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The original edition
of Sheffer's Arrangement
which with his Selection
of 1787, made his com=
plete System of Baptist
Praise.

His "publicity" sets af=
fear from the little page.

But how did the members
of the congregation find
The given hymn? Note the
instructions

LHB

$$\begin{array}{r}
 137 \\
 57 \\
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 194
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 1712 \\
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$$\begin{array}{r}
 44221 \\
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 70790
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8/-





AN
ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs,

OF THE

Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.

INCLUDING

(WHAT NO OTHER VOLUME CONTAINS)

ALL HIS HYMNS,

WITH WHICH THE

Vacancies in the First Book were filled up in 1786, and also those in 1793.

NOW COLLATED,

WITH EACH OF THE DOCTOR'S OWN EDITIONS:

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED

INDEXES,

VERY MUCH ENLARGED,

BOTH OF SCRIPTURES AND OF SUBJECTS

✓
BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

LONDON:

SOLD AT DR. RIPPON'S VESTRY, CARTER-LANE;

BY BUTTON AND SON, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND BY
MOST OTHER BOOKSELLERS.—1801.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

DIRECTIONS TO MINISTERS AND CLERKS,

Who use this Arrangement in public.

It seems proper to mention the *old* Number first; and the *page* of the new one—
thus,

147th Hymn of the second book—

55th page of the Arrangement; or only page 55.

* * The Number of the Hymn and Psalm *always* answers to the number of the page,
thus: Hymn 5, page 5.
Hymn 40, page 40.

The number that follows the name of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon's Tune Book*;
thus:

Hymn 19, *Abridge* 201, that is, *Tune* 201, in *Dr. Rippon's Selection of Tunes*.

PREFACE.

IN the roll of pre-eminent characters which have attained literary fame, and transmitted to posterity a memory embalmed with the odours of gratitude, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts ranks high. It was the eulogium of candour, at the demand of justice, which Dr. Johnson pronounced when he said, *That few men have left behind such purity of character, or such MONUMENTS of laborious piety.* Among these, good men without number are peculiarly indebted to him for his PSALMS, HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS. What denomination of Protestants, to whom the English language is vernacular, can we find either at home or abroad, who have not derived pious edification from these inestimable compositions of our sweet singer in Israel. Humble cottages, rustic barns, decent meeting-houses, and capacious tabernacles, are not the only temples which have been made vocal by his lays, or whose worshippers soar in his songs:—their inspiration has been felt under the vaulted arch of many a Gothic edifice; while, not Sternhold and Hopkins only, but Tate, Brady, and other great names, have occasionally resigned the honours of poetry, and of praise. Of this, a letter from the celebrated Rev. Mr. James Hervey, in 1747, is a pleasing specimen. After pronouncing an encomium on the Doctor's works, as the favourite pattern by which he would form his conduct and model his style, he adds; “Among other of your edifying compositions, I have reason to thank you for your sacred songs, which I have introduced into the service of my church; so that, in the solemnities of the sabbath, and in a lecture on the week-day, your muse lights up the incense of our praise, and furnishes our devotions with harmony.” This charming paragraph conveys the sentiments, and expresses the practice of many an evangelical clergyman belonging to the national establishment. And a small acquaintance with the state of religion in our native country, and in other lands, induces me to form a conjecture, which I think is far within the precincts of moderation, that through the last *half hundred* years more than a MILLION tongues are, every Lord's day, employed,

“With songs and honours sounding loud,”

for the poetry of which, they are, under God, indebted to his distinguished pen, and for the piety of them, to his devotional heart.

Few, however, are the publications which have been printed in so *shameful* a manner. The most costly and the most common editions have long furnished reasons for universal complaint.

Pasham's edition, indeed, issued from the press under a very careful eye; but having been printed, it seems, from an imperfect edition, it retains *many* inaccuracies of its original: and will always be distinguished by an accident—I mean the omission of a *whole* verse in the 91st Hymn of the second book.

Wayland's edition at length followed, and then several others; but they carefully preserved most of the false readings, and created others. One edition appeared, in which the lines were transposed; other editions purposely altered the stanzas, and destroyed all sense. A small copy was published without any one title to either of the Hymns or Psalms, and so deprived the public of *many hundred lines*. Other editions went farther yet, and retaining the titles, omitted all the Index of Scriptures, and all the Index of Subjects. Several of the editions published by the booksellers themselves have from four to five hundred considerable errors—and after a *careful* perusal of one of their editions, which does not appear to be inferior to several of the rest, I can scarcely find two *correct* pages following each other, either in the Hymns or Psalms, unless an exception be made in the title page, and the blank page at the back of it.

Two or three of the latest editions, and of neat appearance, have been introduced to the public as “repairers of the breach”—purporting to be printed *verbatim*, or extremely correct, from a standard copy. The principle on which these were published rests on a fundamental error. After pursuing an acquaintance with *all* Dr. Watts's editions, occasionally ever since 1778, when *Pasham's* volume was published, I am, in some measure, prepared to *assert*, That whoever really prints *verbatim*, from any one copy of Dr. Watts's Hymns or Psalms, will *never* give his text. However, I have collated one of these latest editions, and was surprised to find, that though it is announced as printed from one of the Doctor's most approved copies, it has not only the misprints, which, I suppose, are almost unavoidable in all books, but it is *Intentionally* made to differ from *every* one of Dr. Watts's own editions, in more than an *hundred and fifty* places, without *any* intimation of it to the reader.

A *genuine* edition, therefore, of this useful work, which is a professed object of the present undertaking, cannot be unacceptable to the religious public.

HISTORY OF THE HYMNS.

It may be proper to observe, that the volume of *Hymns* and *Spiritual Songs*, first printed in the year 1707, contained only 78 Hymns in the first book; 110 in the second; and 22 Hymns, with 12 Doxologies in

the third book. *A supplement to the first edition* was published in 1709, by which the Hymns in the first book were increased from 78 to 150, in the second from 110 to 170, and in the third from 22 to 25, besides the addition of three *Doxologies*, and of four other pieces, entitled *Hosannas*, or, *Salvation ascribed to Christ*. These auxiliaries were highly interesting, and of great merit. But the addition of so many hymns to a multitude of others, all of which were of heterogeneous association, will sufficiently account for the want of method through the whole volume.

At the publication of the supplement, it was too late to educe order out of confusion, or to graft the scion of method on the stock of irregularity. The erections in the first streets of the city having derived their situation from accident, the accession of new ones only lengthened the labyrinth.

The Doctor, unhappily, opens his first book with the Apocalypse, and nearly concludes it with hymns on Isaiah. Or, if we compare the first and second book together, it will be seen that the first book begins with the Revelation, celebrating the Death of Christ, and the Day of Judgment; and that some of the last hymns in the second book are composed on the book of Job, and one of them on the first chapter of Genesis, with this very title, "The Creation of the World."

These things considered, it will be generally admitted, that *whatever* arrangement is given to the Hymns will be likely to place some of them at least, in a situation every way preferable to that which they hold at present.

REASONABLENESS OF ARRANGEMENT.

The Hymns in the *first* part were composed "on particular portions of Scripture," and therefore obtained a book for themselves; but the Doctor informs us, that he might have applied some text or other to *every verse* in the *second* part, "if this method had" appeared to him to have "been as useful as it was easy." Of course, as the *first* part and the *second* were on similar subjects, they admitted of being formed into *one* book; to which the superior poetry of some of the latter, or "the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza," could have been no sufficient objection, being *seldom* observed by one plain christian in a thousand, and *never* regarded in our public assemblies. Indeed, as the Hymns in the first part and the second are *all* distinguishable by texts of scripture, it might have seemed more natural to unite than to separate them. And I conjecture, that it must be impossible to mention a single disadvantage which would have followed on their union. And then, if the *first* and *second* book, being on scriptural subjects, and reducible to certain texts, might so properly have formed one book; for the same reason, the *third* book might have been united with them, because it also chiefly consists of "paraphrases of Scripture," with texts placed over many of them, as

distinctly as they are in the first book. The adoption of this method would have prevented the everlasting encumbrance and perplexity of turning backward and forward, when an article is wanted, through first book, and second book, and third book. Or, as all the subjects were derived from the Old Testament and the New, if the Hymns could have been placed in the order of the sacred books, it would very much have superseded the necessity of an Index of Scriptures, as Mr. Orton has done, with great acceptance, in the volume of our celebrated Dr. Doddridge.

