WE'VE no abiding city here:

This may distress the worldling's mind,

But should not cost the saint a tear,

Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"

Sad truth, were this to be our home;

But let this thought our spirits cheer,—

"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here:"

Then let us live as pilgrims do;

Let not this world our rest appear:

But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here:"

We seek a city out of sight;

Zion its name—"The Lord is there;"

It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
 The time my God appoints is best;
 While here to do his will be mine;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

749. *'When thou passest through the,' &c. Is. 43. 2.* ^{C. M.} Abridge.

WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
 My trembling soul shall stand,
 And wait to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God, at thy command;—

2 Thou source of life and joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave!

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head;
 And let a beam of life divine
 Illume my dying bed.

750. *'Thou shalt remember all the way,' &c. Deut. 8. 2.* ^{C. M.} Bedford.

WHEN o'er the trodden paths of life
 Backwards I turn my eyes;
 What varied scenes throughout the road,
 Awaken my surprise!

2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour
 Imparted vital breath,
 Just look'd on life, and closed their eyes
 In the fast sleep of death.

3 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's stage,
 Safe through unnumber'd snares,
 Travell'd not far before they sunk
 Amidst its thorns and cares.

- 4 Follow'd through every changing stage,
 With goodness all my days;
 Deny me not a heart to love,
 A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee,
 My grateful lips shall give;
 And, while I make thy grace my trust,
 To thee alone I'll live.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee
 Echo along the road:
 Oh! may I join those endless songs,
 That fill thy blest abode.

751. 'The valley of the shadow of death.' Ps. 23. 4. 8. 7. 4.
 Kelly.

WHEN the vale of death appears,
 (Faint and cold this mortal clay
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way:
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.

752. 'I desire to depart.' Phil. 1. 28. L. M.
 Rockingham.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand;
 My spirit struggles with its clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
 For 't is far better to depart;
 Where Jesus dwells, my soul would be,
 It pants my much-loved Lord to see.

3 That blessed interview how sweet!
 To fall transported at his feet,
 Raised in his arms, to see his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace!

4 To view heaven's shining angels round,
 All with celestial glories crown'd;
 And, while his form in each I trace,
 Beloved and loving, all t'embrace.

- 5 Then with a seraph's voice I'll sing,
And fly, as on a cherub's wing;
Fulfilling, with those glorious bands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

753. *'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'* Rev. 14. 13. C. M. Bath

WHY should we grieve for those that die
In Jesus, and are blest?
Their happy spirits upwards fly
To their eternal rest.

2 Joyful they quit this vale of tears;
They reach the peaceful shore,
Where sorrow, sin, and painful fears
Shall vex their souls no more.

3 The wonders of redeeming grace
Triumphantly they sing,
And see unveil'd the shining face
Of their exalted King.

4 When shall we quit this house of clay,
And fly from ev'ry care?
Our spirits long to soar away,
And meet our kindred there.

754. *'To die is gain.'* Phil. 1. 21. L. M. N. Sabbath.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.
-

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

755. *'Thou hast been our dwelling.'* Ps. 90. 1. C. M.
Bedford.

MUST friends and kindred fail and die,
 And helpers be withdrawn?
 While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
 Counts up our comforts gone.

- 2 Be thou our comfort, blessed Lord,
 Our helper and our friend;
 Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
 Till all our trials end.

- 3 Oh may our feet pursue the way
 Which Christ before us trod!
 Oh may we by his grace obey
 The counsels of his word!

- 4 Let us be wean'd from things below;
 Let hope our grief expel:
 Till to our friends above we go,
 With Christ in bliss to dwell.

756. *'Because I live, ye shall live also.'* John 14. 19. 113th.
Eaton.

O YE, who, with the frequent tear
 And sadden'd step, assemble here,
 To bear these cold, yet loved remains,
 Where dark and cheerless silence reigns;
 Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel,
 "The Saviour lives—all, all is well."

- 2 Let Unbelief lament or frown,
 To see so fair a flower cut down;

But Faith shall still direct her eye,
 Amidst her tears, to yonder sky,
 And on this firm assurance dwell,
 "The Saviour lives—and all is well!"

3 Those eyes, indeed, are rayless now,
 And, pale that cheek, and chill that brow;
 Yet could that lifeless form declare
 The joys its soul is call'd to share,
 How would those lips rejoice to tell,
 "The Saviour lives—all, all is well!"

4 Oh were it but to mortals given
 To hear through yonder vault of heaven,
 The strains which ransom'd spirits sing,
 Thus would the joyful chorus ring—
 "The Lord who saved our souls from hell,
 The Saviour lives, and all is well!"

5 Then let us now no more repine,
 But all the glorious anthem join;
 And, while our fondest hopes decay,
 Still learn to wipe our tears away;
 And loud the heavenly chorus swell—
 "The Saviour lives—all, all is well!"

757. 'Be ye also ready.' Matt. 24. 44.

L. M.
 St. Pancras.

OF T as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul;
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepared, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee;
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sin, and let me live.

3 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
 If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
 Nor would the thought distressing be—
 "Perhaps it next may toll for me."

758. *'We spend our years as a tale that is told.'* Ps.90.9. C. M. Oxford.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

759. *'In Christ shall all be made alive.'* 1 Cor.15.22. C. M. Harrington.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising day.
-

ETERNITY—HEAVEN.

760. '*Earnestly desiring,*' &c. 2 Cor. 5. 2.

L. M.
 Buxton.

AS when the weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill;
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He views his home, though distant still;

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies;
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
 No more he grieves for trouble past;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode;
 Assured our home will make amends
 For all we suffer on the road.

761. '*Ye are come unto Mount Zion.*' Heb. 12. 22.

C. M.
 Cambridge.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize;
 And on the wings of sacred love
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to Jesus gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.

- 3 Jesus, thy glorious name we praise
 For grace already given;
 Thy power our sleeping dust shall raise,
 And bring us safe to heaven.

762. *'Our conversation is in heaven.'* Phil. 3. 20. C. M.
Sheffield.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more;
 But, clothed in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their grateful tongues.

763. *'Rejoice in the Lord always.'* Phil. 4. 4. L. M.
St. Olave's.

DOES not, with God, a rest remain,
 Where those who part may meet again?
 Where death nor distance ne'er shall sever
 The souls then join'd with him for ever?

- 2 Here our best joys too soon decay,
 All earthly comforts fade away;
 However dear, however pure,
 We mourn them still as insecure.
- 3 But there no tears bedew the eye,
 No troubled spirit breathes a sigh;
 "Fulness of joy" on that blest shore
 Remains unchanged for evermore.

- 4 Oh! let it be our constant care,
 This best, enduring home to share!
 And on these heav'nly hopes depend,
 Though losing ev'ry earthly friend.
- 5 True—we may see each face no more,
 That we have loved to see before:
 Yet still in spirit we may meet,
 Before the holy mercy-seat.

764. *'There shall be no night there.'* Rev. 22. 5. C. M.
Oxford.

- F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains:
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair:
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

765. *'So shall we ever be with the Lord.'* 1 Thess. 4. 17. P. M.

- F**OR ever to behold him shine,
 For evermore to call him mine,
 And see him still before me;

For ever on his face to gaze,
 And meet his full assembled rays,
 While all the Father he displays
 To all his saints in glory!

2 Not all things else are half so dear
 As his delightful presence here—
 What must it be in heaven!
 'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,
 As now I journey day by day,
 "Poor sinner! cast thy fears away,
 Thy sins are all forgiven."

3 But how must his celestial voice
 Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
 When I in glory hear him!
 While I before the heavenly gate
 For everlasting entrance wait,
 And Jesus on his throne of state
 Invites me to come near him:

4 "Come in, thou blessed, sit by me:
 With my own life I ransom'd thee;
 Come, taste my perfect favour.
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come:
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions make him room,
 For he must stay for ever."

766. '*They desire a better home.*' Heb. 11. 16.

P. M.
 Kelly.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain:
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred ground
 With joyful songs we haste,
 Where light, and love, and peace abound,
 And everlasting rest.
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,
 And ev'ry conflict's o'er;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.
- 4 We soon shall join the throng:
 Their pleasures we shall share;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransom'd there.
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.
- 5 How sweet the prospect is!
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
 Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

767. *'Blessed are the dead that die,' &c.* Rev. 14. 13. 8. 7. 7.
Vesper.

HARK a voice! it cries from heaven:
 "Happy in the Lord who die!"

Happy they to whom 'tis given,
 From a world of grief to fly!
 They indeed are truly blest;
 From their labour then they rest.

- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo! they dwell with Christ above:
 O what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love!
 Now they see him face to face:
 Him who saved them by his grace.

- 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
 'Tis his people's bright reward:
 They indeed are blest who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord.
 O that we may die like those
 Who in Jes's then repose!

768. *'That they may behold My glory.'* John 17. 24. C. M.
Sheffield.

HE is a God of sov'reign love
 Who promised heaven to me,
 And taught my thoughts to soar above
 Where happy spirits be.

2 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day!
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

3 Then, my Redeemer, take my soul
 Up to thy blest abode;
 That, face to face, I may behold
 My Saviour and my God.

769. *'Set your affections on things above.'* Col. 3. 2. L. M.
Devonshire.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties,
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain!

3 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we 're travelling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

770. *'I am a stranger with Thee.'* Ps. 39. 12. SEVENP.
Pardona.

I AM but a stranger here,
 As my pious fathers were;
 Now from sin and danger free,
 They for ever dwell with thee.

2 Landed on the peaceful shore,
 Tempests now they fear no more;
 Whilst I languish and complain,
 Toss'd upon the stormy main.

3 But with humble patience still
I would wait my Father's will;
In the path of duty run,
Till the task of life is done.

771. '*I go to prepare a place for you.*' John 14.2. L. M.
Stonefield.

IS there a brighter world than this,
A region of eternal bliss?
And can it be that man may share,
Vile as he is, a portion there?

2 Jesus, 't is thine alone to bring
Rebellious sinners to their King;
To clothe them in the glorious dress
Of thy all-perfect righteousness.

3 Oh! grant us, Lord, thy love to share,
Make us the objects of thy care;
Let grace resist corruption's reign,
Thy blood wash out its crimson stain.

4 And, when we're summon'd to appear
Before thy face, remove our fear:
And let our hearts rejoice to see
An all-sufficient friend in thee.

772. '*The holy Jerusalem.*' Rev. 21. 10. C. M.
Nayland.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,
And gates of pearl behold:
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of purest gold?

3 Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And him, through every stormy scene,
I onward press to see.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end—
When once thy joys I see.

773. *'Came out of great tribulation.'* Rev. 7. 14.

L. M.
Cook.

- L**O! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
Of ev'ry tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came:
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him, day and night, they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise—

- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!"

774. '*We look for the Saviour.*' Phil. 3. 20. C. M.
St. Ann's.

LORD, may we feel no anxious care
Whether we die or live;
'T is ours to love and serve thee here,
And thou the strength wilt give.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be!

3 Then shall we end our sad complaints,
Our weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 Our knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ is all,
And we shall be with him.

775. '*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.*' 1 Cor. 2. 9. C. M.
London N.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared,
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Unknown the joy that God supplies
To Christians here below;
Unknown their joy beyond the skies
When they to glory go.

- 4 Impart to us those blessings, Lord,
By thee so freely given;
And may thy Spirit and thy word
Prepare our souls for heaven.

776. *'Walk in newness of life.'* Rom. 6. 4.

L. M.
Truro.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

777. *'I go to prepare a place.'* John 14. 2.

113th.
Eaton

O GOD! O good beyond compare!
If all thy meaner works are fair,
If thy rich bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!

778.

'A new heaven.' Rev. 21. 1.

148th.
Casterton.

- O** HEAVEN! abode of saints!
 Where sin can never come,
 For thee my spirit faints;
 I long to be at home.
 O world of peace! O land of rest!
 When shall I reach thee, and be blest?
- 2 O Death! once dreaded foe!
 Thy name no fear inspires;
 Thine icy hand, I know,
 Will quench corruption's fires;
 And not a spark be left within
 Which aught can kindle into sin.
- 3 My Advocate above,
 Repairer of my fall,
 Oh! by thy dying love,
 Receive my mournful call!
 Thy voice can calm the storm within,
 Thy blood can wash away my sin.

779.

'Eye hath not seen.' Is. 64. 4.

C. M.
Abingdon.

- O** H! could we but awake to see
 The glories of the skies;
 What a mean thing this earth would be,
 How worthless in our eyes!
- 2 Remove, O Lord, the veil away,
 That hides thee from our sight;
 Shed in our hearts a quick'ning ray,
 And make our darkness light.
- 3 Give us the eye of faith, to see
 The wonders of thy love;
 And let our souls, renew'd by thee,
 Be fix'd on things above.
- 4 So shall a treach'rous world no more
 Our wayward hearts ensnare;
 Above its follies we shall soar,
 And breathe a purer air.

780. *'Make haste my beloved.'* Sol. Song. 8. 14. L. M.
Teddington.

SAVIOUR, the source of joy and love,
I long to dwell with thee above;
Fain would I leave the world, and rise
To yon fair mansion in the skies.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my peaceful home;
I faint with toil, and often say,
"Let not thy chariot long delay!"

3 Temptations often break my peace,
When will my inward conflicts cease?
With pains, and fears, and griefs oppress'd,
My spirit longs to be at rest.

4 As one forsaken and forlorn,
Thy absence, blessed Lord, I mourn;
I long thy blissful face to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.

781. *'Having seen them afar off.'* Heb. 11. 13. L. M.
Bristol.

THERE are some hours to mortals given,
Bright as the glowing dawn of heaven;
Sweet as the weary traveller's rest,
And peaceful as an angel's breast;

2 When hope lifts up her longing eyes,
And spreads her pinions to the skies;
When earth's dark shadows backward roll,
And freedom dawns upon the soul.

3 Oh! why are those bright hours so few?
Why fades the vision from our view?
What envious power bids earth again
Enfold us in its iron chain?

4 Blest Saviour, with one smile of thine,
Dispel our gloom, our hearts refine;
And on the wings of faith and love
Waft us to brighter scenes above.

- 5 With joy we hail that coming day,
 When, cheer'd with heaven's reviving ray,
 We shall be call'd to rest with thee,
 From earth's dark clouds for ever free.

782. '*A house not made with hands.*' 2 Cor. 5. 1.

C. M.
 Irish.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

- 3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit given.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
 Faith lives upon his word;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

783. '*There shall be no night there.*' Rev. 22. 5.

C. M.
 Sheffield.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes!—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

784. 'Made an High Priest.' Heb. 6. 20.

C. M.
Irish.

- T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music like thy saving name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Oh! may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme
While in the world we stay ;
We'll sing our Saviour's precious name
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

785. *'Rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'* Rom. 5. 2. 118th.
Carey.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end :
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
To save me to the latest hour :
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe !
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

786. *'Our house which is in heaven.'* 2 Cor. 5. 2. DBL. S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

THE house with hands not made
Hast thou not bought for me ?
The full stupendous price was paid
In blood on Calvary !
But e'er thou call me hence,
Lord, graciously impart
The pledge of mine inheritance,
And fill my loving heart.