But to these methods there is, and I suppose always will remain, this *grand* objection, "That the Doctor has judiciously placed *together*, in the third book, the Hymns on the Lord's Supper, as being on *one* subject; the advantage of which our pastors constantly experience, especially at the administration of that sacred ordinance: for the needful section may be turned to in a moment, without the aid of first lines, or of any index." This is a fair objection, and I consider it unanswerable. But, if there be *any* reason why the Hymns on the Lord's Supper should have been united, and remain together, there is precisely the same why the Hymns on Baptism should be gathered into one section. If the former are naturally and advantageously united, the latter are unnaturally and disadvantageously separated. And then, if these remarks are just concerning distinct chapters for the Hymns on Baptism and the Lord's Supper, I cannot be the herald of information to the intelligent in saying, that they are of *equal* application to *every other* subject of general classification, from one end to the other of these interesting productions.

It is on this principle the subsequent arrangement is made, including the

1719 INTERSPERSION OF THE PSALMS AMONG THE HYMNS.

Here three things should be considered :

1. In 1719, viz. twelve years after the first publication of the Hymns, Dr. Watts published his *Psalms of David*. In executing his design, he takes an whole Psalm, many verses of one, or some times only a few, transposing at pleasure. And he has, not without the reasons which are mentioned in his notes, entirely omitted *whole* Psalms. Particularly the 28, 43, 52, 54, 59, 64, 70, 79, 88, 108, 137, and 140; and he has also passed over a great part of *many* more. These things, are mentioned, not as expressive of disapprobation, but to state a fact. Transposition, abridgement, and omission, were essentials of his plan, without which he could not have executed it. They do not imply *defect*, they are attributed to *design*. But if the Doctor's Work had been a close translation of *all* the Psalms, and a regular paraphrase of *every* verse of the sacred original, as the publications of several persons have professed to be, the necessity of arranging them among the Hymns might never have occurred to any person.

2. The *many* titles, and very *different* subjects which are given in the *same* Psalm, seem to require a separation into distinct sections as much as the Hymns on the Lord's Supper, or those on Solomon's Song. Examine only a part of the titles belonging to a few of the Psalms and this will appear. Over the 16th Psalm the Doctor has justly placed these different, if not unconnected heads. *Saints the best Company—Christ's Allsufficiency—Support and Counsel from God without Merit—The Death and Resurrection of Christ.* As great a diversity may be seen in the titles of the 107th Psalm: *Israel led to Canaan and Christians to Heaven—Correction for Sin—A Psalm for the Glutton and Drunkard—The Mariner's Psalm—Colonies planted.* The 144th Psalm also might be produced as an instance, with many more, whose parts seem to have but little if any *necessary* connexion; nor will their being called Psalm 16th, 107th, or by any other single numbers, give them unity of subjects, or produce any relation either just or natural between them.

3. There can be nothing improper in the interspersion of the Psalms among the Hymns, because *many* of the Psalms are *already* mingled with them, and have been so from the beginning. This probably has escaped the observation of most persons: but if Dr. Watts's Index of Scriptures, and my *enlarged* one, be consulted, as well as the titles of the first and second book of the Hymns, it will be seen that there are more pieces among the Hymns, which are *composed from the Psalms*, than there are either from Matthew or Mark, Luke or John, or from the important epistle to the Hebrews. If therefore it was not conceived to be a matter of complaint, through the last century, that so *many* of the Psalms were inserted and left among the Hymns, I hope the present distribution of *all* of them among their fellows will give no just offence, as it only causes kindred subjects to fill the ranks of order, and like so many *brethren*, with fraternal amity, to *dwell together in unity.*

ADDITIONAL HYMNS IN THIS EDITION. 1719

It is well known that Dr. Watts, in his second edition of the Hymns, left out many of the Psalms, intending to introduce them in his Psalm-book, as he did, with slight alterations, in the year 1719. From this cause, Hymns 4, 22, 23, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 57, 38, 43, 44, 46, 47, are not to be found either in the second edition, or in any other published in the Doctor's time, or for many years after. This is the more surprising, as the vacuum might so easily have been filled from the various treasures with which, at length, he had favoured the public. *All* these deficiencies, however, were made good in the year 1786, by Hymns taken from Dr. Watts's Works *alone*, and chiefly from his Lyric Poems and Miscellanies. Two or three persons, whose names were not mentioned at the time, united in making the little selection, and to encourage the editions. The disinterested part I took

in that service I shall never regret, unless it be proper to regret the happiness of aiding a *corrected* work, whose *enlargements* have been every where acceptable, and of which, I think, there have been published in all, and most of them at a moderate price for the poor, about ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND COPIES.

The astonishing sale of this *enlarged* edition roused certain persons; and, as though the vacant numbers had not been filled before, of which it was found convenient to be ignorant, *they* also determined to perform the acceptable service, and accordingly took their materials from the Hymns which are connected with Dr. Watts's Sermons. TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES were printed in 1793. The edition was partly encouraged by the Book Society for promoting religious knowledge among the poor; it was well approved, and is now nearly sold. The number therefore of intelligent persons, at this time, must be very small, who are pleased with the deficiencies of the early editions.

But these enlargements, in common with all improved editions of a work, though they were acceptable to persons who possessed them, occasioned dissatisfaction to many. *Their old* editions did not contain the Hymns which were from time to time parcelled out in public service. And in 1793, when the vacancies were filled up by *other* Hymns, the complaint was greater still,—no one found fault with the Hymns which were inserted; but the early editions, the enlargements of 1786, and the *different* additions of 1793, being all used in the *same* congregations, confusion necessarily followed. The Hymn frequently given out was not to be found in the *old* editions, and it was more perplexing still that the additional Hymns of *one* enlarged edition very much differed from those of the *other*; hence, it was natural to wish for *all* of them. To gratify this desire, and to prevent, in future, every inconvenience, as much as possible, the arrangement contains, what was never before published together, *all* the supplementary Hymns which are to be found in the *different* enlarged editions. An omission of those printed in 1793, and which have been well received in *Twenty Thousand copies*, would have been great inattention—and it must have been much more criminal not to have inserted those which were published in 1786, and which, since that time, have, in some measure, received the sanction of at least *one hundred and forty thousand persons*.

ENLARGED INDEXES.

In proportion to the interesting and *various* contents of any volume must be the necessity of suitable tables of reference. A copious index gives facility of use to every important publication; and therefore it must be indispensably necessary in such Hymn Books as are used constantly on Lord's days in public worship, and by many christian families every day in the year. Dr. Watts himself, it is likely, knew where to find any

distinct subject which his Hymns or Psalms contained. But it has been matter of regret for many years, that his INDEXES are singularly deficient. It would seem a report fit for the catalogue of incredibles to say, that he has not posted so much as *five verses* in all the *five books* of Moses. But it will seem more incredible yet to add, that his Index of *Scriptures* takes not the least notice either of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, or, of any book, chapter, or even single verse, from Genesis to Job—that is to say, MORE than *one half* of the Old Testament in succession is passed over at a stroke. Nor to all the New Testament has he made quite an 120 references.

I am sorry to add, that the Index of *Words* and *Subjects* is like the table of scriptures, remarkably defective. The WORTH of the *soul*; the SATISFACTION of Christ, and an hundred other subjects of perpetual recurrence in the christian ministry, are not to be found either in the Index of the Hymns or of the Psalms, though so many of both are composed on these interesting topics. I cannot therefore but hope that the large accession which the Index of Scriptures has received, and the vast enlargement of the two tables of words and of subjects which are now included in *one*, will give general satisfaction to my fellow labourers in town and country, and also to their most capable assistants in that exalted part of public worship—singing the praises of God. Yet I do not flatter myself with an assurance that these enlarged tables include every text and word that may be looked for. But on being used, I trust there will appear to be but few scriptures or subjects contained in the Hymns and Psalms, which are not to be met with in the Indexes. And, I am sure, no ingenuous person will complain at not finding in the latter what is not included in the former.

TUNES OVER THE HYMNS AND PSALMS.

All things in the service of God are to be done *decently and in order*. But this divine requisition, to which christians pay so much attention in every thing else, is almost totally disregarded in the public singing of the praises of God, though it is confessedly the highest act of worship which the church can perform. *Any* tune, by any *incompetent* person, is sung with but very little regard to the subject of the Hymn. This inattention is extremely mischievous in tunes which have a repeat. By a misapplication of these the congregation may be forced not only to stop in the midst of a line, and to go back, before they have pronounced any distinct idea; but also to stop in the very midst of a word, and to retreat, leaving a syllable or two behind, till they advance again, and perhaps oftener than once, to meet the forlorn termination. Circumstances of this description amuse the trifling, pain the sensible and serious, and rob whole auditories of their devotion. Different specimens of this evil might be produced if it were necessary. But the folly, I trust, will commonly, if not always, be escap-

ed, by selecting one or other of the tunes which are now placed over the Hymn or Psalm; while every person is at full liberty to find a more suitable one whenever he is able.

DOUBLE NUMBERS TO THE HYMNS AND PSALMS.

I feel great pleasure in having given the old numbers as well as the new to the Hymns and Psalms. By this method the poor keep the books they have, and every volume of the former editions retains its place; while the minister and clerk are hereby enabled to give out the old number or the new according to discretion. But I apprehend it will be best to mention both of them; the *old* Number first, and then the *page* of the new one—thus,

147th Hymn of the second book—

55th *page* of the Arrangement; or only page 55.

OBJECTION.

“If Dr. Watts himself did not fill up the vacancies in the first book, nor arrange the Hymns and Psalms, no other person should have done it.” It is true that the excellent man did not introduce the supplementary Hymns. And it is true that he did not correct the errata of his tables, but suffered them to remain through *all* the editions published in his life time, from the first to the last. And it is also true that he did not fill up his indexes, but left the table of scriptures without inserting one text from Genesis to Job. And it is moreover true that he did not enlarge his table of subjects, which is one of the most incomplete ever annexed to a work of incalculable benefit.—

But will any *considerate* man—any *genuine* friend of Dr. Watts’s Hymns and Psalms, say, that because the Doctor never corrected those errors, and never improved these indexes, therefore no one else should do it? Such a declaration is not to be read in the page of reason, nor to be heard, but from the lips of distraction, or in the regions of lunacy.

As to the introduction of the Hymns to fill up the deficiencies in the first book, the general voice has given it an indelible *imprimatur*.

Respecting *enlarged* Indexes of Scriptures and of Subjects, it may suffice to say, that if there be *any* need at all of them, then the *more complete* they are the better.

And as to the arranging of the whole into CHAPTERS OF UNITED SUBJECTS, I could almost persuade myself, that if it had *early enough* occurred to the Doctor himself, he would in all probability have approved of it. I judge so for two reasons.

1. Because he has given examples of it in the work itself, and justified the plan in several instances. He has wisely placed, in distinct sections, (1.) The Hymns on Solomon’s Song. (2.) Those on the Lord’s Supper. (3.) The Songs to the Blessed Trinity; and, (4.) The Hosannas to

Christ. These distinct branches of a beautiful tree hang out their fruits to full view, and we gather without search or difficulty. But the other clustering plenty is sometimes ungathered, untasted, being hidden behind the leaves, or enveloped in the thicket. To have been *consistent* therefore with *himself*, the Doctor should have distributed the *whole* work into sections, or *none* of it. But by setting the example in several chapters, it is presumed he has sanctioned the analysis of every part of the work.

2. I am strengthened in my persuasion that an arrangement of the Hymns and Psalms would have met the approbation of Dr. Watts himself; because, the plan has been so generally approved by many of his warmest admirers. It is only the acknowledgment of a debt of gratitude to say, that some of the first characters among the Protestant Dissenters have pronounced a flattering opinion on the *design*—the voice has been heard with pleasure; but it has also created a proportioned anxiety to render the *execution* of the Work not altogether unworthy of the respect and patronage of competent judges.

EXTRACTS OF THE FORMER PREFACES.

In the large editions of this work there are long notes which the author himself omitted in the smaller, as not absolutely necessary. And, in most of the late editions, the prefaces have been abridged. But it may be proper to retain the following directions.

“ If the Psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses in many of them, at which you may properly rest. And in some places you may begin to sing at a pause. Or you may leave out those verses,” in the Psalms and Hymns, “ which are included in crotchets [] without disturbing the sense.

“ Do not always confine yourself to *six stanzas*, but sing *seven* or *eight* rather than confound the sense, and abuse the Hymn or Psalm in solemn worship.

“ It were to be wished also that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time; which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas: whereas, if the *method of singing* were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer Psalm with less expence of time and breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.”

CONCLUSION.

I feel myself constrained by inclination and duty to make my very grateful acknowledgments to several brethren, who have in different ways

encouraged this publication : particularly to the Rev. Mr. Timothy Thomas, for his suggestions concerning the plan ; and to the Rev. Mr. Collins for his assistance in the Index of Scriptures. I have also availed myself of the hints of many other respectable Ministers. But, if after the attempts which have been made to restore Dr. Watts's genuine text, by a collation of copies ; to remove the encumbrance of first, second, and third book ; to reduce *all* the tables of first lines, of scriptures, and of subjects, into *one* of each ; and to give facility to the use of every part of the Work ; I say, if after these attempts any persons of peculiar discernment perceive that a more *distant* route is the *nearest* way to the object of their wishes, I am not careful to deprive them of any gratification.

Finally, I cannot terminate these prefatory remarks without adding, that I have found the duty which I assigned myself arduous, far beyond my early expectations. At its commencement I was introduced into a capacious plain, overspread with glittering armies. The hosts of beauty and of brilliance appeared

“ All arm'd, all ardent for the foe,”—

but they were scattered, and few had rallied round any standard. Thus situated, I was neither insensible to the hazard, nor unambitious of the honour of marshalling the legions. If I had possessed the requisite ardour or skill, both should have been devoted, with all cheerfulness, to lead the van, to form the centre, and to bring up the rear. This I have *attempted*. And I am free again to profess, as I did some years since in my SELECTION OF HYMNS, from which I have copied the method of this arrangement, that *I have done my best*. And if the Hymns and Psalms, which the Doctor esteemed “ the greatest work that ever he published for the use of the churches,” are, by any attentions of mine rendered in the smallest degree more acceptable and useful in the assemblies of Sion, or to the weakest believer on earth, I shall attribute my humble efforts to the kind interpositions of Providence, enroll the success in the catalogue of distinguished felicities, and endeavour sincerely to consecrate the service and the reward, on the high altar of praise, to the God of all grace, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. To his peculiar blessing ; to the candour of my reverend brethren in the ministry ; and to the patronage of my fellow-christians ; I humbly commit the work ; and remain, with increasing affection to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,

Their brother and servant in the Gospel,

JOHN RIPPON.

TABLE OF THE FIRST LINES.

The Figures express the Numbers of the Hymns and Psalms as they are now arranged.

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Are all the foes of Zion tools	495	Come dearest Lord, descend and dwell	443
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2. This Table gives the numerical Order of the former Editions, and the corresponding Numbers in the Arrangement.

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* The Graces of the Spirit are placed alphabetically.

DR. WATTS'S
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

PSALM 1. *Newcourt 173.*

(Psalm 96. As the 113th Psalm.)

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2

The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word,
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

2. *Rothwell 174, Derby 169, Lewton 30.*

(Psalm 145. L. M.)

The Greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

3. *Millbourn Port 183, Arlington 17, Elim 151.*

(Psalm 145. v. 1—7, 11—13. 1st Part, C. M.)

The Greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

6

The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

4. *Rippon's 188, Hotham 224, Lebanon 79.*

(Hymn 26. B. 2. L. M.)

God invisible.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

B

2

Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The Great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor soul can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3

The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4

Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro', and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

5. *Newbury* 132, *Hephzibah* 77, *Gainstro'* 29.
(Hymn 17. B. 2. C. M.)

God's Eternity.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2

Long ere the lofty skies were spread
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4

While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5

The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

6. *Charmouth* 28, *London* 180, *Abridge* 201.
(Hymn 67. B. 2. C. M.)

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

2

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God
Were all the nations dead.

3

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4

Eternity with all its years
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

5

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with tritling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee.

7. *Old Hundred* 100, *Wareham* 117.
(Psalm 93. 1st M. As the 100th Psalm.)

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

2

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4

For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

8. *The old 50th.*
(Psalm 93. 2d M. As the old 50th Psalm.)

The same.

THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and establish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2

God is th' eternal King: Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;

Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion, [ocean.
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling

3

Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him, [him.
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore

9. *Prescott 254, John's 128.*

(Psalm 93. 3d M. As the old 122d Psalm.)

The same.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begin with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2

Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3

In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4

Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5

Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the old tune.

10. *Horsley 205, Rippon's 188, Limehouse 242.*

(Psalm 139. 1st Part. L. M.)

The All seeing God.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

Rippons 188. PAUSE I. Limehouse 242.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And satan groans beneath thy chains.

8

If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE II.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.

12

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13

'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

11. *Bedford 91, London 180, Anns 58.*

(Psalm 139. 1st Part. C. M.)

God is every where.