2 An heir of endless bliss,
Now in a tent I dwell,
Till thou my willing soul dismiss
To joys unspeakable ;
Till thou, in that glad day,
Make all thy glories known ;
And to the heavenly house convey,
And bid me share thy throne.

787. 'What men are these?' Num. 22. 9.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

WE journey to a better rest,
Of which believers are possess'd,
Beyond material space!

E'en now we see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.

- 2 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise;
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

788. 'For what is your life?' James 4. 14.

8. 7. 7.
Kelly.

WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapour;
Soon it vanishes away:

Life is like a dying taper:

O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 2 See that glory: how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in Majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love:
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 4 Go and share his people's glory:
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story:
One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

789. *'Mortality might be swallowed up.'* 2Cor. 5. 4. 113th.
Gardner 2.

WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

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

3 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat;
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

790. *'I shall be satisfied.'* Ps. 17. 15. L. M.
Devonshire.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill the enraptured saint;
When mix'd with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song.

2 He feels no pain, he feels no want,
His portion all that God can grant:
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heaven with him and his.

3 No darkness now obscures his mind:
The darkness all is left behind:
And objects lately half conceal'd,
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.

4 His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
 In heaven is cold and mix'd no more ;
 It gains the region whence it came,
 And lives a pure, eternal flame.

5 O may I reach that bless'd abode,
 Where saints obtain their rest in God !
 For this let every conflict here,
 As nothing in my sight appear.

791. '*They desire a better country.*' Heb. 11. 16. ^{L. M.} Winchester

WHEN shall my longing soul ascend
 To God, my everlasting friend ?
 When shall I quit this house of clay,
 And triumph in immortal day ?

2 In darkness here I often mourn,
 As one forsaken and forlorn ;
 When shall I see those blissful plains,
 Where perfect light for ever reigns ?

3 A thousand snares beset my way,
 To draw my wav'ring soul astray ;
 But there the saints, from danger free,
 Abide in perfect purity.

4 A stranger in the world I roam,
 Far from my everlasting home ;
 I long to reach the bless'd abode
 Of my Redeemer and my God.

5 Some glimpses of my Saviour's face
 I see within his courts of grace ;
 I bless his name, yet fain would be
 Where angels all his glories see.

792. '*The weary be at rest.*' Job. 3. 17. ^{8. 7.} Rousseau.

WHEN the world my heart is rending
 With its heaviest storm of care,
 My glad thoughts, to God ascending,
 Find a refuge from despair.

There's a hand of mercy near me,
 Though the waves of trouble roar;
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
 When the toils of life are o'er.

- 2 Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
 Join'd with happy souls above;
 Where no foe my heart can sever
 From the Saviour whom I love!
 This the hope that shall sustain me
 Till life's pilgrimage be past:
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me:
 I shall reach my home at last.

793. 'Having a desire to depart.' Phil. 1. 23. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

WHILST, O my God! with joy I trace,
 The wondrous depths of sov'reign grace;
 How doth my soul aspire
 To see thy face in realms above,
 To sing with joy—adore thy love,
 Amidst the heav'nly choir.

- 2 I thirst, my God! (but yet how long
 Ere I arrive) to sing that "song
 Of Moses and the Lamb:"
 I wait, my God! when shall I come?
 O! speak the word, and call me home
 To join the heav'nly band.
- 3 Weary and clogg'd with things below,
 Blest by thy name! I long to know
 And see my God above:
 In open vision, face to face,
 To bow, adore, and sing thy grace,
 And praise redeeming love.

CLERICAL MEETING.

794. 'Gave gifts unto men.' Eph. 4. 8. L. M.
Wareham.
- P**OUR out thy Spirit from on high ;
 Lord, thine assembled servants bless :
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when we stand
 To teach the truth, as taught by thee ;
 Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
 The angels of the Churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart—
 Firmness and meekness, from above,
 To bear thy people on our heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love.
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night on guard to keep ;
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then when our work is finish'd here,
 Let us, in hope, our charge resign,
 When the good Shepherd shall appear,
 That they and we may all be thine.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

795. 'The church the manifold wisdom.' Eph. 3. 10 L. M.
Old 100th.
- A**ND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?
 And will he from his glorious throne
 Avow our temples for his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.

- 3 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
 Long may they echo with thy praise ;
 And thou descending fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While power divine his word attends .
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends .
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

796. 'The house of God.' Gen. 28. 17.

SEVENS.
 Sicilian M.

LORD of Hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise ;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word—the heavenly bread ;
 Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky,
 To the joyful sound reply,
 Hallelujah ! hence ascend
 Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

797. 'Hear Thou in heaven thy dwelling.' 1 Kings 8. 39. ^{L. M.} Wareham

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay ;
 We build the temple, Lord to thee ;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

512 CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live ;
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
And when thou hearest, oh ! forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son ;
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song ;
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.
-

SOCIAL MEETING.

798. 'Love as brethren.' 1 Pet. 3. 8.

S. M.
Levens.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts, and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes ;
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

 ORDINATION.

799. *'He shall give you another Comforter.'* John 14. 16. 113th. Carey.

- C**OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart ;
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight :
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of thy grace ;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And thee of both to be but One ;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This may be our endless song ;
 Praise to thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

SAINTS' DAY.

800.. 'Followers of them,' &c. Heb. 6. 12.

C. M.
St. Ann's.

- A**UTHOR and finisher of faith,
 We praise thee for the grace
 Bestow'd on those who, ages past,
 Did thy great name confess.
- 2 They taught and practised truths divine,
 And seal'd them with their blood ;
 And so to us was handed down
 The gospel of our God.
- 3 We bless thee for that saving truth
 Thy saints of old have taught ;
 We bless thee for those holy works
 Thy grace within them wrought.
- 4 May we and all mankind believe
 Thy messages of love ;
 Follow the steps of saints below,
 And dwell with them above.

MARRIAGE.

801. 'Jesus was called.' John 2. 2.

C. M.
University.

- S**INCE Jesus freely did appear,
 To grace a marriage feast,
 O Lord! we ask thy presence here ;
 Be thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down,
 Who now have join'd their hands ;
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
 Of all rich dowries best ;
 Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
 To sweeten all the rest.

- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

802. *'They were both righteous before God.'* Lukel.6. ^{L. M.} Pergolesi.

WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

- 2 Oh, may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.
- 3 So may they live as truly one ;
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love for ever there.

THE SEASONS.

803. *'The goodness of the Lord.'* Ps. 33. 5. ^{C. M.} Mt. Pleasant.

GOOD is the Lord, our heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grain appear.

- 2 Good is the Lord ; it is his love
Which makes the earth to yield ;
His clouds drop fatness from above ;
He whitens ev'ry field.
- 3 Good is the Lord ; his lib'ral hand
Is daily open'd wide,
To scatter plenty through the land,
That all may be supplied.

- 4 Good is the Lord ; he gives us bread ;
 He gives his people more :
 By him their souls with grace are fed,
 A boundless, richer store.

804. '*He gave us fruitful seasons.*' Acts 14. 17.

L. M.
 Windle.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year ;
 As time with rapid pinions flies,
 May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
 And summer shed again its rays ;
 No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
 No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
 And fill'd our fields with waving gold ;
 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
 Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
 The closing day of life and grace :
 Time of decision, awful hour,
 Around it let no tempest lour.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
 Then shall our happy souls above
 Reap the full harvest of thy love.

805. '*The valleys also are covered over.*' Ps. 65. 13.

L. M.
 Wareham.

ONCE more our condescending God
 Has sent a harvest rich and good ;
 No cank'ring worm, nor hostile band,
 Has spoil'd the produce of the land.

2 We bless thy name for sun and showers,
 And all the good that nature pours ;
 But thy enriching stores of grace
 Transcend our highest notes of praise.

- 3 Pour out thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
To clothe with power thy quick'ning word ;
Till saints a richer harvest rise,
And fill the garner of the skies.

806. *'I will joy in the God of my salvation.'* Hab. 3. 18. ^{SEVENS.}
Resurrection

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's refreshing juice ;
For the gen'rous olive's use ;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse ;

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores ;—

5 These to that dear source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all our happy days,
Claim our cheerful songs of praise.

END OF THE YEAR.

807. *'The time is short.'* 1 Cor. 7. 29.

C. M.
Crowle.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past,
I cannot long continue here,
The next may be my last.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run—
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Now a new scene of time begins,
Now fix thy hopes on heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 4 Now seek to yield thyself to God ;
And on his power depend,
For grace to guide thee in that road
Which shall in glory end.

808. *'Into Thine hand I commit my spirit.'* Ps.31.5. L. M.
Buxton.

HOW many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run.

2 We yet survive ; but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death ?

3 That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the worlds unknown.

4 To thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them and own them still as thine ;
So shall they rest secure from fear,
Though death should blight the rising year.

809. *'Commit thy way unto the Lord.'* Ps.37.5. S. M.
Mt. Ephraim.

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise ;
'Tis duty mingled with delight
To sing the Saviour's praise.

2 Now through another year,
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here ;
"The Lord hath help'd thus far."

3 Our state in future years
Since we can not foresee ;
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "leave it all to me."

4 Oh! may we all then cast
Our care upon the Lord ;
Praise him for all his mercies past,
And trust his promised word.

810. *'Forgotten me days without number.'* Jer. 2. 32. L. M.
Cook.

WE raise our Ebenezer here,
And own before our Father's throne,
His love has crown'd the passing year,
His hand has kindly led us on.

2 But, oh! what poor returns we make
For favours constant, large, and free!
O God, forgive, for Jesu's sake,
Our great ingratitude to thee!

3 It grieves us when we take a view
Of all our negligence and sin!
Dear Lord, our faithless hearts renew,
And form us for thy will divine.

4 What shall attend our future years,
We would not vainly wish to know;
Forbid our unbelieving fears,
And strength for ev'ry day bestow.

811. *'The riches of his goodness.'* Rom. 2. 4. 113th.
Eaton.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days ;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here :
Oh! may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to him!

- 2 How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared!
"Let me alone," his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.
- 3 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known,
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

NEW YEAR.

812. *'Perfect that which concerneth me.'* Ps. 138. 8. SEVENS.
Paesiello.

- B**LESS, O Lord, the op'ning year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the harden'd soul to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look on thee.
- 3 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

813. *'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'* 1 Sam. 7. 12 L. M. Warrington.

MY helper God, I bless his name :
The same his power, his grace the same,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

814. *'Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens.'* Is. 64. 1 C. M. Gainsboro'.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
Let mercy set us free :
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

- 5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home ;
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

815. ' *This year thou shalt die.*' Jer. 28. 16.

L. M.
 Bristol.

O GOD, my helper, ever near,
 Crown with thy smile the present year ;
 Preserve me by thy favour still,
 And fit me for thy sacred will.

2 My safety each succeeding hour
 Depends on thy supporting power ;
 Accept my thanks for mercies past,
 And be my guard while life shall last.

3 Let me not murmur nor complain
 At what thy wisdom shall ordain ;
 Sickness or health may blessings prove,
 As order'd by thy sov'reign love.

4 My moments move with winged haste,
 Nor know I which shall be the last ;
 Danger and death are ever nigh,
 And I this year, perhaps, may die.

5 Prepare me for the trying day,
 Then call my willing soul away ;
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And let me rise to dwell with thee.

816. ' *Man is of a few days.*' Job 49. 1.

C. M.
 London N.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
 How short the months appear !

2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day
 When all that mortal hand has done
 God's judgment shall survey.

- 3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
 Its great concern to see ;
 Thy Spirit to my soul impart,
 To give myself to thee.
- 4 So shall their course more fruitful roll,
 In future years arise !
 Or this shall bear my happy soul
 To joy that never dies.

817. '*Thou carriest them away.*' &c. Ps. 90. 5.

DBL. 7s.
 Pardon.

THANKS for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy work to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

149th.
 Casterton.

818. '*Let it alone this year also.*' Luke 13. 8.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days :
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd 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 raised 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 precious blood
 From God obtain'd the grace ;
 Who, therefore, hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo, we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground ;
 And let our holy fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 So shall we all thy blessings share,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

819. *'Them also that love His appearing.'* 2 Tim. 4. 8. C. M.
Mt. Pleasant.

COME, gracious Lord, thy work fulfil,
 Thy great salvation bring ;
 And reign on Zion's holy hill,
 The world's triumphant King.

820. *'The time of the dead.'* Rev. 11. 18. F. M.
Luther.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

821. *'The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.'* Jas. 5. 8. S. M.
Levens.

IN expectation sweet,
 We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
 Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
 And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the conqueror comes!
 Death falls beneath his sword:
 The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
 And rise to meet their Lord!

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
 Ye dead, to judgment come!"
 The pillars of creation shake,
 While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn, for those
 Who love the ways of peace!
 No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
 Or shade their perfect bliss.

822. *'I come quickly.'* Rev. 22. 20.

L. M.
 Wareham.

JESUS, thy Church with longing eyes
 For thy expected coming waits;
 When will the promised light arise,
 And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
 Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,
 And crown thy Gospel with success.

3 O come and reign o'er every land,
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd;
 All nations bow to thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.

4 Yes, thou wilt speedily appear;
 The smitten earth already reels;
 And not far off we seem to hear
 The thunder of thy chariot-wheels.

5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
 To wait for the appointed hour;
 And fit us by thy grace to share
 The triumphs of thy conquering power.

823. *'Behold, He cometh with clouds.'* Rev. 1. 7. 8. 7. 4.
Helmsley.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train:
Hallelujah! God appears, on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Clad in dreadful majesty;
Those, who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:

Hallelujah! See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne:

Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

Oh! come quickly; Hallelujah! Come, Lord,
come!

824. *'And it shall come to pass in the last days.'* Is. 2. 2. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly.

LORD, if judgments now are waking,
Let not thy compassions sleep;
But, while earthly thrones are shaking,
Firm and free thy kingdom keep.

Jesus, hear us,

Be thou near us,

When the storm shall near us sweep!

2 Courage, saints, your fears assuaging,
Chant a bold and blissful strain!

Holy seers, of peace presaging,
Bid us hail Messiah's reign.

Strife, sedition,

Superstition,

Then no votaries shall gain.

3 Prince of Peace, let ev'ry nation
 Soon thy Spirit's empire own ;
 Bow the world in supplication,
 Bring the heathen to thy throne !
 Earth possessing
 Boundless blessing,
 Then shall honour thee alone.

825. 'The books were opened.' Rev. 20. 12. L. M.
St. Patrick's.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
 Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Awed by the Judge's high command :
 Both small and great now quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with the important fates of men ;
 Each deed and word now public made,
 As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my soul approve :
 There may I read my name enroll'd,
 And triumph in redeeming love.

826. 'A star out of Jacob.' Num. 24. 17. 113th.
Gardner 2.

O COME, thou radiant Morning Star,
 Again in human darkness shine ;
 Arise, resplendent from afar :
 Messiah, claim thy power divine :
 Begin thy perfect glorious reign :
 Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain.