IN all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2

Thy all-surrounding sight surreys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3

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

4

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

5

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

B 2

Bedford 91. PAUSE. London 180.
 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
 In heaven thy glorious throne.

7
 Should I suppress my vital breath
 To 'scape the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

8
 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Wou'd soon betray my rest.

9
 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

10
 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee:
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee!

12. *Aynhoe 108, Sutton 149, Simons 250.*
 (Hymn 80. B. 2. S. M.)

God's awful Power and Goodness.

O THE almighty Lord!
 How matchless is his power!
 Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
 And all the heavens adore.

2
 Let proud imperious kings
 Bow low before his throne,
 Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
 Or he shall tread you down.

3
 Above the skies he reigns,
 And with amazing blows
 He deals unsufferable pains
 On his rebellious foes.

4
 Yet, everlasting God,
 We love to speak thy praise;
 Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
 The sceptre of thy grace.

5
 The arms of mighty love
 Defend our Sion well,
 And heavenly mercy walls us round
 From Babylon and Hell.

6
 Salvation to the King
 That sits enthron'd above;
 Thus we adore the God of might,
 And bless the God of love.

13. *Tunbridge 103, Cambridge 74.*
 (Psalm 66. 1st Part. C. M.)

*Governing Power and Goodness; or, our
 Graces tried by Affliction.*

SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours, and your joys.

2
 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
 'How terrible art thou!
 'Sinners before thy presence fly,
 'Or at thy feet they bow.'

3
 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his ways!
 In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
 And cleaves the frighted seas.

4
 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Israel pass'd the flood;
 There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]

5
 He rules by his resistless might:
 Will rebel-mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

6
 O bless our God, and never cease;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

7
 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine;
 So silver bears the burning coals
 The metal to refine.

8
 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

14. *Devizes 14, Evans 190, Miall 240.*
 (Psalm 33. 2d Part. C. M.)

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

BLEST is the nation where the Lord
 Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
 Where he reveals his heavenly word,
 And calls their tribes his own.

2
 His eye, with infinite survey,
 Does the whole world behold;
 He form'd us all of equal clay,
 And knows our feeble mould.

3
 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
 Of armies from the grave;
 Nor speed nor courage of an horse
 Can the bold rider save.

4
 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
 To hope for safety thence;
 But holy souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure defence.

5
 God is their fear, and God their trust;
 When plagues or famine spread,
 His watchful eye secures the just
 Amongst ten thousand dead.

6
 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne;
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

15. *Old 113th 215, Newcourt 173.*

(Psalin 33. 2d Part. As the 113th Psalm.)

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

16. *Angels Hymn 60, Babylon Streams 23,
Paul's 246.*

(Hymn 22. B. 2. L. M.)

With God is terrible Majesty.

TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

This the old rebel-angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load,
'With endless burnings who can dwell,
'Or bear the fury of a God!'

Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With reverence bow before his name,
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

17. *Martin's Lane 67, Jennings's 123.*

(Psalin 113. Proper Tune.)

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heavens are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name:
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let every age advance his fame.

18. *Bromley 104, Mark's 65, Rowles 73.*

(Psalin 113. L. M.)

God Sovereign and Gracious.

YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:
Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

Behold his love: he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

[A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's nincty years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7

With joy the motlier views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

19. *Abridge 201, Brighthelmstone 203.*

(Hymn 99. B. 2. C. M.)

The Book of God's Decrees.

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sovereign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.

2

[Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3

There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

4

If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6

When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

20. *Henley 38, Mansfield 154, Finsbury 155.*

(Psalm 8. S. M.)

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's
Dominion over the Creatures.*

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2

When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:

3

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms?

4

Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

5

Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6

How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7

[Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8

O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

21. *Old Hundred 100, Green's 89.*

(Hymn 70. B. 2. L. M.)

*God's Dominion over the Sea, Ps. cvii.
23, &c.*

GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2

If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

3

The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee their Lord a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4

[The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5

If God his voice of tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6

How is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amidst those wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

7

[What scenes of miracle they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8

Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

9

O for some signal of thine hand,
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

22. *James's* 163, *Ann's* 58.

(Hymn 115. B. 2. C. M.)

God the Avenger of his Saints ; or, his Kingdom Supreme.

HIGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God ;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2
Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3
Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4
Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5
Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think on heaven with fear ;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

23. *Abridge* 201, *London* 180. *Charmouth* 28.

(Hymn 86. B. 1. C. M.)

God holy, just, and sovereign, Job. ix. 2—10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God ?
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.

2
To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3
Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war ?

4
[Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5
He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears :
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies
And seals up all the stars.

6
He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

24. *Milbourn Port* 183, *Arlington* 17, *Elim* 151.

(Psalm 145. ver. 7, &c. 2d Part, C. M.)

The Goodness of God.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2
God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines
And every want supplies.

3
With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat
And fills their mouths with good.

4
How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5
Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

25. *Ulverston* 179, *Portugal* 97, *Bredby* 165
omitting 7th Verse.

(Psalm 103. ver. 1—7. 1st Part. L. M.)

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

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
The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5
Our youth decay'd his power repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

6
He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7
[His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]

8
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.]

26. *Stockport 47, Enfield 5, Eagle Street New 55.*

(Psalm 103. ver. 1—7. 1st Part. S. M.)

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.

O Bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2
O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3
'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4
He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5
He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

6
His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

27. *Wells 102, Marks 65.*

(Hymn 46. B. 2. L. M.)

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2
[He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3
[God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4
He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5
Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6
In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7
O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

28. *Chard 175, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 68. ver. 1—6, 32—35. 1st Part. L. M.)

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2
[He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3
He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4
The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5
He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

Chard 175. PAUSE. Wells 102.
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7
He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8
Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

29. *Canterbury 199, London 180.*

(Hymn 42. B. 1. C. M.)

Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i. 2, &c.

ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire*;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.

2
Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

* Heb. xii. 29.

3
Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, O how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Nature's frame.

4
At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.

5
Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?

6
Yet mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

7
Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

30. *Harborough 142, Broderips 252.*
(Psalm 103. ver. 8—18. 2d Part. S. M.)

*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in
the midst of Judgment.*

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

2
God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3
High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4
His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5
The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6
He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8
But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

31. *Ulverston 179, Portugal 97.*

(Psalm 103. ver. 8—18. 2d Part. L. M.)

*God's gentle Chastisement; or, his tender
Mercy to his People.*

THE Lord, how wonderful are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his
He takes his mercy for his throne, [grace]
And thence he makes his glories known.

2
Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3
Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4
How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5
Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6
So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.
The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8
He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9
But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

32. *Milbourn Port 183, Arlington 17,
Elim 151.*

(Psalm 145. ver. 14, 17, &c. 3d Part. C. M.)

Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2
When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

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

4
He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5
His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6
[His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
'They sought his aid in vain.']

7
[My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

33. *Bangor 231, Walsal 237, Wantage 204.*
(Psalm 142. C.M.)

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2
My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3
On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4
Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
'Thou art my portion when I die,
'Be thou my refuge here.'

5
Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty Friend.

6
From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

34. *Devizes 14, Milbourn Port 183, Michael's 119.*
(Psalm 89. 1st Part. C.M.)

The Faithfulness of God.

MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

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

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

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

5
Lord God of hosts, thy wonderful ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

35. *Chard 175, Marke 65, Bramcoate 8.*
(Psalm 146. L.M.)

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2
Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

3
Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4
Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6
The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7
He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

36. *Newcourt 173, Jennings's 123, Martins-Lane 67.*

(Psalm 146. As the 113 Psalm.)

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

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

2

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3

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.

4

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5

He loves his saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6

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

37. *Miall 240, Both Chapel 26, Great Milton 212.*

(Psalm 111. 2d Part. C M.)

The Perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4

They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

38. *Tunbridge 103, Bedford 91, London 180.*

(Hymn 166. B. 2. C. M.)

The Divine Perfections.

HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2

[The great invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.]

3

Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4

[Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5

[He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

6

[Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7

Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8

Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

39. *Gloucester 12, Chard 175.*

(Hymn 167. B. 2. L. M.)

The Divine Perfections.

GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2

[Earth and the stars and worlds unknown
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3

[His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If he command who dares oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4

[Who shall pretend to teach his skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5

[His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6

[The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

4
But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

5
[With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6
Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7
O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8
The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

47. *Oxford 177, Irish 171, Providence College 10.*

(Psalm 135. C. M.)

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

A WAKE, ye saints; to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2
Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3
Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4
All power, that gods or kings have claim'd
Is round with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5
Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6
[Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.

7
Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8
O Britain know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

48. *Stockport 47, Enfield 5, Elim 151.*
(Psalm 103. ver. 19—22. 3d Part. S. M.)

God's universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2
Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3
Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4
While all his wonderful works,
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

49. *Old Hundred 100, Wareham 117.*

(Hymn 27. B. 2. L. M.)

Praise ye him, all his Angels, Ps. cxlviii. 2.

GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2
Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3
'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing,
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4
Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5
Speak, (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame:
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6
[Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7
[What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!]

8
[Shout to your King, you heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9

Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

50. *Newington 61, Bath Chapel 26, Weston
Favel 27.*

(Psalm 86. ver. 8—13. C. M.)

A general Song of Praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2

The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wonderful things,
For thou art God alone.

3

Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4

Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

51. *Tiverton 109, Irish 171, Stamford 9.*
(Hymn 71. B. 2. C. M.)

Praise to God from all Creatures.

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2

'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame,
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies
And join th' angelic songs.

4

Let groveling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5

Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6

The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

52. *Resurrection 72, Dartwell 82, Ports-
mouth New 144.*

(Psalm 148. P. M.)

Praise to God from all Creatures.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:

His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4

He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wonderful name,
And speak his praise.

Resurrection 72. PAUSE. Grove 125.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.

6

Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word:
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8

Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King,
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

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9

Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

10

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

53. Gloucester 12, Wells 102, Green's Hundred 89.

(Psalm 148. Paraphrased. L. M.)

Universal Praise to God.

L OUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell:
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, namely,

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3

High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5

Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

6

Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every lill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

7

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10

Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

54. Finsbury 155, Mansfield 154, Falcon Street 209.

(Psalm 148. S. M.)

Universal Praise.

L ET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2

Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3

He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wonderous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4

Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders murmur'ring round the skies
His power and glory show.

5

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6

By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

Finsbury 155. PAUSE I. Mansfield 154.

Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8

From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9

Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10

Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11

Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.

12

By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest;
But saints that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.

14

Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feeble voices try.

15

United zeal be shown
His wonderful fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16

Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

55. *Jersey 15, Devizes 14, Otford 106.*

(Hymn 147. B. 2. C. M.)

The Creation of the World, Gen. 1.

NOW let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.

2

[Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.]

3

He bid the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4

The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5

With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6

Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To make our months and years.

7

Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]

8

He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wonderful birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9

Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11

Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

56. *Horsley 205, Rippon's 188, Lime-house 242.*

(Psalm 139. 2d Part. L. M.)

The wonderful Formation of Man.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3

By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

C 3

4
At last to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5
There the young seeds of thought began
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.
Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7
I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8
These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

57. *Bedford 91, London 180, Anns 58.*

(Psalm 139. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2
Thy hand my heart and reins possess
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3
Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thy art.

4
Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wonderful skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5
Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

58. *Milbourn Port 183, Irish 171, Elim 151.*

(Psalm 111. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2
How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3
How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4
When he redeem'd his chosen sons
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5
Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6
To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

59. *Old Hundred 100, Denbigh 54, Is-
lington 40.*

(Psalm 100. First M. A plain Translation.)

Praise to our Creator.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2
The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3
Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4
The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

60. *Chard 175, Green's Hundred 89, Den-
mark (omitting 1st verse) 87.*

(Psalm 100. 2d M. A Paraphrase.)

SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

2
Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3
His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4
We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5

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.

6

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

61. *Devises* 14, *Evans's* 190, *Miall* 240.
(Psalm 33. 1st Part. C. M.)

Works of Creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2

His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3

His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4

He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6

He scorns the angry nation's rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

62. *Jennings's* 123, *Newcourt* 173.

(Psalm 33. As the 113th Psalm. 1st Part.)

The same.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice, [voice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2

Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the Spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3

He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
Those watery treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4

Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
But his eternal counsel stands, [hands;
And rules the world from age to age.

63. *Marks* 65, *Derby* 169, *Horsley* 205.

(Psalm 121. L. M.)

Divine Protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

2

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning-smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening-veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4

Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6

Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7

On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

64. *Froom* 255, *Hephzibah* 77, *Weston*
Fazel 27.

(Psalm 121. C. M.)

Preservation by Day and Night.

TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2

Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3

He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4

Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes emply his power
For thine eternal guard.

5

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

65. *Darwells 82, Resurrection 72,
Swithins 44.*

(Psalm 121. As the 143th Psalm.)

God our Preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2

My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

66. *Tunbridge 103, Abridge 201, London 190.*
(Hymn 19. B. 2. C. M.)

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5

[He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
Let blood (said he) flow round the veins,
And round the veins it flows.

6

While we have breath or use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs
Or they would breathe no more.]

67. *Walsal 237, Ludlow 84, Burford 198.*
(Hymn 83. B. 1. C. M.)

Afflictions and Death under Providence.
Job. v. 6—8.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to care and woes,
A sad inheritance.

2

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4

Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

68. *Wareham 117, Wells 102.*
(Psalm 65. ver. 5—13. 2d Part. L. M.)

*Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea;
or, the God of Nature and Grace.*

THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2

On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3

Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4

He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5

Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains established by his hand
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6

Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7

At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

9

'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10

The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11

The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

69. *Chard 175, Marks 65, Bramcoate 8.*
(Psalm 107. 4th Part. L. M.)

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or,
The Seaman's Song.*

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2

They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3

Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5

He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6

O may the sens of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

70. *Exeter 4, Cambridge New 74, Providence College 10.*

(Psalm 107. 4th Part. C. M.)

The Mariner's Psalm.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2

At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3

[Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4

Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6

Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7

'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8

O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wonderous love record.

71. *Rippon's 188, Lebanon 79, Kingsbridge 88.*

(Hymn 109. B. 2. L. M.)

The Darknes of Providence.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2

Now thou arrayst 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.

72. *Harborough 142, Broderips 252,
Wirksworth 158.*

(Psalm 73. S. M.)

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

3

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas
And grows without their care.

4

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns
And racks the humble poor.

5

Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6

But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
'Is there a God that sees or hears
'The things below the skies?']

7

The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8

Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9

On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below.

10

Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

73. *Workshop 31, Brighton 208.*
(Psalm 73. 1st Part. C. M.)

*Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sin-
ners cursed.*

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
And border'd on despair.

2

I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
'How pleasant and profane they live!
'How peaceful is their death!

3

'With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
'They lay their fears to sleep;
'Against the heavens their slanders rise,
'While saints in silence weep.

4

'In vain I lift my hands to pray,
'And cleanse my heart in vain,
'For I am chasten'd all the day,
'The night renews my pain.'

5

Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
'Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
'And grieve the men I love.'

6

But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7

There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8

I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9

Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10

Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

74. *Workshop 31, Bath Chapel 26.*
(Psalm 9. ver. 12. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and
Shall once inquire for blood, [just,
The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2

He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3

His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.

4

Thus by thy judgments, mighty God!
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

Bath Chapel 26. PAUSE. Auns 58.

The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6

Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7

[Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.]

8

Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

75. *Wareham 117, Ayliffe Street 241.*

(Psalm 36. ver. 5—9. L. M.)

*The Perfections and Providence of God; or,
general Providence and special Grace.*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3

Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4

My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5

From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

76. *Rothwell 174, Lewton 30, Gloucester 12.*

(Psalm 147. 1st Part. L. M.)

The divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

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

He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4

Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7

What is the creature's skill or force
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8

But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

77. *Southampton 227, Rowles 73, Chard 175.*

(Psalm 136. Abridged. L. M.)

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Re-
demption and Salvation.*

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

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
'His mercies ever shall endure, [more.]
'When' lords and kings are known 'no

3

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

4

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

5

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

6

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' death and sin shall reign 'no more.'

7

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.'

8

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.'

78. *Chard 175, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 68. v. 19, 9, 20--22. 3d Part. L. M.)

*Praise for temporal Blessings; or, common
and special Mercies.*

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2

He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4

He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5

The Lord, that bruise'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6

But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
'There shall they taste his special love.

79. *Wareham 117, Angel: 60.*

(Psalm 57. L. M.)

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2

Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4

My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

80. *Gloucester 12, Carey's 11, Marks 65.*

(Psalm 104. L. M.)

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

*Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old
112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to
every stanza, namely,*

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 103th psalm.

The heavens are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3

Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4

The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5

When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6

The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

7

He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10

He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11

What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

12
O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands:
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14

To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15

He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16

Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning-beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17

Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift; that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18

How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19

Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20

There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22

While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23
But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

24

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25

His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

27

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

28

While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I, to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

81. *G. Milton* 212, *Grove* 143, *Irish* 171.
(*Psalm* 78. 1st Part. C. M.)