827. 'The Heavens departed.' Rev. 6. 14. L. M.
St. Pancras.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

- 2 When shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll :
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ; —
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

828. *'Cometh with tenthousand of his saints.'* Judel⁴ L. M.
St. Patrick's

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall hide their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came ;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's high way,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene,—the crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"
The saints ascending from the tomb
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come !"

829. *'I saw a great white throne.'* Rev. 20. 11. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.
(Composed while standing on the Land's End, Cornwall.)

THOU 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 t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

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

830. *'The Lord himself shall descend.'* 1Thess. 4. 16. L. M.
Winchester.

WHAT joys will crown that happy hour
 When in the air the Lord we meet,
 And triumph o'er infernal power,
 With Satan bruised beneath our feet!

2 When wak'ning millions meet their Lord,
 Descending from the op'ning skies!
 When souls at his almighty word,
 Shall join their bodies as they rise!

3 In his bright world no cloud shall rise,
 To wrap the heav'nly scenes in night;
 No darkness veil th' eternal skies,
 Or shade their everlasting light!

831. *'Afterward receive me to glory.'* Ps. 73. 24. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out
 When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day!
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray!

- 4 Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall sound,
 Let me among thy saints be found,
 To see thy glorious face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts to sov'reign grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

832. 'The Lord will command.' Ps. 42. 8.

C. M.
 Burford.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave succeeds to wave ;
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
 Can yet restore my peace ;
 And he who bids the tempest roar
 Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
 I'll count his mercies o'er ;
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly beg for more.

4 There will I rest and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod ; .
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My Saviour and my God.

833. 'At the sepulchre, weeping.' John 20. 11. L. M.
Devonshire.

AH! Lord, have we no tear to shed,
 O'er the sad spot where Jesus bled,
 When he endured the grief and curse,
 And bled, and died, and all for us ?

2 And shall we not encounter shame,
 For our Redeemer's honour'd name ?
 And even were we call'd to die,
 At his loved voice, could we deny ?

3 Oh! for this love our songs shall rise
 Harmonious to the highest skies;
 And then with yonder glorious throng,
 We would the endless strain prolong.

834. ... 'All was vanity.' Eccl. 2. 11. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

AH! why should this immortal mind,
 Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
 And never, never rise?

Why, thus amused with empty toys,
 And, soothed with visionary joys,
 Forget her native skies?

2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
 To everlasting things:

But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
 And hang with cold oppressive weight
 Upon her drooping wings.

3 The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie:

When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly.

835. 'The exceeding riches of His grace.' Eph. 2. 7. C. M.
Bath.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
 That saved a wretch like me;
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;

'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

836. *'I will look unto the Lord.'* Mic. 7. 7.

SEVENS.
Alcester.

- A**LL this gloom thou canst dispel,
All the darts of Satan quell ;
Counsel me, most holy Lord !
Teach me thy unerring word.
- 2 Breathe thine influence divine
On this rebel heart of mine ;
Every wish and thought remove
Savouring not of heavenly love.

837. *'I am with thee.'* Is. 41. 10.

C. M.
Asylum.

- A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near ?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise ?
- 3 Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints ;
And in such tender accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints ?
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care ;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.

838. *'I go to prepare a place for you.'* John 14. 2. 113th.
Gardner 2.

- A**ND art thou, gracious Master, gone
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever dwell with thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its sharpest frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own,
 What shame would fill me in that day
 When thou thy glory shalt display.
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile? !
 The terror of his anger what?
 Like grass, he flourishes awhile,
 But soon his place shall know him not:
 Through fear of such an one, shall I
 The Lord of heaven and earth deny?
- 4 No: let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me, if it will;
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still:
 For thee my God, I all resign,
 Content, if I can call thee mine.

839. *'What son is he whom the father,' &c.* Heb. 12. 7. C. M.
Abridge.

- A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "My Father, God;"
 Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 And not a murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father"—oh! permit my heart
 To plead its humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

840. *'Take up his cross, and follow Me.'* Mark 8. 34. C. M.
Bedford.

AND must I part with all I have,
 Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
 This is my joy, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
 A single smile obtain;
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'll glory in my gain.

841. *'Old things are passed away.'* 2 Cor. v. 17.

C. M.
Bath.

AS by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all conceal'd:
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

2 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fix'd my roving heart.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 'T is grace indeed that thou shouldst own
 A worthless worm like me.

842. *'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'* Heb. 12. 6. 113th.
Eaton.

AUTHOR of life, whose sov'reign will
 Each comfort gives, or takes away ;
 Teach me to own thy goodness still,
 Though clouds obscure life's doubtful day ;
 And though thou slay me, I will bless
 Thy name, and trust thy faithfulness.

2 The smart of thy correcting rod
 Seems hard for our weak frame to bear ;
 But when I trace the hand of God,
 Why should I murmur or despair ?
 Thy presence mitigates the blow,
 And lightens every load of woe.

3 Thy love, relieving my distress,
 Assures me I am still preserved
 By mercy, and endure far less
 Than my transgressions have deserved.
 And why should sinful dust complain,
 When Christ has borne severer pain ?

843. *'I press toward the mark.'* Phil. 3. 14. C. M.
Devizes.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'T is his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crown'd with vict'ry at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

844. *'Mount up with wings as eagles.'* Is. 40. 31. L. M.
N. Sabbath.

A WAKE our souls—away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone—
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

145. *'I will guide thee with mine Eye.* Ps. 32. 8. C. M.
Harrington.

A WHILE I strive, awhile I mourn,
'Midst thorns and briars here ;
But God vouchsafes with love divine
My drooping heart to cheer.

2 Though meaner than the meanest saint,
My heav'nly Guide I see ;
I hear a voice behind me say,
" That Jesus died for me."

846. *'I will trust, and not be afraid.'* Is. 12. 2. 104th.
Hanover.

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

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death ;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame ?

847.

II.

- 1 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?—He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 2 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live :
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 3 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And, then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

848. *'My soul waiteth for the Lord.'* Ps. 30. 6. ^{S. M.} Mt. Ephraim.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From day to day my helpless soul
Hath waited for a cure.

- 2 And whither can I go ?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

- 3 Still then, from day to day,
 I'll wait and hope and cry;
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die?
- 4 No: he is full of grace,
 And never will permit
 A soul that fain would see his face
 To perish at his feet.

849. 'Why art thou cast down?' Ps. 43. 5.

L. M.
 Buxton.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want if he provide?
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first, before his mercy seat,
 Thou didst to him thy all commit;
 He gave thee warrant from that hour
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise pass'd
 That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He who has help'd me hitherto
 Will help me all my journey through,
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
 It leads thee home, apace to God:
 Then count thy present trials small
 For heaven will make amends for all.

850. 'Which the Lord hath blessed.' Is. 61. 9.

SEVERNS.
Steibelt.

- B**LESSED are the sons of God ;
 They are bought with Jesu's blood ;
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have :
- 2 God did love them, in his Son,
 Long before the world begun :
 They the seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justified by grace,
 They enjoy a solid peace ;
 All their sins are wash'd away ;
 They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
 In the works of righteousness ;
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefiled.
- 5 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of an heavenly birth ;
 Born of God, they hate all sin,
 God's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They have fellowship with God,
 Through the Mediator's blood !
 One with God, with Jesus one,
 Glory is in them begun.

CHORUS—*May we number'd with them be,
 Now and through eternity.*

851. 'I will give you rest,' Matt. 11. 28.

L. M.
Winchester.

- B**Y cares disturbed, oppress'd with grief,
 On every side I seek relief,
 But still on every side I find
 No ease, no solace for my mind.
- 2 Not wealth, with all its rich display,
 Could chase my anxious thoughts away ;
 Nor soothing pleasure lull to rest
 The angry tumults of my breast.

- 3 Not rank, with all its pageant show,
 Could raise me from my present woe ;
 Nor learning's richest page impart
 Refreshment to my weary heart.
- 4 But, hark ! a gentle voice I hear—
 " Rouse, sinner, from thy gloomy fear ;
 On God alone cast all thy care,
 And yield not faithless to despair."
- 5 I will then on his word confide,
 And though my faith and hope be tried,
 He soon shall bid the tempest cease,
 And give my troubled bosom peace.

852. ' *Enoch walked with God.*' Gen. 5. 24. L. M.
Islington.

- B**Y faith in Christ, I walk with God,
 With heaven, my journey's end in view ;
 Supported by his staff and rod,
 My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
 And earth and hell my course withstand ;
 I triumph over all by faith,
 Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 3 Some cordial from his word he brings,
 Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
 At once my soul revives and sings,
 And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 4 I pity all that worldlings talk
 Of pleasures that will quickly end ;
 Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
 With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

853. ' *Maketh intercession for us.*' Rom. 8. 34. L. M.
Hedley.

- C**EASE, O my soul, thy fond complaint,
 Why should thy confidence grow faint ?
 Why doubt the faithfulness and love
 Of him who pleads for thee above ?

- 2 Has he not proved his faithful care,
 In soothing grief and answering prayer?
 Has he not issued his decree,
 That all shall work for good to thee?
- 3 Yes, gracious Lord, I see thee nigh;
 Thou wilt not leave my soul to die;
 Thy strength impart, thy peace restore,
 And grant that I may doubt no more.

854. *'Behold we come unto Thee.'* Jer. 3. 22. P. M.

- C**HEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
 pray'r;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest;
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint, I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side;
 Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge with "Jesus died."
- 5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
 and die, [tions mean;
 Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
 Such was thy love; and now enthroned on high,
 The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

855. *'Fear not, little flock.'* Luke 12. 32. SEVENS.
Pardons.

- C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Jesu's little flock are blest,
On his throne they soon shall rest ,
There our seat is now prepared,
There our kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fearless then we well may stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee !
856. *'Renew a right spirit within me.'* Ps. 51. 10. C. M. University.

COME, Holy Spirit, love divine,
Thy cleansing power impart ;
Each erring thought and wish refine,
That wanders near my heart.

- 2 There let thy quick'ning breezes blow,
Thine influences be,
Such as revive thy hidden ones,
And lift their souls to thee.

857. *'There wrestled a man with him.'* Gen. 32. 24. 113th. Artaxerxes.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare ;

Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
 Look on thy hands and read it there :
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

- 3 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable Name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell :
 To know it now, resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ?
 I rise superior to my pain ;
 When I am weak, then I am strong !
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

858. *'Whosoever will, let him take,' &c.* Rev. 22. 17. ^{8. 7. 4.} Helmsley.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come in mercy's gracious hour ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power ;
 He is able, he is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, ye are welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace which brings us nigh,
 Without money, come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;

If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous ; sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :

Hallelujah ! sinners here may sing the same.

859. *'If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.'* 2Tim. 2. 12. ^{C. M.}
^{Irish.}

COURAGE, my soul, thy bitter cross
 In every trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there.

2 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sublunary care ;
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.

4 Courage, my soul, on God rely ;
 Deliv'rance soon will come :
 A thousand ways has providence
 To bring believers home.

860. *'If this cup may not pass,'* &c. Matt. 26. 42. ^{L. M.}
^{Rockingham.}

DEAR Lord ! though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me ;
 I cheerfully would drink it up,
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 Fill it with thine unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there ;
 The saints for ever bless'd above
 Were often most afflicted here.

- 3 From Jesus, our incarnate God,
I'll learn obedience to thy will ;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

861. '*Lovest thou Me more than these ?*' John 21. 15.

C. M.
Bath.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?

Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?

Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still

To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord ;

But, oh ! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

862. '*My grace is sufficient for thee.*' 2 Cor. 12. 9.

L. M.
Teddington.

DO I not hear my Saviour say,

My blood shall wash thy sins away ;
Sufficient is my grace for thee,
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be ?

2 O then, my soul, what mean these fears,

These sad complaints, these bitter tears ?
Canst thou not trust thy gracious Lord,
And claim the promise of his word ?

3 Hath not his love set thousands free,

And can it fail to rescue thee ?
Is not the debt of justice paid ?
Then why be doubtful or afraid ?

- 4 O strengthen, Lord, this feeble heart,
And peace and confidence impart ;
Thy saving grace, thy sure relief
Bring near and help my unbelief.

863. 'Man is born unto trouble.' Job 5. 7. G. M.
Gainsboro'.

ERE first I drew this vital breath,
From Nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me.

2 But thou my Shepherd, Friend, and Guide,
Hast led me kindly on ;
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the "Corner-stone."

3 So comforted, and so sustain'd,
With dark events I strove,
And found them, rightly understood,
All messengers of love.

4 With silent and submissive awe
I bless a chastening God ;
Revere the terrors of his law,
And humbly kiss the rod.

864. 'Seek those things which are above.' Col. 3. 1. 113th.
Gardner 1.

FAIN would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode ;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures or tears me from my God !
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

2 Till, then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp and languish after home !
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come :
Come quickly, Lord, thine own receive ;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

- 3 Absent from thee, my exiled soul
 Deep in a fleshy dungeon groans :
 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 And lab'ring silence speaks my moans :
 Come quickly, Lord, thy face display,
 And look my darkness into day.
- 4 Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
 If thou reverse the creature's doom ;
 Sad Rachel weeps her loss no more,
 If thou, the God, the Saviour come ;
 Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
 The light, the life, the heaven of love.

865. 'It is the gift of God.' Eph. 2. 8.

S. M.
 Mansfield.

FAITH is a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd ;
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
 An all-atoning Priest ;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress ;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 't is thy work alone,
 And that divinely free ;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To work this faith in me.

866. 'Pray for us.' 1 Thess. 5. 25.

SEVENS.
 Sicilian M.

FATHER, if that gracious name
 Thou permit our souls to claim,
 Hear us plead for those who stray,
 Wanderers from the heavenly way.

- 2 Wanderers once ourselves as they,
Bound like them in Satan's sway;
Pardon'd sinners, can our eye
See unmoved our brethren die?
- 3 Lord, thy grace our hearts could melt;
Let that grace by them be felt;
Breathe on them that quick'ning breath
Which has waked our souls from death.

867. *'Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes.'* Ps. 119. 33. SIXES.

FROM sin's polluted stain
Thou wilt my thoughts refine;
And teach me wealth to gain
From wisdom's golden mine.

2 Communing, Lord, with thee,
Contemplating thy ways,
I pass the live-long day,
And pour my ceaseless praise.

3 Through all the changeful view
Of sublunary things,
What theme can I pursue
That such contentment brings?

4 Thine influencing power,
O Majesty on high!
Brightens the gloomy hour,
And checks the rising sigh.

868. *'In whom my soul delighteth.'* Is. 42. 1. L. M. St. Olave's.

GOD knows our souls in all their fears,
And gently wipes our falling tears;
Forms trembling voices to a song,
And bids the feeble heart be strong.

2 Then let the rivers swell around,
And rising floods o'erflow the ground;
Rivers and floods and seas divide,
And homage pay to Israel's guide.

- 3 Then let the fires their rage display,
The flaming terrors bar the way;
Unburnt, secure, he leads them through,
And makes the flames refreshing too.
- 4 The fires but on their bonds shall prey,
The floods but wash their stains away!
And grace divine new trophies raise
Amidst the deluge, and the blaze.

869. *'Thy footsteps are not known.'* Ps. 77. 19.

C. M.
Irish.

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

870. 'Thou art my portion.' Ps. 119. 57. L. M.
Rockingham.

GOD of all grace, if thou art mine,
 Why should my doubting soul repine ?
 If upon thee I cast my care,
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair.

2 Though every comfort should depart,
 And peace forsake my heavy heart ;
 One smile from thee, one cheering ray,
 Can chase the darkest shades away.

3 God of my life, if thou appear,
 Not death itself can make me fear !
 Thy presence dissipates the gloom,
 And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

4 Do thou, O Lord, through life supply
 Increasing grace ; and when I die
 Bid my rejoicing spirit flee
 To find eternal rest with thee.

871. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' Ps. 119. 71. 113th.
Carey.

GOD of my life, how good, how wise
 Thy judgments to my soul have been !
 They were but mercies in disguise,
 The painful remedies of sin.
 How diff'rent now thy ways appear,
 Most merciful when most severe !

2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
 Hast thou not hedged about my way ?
 My worldly vain designs withstood,
 And robb'd my passions of their prey ?
 Withheld the fuel from the fire,
 And cross'd each foolish fond desire ?

3 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,
 Or leave me to my carnal will ;
 Thy love forbad my rest below—
 Thy patient love pursued me still,
 And forced me from my sin to part,
 And tore the idol from my heart.

- 4 But can I now the loss lament,
 And murmur at thy friendly blow ?
 Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
 From ev'ry seeming good below :
 Thrice happy loss ! which makes me see
 My happiness is all in thee.

872. *'The foundation of God standeth sure.'* 2 Tim. 2. 19. ^{SEVENS.}
 Day.

GOD'S foundation standeth sure,
 We shall to the end endure ;
 Safely will the Shepherd keep
 Those he purchased for his sheep.

CHORUS—God's foundation standeth sure ;
 We shall to the end endure.

2 Put thy seal upon each heart,
 Thy blest image, Lord, impart ;
 All thyself in us reveal,
 We the clay, and thou the seal.

3 Ev'ry evil, Lord, subdue,
 By thy grace our souls renew ;
 Then from base affections free,
 Dead to sin, we'll live to thee.

873. *'The greatest of these is charity.'* 1 Cor. 13. 13. ^{C. W.}
 Sheffield.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 't is all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 The devils know and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.

- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our Father, God.

874. *'Lovest thou Me?' John 21. 15.*

SEVENS.
 PARDONA.

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

875. *'He cometh with clouds.'* Rev. 1. 7.

SIXES.

HE comes with clouds as Judge;
The dead shall hear his voice;
His foes will fear his wrath,
His people will rejoice.

2 When, at the judgment-day,
His servants shall be blest,
May I, amongst his sheep,
Enjoy the heav'nly rest!

876. *'I shall be satisfied,' &c.* Ps. 17. 15.L. M.
Rockingham.

HOLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,—
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

4 The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear,
One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

877. *'Hosanna.'* Matt. 21. 9.S. M.
Levens.

HOSANNA! to the Son,
Of David's royal race,
Who sits upon a heav'nly throne,
And reigns the Prince of Peace.

- 2 Hosanna! to the Son
Of the eternal God ;
The Saviour who, from boundless love,
Redeem'd us by his blood.
- 3 To him who has all pow'r—
Our Saviour Jesus Christ—
Be praise ascribed for evermore :
Hosanna! in the high'st !

878. *'Fig tree shall not blossom.'* Hab. 3. 17. C. M.
Condescension.

HOW firm the saint's foundations stand,
Nor can his hopes remove ;
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,
And shelter'd in his love.

- 2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny ;
Famine through all the fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose,
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
While such a fountain flows.

879. *'Jesus Christ the same yesterday,'* &c. Heb. 13. 8. L. M.
St. Asaph.

HOW frail and fallible am I !
What weakness marks my changing frame !
Yet there is strength and comfort nigh,
For, Jesus, thou art still the same.

- 2 Thy love, immortal and divine,
No coldness damps, no time destroys ;
Through countless ages it will shine,
Bright source of everlasting joys.

- 3 On thy sure mercy I depend
 In all my trials, wants, and woes;
 For thou art an unchanging friend;
 Sweet is the peace thy hand bestows.
- 4 Hast thou protected me thus far,
 To leave me in the dangerous hour?
 Shall Satan be allow'd to mar
 Thy work, or to resist thy power?
- 5 O never wilt thou leave the soul
 That flies for refuge to thy breast:
 Thy love, which once hath made me whole,
 Shall guide me to eternal rest.

880. *'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace.'* Is. 26. 3. L. M. Islington.

HOW great the peace, how blest the joy,
 Each true believer inly feels!
 Satan can ne'er the bliss destroy,
 Which faith in Jesus sweetly yields.

- 2 Amid the ruffling scenes of life,
 Amid the storms which rage below,
 A calm retreat, removed from strife,
 Does Jesus on his saints bestow.
- 3 O could I call this blessing mine;
 How rich, how vast the sacred store!
 Blest Saviour! grant one gracious smile,
 And earth shall hold my heart no more.
- 4 One gracious smile, of heavenly love
 Would melt my heart and lay me low:
 One blissful smile, which saints above,
 Which happy angels ever know.

881. *'Casting all your care upon Him.'* 1 Pet. 5. 7. L. M. Sandbach.

HOW sweet to be allow'd to call
 The God whom heav'n adores, my friend;
 To tell my thoughts, to tell him all;
 And then to know my pray'rs ascend!

- 2 Yes, they ascend; the feeblest cry
 Has wings that bear it to his throne;
 The pray'r of faith ascends the sky,
 And brings a gracious answer down.
- 3 Then let me banish anxious care,
 Confiding in my Father's love;
 To him make known my wants in pray'r,
 Prepared his answer to approve.
- 4 My Father's wisdom cannot err;
 His love no change, no failure knows:
 Be mine his counsel to prefer,
 And acquiesce in all he does.

882. *'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.'* Ps. 104. 34. L. M.
Job.

HOW sweet in silent thought to trace
 The riches of redeeming grace!
 To reckon mercies o'er and o'er,
 And find them such an endless store!

883. *'Love not the world,' &c.* 1 John 2. 15. C. M.
Bath.

HOW vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too;
 And ev'ry 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 riches be
 My soul's eternal food;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

884. *'Showed me great and sore troubles.'* Ps. 71. 20. L. M.
Cook.

- I** HUMBLY pray thee, O my God!
 To guard me on this thorny road;
 Let not the tempest, gath'ring round,
 My courage or my faith confound.
- 2 Each joy, each trial, springs from thee:
 Thy righteousness in all I see;
 And wond'ring view the vast design,
 Where grace, and truth, and wisdom join.
- 3 Thy chastisement, I know full well,
 Hath kept me from the gates of hell;
 Hath given my spirit wings to soar
 Where grief shall never find me more.

885. *'So panteth my soul.'* Ps. 42. 1. L. M.
Devonshire.

- I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
 The vain delights of earth to share;
 Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
 That I should seek my pleasures there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows;
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,
 Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
 No longer sink below the brim;
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living and life-giving stream!

- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

886. '*O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself.*' Hos. 13.9. L. M.
Buxton.

I WOULD believe; but my weak heart
Shrinks from its idol joys to part!

Fain would I follow at thy call;
But how can I forsake my all?

- 2 How enter at the lowly gate,
And choose the pathway steep and strait?
How, counting former gains but loss,
Deny myself and bear my cross?

- 3 Were I alone this load to bear,
Well might I tremble, well despair:
I have destroy'd myself, O Lord!
But help and life are in thy word.

887. '*We shall see Him as He is.*' 1 John 3. 2. L. M.
Pergolesi.

I N heav'n may we, for evermore,
With all the saints in bliss, adore
Our Saviour, God's beloved Son,
Who sits upon his Father's throne.

888. '*It is good for me that I have,*' &c. Ps. 119. 71. C. M.
Gainsboro'.

I N trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosp'rous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven:
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heav'n.

- 2 "It is the Lord;" shall I distrust
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 "It is the Lord," who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounty may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 "It is the Lord," who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To thread the thorny road.
- 5 "It is the Lord," whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-glowing praise.
- 6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No; gracious Lord, take what thou wilt;
To thee I all resign.
- 7 Let not my will but thine be done,
For all that will is love;
Thy purposes, though here unknown,
Shall be reveal'd above.

891. *'Of His fulness have all we received.'* John 1.16. DBL. 7s.
Hotham.

JESUS! everlasting theme!
Constant source of bliss supreme!
On thy fulness let me live,
From thy finish'd work receive
Humble faith and holy fear,
Courage, joy, and love sincere;
From the chain of sin set free,
Bound alone, O Christ! to thee.

892. *'It yieldeth the peaceable fruit,' &c.* Heb. 12. 11. S. M.
Kerry.

- J**ESUS, from thy dear hand
I take my cup of woe ;
Why should my soul refuse to share
The lot thy servants know.
- 2 Why should I fear thy will,
Yet own thee wise and kind ;
Why tremble at the faithful care
Which all thy children find.
- 3 Are we not prone to cleave ●
To earthly joys and sense ;
And shall we dread the friendly hand
That fain would lead us hence ?
- 4 But let me feel thy hand,
And safely journey on ;
Crying, with meek and patient heart,
"Father, thy will be done."
- 5 So shall I truly prize
The chast'ning, kindly given
To one whose heart was ling'ring here,
Now raised and fix'd in heaven.

893. *'Peace in believing.'* Rom. 15. 13. L. M.
St. Olave's.

- **J**ESUS, my all, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood ;
When confidence in thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.
- 2 Where should I turn, or how thee leave ?
Jesus, to thee my soul doth cleave ;
In thee my heart hath always found
True counsel, comfort, help abound.
- 3 Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort doth thy name afford !
No friend on earth can ever be
Compared for faithfulness to thee.

- 4 Were health, and strength, and friends withdrawn,
 Were every earthly comfort gone ;
 If I have thee, I still possess
 Whate'er can soothe, whate'er can bless.

894. *'I am the way.'* John 14. 6.

L. M.
 Windle.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, with him in view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment ;
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not ;
 My grief and burden long have been
 Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more ;
 Till Jesus did his grace display,
 Himself revealing as "the way."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,
 Dost take me guilty as I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

895. *'Thou in Me ye might have peace.'* John 16.33.

L. M.
 Buxton.

JESUS, my only source of peace,
 My comfort in affliction's hour ;
 The only hand that can release
 My captive soul from Satan's power ;

2 In thee a constant friend I trace,
 In thee my dying soul finds health :
 Blest with the riches of thy grace,
 I ask no other store of wealth.

- 3 When cares oppress, and fears invade,
 Thou never hast denied relief;
 Thy hand, omnipotent to aid,
 Smooths the dark-heaving tide of grief.
- 4 If thou preserve me, gracious Lord,
 Vain is the power of Satan's art;
 Thy cheering presence still afford,
 And with thyself enrich my heart.

896. *'A leader and commander to the people.'* Is. 55. 4. ^{112th.} Eaton.

- L** EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely:
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place;
 But hasten through the world of woe;
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 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 feel it nearer while we sing.
- 4 Raised 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.

897. *'My grace is sufficient for thee.'* 2 Cor. 12. 9. L. M.
Job.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"

Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his right hand my head sustains.

898. *'I opened my mouth, and panted.'* Ps. 119. 131. C. M.
Nayland.

LET not the springs of holiness
In me, O Lord! be dry;

Nor let those things that yet remain,
Wither, and droop, and die.

2 As showers of rain on parched ground
Sweet and refreshing flow;
So let thy quick'ning love descend,
To make my graces grow.

899. *'That they may be one.'* John 17. 22. C. M.
Cambridge.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:

For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O Jesus, be our constant guide ;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

900. *'Thou knowest not now.'* John 13. 7.

SEVENS.
 Pardons.

LORD, I would no more repine,
 Though thy will should frustrate mine ;
 What thou doest must be right,
 Though conceal'd from mortal sight.

2 All thy works were plann'd above,
 All thy steps are steps of love ;
 Do thy will—it must be best,
 Let me be with patience blest.

3 Though I cannot understand
 All the myst'ries of thy hand ;
 This shall satisfy my mind,
 God is faithful, just, and kind.

4 Thou shalt lead me safely on,
 Through this desert to thy throne ;
 There I shall for ever dwell,
 Singing—"Christ did all things well."

901. *'Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.'* Is. 45. 15. ^{L. M.} Winchester.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile :
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
 We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briars, and the night.

- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below ;
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

902. *'Oh that I were as in months past.'* Job. 29.2. L. M. Devonshire.

MOURNFUL it seems, in darken'd days,
 To turn to hours more blest and bright ;
 When God's own glory shed its rays
 Around us,—making darkness light.

- 2 Yet it is good to know from whom
 That light divine alone could flow ;
 And merciful may be the gloom
 Which teaches us its source to know.

- 3 May those who mourn, in sin's dark night,
 For light and comfort pass'd away,
 To Jesus turn, the Truth, the Light,
 Whose love can make their darkness day.

903. *'The Lord our righteousness.'* Jer. 23. 6. C. M. Oxford.

MY God, how perfect are thy ways :
 But mine polluted are ;
 Sin twines itself about my heart,
 And slides into my prayer.

- 2 While I would speak what thou hast done,
 To save me from my sin ;
 I cannot make thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.

- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame,
 Thy grace creates in me ;
 Alas ! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.

- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow !
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.

- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine.

904. *'It will surely come, it will not tarry.'* Hab. 2. 3. P. M.
Harwood.

MY God, when troubles fill my mind,
How often am I disinclined
To bring my wants to thee!
And though the promise is so clear,
I scarce believe that thou wilt hear,
Or bid my sorrows flee.

2 Even when an answer has been sent,
I cannot see what love is meant,
Nor recognize thy smile;
When grace unveils each secret sin,
I tremble as I look within,
And seem to grow more vile.

3 O let me learn how good thou art,
In giving to the contrite heart
A sure relief from pain;
And though the blessing be delay'd,
O let me never doubt thy aid,
Or deem my prayers are vain.

4 Still let me trust, and wait, and pray,
For help in thy appointed way;
And give me grace to know
How kind a hand it is that smites,
And robs me of those vain delights,
That lead to final woe.

5 Directed by thy sure command,
I would lie passive in thy hand,
And trust a Father's care;
Let me thy hidden love discern,
And by repeated tokens learn
That thou regardest prayer.

905. *'Ye are bought with a price.'* 1 Cor. 6. 20.

L. M.
Hedley.

- M**Y gracious Lord, I own thy right,
 To every service I can pay;
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end;
 Thy ever smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good;
 Nor future days or powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
 To him who for my ransom died;
 Nor could untainted Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigour is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His love hath animating power.

906. *'The Lord is my Shepherd.'* Ps. 23. 1.

L. M.
Job.

- M**Y gracious God doth still provide,
 His name be bless'd and glorified!
 Refreshing streams of mercy flow,
 To cheer the heart surcharged with woe.
- 2 By waters still, and pastures green,
 Far from the world's embitter'd scene,
 Oh! let me sweet contentment prove,
 And bless and praise redeeming love.

907. *'When I am old and gray-headed,'* &c. Ps. 71. 18. S. M. Levens.