Providence of God recorded; or, pious Education and Instruction of Children.

LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' every rising race.

3

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4

Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands!

THE FALL.

82. *Abridge* 201, *Elenborough* 170.
(*Hymn* 37. B. 1. C. M.)

Original Sin, or, the first and second Adam.
Rom. v. 12. Psal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
Low is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2
To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3

[Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

D

4
How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!]

5
[Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6
What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

7
Yet, mighty God, thy wonderous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8
The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first,
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

83. *Ulverston 179, Pauls 246.*

(Hymn 124. B. 1. L. M.)

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

DEEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

2
Adam, the sinner: At his fall,
Death like a conqueror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3
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.

4
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.

5
[By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.]

6
Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.

84. *Ulverston 179, Pauls 246, Babylon 23.*

(Psalm 51. 2d Part. L. M.)

Original and actual Sin confessed.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2
Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3
[Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4
Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5
No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6
Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7
While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

85. *Elenbro 170, Charmouth 28, Walsal 237.*
(Psalm 51. ver. 3—13. 1st Part. C. M.)

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

2
Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3
I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

4
Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5
Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my sou
With thy forgiving love;
O, make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6
Let not thy spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7
Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

86. *Workshop 31, Ann's 58.*

(Hymn 128. B. 2. C. M.)

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

BLESS'D with the joy of innocence
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

2

Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3

While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4

Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5

Eternal spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

87. *Abridge 201, Crowle 3.*

(Psalm 14. 1st Part. C. M.)

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
'That all religion's vain,
'There is no God that reigns on high,
'Or minds th' affairs of men.'

2

From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3

The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4

By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5

Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

88. *Pauls 246, Fawcett 184, Greens Hun-
dred 89.*

(Hymn 160. B. 2. L. M.)

Custom in Sin.

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2

As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3

Where vice has held its empire long
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4

Great God, I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

89. *Greens Hundred 89, Old Hundred 100.*

(Hymn 24. B. 2. L. M.)

*The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels
and Men.*

WHEN the Great Builder arch'd the
skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2

High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
* Amongst the morning-stars he sung
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.

3

['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Gro'v'ling in fire the rebel lies:
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
'Son of the morning, from the skies +!']

4

And thus our two first parents stood
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5

[So sprung the plague from Adam's bower
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curst name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

6

Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
O may he slay this treacherous guest.

7

Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin the monster bleeds and dies.

* Job. xxxviii. 7. + Isa. xiv. 12.

90. *Workshop 31, Bangor 231.*

(Hymn 150. B. 2. C. M.)

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

91. *Abridge 201, Anns 58.*

(Hymn 153. B. 2. C. M.)

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

SIN like a venomous disease
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.

Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

[We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind
Till Jesus makes us wise.

We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]

[The man possess'd amongst the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
He foams, and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

92. *Workshop 31.*

(Hymn 156. B. 2. C. M.)

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

Now he persuades, 'How easy 'tis
'To walk the road to heaven;'
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiven.'

[He bids young sinners, 'Yet forbear
'To think of God or death;
'For prayer and devotion are
'But melancholy breath.'

He tells the aged, 'They must die,
'And 'tis too late to pray;
'In vain for mercy now they cry,
'For they have lost their day.'

Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

Almighty God, cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

93. *Anns 58, Grove House 143.*

(Hymn 157. C. M.)

The same.

NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

Now he appears almost divine
Like innocence and love,
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.

Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

94. *Angels Hymn 60, Babylon Streams 23.*
(Hymn 158. L. M.)*Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite and Apostate.*

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path
With here and there a traveller.

'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3
The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4
Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

95. *Ayliffe Street 241, New Sabbath 122.*
(Ps. 8. v. 3, &c. Paraphrased. 2d Part. L. M.)

Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and the new Creation.

LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2
That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3
But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn
Who condescended to be born!

4
See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

5
The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

SCRIPTURE.

96. *Islington 40, Rowles 73, Portugal 97.*
(Hymn 53. B. 1. L. M.)

The Holy Scriptures, Heb. i. 1, 2. 2 Tim. iii.
15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

GOD who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent down his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2
Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by the sweet conveyance given.

3
God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4
Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) Praise ye the Lord.

97. *Portugal 97. Marks 65.*
(Hymn 151. B. 2. L. M.)

Prophecy and Inspiration.

TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2
The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3
Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4
Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

98. *Sprague 166, Crowle 3, Stillman 66.*
(Hymn 119. B. 2. C. M.)

The Holy Scriptures.

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 griefs 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 the 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

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

99. *Denbigh 54, Marks 65, New Sabbath 122.*

(Psalm 19. L. M.)

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared; or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5

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.

6

Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

100. *Martins Lane 67, Newcourt 173.*

(Psalm 19. To the tune of the cxliith Psalm.)

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

GR EAT God, the heavens well-order'd
frame

Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.

2

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to shew thy praise:
Thus God, in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE. *Jennings 123.*

I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6

From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw,
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

8

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

101. *James's 163, Bedford 91, Stamford 9.*
(Psalm 119. 7th Part. C. M.)

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. paraphrased.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2

Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiven,
Ner lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3

I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go!

4

Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5

In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6

Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

102. *Workshop 31, Great Milton 212,
Braintree 25.*

(Psalm 119. 4th Part. C. M.)

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

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

Ver. 130.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

[The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power express:

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

103. *Bedford 91, Newbury 132.*

(Psalm 119. 5th Part. C. M.)

*Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God
dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

O How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 1, 54.

How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 40, 175.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

104. *Workshop 31, Irish 171.*

(Psalm 119. 6th Part. C. M.)

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

My heart in midnight silence cries,
'How sweet thy comforts be.'
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

105. *Great Milton 212, Irish 171, Oxford 106.*

(Psalm 119. 8th Part. C. M.)

*The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or,
the Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. 111. paraphrased.

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

2

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

MORAL LAW.

106. *Portugal* 97, *Hotham* 224, *Marks* 65.
(Hymn 116. B. 1. L. M.)

Love to God and our Neighbour,
Matt. xxii. 37—40.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
‘Let all thy inward powers unite
‘To love thy Maker and thy God,
‘With utmost vigour and delight.

2
‘Then shall thy neighbour next in place
‘Share thine affections and esteem,
‘And let thy kindness to thyself
‘Measure and rule thy love to him.’

3
This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law’s fulfill’d by love.

4
But Oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne’er perform thy will.

107. *New Sabbath* 122, *Bredby* 165,
Marks 65.
(Hymn 38. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M.)

The universal Law of Equity, *Matt. viii. 12.*

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
‘To do to all men just the same
‘As we expect or wish from them.’

2
This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3
How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul’d by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

4
Jesus forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

108. *Great Milton* 212, *Bedford* 91.
(Ps. 50. v. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. 2d Part. C. M.)
Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, ‘The spacious
fields,

‘And flocks and herds, are mine;
‘O’er all the cattle of the hills
‘I claim a right divine.

2
‘I ask no sheep for sacrifice
‘Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
‘To hope and love, to pray and praise,
‘Is all that I require.

3

‘Call upon me when trouble’s near,
‘My hand shall set thee free;
‘Then shall thy thankful lips declare
‘The honour due to me.

4

‘The man that offers humble praise,
‘He glorifies me best;
‘And those that tread my holy ways
‘Shall my salvation taste.’

109. *Ulverston* 179, *Rothwell* 174.
(Psalm 16. 1st Part. L. M.)

*Confession of our Poverty; and Saints the best
Company; or, good Works profit Men, not God.*

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2

Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3

Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4

Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heavenly birth
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

110. *Workshop* 31, *Grove House* 143.
(Hymn 115. B. 1. C. M.)

Conviction of Sin by the Law, *Rom. vii.*
8, 9, 14, 24.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2

My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3

[My guilt appear’d but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4

Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv’d again,
I had provok’d a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5

I’m like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6

My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

111. *Winchester 137, Hotham 224,
Kingsbridge 88.*

(Hymn 121. B. 2. L. M.)

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

112. *Mount Ephraim 185, Stockport 47,
Sutton 149.*

(Hymn 120. B. 2. S. M.)

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

[Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

GOSPEL.

113. *Fountain 101, Otford 106, Strea-
tham 218.*

(Psalm 89. ver. 15, &c. 3d Part. C. M.)

A blessed Gospel.

BEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

114. *Wareham 117, Wells 102.*

(Hymn 128. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Apostles' Commission; or, the Gospel at-
tested by Miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c.
Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

'GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
' Bid the whole earth my grace re-
' ceive;
' He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
' He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

' [I'll make your great commission known,
' And ye shall prove my gospel true
' By all the works that I have done,
' By all the wonders ye shall do.

' Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
' Go cast out devils in my name;
' Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
' Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

' Teach all the nations my commands,
' I'm with you till the world shall end;
' All power is trusted to my hands,
' I can destroy, and I defend.'

He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

115. *Ulverston 179, Portugal 97, Marks 65.
(Hymn 4. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M.)*

*The inward Witness to Christianity.
1 John v. 10.*

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no
more;
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
His Spirit seals his Gospel sure
To every soul that trusts in him.

2
Jesus, thy witness speaks within :
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3
'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.

4
The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5
Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty, and divine.

116. *Wells* 102, *Derby* 169, *Rothwell* 174.
(Hymn 131. B. 2. L. M.)

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

LET ever-lasting glories crown
Thy he .d, my Saviour and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2
[What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3
In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4
How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !

5
[Not the feign'd fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
Nor does the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6
Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

117. *Aynhoe* 108, *Simons* 250, *Peckham* 7.
(Hymn 118. B. 1. S. M.)

*Moses and Christ ; or, Sins against the Law
and Gospel ;* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6.
and x. 28, 29.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2
Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3
Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

4
The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5
But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

118. *Gainsborough* 29, *Great Milton* 212.
(Hymn 119. B. 1. C. M.)

The different Success of the Gospel, 1 Cor. i.
23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2
But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shines in their dying Lord.

3
The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4
Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

119. *London* 180, *Bedford* 91, *Follett* 181.
(Hymn 33. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M.)

A rational Defence of the Gospel, Rom. i.
16. 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our redeemer, God ?
Shall infidel's reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood ?

2
What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults ?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts ?

3
What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin ;
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4
What if the foolish, and the poor
His glorious grace partake ;
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5
Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin ?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

120. *Goulds 272, Marks 65, Ulverston 179.*
(Hymn 34. 1st Part. B. 1. L. M.)*

The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation,
Rom. i. 16. 1 Cor. i. 18, 24.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2

How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3

In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus bring his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4

This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5

Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines,
Brought near the doctrine of the cross
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

* Note.—Four Verses of this Hymn are, in one edition, called Hymn 33.

121. *Gloucester 12, Wells 102, Chard 175.*
(Hymn 138. B. 2. L. M.)

The Power of the Gospel.

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2

This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3

The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4

[Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5

[Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
Whilst the wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6

May but this grace in soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

122. *Winchester 137, Hotham 224,*
Kingsbridge 88.

(Hymn 126. B. 2. C. M.)

God glorified in the Gospel.

THE Lord descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2

Here in thy gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesu's face.

4

The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5

But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

123. *Mount Ephraim 185, Kibworth 249.*
(Hymn 10. B. 1. S. M.)

The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles, Isa. v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

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

2

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
'He reigns and triumphs here.'

3

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

4

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

5

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6

The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

124. *Oxford 106, Sydenham 43, Ashley 152.*
Bath Chapel 26.

(Psalm 98. 1st Part. C. M.)

Praise for the Gospel.

TO our almighty Maker, God,
 New honours be addrest;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.

2

He spake the word to Abram first;
 His truth fulfils the grace:
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.

3

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her different tongues;
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND BLESSINGS.

125. *Marks 65, Bramcoate 8, Leeds 19.*
 (Hymn 54. B. 1. L. M.)

Electing Grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ,
Eph. i. 3, &c.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
 Thy God and ours are both the same;
 What heavenly blessings from his throne,
 Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2

'Christ be my first elect,' he said,
 Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
 Before he gave the mountains birth,
 Or laid foundations for the earth.

3

Thus did eternal Love begin
 To raise us up from death and sin;
 Our characters were then decreed,
 'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

4

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

5

With Christ our Lord we share our part
 In the affections of his heart,
 Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
 Till he forgets his first belov'd.

126. *Angels 60, Pauls 246, Babylon 23.*
 (Hymn 117. B. 1. L. M.)

Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21—
23, 20.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please:
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.

2

[Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to choose
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]

3

May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will,
 Choose some to life while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?

4

[What if to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on—
 And seal their own destruction sure!]

5

What if he means to shew his grace,
 And his electing love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heavenly joys!]

6

Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7

But, O my soul, if truths so bright
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.

8

Then shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world before his throne
 With joy or terror shall confess
 The glory of his righteousness.

127. *Grove House 143, Anns 58.*
 (Hymn 96. B. 1. C. M.)

Election excludes boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
 But few of noble race,
 Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
 Almighty King of grace.

2

He takes the men of meanest name
 For sons and heirs of God;
 And thus he pours abundant shame
 On honourable blood.

3

He calls the fool, and makes him know
 The mysteries of his grace,
 To bring aspiring wisdom low,
 And all its pride abase.

4

Nature has all its glories lost
 When brought before his throne;
 No flesh shall in his presence boast
 But in the Lord alone.

128. *Portugal 97, Wareham 117.*
 (Hymn 11. B. 1. L. M.)

The humble enlightened, and carnal Reason
humbled; or, the Sovereignty of Grace,
Luke x. 21. 22.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
 And spoke his joy in words of praise;
 'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 'Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas:

2

'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
 'That crowns my doctrine with success;
 'And makes the babes in knowledge learn
 'The heights, and breadths, and lengths of
 grace.

3
 ' But all this glory lies conceal'd
 ' From men of prudence and of wit;
 ' The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
 ' And their own pride resists the light.

4
 ' Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
 ' Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
 ' 'Tis thy delight t' abuse the proud,
 ' And lay the haughty scorner low.

5
 ' There's none can know the Father right
 ' But those who learn it from the Son;
 ' Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
 ' But where the Father makes him known.'

6
 Then let our souls adore our God
 That deals his graces as he please,
 Nor gives to mortals an account
 Of his actions, or decrees.

129. *Great Milton* 212, *Weston Fazel* 27,
Hammoud 226.

(Hymn 12. B. 1. C. M.)

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

JESUS, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days;
 His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
 And tun'd his joy to praise.

2
 ' Father, I thank thy wonderful love,
 ' That hath reveal'd thy Son
 ' To men unlearned; and to babes
 ' Has made thy gospel known.

3
 ' The mysteries of redeeming grace
 ' Are hidden from the wise,
 ' While pride and carnal reasonings join
 ' To swell and blind their eyes.'

4
 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
 His great decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his works of grace
 By his own sovereign will.

130. *Charmouth* 28, *Anns* 58.

(Hymn 96. B. 2. C. M.)

*Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished, and
 Men saved.*

DOWN headlong from their native skies
 The rebel angels fell,
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2
 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man was hurl'd:
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
 To reach a sinking world.

3
 O love of infinite degree!
 Unmeasurable grace!
 Must heaven's eternal darling die
 To save a traitorous race?

4
 Must angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless fire,
 While God forsakes his shining throne
 To raise us wretches higher?

5
 O for this love let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujah sing.

131. *Ayliffe Street* 241, *Rothwell* 174.

(Hymn 97. B. 2. L. M.)

The same.

FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darkness chain'd them
 down;

But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2
 Amazing work of sovereign grace
 That could distinguish rebels so!
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.

3
 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heavenly day.

COVENANT OF GRACE.

132. *Gloucester* 12, *Derby* 169, *Bromley* 104.

(Psalm 89. 1st Part. L. M.)

*The Covenant made with Christ; or, the
 true David.*

FOR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;
 Mercy and truth for ever stand
 Like heaven establish'd by his hand.

2
 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 ' With thee my covenant first is made;
 ' In thee shall dying sinners live,
 ' Glory and grace are thine to give.

3
 ' Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
 ' Thy children shall be ever blest;
 ' Thou art my chosen king; thy throne
 ' Shall stand eternal like my own.

4
 ' There's none of all my sons above
 ' So much my image or my love;
 ' Celestial powers thy subjects are,
 ' Then what can earth to thee compare?

5
 ' David, my servant, whom I chose
 ' To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 ' And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 ' Was but a shadow of my Son.'

6
 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
 Jesus her Saviour and her king:
 Angels his heavenly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

4
 'Behold, I come,' (the Saviour cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes)
 'I come to bear the heavy load
 'Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5
 'Tis written in thy great decree,
 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 'I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 'And, lo! thy law is in my heart.

6
 'I'll magnify thy holy law,
 'And rebels to obedience draw,
 'When on my cross I'm lifted high,
 'Or to my crown above the sky.

7
 'The Spirit shall descend, and show
 'What thou hast done and what I do;
 'The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
 'Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

142. *Rippons 188, Horsley 205, Pauls 246.*

(Hymn 118, B. 2. L. M.)

The Priesthood of Christ.