- M**Y only want I feel,
 Jesus my peace to know;
 In him to live, in him to dwell,
 And die to all below.

- 2 And when, in knowing thee,
The heavenly life I live;
Set my imprison'd spirit free,
And to thyself receive.

908. *'I live by the faith of the Son of God.'* Gal. 2. 20. C. M. Abridge.

MY Saviour, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

- 2 By hourly faith in thee I live
'Midst all my griefs and snares;
And death, encounter'd in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.

- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to ev'ry sin;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.

- 4 My life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground;
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

909. *'I am continually with thee.'* Ps. 73. 23. L. M. Wareham.

MY soul can find in every place
A home and rest, if God be there;
And deign to manifest his grace,
Accept my praise, and hear my prayer.

- 2 No other sound can joy impart,
Unless he bid my soul rejoice;
No voice can animate my heart,
Unless I hear his Spirit's voice.

- 3 O thou, my Father, Saviour, Guide!
May I thy Spirit's voice attend;
With thankful heart in thee confide,
And glory in my God and Friend.

910. *'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'* John 14. 1. L. M.
Cook.

MY soul with various griefs oppress'd,
Would my Redeemer's word receive:

"Now set your anxious hearts at rest,
And in my saving power believe."

2 He bids me on his grace depend,
And lean upon his mighty arm;
He will a helpless worm defend,
And keep me safe from every harm.

3 I would believe he died for me,
And hope for pardon in his name;
To this dear refuge I would flee,
Nor will he put my soul to shame.

4 He will for my relief provide,
And keep me from the deadly snare;
Here let my needy soul confide,
And cast on him my every care.

911. *'My times are in Thy hand.'* Ps. 31. 15. C. M.
Nayland.

MY times of sorrows and of joys,
Great God, are in thy hand;
From thee my sweetest comforts rise,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I ever love thee less,
Though all the world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, O Lord, alone.

912. *'Is the Lord's hand waxed short?'* Num. 11. 23. 113th.
Eaton.

NO, Lord, it cannot short'ned be—
That hand which plagued th' Egyptian race,
Which brought thy people through the sea,
Which led them o'er the wilderness;

Which hath to us so often given
 Drink from the rock and bread from heaven!

2 That Hand hath open'd wide mine eyes ;
 That Hand, which now by faith I see,
 Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
 And grasps the winds, and covers me!
 It brings the blind through ways unknown :
 It holds, it lifts me to a throne.

3 Kept by that Hand, I cannot fear
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence ;
 I trample on temptation near,
 Supported by Omnipotence ;
 Safe compass'd round, for Christ is mine,
 With boundless love and power Divine !

913. *'An anchor of the soul.'* Heb. 6. 19.

113th.
 Carey.

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

2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 Though joys be wither'd all and dead, [gone ;
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my stedfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

3 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 Though earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

914. 'Worthy is the Lamb.' Rev. 5. 12. P. M.
Hanover.

O COME let us now the Saviour adore,
And sing of his love, his wisdom, and pow'r;
His holy commandments with gladness receive,
The truth of his doctrines most firmly believe.

2 Th' immaculate life of Jesus our Lord
Is fully reveal'd—made known in his word;
His steps may we follow, in faith, hope, and love,
And meet in his kingdom of glory above!

915. 'My counsel shall stand.' Is. 46. 10. P. M.
Harwood.

O GOD, in thee alone we find,
A solace for the anxious mind,
Thy people's constant friend:
Through every age thy church doth prove,
Thy watchful care, thy tender love,
And shall till time shall end.

2 Till thy vast purposes are done,
The constant wheels of time shall run,
To bring thy ransom'd home;
Then shall thy judgment-seat appear,
And sin, and death, and hell, draw near,
To meet eternal doom.

916. 'Open Thou mine eyes.' Ps. 119. 18. 113th.
Carey.

O GOD of wisdom! God of might!
Great Ruler in these realms of light,
Whose truths are hid from prouder eyes,
But make the meek and anxious wise:
Help thy inquiring servants, Lord,
To hear and understand thy word.

2 Reveal thy Scriptures to our mind,
And let us heav'nly treasures find;
Do thou those sacred leaves unfold,
And bid us all thy grace behold;
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all their endless worth.

3 Direct us, lest we judge amiss,
 Lest error cloud the hidden bliss;
 Th' ingrafted Word may we receive,
 And still to thee the glory give!
 O make us know, and make us hear
 The happy tidings treasured there.

917. '*Thou shalt know hereafter.*' John 13. 7. 113th.
Gardner 2.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
 Wrapp'd yet in tears and mystery;
 I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
 Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on;
 What though some cherish'd joys are fled?
 What though some flattering dreams are gone?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
 Why should my spirit then complain?

918. '*In the way of righteousness is life.*' Prov. 12. 28. P. M.
Gardner 1.

O LORD, on whom my hopes depend
 To keep me faithful to the end;
 I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
 To save me to the latest hour:
 And, when I lay this body down,
 To give me an immortal crown.

919. '*What I would, that do I not.*' Rom. 7. 15. P. M.
Halifax C.

O LORD, I would be wholly thine,
 I would obediently resign
 My heart and soul to thee;
 But what I would, I cannot do;
 And oft the evil I pursue,
 From which I wish to flee.

- 2 I love thy blessed word, and own
 There's safety in thy help alone,
 And pleasure in thy way;
 Yet from the precepts of thy law
 What slight discouragements will draw
 My wayward heart astray!
- 3 Too closely my affection clings
 To this world's transitory things;
 And when I fix my aim
 On heaven, too soon I turn aside;
 Sloth checks my growing zeal, or pride
 Extinguishes the flame.
- 4 O Lord, thy strength'ning grace impart,
 To guide my steps, and make my heart
 Obedient to thy will:
 Raise my desire to things above,
 And with the riches of thy love
 My thirsting spirit fill.

920. *'God is the strength of my heart.'* Ps. 73. 26.

C. M.
 Bath.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend:
 To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
 My best and only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 If God be God to me.

921. *'God is love.'* 1 John 4. 8.

8. 8. 6.
 Harwood.

O LOVE divine! eternal source
 Of good to man, I mark thy course,

I mark it with delight:
 To Bethlehem I follow thee,
 And there the wondrous babe I see,
 A cheering, glorious sight.

2 I trace thee thence to Calvary,
 And there the "Man of Sorrows" see,
 His body bathed in blood;
 The stream I follow'd from its source,
 Now pours with a resistless force,
 A rapid, swelling flood.

3 Its waters health and healing bring,
 They make the waste rejoice and sing,
 Their progress thus we trace;
 They pour their virtues through the earth,
 They fill the world with sacred mirth,
 And gladden ev'ry place.

922.

'*Thou art my God.*' Ps. 31. 14.C. M.
Ely.

O LORD, in all my comforts here,
 Thy gracious hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

3 When gladness wings the favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 Resign'd when storms of sorrow lour,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

923. *'With Him also that is of a contrite,' &c. Is. 57. 15.* L. M.
Job.

O LORD our God, thy goodness shines
 Through all thy wise and deep designs;
 On earth the glory of thy face
 Declares how bright thy dwelling-place.

2 And thou art pleased to condescend
 To be the guilty sinner's friend,
 Who dwell'st in splendour none can find
 Of mortal or celestial mind.

3 Thou hast invited us to come,
 And find in thee our rest and home:
 To all who love thee thou wilt be
 A shield of strength and dignity.

4 Thy gracious influence, Lord, impart,
 To warm and purify our heart:
 That we thy voice may now obey,
 Press onward to the realms of day.

924. *'O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger.'* Ps. 6. 1. C. M.
Windsor.

O LORD, we're sinners in thy sight,
 Transgressors of thy laws;
 Nor dare we to our innocence
 Presume to trust our cause.

2 Thy curses thunder o'er our heads,
 And sound their dire alarms:
 And where's the worm prepared to meet
 Omnipotence in arms?

3 Stretch forth thine hand, almighty Lord,
 Repeat thy deeds of fame,
 And snatch the brands, to ruin doom'd,
 From hell's devouring flame.

- 4 Then shall we in our grateful songs
Employ our future days ;
And, through a bless'd eternity,
Immortal anthems raise.

925. *'Trust ye in the Lord for ever.'* Is. 26. 4. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

O MAY I seek a nobler stay,
Than mortal props which fall away,
And droop and change and die :
Something superior to their aid,
A Friend that will not change nor fade,
On whom I may rely.

2 Where shall I meet with such a friend,
Who will my ev'ry woe attend,
And ready help afford ?
Only on Christ can I rely,
Then quick to him, my soul, apply,
And fully trust thy Lord.

3 He has all hearts within his hands,
All things obey his high commands,
He will fulfil his word :
O blessed stay ! may I not fear,
Though things a gloomy aspect wear,
But wait on thee, my God.

926. *'Preserve my soul.'* Ps. 86. 2.

S. M.
Levens.

O SAVE thy people, Lord,
The heirs of heaven protect ;
Govern their hearts, O lift them up,
And in thy ways direct.

2 We daily sing thy praise,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend :
From sin's deceitful dangerous snares
Preserve us to the end.

927. *'Leave me not, neither forsake me.'* Ps. 27. 9. O. M.
St. Mary's.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell :

2 No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more ;
Nor shrink to tread the dreary way,
Which thou hast trod before.

3 When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to thee shall pray ;
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way !

4 When, clothed in fleshly weeds again,
I wait thy dread decree ;
Judge of the world ! remember, then,
That thou hast died for me !

928. *'The love of Christ constraineth us.'* 2 Cor. 5. 14. C. M.
Abingdon.

O SAVIOUR, when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy goodness rove ;
How is my soul with transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love !

2 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see ;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee ?

3 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

4 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy ;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

929. *'Oh that I knew where I might find Him!'* Job. 23. 3. C. M.
Bedford.

O THAT we knew the secret place
Where we might find our God!
We'd spread our wants before his face,
And pour our woes abroad.

2 He knows what arguments we'd take
To wrestle with our God;
We'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for our Saviour's blood.

3 Our God would pity our complaints,
And heal our broken bones;
He hears the moaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

4 Will he increase our deep distress?
No;—banish every fear:
He calls us to his throne of grace,
To spread our sorrows there.

930. *'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.'* Ps. 147. 12. 148th.
Casterton.

O THOU incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conqu'ring King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway;

O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our praises to the skies!

- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain;
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

931. *'A broken and contrite heart,' &c. Ps. 51.17.* C. M.
Burlford.

- O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
- 2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathe sweetness out of woe.
- 3 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

932. *'The heart is deceitful,' &c. Jer. 17.9.* L. M.
Devonshire.

- O WHEN will all this conflict cease?
These restless passions be at peace?
When will this inward strife be o'er,
And sin's wild tumult rage no more?
- 2 Alas, and must I always be
Thus backward, Lord, to trust in thee?
Must sin corrupt what grace refines,
And evil mar my best designs?
- 3 Must I, when following thy will,
Be subject to corruption still?
Can I not seek thy house of prayer,
But worldly thoughts must enter there?

- 4 O pity a frail child of earth,
 Whose services are nothing worth;
 Whose voice, untuned by sin, in vain
 Would lift up faith's exulting strain.
- 5 Afflicted, helpless, poor, and vile;
 Give me to share thy pard'ning smile;
 And since my works afford no plea,
 O think what Jesus did for me.

933. *'He retaineth not his anger for ever.'* Mic. 7. 18. L. M.
Buxton.

- O'ER sins, unbounded as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
 The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 2 For this stupendous love of heaven,
 What grateful honour shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiven,
 Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 3 Cheer'd by the hope of pard'ning grace,
 We come thy mercy, Lord, to prove;
 Like weeping Mary, let us taste
 A pledge of thy forgiving love.
- 4 By this inspired, let all our days
 With love and holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

934. *'It is good for me to draw near to God.'* Ps. 73. 28. 113th.
Gardner 1.

- O F all the hours my soul has known,
 Of all the seasons sweet to me,
 The hours I spend before thy throne,
 The seasons pass'd alone with thee,
 Are hours of all my hours the best,
 Are seasons of all seasons blest.
- 2 Lord, in comparison of thee,
 What is there worthy my esteem?

All else, if thou but smile on me,
 I nothing, less than nothing deem;
 When in the stillness of my mind
 Thy presence and thy peace I find.

- 3 And though these sacred hours depart,
 They leave behind a heavenly calm;
 Thy peace still sheds within my heart
 Its soothing, sanctifying balm:
 Sweet pledge of thine eternal love;
 Sweet foretaste of thy rest above.

935. *'The God of all comfort.'* 2 Cor. 1. 3.

C. M.
 Ely.

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
 A frown of anger there.

- 2 It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth;
 It needs that we be driven,
 By loss of ev'ry earthly stay,
 To seek our joys in heaven.

- 3 And what is sorrow, what is pain,
 To that eternal care,
 That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
 When sin is hated there?

- 4 Kind, loving, is the Hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.

- 5 He was a man of sorrows—he
 Who loved and saved us thus;
 And shall the world, that frown'd on him,
 Wear only smiles for us?

- 6 No! we must follow in the path
 Our Lord and Saviour ran;
 We must not find a resting-place
 Where he we love had none.

936. '*Lord, increase our faith.*' Luke 17. 5.L. M.
Buxton.

- O H! could I with a steady faith
Believe what God my Father saith ;
Then should I glorify him more,
And his unbounded grace adore.
- 2 How should I trust my heav'nly Friend,
And on his faithful word depend!
Then could I fearless view the grave,
And death itself no sting would have.
- 3 This faith would cheer my gloomy way,
And turn my darkness into day ;
And still my constant aim would be,
My God, to live or die to thee.

937. '*Sun of Righteousness arise.*' Mal. 4. 2.SEVENS.
Pardona.

- O H for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and cheer our eyes.
- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire ;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire ;
Make us feel thy grace within ;
Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

938. '*Return, ye backsliding children.*' Jer. 3. 22.L. M.
Devonshire.

- O H God, the holy and the just!
How shall we dare approach thy throne ;
When, humbly prostrate in the dust,
With trembling lips our guilt we own?

- 2 Thy sons in name, to thee baptized,
 And blest with thy paternal care ;
 How have our souls thy love despised ;
 How mock'd thee with the heartless prayer!
- 3 But thou hast bid us turn and live,
 * And stay'd thy wrath with long delay ;
 And wilt thou with the sinner strive,
 Yet spurn the penitent away ?
- 4 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
 Renew our hearts, our sins forgive ;
 So, cleansed from ev'ry crimson stain,
 Our grateful souls to thee shall live.

939. *'Have mercy upon me, O Lord.'* Ps. 6. 2. DBL. 76.
Hotham.

- O H! have mercy when we strive
 To save, through thee, our souls alive ;
 When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
 When the strife is fierce and long ;
 When our wak'ning thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherish'd sin,
 And our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale !
- 2 Lord! have mercy when we lie,
 On the restless bed, and sigh—
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
 From the thought of former ill ;
 When all other hope is gone,
 When our course is almost done ;
 When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come !
- 3 Lord! have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below ;
 When the earliest gleam is giv'n
 Of thy bright, but distant heav'n ;

When our darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex and fears distress;
 And our sadden'd spirits dwell
 On the open gates of hell.

940. *'Do not I fill heaven and earth ?'* Jer. 23. 24. D. M.
Pergolesi.

O heavenly Friend! thy light, thy love,
 Beaming through all thy works we see;
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel;
 Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds, invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustain'd by this delightful thought,—
 Since thou their God art every where,
 They cannot be where thou art not.

941. *'Make Thy face to shine.'* Ps. 31. 16. C. M.
Sheffield.

O let me see thy blissful face,
 While sojourning below;
 'Tis from thyself my joys arise,
 And all my comforts flow.

2 A glimpse, a single glimpse of thee,
 Would more delight my soul
 Than this vain world, with all its joys,
 Could I possess the whole.

942. *'All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.'* Ps. 145. 10. L. M.

O let my soul, eternal King,
 To thee its grateful tribute bring;
 My knee with humble homage bow;
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.

- 2 All Nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below and worlds above;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read!
 There I behold a Saviour bleed;
 His name salutes my listening ear,
 Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
 Raises my grateful passions high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song
 Through endless years thy praise prolong;
 And distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

943. *'Oh that the salvation of Israel,' &c. Ps. 14. 7. P. M.*

- O**H that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!
- 2 How long the Holy City
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity:
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror:
 Thy saving grace impart:
 Roll back the veil of error;
 Release the fetter'd heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see:
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy Church to thee.

944. *'Unto you therefore which believe He is,' &c. Pet. 2. 7* P. M.

O H what is Christ to me,
 Who hath for my diseases
 Found out a remedy,
 And ev'ry grief appeases!
 My ever-faithful Friend,
 My Comforter most true,
 On whom I can depend
 In joy and sorrow too.

945. *'My grace is sufficient for thee.'* 2 Cor. 12. 9. L. M. Rockingham.

O P P R E S S ' D with unbelief and sin,
 Fightings without and fears within;
 While earth and hell with force combined,
 Assault and terrify my mind:
 2 What strength have I against such foes,
 Such hosts and legions to oppose?
 Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall:
 Lord, save me, or I give up all.
 3 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
 To give me some sweet cheering word;
 Again I sought, and yet again;
 I waited long but not in vain.
 4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
 Exactly suited to my need;
 "Sufficient for thee is my grace,
 Thy weakness my great pow'r displays."
 5 Now I despond and mourn no more,
 I welcome all I fear'd before:
 Though weak, I'm strong; though troubled, blest;
 For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

946. *'Wherefore didst thou doubt?'* Matt. 14. 31. L. M. Devonshire.

P E A C E, doubting soul; vain thoughts, be still;
 Bow to a heavenly Father's will;
 And learn submissively to own
 That truth and love surround his throne.

2 God's mighty works the creature sees,
But cannot trace his deep decrees ;
Yet this may cheer the sorrowing mind,
To know that he is just and kind.

3 His purposes we may not view,
Yet stands his word for ever true ;
Much we may suffer, yet we know
There's mercy in the heaviest blow.

4 Then learn, my soul, the Hand to bless
That for my profit sends distress ;
And, humbled by the gracious rod,
Be still, and know that it is God.

947. *'I will give you rest.'* Matt. 11. 28. 113th.
Artaxerxes.

PEACE, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan
Has taught each scene the notes of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold the precious balm is found,
That lulls thy pain, and heals thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest :
Unburden here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God :
God is the Saviour ! glorious word !
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

3 As spring the winter,—day the night,—
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;
And holy Joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay ;
While Glory waves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

948. *'Christ Jesus, who of God is,'* &c. 1 Cor. 1.30. 113th.
Gardner 2.

POLLUTED, feeble, lost, and blind,
I wander from the ways of God ;
With all my search I cannot find
The path of life, the narrow road :

But, Jesus, thou my Wisdom art,
With thy own light direct my heart.

- 2 I find all efforts are in vain
 To make atonement for my sin ;
No peace, nor respite can I gain,
 But only plunge the deeper in :
Lord, help me in my sore distress,
Thou art my perfect righteousness.
- 3 I would, but cannot mend my heart,
 Nor plant one holy purpose there ;
Prone from thy precepts to depart,
 I sin in spite of all my care ;
But, Lord, thy hand supports the weak,
Thy strength and holiness I seek.

- 4 I long for liberty and peace,
 By Satan's heavy bondage press'd ;
But where's the hand that can release
 My captive soul, and give me rest ?
Jesus, my ransom thou hast paid,
Thou art my full redemption made.

- 5 O Lord, whate'er my soul desires,
 Through thee is plenteously conferr'd ;
Wisdom and strength thy grace inspires,
 There's life and freedom in thy word ;
From worldly trifles let me flee,
And seek my happiness in thee.

949. *'An afflicted and poor people.'* Zeph. 3. 12.

L. M.
Hedley.

“ **P**OOR and afflicted,” Lord, are thine ;
 Among the great unfit to shine ;
But he who saves them by his blood
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.

- 2 “ Poor and afflicted ; ” 'tis their lot ;
They know it, and they murmur not ;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

- 3 "Poor and afflicted;" yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King:
 "Through suff'rings perfect," now he reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted;" but ere long
 They'll join the bright celestial throng;
 Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And, while they walk the thorny way,
 They're often heard to sigh and say,
 "Come, gracious Lord, oh! quickly come;
 And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

950. *'For your sakes He became poor.'* 2 Cor. 8.9. 8. 8. 6.
Halifax C.

- R**ICH in perfection all divine,
 Behold the Lord of glory shine,
 Amidst the hosts on high:
 But, oh! this wondrous grace adore;
 He stoops to earth, is mean and poor,
 To raise us to the sky.
- 2 No downy pillow rests his head,
 The manger only is his bed,
 When he to earth comes down;
 Oh! what a stoop for one so great,
 To leave his splendid, matchless state,
 And lay aside his crown.
- 3 And this his grace was all for us,
 To save us from the heavy curse,
 Which must on sinners lie;
 For this he took our flesh and blood,
 And in his people's stead he stood,
 That they might never die.
- 4 Lord, we adore thy wondrous grace,
 To such a vile apostate race;
 Was ever love so strong?

And when we join the names above,
This deed of thy surprising love
Shall be our endless song.

951. *'Patient waiting for Christ.'* 2 Thess. 3. 5.

DBL. 7s.
Hotham.

SAVIOUR, Lord, Almighty King!
Now thy waiting people bless;
Thou that dost deliv'rance bring,
Come to reign in righteousness:
Thou dost heavenly light impart:
Tune the ear to Sion's song;
Teach and guide the wayward heart;
Loose and prompt the stamm'ring tongue.

2 Pour thy Spirit from on high;
Come thy mourning Church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply;
Fill the world with righteousness:
Light shall then possess thine own,
Holy quiet, perfect peace;
And, where heav'nly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

952. *'His unspeakable gift.'* 2 Cor. 9. 15.

L. M.
Buxton.

SAVIOUR, my Lord and chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distress'd;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
 The world should lie beneath my feet ;
 Though poor, no more would I repine,
 Or look with envy on the great.

953. *'His ears are open.'* 1 Pet. 3. 12. 113th.
 Carey.

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

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

954. *'He will swallow up Death in victory.'* Is. 25. 8. 8.7.4.
 Kelly.

SAVIOUR, refuge of thy people,
 Let thy majesty appear ;
 All thy foes have sunk before thee
 Now thy throne triumphant rear ;
 Long expected,
 Lo ! the great salvation near.

- 2 From the lands, the night of ages
 Rolls its gloomy veil away ;
 Round the earth the dawning glory
 Rises to eternal day ;
 Heavenly blessings
 God bestows in rich display.

- 3 Death is swallow'd up in triumph ;
 Sion's mourners weep no more ;
 Joy and honour crown her people,
 Long opprest and scorn'd before :
 Faithful Saviour !
 All shall now thy name adore.

955. *'I will praise the Lord.'* Ps. 111. 1.

L. M.
Islington.

SAVIOUR, to thy great name we sing,
And own thee our immortal King;
Thy sceptre with delight obey,
While with thy sword we fight our way.

2 While life remains we look to thee,
For courage, strength, and liberty;
Supply our wants from thy rich store,
Till we are fill'd, and want no more.

3 And when thy sweet, thy awful voice,
In death invites us to rejoice;
Thyself, O Saviour, strike the blow,
That slays our last, our strongest foe.

4 Thou didst thyself perfume the grave,
From fear of death thy saints to save;
Our souls through Jordan's billows guide,
And stem the overwhelming tide.

5 Thyself conduct us to the land,
Where ransom'd saints adoring stand;
Where bliss, a sea without a shore,
Forbids the blest to wish for more.

956. *'Thy people shall be willing.'* Ps. 110. 3.

L. M.
Wareham.

SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of his love.

- 4 He died, to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
 Oh! let his praise each hour employ,
 Till hours no more their circles run.

957. *'Brought it forth wild grapes.'* Is. 5. 4. C. M.
Abridge.

- S**ET in a high and favour'd place,
 Like chosen plants we stand ;
 Nurtured with God's peculiar grace,
 And guarded by his hand.
- 2 But where are found the heavenly fruits
 His vineyard should afford ?
 Shall worldly cares, and vain pursuits
 Be offer'd to the Lord ?
- 3 Forgive, O God, each deep offence ;
 Take not thy grace away ;
 Nor leave our souls without defence,
 The fierce destroyer's prey.
- 4 Spare thine unworthy creatures still ;
 Our low affections raise ;
 And make us faithful to thy will
 And fruitful to thy praise.

958. *'The wondrous works of God.'* Job 37. 14. C. M.
Nettingham.

- S**HALL man, endow'd with reason, look
 On all this glorious frame ;
 Nor in creation's open book,
 Discern his Maker's name ?
- 2 Shall he whom strong affections move,
 Those quick emotions feel ;
 And turn to him whose name is Love,
 A bosom cased in steel ?
- 3 O Lord, in all thy works below,
 May I thy glory see ;
 And touch my heart, and bid it glow
 With warmest love to thee.

4 While heart can feel, or lips express,
Or hand can touch the string :
Thee will I love, and praise, and bless,
My soul's eternal King.

5 And when I pass the shades of death,
My song in heaven I raise ;
My new-born spirit's waking breath,
Shall be Jehovah's praise.

959. '*Valley of the shadow of death.*' Ps. 23. 4. L. M.
Devonshire.

SOON I must pass through death's dark vale,
And walk, alone, the cheerless gloom ;
Where friendship's tenderest efforts fail
To smooth the path its shades illum.

2 Soon, and the last, relentless foe
Shall quench each power ; close every sense ;
Strike on this frame the mortal blow,
And drive my trembling spirit hence.

3 Lord, let thy presence round me shine,
When feeble flesh and heart shall fail ;
Break on my soul, with beams benign ;
While nature sinks, may grace prevail.

4 Then, when my weeping friends survey
My pale remains—the conflict o'er—
My soul shall mount its heavenly way—
Smile back on death—nor fear him more.

960. '*Replenished every sorrowful soul.*' Jer. 31. 25. 113th.
Eaton.

SOURCE of all good ! my soul aspires
To thee ! O fill my vast desires !
Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

961. *'Men shall be blessed in Him.'* Ps. 72. 17. L. M.
Old 100th.

SOV'REIGN of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
Oh may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be thy empire all mankind.

962. *'Stand fast in the faith.'* 1 Cor. 16. 18. L. M.
N. Sabbath.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

963. *'In the assembling of the upright.'* Ps. 111. 1. SEVENS.
Day.

SWEET it is to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
Sweet it is with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may our churches prove
 Preparations for above;
 While we worship in this place,
 May we go from grace to grace,
 Till we, each in his degree,
 Meet for endless glory be.

964. *'Thy sins are forgiven.'* Luke 7. 48. L. M.
Pergolesi.

SWEET were the sounds that reach'd our ears,
 When mercy raised her heavenly voice;
 'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears,
 And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
 Compared with mercy's heavenly song;
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,
 It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
 The voice that gives our conscience rest;
 That dissipates our guilty fear,
 And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
 And bind our souls with cords of love!
 Mercy that sooths our sorrows here,
 And gives us hope of joys above.

965. *'It is a good thing to give thanks.'* Ps. 92. 1. L. M.
Wareham.

THE day declines: but, ere it part,
 The day that glads the Christian's heart;
 For all the good its course conveys,
 Sing we to God our evening praise.

2 Praise him, that we this day have trod
 With rev'rent feet the house of God;
 Our sins with lowly hearts confest,
 And by his pard'ning word been blest.

3 Praise him, that we have raised our voice
 In our salvation to rejoice,
 And blest his name, his Church among,
 In psalm, and hymn, and holy song.

- 4 Praise him, that we this day have heard
The truths of his most holy word:
Which leads us, prone, alas! to stray,
Through earth's dark snares the heavenward way.
- 5 Praise him, that we our thanks have paid
For blessings to mankind display'd;
For all the good this life can prove,
But most for his redeeming love.
- 6 Praise him, that thus we've sought his face,
His day by his own means of grace:
Praise him for night's approaching rest,
Praise Father, Son, and Spirit blest.

966. *'The way, the truth, and the life.'* John 14. 6. ^{8. 8. 6.} Harwood.

THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
Oh may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

2 The types and shadows of the Word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true;
Oh may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do!

3 As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
Oh may his Spirit in me dwell;
Then saved from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

967. *'I am the First and the Last.'* Rev. 1. 17. ^{L. M.} Martin.

THIS God 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.

968. *'The Lord is the strength of my life.'* Ps. 27. 1. L. M.
 Truro.

THOU art our strength; away our fear!
 What shall our confidence remove;
 While kept by thy almighty care,
 And blest with everlasting love!

2 O Lord of hosts! while thou art nigh,
 None can disturb thy people's rest!
 The world and Satan they defy,
 Beneath thy power secure and blest.

3 Thou art our safeguard: through thine aid
 Our faith is strong, our troubles cease;
 For thou on whom our hope is stay'd
 Wilt keep thine own in perfect peace.

4 Thee for our Lord and guide we take,
 In time and for eternity;
 Assured thou never wilt forsake
 The humble soul that trusts in thee.

969. *'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'* John 14. 6. C. M.
 Gainsboro'.

THOU art the WAY—to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee:
 And he who would the Father seek
 Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart:
 Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm:
 And those who put their trust in thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life—
 Grant us to know that way,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Which lead to endless day.

970. *'I will give him the morning star.'* Rev. 2. 28. ^{L. M.} St. Olave's

THOU bright and glorious Morning-star,
 Arise and send thy beams from far;
 Dispel the shades of dreary night,
 And let me hail the dawning light.

2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,
 And wand'ring, left the heavenly way;
 Dart forth thy soul-reviving-rays,
 And guide me all my future days.

3 With growing strength may I pursue
 The course which heavenly wisdom drew,
 Till I shall reach the blissful shore,
 Where pilgrims rest and stray no more.

971. *'That which I see not teach Thou me.'* Job 34. 32. ^{S. S. 6.} Harwood.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 Even 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 a heart sincere,
 Thy drawings from above;
 Now, now the further 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 the inward Witness live,
 That antepast of heaven.

- 4 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,—
 Sin, or self-righteousness,—remove,
 Thy glory to display;
 Mine heart of unbelief convince,
 And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.
- 5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
 And to my inmost soul make known
 How merciful thou art:
 The secret of thy love reveal,
 And by thy Holy Spirit dwell
 For ever in my heart.

972. *'The name of the Lord is a strong tower. Prov. 18. 10. Carey.* 113th.

- T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if thou art mine;
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love;
 To me, with thy dear Name, are given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my All in all thou art;
 My rest in toil; my ease in pain,
 The med'cine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

973. *'Behold the Lamb of God.' John 1. 29. Rockingham.* L. M.

- T**HOU Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
 Who died to take our guilt away,
 To thee we raise the grateful strain,
 To thee our humblest homage pay.

- 2 O let us, kneeling at thy cross,
Wash in thy blood each guilty stain,
And count all earthly things but loss,
So we may thee, our Saviour gain!
- 3 Lord, grant that we may daily die
To sin, and own its power no more!
Grant us to live with thee on high,
And still thy wondrous love adore!

974. *'Remember me, O Lord.'* Ps. 106. 4. C. M.
London.

THOU Lamb of God! whose pard'ning love
We love to call to mind;
Answer thy servants from above,
And let us mercy find!

- 2 By all thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray,
And by thy dying love to man,
O wash our sins away!
- 3 O let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal!
Pronounce us freely justified
And all our sickness heal!
- 4 Think upon us, who think on thee;
Our wearied souls release;
Burst ev'ry bond, and set us free,
And bid us go in peace!

975. *'For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace.'* Is. 62. 1. L. M.
Wareham.

THOU Lord of all thy Churches hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

- 2 May every pastor from above
Be now inspired with zeal and love
To watch thy fold, to feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.

- 3 Revive thy Churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

976. *'The Gentiles shall come to Thy light.'* Is. 60. 3. ^{L. M.} Warrington.

THOU mighty Lord! from land to land
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

- 2 Exalted high on ev'ry shore,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a fallen world.
- 3 Thousands shall join thy pilgrim band,
And, by that sacred standard led,
Press forward to Immanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny path to tread.
- 4 Triumphant over ev'ry foe,
Their ransom'd numbers shall move on
To that blest land where sin or woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

977. 'Will ye also go away?' John 6. 67. L. M.
Rockingham.

- T**HOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my Almighty Friend!
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One gleam of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart;
 On these my fainting spirit lives:
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than the whole world around me gives.
- 4 Thy name my inmost powers adore:
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
 Depart from thee! 'tis death; 'tis more:
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.

978. 'Fed thee with manna.' Deut. 8. 3. 8. 8. 6.
Halifax C.

- T**HOU sinner's Friend, Redeemer, Lord,
 We feed upon thy precious Word,
 That manna from above;
 As through the wilderness we go,
 The living streams around us flow,
 The streams of grace and love.
- 2 We drink, and fresh renew our way,
 Thy cloud our guide, we cannot stray,
 Safe led by power divine:
 Though dangers thick our path surround,
 Our feet shall stand on holy ground,
 Secure—for we are thine.

- 3 Thus trav'ling on the heavenly road,
 To Zion's temple, loved abode,
 We reach the promised rest:
 And, Jordan's swellings past in death,
 Triumphant yield our parting breath,
 To be with Jesus blest.

979. *'Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song.'* Is. 12. 2. L. M.
Job.

THOUGH I had every bliss in store,
 Of wealth, of honour, and of power;
 Poor were I still, should God deny
 The seeming good to sanctify.

- 2 Though on my bark the cross-winds blow,
 And fill my swelling sails with woe;
 Successful still my course shall be,
 If God vouchsafe to smile on me.

980. *'Lovest thou Me?'* John 21. 17. DBL. L. M.
Creation.

THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
 In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
 Though friends are false, and love decays,
 And few and evil are my days;
 Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
 Swells with remember'd guilt my woes;
 Yet, even in Nature's utmost ill,
 I love thee, Lord, I love thee still!

- 2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
 Peal o'er mine unprotected head;
 And memory points, with busy pain,
 To grace and merey given in vain.
 Till Nature, shrinking in the strife,
 Would fly to death to 'scape from life;
 Though ev'ry thought has power to kill,
 I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!
- 3 Oh! by the pangs thyself hast borne,
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
 By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
 Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;

By these thy pangs, whose healing smart
 Thy grace hath planted in my heart,
 I know, I feel, thy bounteous will!
 Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still!

981. *'Thou shalt remember.'* &c. Deut. 8. 2. L. M. :
Buxton.

THROUGH all life's dark and rugged way,
 What scenes of love doth God display;
 How wise, how kind his holy will!
 Remember how he leads thee still.

2 Through storms and tempests, snares and death,
 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 His faithful promise to fulfil;
 Remember how he leads thee still.

3 'Tis all to humble thee, and prove
 His wisdom, goodness, power, and love;
 To try thy heart, and bow thy will;
 Remember how he leads thee still.

982. *'The paths of the Lord are mercy,'* &c. Ps. 25. 10. L. M.
Stonefield.

THROUGH all the ways and works of God
 His justice and his love we trace;
 We bend to his avenging rod,
 Or kiss the sceptre of his grace.

2 Around his saints, who fear his name
 In endless streams his mercies flow;
 But all the fruit of sin is shame,
 And present grief, and future woe.

3 Lord, at thy footstool we appear,
 To own our guilt, and seek thy love;
 O let thy fav'ring mercy hear,
 And send a blessing from above.

4 Impart thy truth; our souls restore,
 And keep us in thy righteous ways;
 So shall the Church thy grace adore,
 And gladly sound the Saviour's praise.

983. *'Remember all the way,' &c.* Deut. 8. 2. L. M.
St. Asaph.

THUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known;
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.
 2 Temptations every where annoy,
 And sins and snares my peace destroy;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
 3 Is this, O Lord, the thorny road
 Which leads me to the mount of God?
 Are these the toils thy people know,
 While in the wilderness below?
 4 'Tis even so—thy faithful love
 Doth all thy children's graces prove;
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be All in all.

984. *'And art to come.'* Rev. 11. 17. 8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

THY kingdom comes! ye saints rejoice,
 Let earth and heaven unite their voice
 To swell their lofty strain:
 Proclaim the joyful news abroad!
 The mighty King! the glorious God!
 He comes on earth to reign.
 2 High o'er the pomp of worldly state,
 On chosen Sion's lofty seat,
 Jehovah sets his throne;
 Now shall the lands confess his power,
 And all the earth his name adore,
 And serve the Lord alone.
 3 Before the terrors of his face,
 Let mortal man his pride abase,
 And ev'ry idol fall:
 Prostrate be ev'ry haughty foe,
 The pomp and power of earth lie low,
 And God be All in all.

985. *'Make our abode with Him.'* John 14. 23. L. M. Islington.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!

Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

2 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall feign when thou art here!

Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

3 And if thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abased will I adore ;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

986. *'Casting all your care upon Him.'* 1 Pet. 5. 7. L. M. Wareham.

THIS not too hard, too high an aim,
Secure thy part in Christ to claim ;
By his own Spirit to control
Thy sinful lusts, and cleanse thy soul.

2 Nature will raise up all her strife,
Foe to the flesh-abasing life,
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.

3 But grace, omnipotent, at length,
Shall arm the saint with saving strength,
Through the sharp war with aid attend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.

4 Act but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart ;
No fondest parent's melting breast
Yearns like thy God's to make thee bless'd.

5 The sov'reign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resign'd ;
Wants but thy yielded heart, no more ;
Thee with his richest grace to store.

6 'Come, backward soul, to God resign;
Peace, his rich blessing, shall be thine;
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Cast thy felt burden only there.

987. *'Ye are the temple of the living God.'* 2 Cor. 6. 16. L. M.
Teddington.

'TIS the fair dawn of heavenly day,
To heavenly bliss the shining way,
When to his temple God descends,
And there converses with his friends.

2 With beams of smiling majesty
He awes and yet invites them nigh;
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright but friendly rays.

3 While hov'ring o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

4 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill,
To know and do our Maker's will;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

5 These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would choose my fix'd abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

988. *'With dyed garments,' &c.* Is. 63. 1. C. M.
Asylum.

VICTORIOUS from the dreadful fight,
All hail, triumphant Lord!
Let every foe confess thy might,
By every saint adored.

2 Thy garments, red with glorious stains,
The fearful conflict tell,
When thou alone didst break our chains,
And crush the strength of hell.

- 3 Let the redeem'd exalt thy name;
 Let angels praise above;
 And songs of gratitude proclaim
 The triumphs of thy love.

989. *'Wait thou only upon God,'* Ps. 62. 5. L. M.
Hedley.

WAIT, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still;
 Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees;
 And by his saints it stands confess'd
 That what he does is ever best.

3 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat;
 Beneath the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

990. *'It is I; be not afraid.'* Matt. 14. 27. L. M.
Pergolesi.

WELCOME to me the darkest night,
 If there the Saviour's presence bright
 Beam forth upon the soul dismay'd,
 And say, "'Tis I! be not afraid!"

2 Welcome the fiercest waves that roll
 Their deepest floods to whelm my soul;
 If he rebuke the storm of ill,
 And bid the tempest, "Peace be still!"

3 Welcome the thorniest path, if there
 The print-marks of his feet appear;
 If in his footsteps we may tread,
 And follow where our Lord hath led.

4 I will not ask what else is mine,
 If thou, O Lord, account me thine;
 For what but joy can be my lot
 If God, my God, reject me not?

991. *'He shall reign for ever and ever.'* Rev. 11. 15. 8. 8. 6.
Halifax C.

WE 'LL aid thy triumphs, mighty King!
The glories of thy cross we'll sing,
And send salvation round;
Till ev'ry nation, ev'ry land,
From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand,
Shall echo back the sound.

- 2 Let earth commence the lofty praise;
Let heaven prolong th' enraptured lays;
Swell every tuneful lyre:
Bright seraphs! chant th' immortal song,
And pour the bounding notes along,
From heaven's eternal choir.

992. *'Christ is All, and in all.'* Col. 3. 11. L. M.
Truro.

WHAT, as the friends of youth depart,
Supports and cheers my failing heart?
Nor time can change, nor death remove
That Friend, whom I supremely love.

- 2 Why does my heart still upward spring?
When griefs depress, in sorrow sing?
He hath himself my nature worn,
And all my griefs and sorrows borne.
- 3 Why does the world in vain present
Her terrors or her blandishment;
He overcame the world for me,
And gives my soul the victory.
- 4 When sickness tells me death is near,
Why do I know nor grief nor fear?
My life is hid with Christ on high;
The soul in Christ shall never die.
- 5 When songs the happy hour employ,
He is the fulness of my joy;
And makes, as earthly joys decline,
His sweeter consolations mine.

993. *'The oil of joy for mourning.'* Is. 61. 3. L. M. Stonefield.

WHAT can relieve the troubled soul,
When the dark waves of anguish roll;
When dangers press, when doubts annoy,
And foes are threatening to destroy?

2 All human succour is in vain
The fainting spirit to sustain;
Jesus, 'tis thine alone to ease
The suffering of such hours as these.

3 Thy mercy wipes the tearful eye,
Thy presence checks the struggling sigh;
The mourner, long with fears distress'd,
Finds peace and shelter in thy breast.

4 O teach us in the trying hour
To trust thy love, and own thy power;
To seek thee, though thou seem to chide,
And wait till mercy be supplied.

994. *'Yea, even fainteth for the courts.'* Ps. 84. 2. 8. 8. 6. Harwood.

WHAT favour, Lord, that I should meet,
With saints around thy mercy-seat,
And love thy house of prayer!
What once was weariness and pain,
Is now my choice, delight, and gain,
The solace of my soul.

2 Oh let returning sabbaths be
A sign between my soul and thee,
Of mercy, love, and peace;
This one desire I'd seek with zeal,
Within thine earthly courts to dwell,
Until I see thy face.

995. *'Seek those things which are above.'* Col. 3. 1. 8. 8. 6. Harwood.

WHAT scenes of bliss—unclouded skies—
Invite my soul! O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below!

I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.

- 2 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
 Can aught on earth engage my stay?
 Ah, wretched, ling'ring heart!
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
 Assist and guide my upward flight,
 And bid the world depart.

996. *'His anger endureth but a moment.'* Ps. 30. 5. DBL. L. M.

WHAT thanks I owe thee, heav'nly Lord,
 For all the wonders of thy word!

In ev'ry pang, in ev'ry fear,
 I find the treasured comfort here;
 Thy chast'ning anger soon is past;
 Thy healing mercies ever last;
 And with reviving influence shed
 Eternal blessings on my head!

- 2 When penitence, in trembling mood,
 Uplifts my streaming eyes to God;
 And sins of ev'ry name and age
 By turns my mournful thoughts engage;
 Full soon awake, with cheering light,
 Thy pard'ning mercies on my sight;
 And the Redeemer's name bestows
 A "double" peace for all my woes.
- 3 When moved by sin or cold neglect,
 Thy stern rebukes my soul correct;
 And, sore dismay'd, afflicted, tost,
 I mourn thy secret presence lost;
 Thou mark'st—thou "bow'st thy heav'ns most
 high,"
 And, in the "darkness of the sky,"
 Reveal'st thy awful, soothing voice,
 And bid'st my sinking heart rejoice.

997.

II.

- 4 When deep affliction deals the blow,
 And dries each source of bliss below;
 No parent left, no offspring nigh,
 To cheer, or to partake the sigh;
 Not long I mourn—the Friend above
 Soon shows a more than parent's love;
 Dispels the momentary night;
 He speaks the word, and "there is light."
- 5 When fever'd pain or anguish smart,
 In vain explores each healing art;
 By night invokes the dawn, and then
 Still restless woos the night again:
 Yet on that dark, that ling'ring hour,
 Oft beams the star of saving pow'r;
 And soon, thy deep intentions clear,
 Health, youth, and gladness re-appear.
- 6 But when that stroke is nearer felt
 For man's revolt, by justice dealt;
 When, hanging on the faded cheek,
 Chill dews the night of death bespeak;
 O! then thou bid'st to faith arise,
 A purer sun in brighter skies;
 Life springs immortal from the tomb,
 And morning wakes in endless bloom.

998.

'A thorn in the flesh.' 2 Cor. 12. 8.

8. 8. 6.
Harwood.

- W**HAT though a thorn my bosom bears,
 And varied are the wants and cares
 That mark my varied way;
 My God hath said, in whom I live,
 My grace is thine, and strength I give
 According to thy day.
- 2 Sufficient for the day the ill;
 The bitter and the sweet shall still
 Subserve my Lord's design:

- His will be done, I love to pray ;
 And, chiding every doubt, I say,
 O let his will be mine !
- 3 His promised grace and strength is given,
 Let every murmuring thought be driven
 For ever from my breast ;
 Sustain'd invisibly, but sure,
 Let me the present ills endure,
 And leave to him the rest.
- 4 If, then, the thorn must needs be mine,
 O let me never dare repine,
 Nor yet my fate deplore ;
 But let me bow and bless the rod,
 Since Christ's own power, the power of God,
 Shall rest on me the more.

999. *'The Lord on high is mightier.'* Ps. 93. 4. ^{8. 7.} Sicilian M.

- W**HAT, though varied storms beset me,
 Storms without and fears within ;
 What, though unbelief should fret me,
 Fruitful source of ev'ry sin ;
- 2 Christ, my Saviour, guides the vessel,
 Stems the torrent at his will ;
 When conflicting passions wrestle,
 Calms the soul with—"Peace, be still."
- 3 O ! be this my main endeavour,
 In my Saviour to rejoice ;
 Will he leave me ? never, never ;
 Winds and waves obey his voice.

1000. *'Jesus Christ the same,'* &c. Heb. 13. 8. ^{8. M.} Kerry.

- W**E know Emmanuel's name ;
 Our hearts have loved it long ;
 Our dying sires bequeath'd his fame
 To be their children's song.

- 2 They call'd on him to bless;
 They kept the narrow way;
 They struggled through this wilderness
 To reach the land of day.
- 3 Was it their arm that gave
 The entrance and the crown;
 That snatch'd the victory from the grave,
 And beat the tempter down?
- 4 No: 'twas his dying love,
 His Spirit freely given,
 His eye that watch'd them from above,
 His hand that open'd heaven.

1001. *'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.'* Deut. 33. 25. ^{113th.} Carey.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
 And in my heart despondence sighs;
 When life her throng of care reveals,
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals;
 Thankful I hear the kind decree,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
 'Mid smitten joys and buried loves;
 When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
 And dewy morning drinks my sighs;
 Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
 That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 One trial more must yet be past,
 One pang, the keenest and the last;
 And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
 My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
 Redeemer, grant my soul to see
 That "as her day, her strength shall be."

1002. *'Behold, O God our shield.'* Ps. 84. 9. ^{L. M.} Rockingham.

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
 And plead with thee for mercy there;
 Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
 And for his sake receive my prayer.

- 2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye;
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.
- 3 O think upon thy holy word,
 And ev'ry plighted promise there;
 How prayer should evermore be heard,
 And how thy glory is to spare.
- 4 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
 Thine arm can never shorten'd be;
 Behold me here—my heart is full—
 Behold, and spare, and succour me.

1003. *'I hid my face from,'* &c. Is. 54. 7. L. M.
Devonshire.

- WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn;
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat:
 But, when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But oh! my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

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

1004. *'My portion for ever.'* Ps. 73. 26. S. M.
Levens.

WHEN earthly comforts die,
 And thorns o'erspread the road;
 Whither, O! whither shall I fly
 But unto thee, my God!

2 When anxious thoughts arise,
 And sorrows compass round,
 Amidst ten thousand enemies,
 In thee my help is found.

1005. *'A brother is born for adversity.'* Pv. 17. 17. L. M.
Devonshire.

WHEN every scene, this side the grave,
 Seems dark and cheerless to the eye;
 How sweet at such an hour to have
 A brother in adversity.

2 When father, mother, all are gone—
 When bursts affection's closest tie—
 How sweet to claim, as still our own
 A brother in adversity!

3 And who is this whom still we find,
 When father, mother, husband die,
 Still faithful, tender, loving, kind?
 A brother in adversity!

4 Jesus, my Lord! ah, who can trace
 Thy love, unchanging, full, and free:
 Or tell the riches of thy grace,
 Thou brother in adversity!

5 Ye travellers in this wilderness,
 Who somewhat of his beauty see;
 For ever, oh! for ever bless
 This brother in adversity!

1006. *'I know whom I have believed.'* 2 Tim. 1. 12. C. M.
Devizes.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies ;
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

1007. *'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'* Job. 1. 21.

- W**HEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour ;
 Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power ;
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet
 The energies of prayer ;
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
- 3 O blessed be the Hand that gave ;
 Still blessed when it takes :
 Blessed be he who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

1008. *'By grace are ye saved.'* Eph. 2. 5. L. M.
Stonefield.

WHEN I survey my treach'rous heart—
So base, so vile in every part—
How wondrous, Lord, that sov'reign grace
Should make this heart thy dwelling-place!

2 'Tis true, I hate each rebel sin;
And long for purity within;
Yet, ah! what evils still remain,
'The purest act of love to stain.

3 Were this my only hope and plea,
What I have said, or done for thee;
Dread loads of guilt would sink me down,
Beneath the terrors of thy frown.

4 But Jesus is my living way,
My only trust, my hope, my stay;
From him I all my strength receive,
And daily on his fulness live.

1009. *'In Me is thine help.* Hosea 13. 9. C. M.
Arlington.

WHEN most we need his helping hand,
The Lord is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

2 His love no bound nor measure knows;
Time cannot turn its course;
Unchangeably the same, it flows
From one eternal source.

3 When darkness seems to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne;
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

4 And, when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will;
He still to us is All in all;
Himself he gives us still.

1010. 'To die is gain.' Phil. 1. 21.

C. M.
Harrington.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain,
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will;

'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
 The paths to realms of light,
 And longs her eagle plume to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardour glows
 To see him face to face,
 Whose dying love no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin—
 Sees, though afar, the Hand that heals,
 And ends her war within.

6 Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight
 From earth-born woe and care;
 And soar beyond the realms of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share!

1011. 'Will manifest Myself.' John 14. 21.

6 7's.
Beethoven.

WHEN, O Lord, to thee I cry,
 By the holy mystery
 Of thy dwelling here on earth,
 By thy pure and holy birth,—
 Lord, thy presence let me see,
 Manifest thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to thee I cry;
 By thy bitter agony,

By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy Spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to thee I cry;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,—
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

1012. *'He increaseth strength.'* Is. 40. 29. C. M. Manchester.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
Why is our courage fled?

Why say, the Lord no more regards?

Why are our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea?

And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Against the pow'rs of hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;

But those that wait upon the Lord
Shall find their strength increase.

- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

1013.- *'Guide thee continually.'* Is. 58. 11. L. M.
St. Olave's.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
 Eternal Lord, is full of thee;
 I feel thee in the gloom of night,
 I view thee in the morning light.

- 2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
 Thy grace can ev'ry thought control;
 Thy word can still the troubled heart,
 And peace and confidence impart.
- 3 If pain invade my broken rest,
 Or if corroding griefs molest;
 Soon as the Comforter appears
 My sighs are hush'd, and dried my tears.
- 4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
 Thy arm upholds, thy power protects;
 With thee, when I at dawn converse,
 The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.
- 5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 Dispel the fogs of mental night,
 Being of beings, Light of light!

1014. *'Grace, grace unto it.'* Zech. 4. 7. L. M.
Islington.

WHERE'ER I cast my eyes abroad,
 I see the labours of a God;
 And through the whole there's not a stone
 But cost the Builder's heart a groan.

- 2 Soon shall the top-stone forth be brought,
 To crown the work his love has wrought;
 And to the praise of sov'reign grace,
 Shall loud hosannas fill the place.

- 3 Jesus, I fly alone to thee!
 A living stone, oh may I be!
 With which thou wilt this building raise,
 A glorious structure to thy praise.

1015. '*Light shining in darkness.*' Ex. 10. 23. L. M.
Bristol.

WHILE Egypt lies enwrapt in night,
 And horror reigns in every mind;
 Where Israel dwells, there wondrous light
 Diffuses peace and joy refined.

- 2 So grace shall round the righteous shine,
 In tents of poverty and wo;
 While all the powers of wrath combine,
 To lay their proud oppressors low.
- 3 Though all the world in darkness lies,
 Where'er his ransom'd sons may rest;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 In all his richest glories dress'd.
- 4 Through every scene of suffering here,
 His light and comfort still prevail;
 Nor can our faith admit a fear,
 Should all the springs of Nature fail.

1016. '*Order my steps in Thy word.*' Ps. 119. 133. L. M.
Wareham.

WHILE health and strength and youth remain,
 And pleasure flows uncheck'd by pain,
 May I, O Lord, my soul prepare,
 By faith, by penitence, and prayer!

- 2 So, when the snares of sin are spread
 Around my unsuspecting head;
 Thy grace shall Satan's power control,
 And from temptation guard my soul.
- 3 So, when the cares of life molest,
 And rob my doubting mind of rest;
 Thy word shall bid the tempest cease,
 And calm my anxious breast to peace.

4 And when my youth and strength decay,
 And life's gay vision fleets away ;
 Eternal bliss my soul shall prove
 In realms of everlasting love.

1017. *'The Lord is my portion.'* Lam. 3. 24. L. M.
Cook.

WHILE humbled for my sins, O Lord,
 I wait upon the promised word:
 Oh! stay my soul upon thy love,
 And let me all thy mercies prove.
 2 Shall Satan draw my thoughts aside,
 Or with the world my heart divide?
 I never will allegiance own—
 To any—but my God alone.

1018. *'Give me a blessing.'* Josh. 15. 19. SEVENS.
Pardona.

WHILE I live, thy favour grant ;
 Still supply my ev'ry want ;
 When I die, oh! make me blest!
 Take me to thy heavenly rest.

1019. *'The steps of a good,' &c.* Ps. 37. 23. L. M.
Tranquillity.

WHILE passing through the wilderness,
 Full of temptations and distress ;
 What comfort does the thought afford,
 "Our steps are order'd by the Lord!"
 2 Though disappointments oft abound,
 And sorrows may our souls surround ;
 We gain relief from this sweet word,
 "Our steps are order'd by the Lord!"
 3 Though Jesus sometimes hides his face,
 And darkness overspreads our ways ;
 Oh, 'tis a soul-reviving word,
 "Our steps are order'd by the Lord."
 4 Soon shall we reach that land of joy,
 Where pleasures are without alloy ;
 And there, with gratitude, record,
 "Our steps were order'd by the Lord."

1020. *'Sing, O heavens,' &c.* Is. 49. 13.S. M.
Silver Street.

WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquer'd, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet,
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on his seat?

4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

1021. *'Who hath God so nigh.'* Deut. 4. 7.113th.
Carey.

WHO is so great a God as ours,
So near with his redeeming powers;
So ready at his creature's cry
To send deliv'rance from the sky;
To turn aside the ills we dread,
And all our largest hopes exceed!

1022. *'My soul cleaveth.'* Ps. 119. 25.C. M.
Arlington.

WHY is my faithless heart so slow
To practise what I learn?
And from those follies, which I know
Are dangerous, to return!

2 With heaven presented to my eyes,
How can I wander still;
As though I scorn'd the glorious prize,
Nor fear'd the impending ill?

3 Lord, with new strength my heart inspire,
 My stubborn spirit move,
 To tread the path which I admire,
 And do what I approve.

4 With steadfast mind and single eye,
 Oh let me walk with thee;
 And when temptation's waves run high,
 Suppress that raging sea.

1023. *'Shall deliver thee in six troubles.'* Job. 5. 19. C. M.
St. David's.

WHY should I doubt his love at last,
 With anxious thoughts perplext?
 Who saved me in the troubles past,
 Will save me in the next:

2 Will save, till at my latest hour
 With more than conquest blest,
 I soar beyond temptation's pow'r
 To my Redeemer's breast.

1024. *'It is I; be not afraid.'* Matt. 14. 27. 8. 7. 4.
Kelly.

WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep;

To the regions where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Led by Christ, we brave the ocean;
 Led by him the storm defy;
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our Lord is nigh:

Waves obey him, and the storms before him fly.

3 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last;

And with wonder think on toils and dangers past.

4 O what pleasures there await us!
 There the tempests cease to roar;
 There it is that those who hate us
 Shall molest our peace no more;
 Trouble ceases on that tranquil, happy shore.

1025. *'Your bodies the temple,' &c.* 1 Cor. 6. 19. ^{L. M.} Teddington.

WILT thou, the offended God, again,
 Return and dwell with sinful men?
 Wilt thou within this bosom raise
 A living temple to thy praise?

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

3 Reason and conscience shall submit,
 And pay their homage at thy feet;
 To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
 And bid each rival thence depart.

4 No idol-god shall hold a place
 Within this temple of thy grace;
 Dagon before the ark shall fall,
 And God in Christ be all in all.

1026. *'All the promises are yea,' &c.* 2 Cor. 1. 20. ^{L. M.} Stonefield.

YEA and amen is every word
 Of promise spoken by the Lord;
 Unchangeable Jehovah's name,
 Now and for ever, still the same.

2 Here I repose my anxious care;
 Here find the encouragement of prayer:
 What he hath spoken he'll fulfil,
 And all shall work his gracious will.

3 My God and Saviour, let my faith
 Be strong, and fail not e'en in death;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages stay'd,
 On thee my ev'ry burden laid.

1027. *'His rest shall be glorious.'* Is. 11. 10.

8. 6. 8.

YEARS upon years of sin and woe
 Hath stream'd the crimson flood,
 While man, in concert with the foe,
 Hath shed his brother's blood :
 Now lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
 And make the weary conflict cease.

2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
 Thy servants seek repose ;
 See, day by day, the strife renew'd,
 And brethren turned to foes :
 Then lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
 Bid enmity for ever cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
 Their loud, unanswer'd cry ;
 Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
 And want forgotten lie :
 Lift high thy banner, Prince of Peace,
 Let wrongs among thy subjects cease.

4 Thy Gospel, Lord, is grace and love ;
 O send it all abroad,
 Till ev'ry heart submissive prove,
 And bless the reigning God :
 Come, lift thy banner, Prince of Peace,
 Bid sin and woe for ever cease.

1028. *'While I live will I praise.'* Ps. 146. 2.C. M.
Cambridge.

YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
 Through all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In ev'ry smiling, happy hour,
 Be this my sweet employ ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And doubles all my joy.

3 When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast ;
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God !
My life with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

1029. *'Not one thing hath failed.'* Josh. 23. 14. L. M.
Devonshire.

YES, it is true; my stormy way
Has brought me to a peaceful calm :
I said, I'll trust him, though he slay ;
Nor failed his Almighty arm.

2 Yes, it is true; at eventide
Light breaks, and forms the dawn of heaven ;
Gladly I turn from all beside,
Blest with the peace of sins forgiven.

3 Bound with the slavish fear of death,
Full many a darken'd day has past ;
But true whate'er Jehovah saith,
And all his saints o'ercome at last.

4 Nothing has fail'd of all he spake ;
All, all has come to pass, most true :
His covenant he ne'er can break,
Though earth should fail, and heaven too.

5 Now then, my Saviour, let me die,
And go to fairer worlds above ;
Who there shall louder praise than I
Thy never-failing covenant love ?

1030. *'He must reign.'* 1 Cor. 15. 25. L. M.
Hedley.

YES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit ;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

- 2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,
 Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
 Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
 Shall conquer with their conquering King.
- 3 Then, ranged, thy blazing throne around,
 The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
 While heaven's transported realms resound
 Thy glorious deeds, and precious name.

1031.

'Honourable.' Is. 58. 13.

113th.
Eaton.

- G**REAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected pow'rs:
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours!
 O may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne!
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly,
 Where God resides appear no more!
 Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine!
- 3 The word of life dispensed to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey,
 Be ev'ry heart a humble guest!
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul reviving manna feed!
- 4 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
 To make thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne!