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries;
 But the dear stream when Christ was slain
 Speaks *peace* as loud from every vein.

2
 Pardon and peace from God on high,
 Behold he lays his vengeance by,
 And rebels that deserve his sword,
 Become the favourites of the Lord.

3
 To Jesus let our praises rise
 Who gave his life a sacrifice;
 Now he appears before his God,
 And for our pardon pleads his blood.

143. *James 163, Tunbridge 103.*

(Hymn 155. B. 2. C. M.)

Christ our Passover.

LO the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
 The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.

2
 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on every door,
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3
 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
 To break th' Egyptian yoke;
 Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4
 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.

5
 Jesus our passover was slain,
 And has at once procur'd
 Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
 And God's avenging sword.

144. *Great Milton 212, Abridge 201, Sprague 166.*

(Hymn 38. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Atonement of Christ, Rom. iii. 25.

HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
 Yet nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful wound.

2
 In vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own:
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.

3
 The threatenings of thy broken law
 Impress our souls with dread;
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes our spirits dead.

4
 But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answer'd these demands;
 And peace and pardon from the skies,
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

5
 Here all the ancient types agree,
 The altar and the lamb;
 And prophets in their visions see
 Salvation thro' his name.

6
 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
 'Tis on thy cross we rest:
 For ever be thy love ador'd,
 Thy name for ever blest.

145. *Braintree 25, Salem 139, Providence 10.*

(Hymn 148. B. 2. C. M.)

God reconciled in Christ.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?

2
 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

3
 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.

4
 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

5
 While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

116 *Bramcote 8, Chard 175, Rethwell 174.*

(Hymn 61. B. 1. L. M.)

Christ our High Priest and King, and Christ coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5—7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
'Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

REGENERATION.

147. *Great Milton 212, Gainsbro' 29, Workshop 31.*

(Hymn 95. B. 1. C. M.)

Regeneration, John i. 13. iii. 3, &c.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit like some heavenly wind
Blows on the sons of the h,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

148. *Gainsbro' 29, Grove Howe 143.*
(Hymn 99. B. 1. C. M.)

Stones made Children of Abraham; or, Grace not conveyed by Religious Parents, Matt. iii. 9.

VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race;
(Their fathers now with God.)

He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abim well
With new-created sons.

Such wondrous power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

149. *Salem 139, Georges 2.*

(Hymn 130. B. 2. C. M.)

The new Creation.

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
' Behold I sit upon my throne
' Creating all things new.

' Nature and sin are pass'd away,
' And the old Adam dies;
' My hands a new foundation lay,
' See the new world arise.

' I'll be a sun of righteousness
' To the new heavens I make;
' None but the new-born heirs of grace
' My glories shall partake.'

Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin,
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh,
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

150. *Abridge 201, Charmouth 28.*

(Hymn 159. B. 1. C. M.)

An unconverted State; or, converting Grace.

[GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.]

From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

[Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause
Against our Maker's face.]

We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

5

And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

6

We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

151. *Gainsborough 29, Braintree 25.*
(Hymn 161. B. 2. C. M.)

*Christian Virtues ; or, the Difficulty of
Conversion.*

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2

Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3

[Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4

The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And every member, every sense
In sweet subjection lie.]

5

The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6

Lord can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

JUSTIFICATION.

152. *Bedford 91, Weston Favel 27,*
Workshop 31.

(Hymn 94. B. 1. C. M.)

*Justification by Faith, not by Works ; or, the
Law condemns, Grace justifies, Rom.*
iii. 19—22.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

153. *Pauls 246, Babylon 23.*
(Hymn 154. B. 2. L. M.)

Self-Righteousness insufficient.

WHERE are the mourners, *, saith the
Lord,
'That wait and tremble at my word,
'That walk in darkness all the day?
'Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2

'[No works nor duties of your own
'Can for the smallest sin atone;
'+ The robes that nature may provide
'Will not your least pollutions hide.

3

'The softest couch that nature knows
'Can give the conscience no repose:
'Look to my righteousness, and live;
'Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4

'Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
'With your own hands to warm your souls,
'Walk in the light of your own fire,
'Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5

'This is your portion at my hands;
'Hell waits you with her iron bands,
'Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
'In death, in darkness, and despair.'

154. *Devizes 14, Miall 240, Bath Chapel 26*
(Ps. 71. v. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. 2d Part. C. M.)

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2

Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

3

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

4

When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.

6

[My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

* Isaiah 1. 10, 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 20.

7

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

155. *Leuton 30, Kingsbridge 88.*

(Hymn 109. B. 1. L. M.)

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness,
Phil. iii. 7—9.

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.

156. *Hephzibah 77, Furman 135,**Michaels 119.*

(Hymn 20. B. 1. C. M.)

Spiritual Apparel; namely, the Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation,
Isaiah lxi. 10.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice,
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2

'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine,
Upon a poor polluted worn
He makes his graces shine.

3

And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4

How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5

The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6

Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

PARDON.

157. *Abridge 201, Carolina 13, Elenborough 170.*

(Psalm 130. C. M.)

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2

Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3

But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

4

[I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5

[Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6

So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7

[Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8

There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.]

158. *Rippons 188, Ulverston 179, Pauls 246.*

(Psalm 130. L. M.)

Pardoning Grace.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2

But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4

My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5

Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

159. *Ryland 48, Eagle Street New 55,
Broderips 252.*

(Psalm 32. S. M.)

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

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 fest'ring 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.

160. *Crowle 3, Sprague 166, Exeter 4.*

(Psalm 32. C. M.)

*Free Pardon and sincere Obedience; or, Con-
fession and Forgiveness.*

HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2

Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3

His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4

While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5

Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6

This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

161. *Pauls 246, Babylon Streams 23.*

(Psalm 32. 2d Part. L. M.)

*A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and
Pardon.*

WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2

I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.

3

For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4

How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

162. *Bramcoate 8, Lebanon 79.*

(Psalm 32. 1st Part L. M.)

*Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justifica-
tion and Sanctification.*

BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2

Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3

From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4

How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

163. *Newbury 132, Crowle 3.*

(Hymn 85. B.2. C. M.)

Sufficiency of Pardon.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2

What tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3

What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4

See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

5

It rises high and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

ADOPTION.

164. *Eagle Street New 55, Harborough 142.*

(Hymn 64. B. 1. S. M.)

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOOLD what wonderful grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

165. *Gainsbro' 29, Michaels 119, Irish 171.*

(Hymn 143. B. 1. C. M.)

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

SO new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2

[With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

3

[Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4

Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith like a conqueror can produce
A thousand victories.]

5

[Grace like an uncorrupting seed
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6

[Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7

They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

8

O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9

Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, *My Father God*,
With an unwavering tongue.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

166. *Langdon 217, Leeds 19, Ayliffe Street 241.*

(Psalm 23. L. M.)

God our Shepherd.

MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2

In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3

My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4

Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5
Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6
The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7
[How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8
Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

167. *Stamford 9, Exeter 4.*

(Psalm 23. C. M.)

The same.

MY shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3
When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4
Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5
The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6
There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

168. *Finsbury 155, Eagle Street New 55,
Kibworth 249.*

(Psalm 23. S. M.)

The same.

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he his mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2
He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3
If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4
While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5
In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6
The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

169. *Bedford 91, Hammond 226,
Abridge 201.*

(Psalm 73. ver. 23—28. 2d Part. C. M.)

God our Portion here and hereafter.

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;
Thine 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 whilst 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.

5
Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6
But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

170. *Sprague 166, Braintree 25,
New York 33.*

(Hymn 94. B. 2. C. M.)

God my only Happiness, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2
[What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3

[In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.]

4

And whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I rest,
If my Redeemer shew his trail,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5

To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compar'd to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7

Were I possessor of the earth,
An I call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

8

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

171. *Vermont 134, Ryland 48, Har-
borough 142.*

(Hymn 93. B. 2. S. M.)

God all, and in all, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2

[Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3

[The smile of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

4

[To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5

[Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6

Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8

[To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher!]

172. *Gloster 12, Leeds 19, Martin's Lane 67.*

(Hymn 15. B. 2. L. M.)

*The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in
Worship.*

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be
Let my religious hours alone: [gone,
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.]

2

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3

[The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.]

4

Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

173. *Bramcoate 8, Marks 65, New Sab-
bath 122.*

(Hymn 16. B. 1. L. M.)

Part the Second.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

8

When I can say, *my God is mine,*
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

9

While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

10

Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

11

[There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees:
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.]

12

Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

SANCTIFICATION.

174. *Portugal* 97, *Marks* 65, *Bram-coate* 8.

(Hymn 132. B. 1. L. M.)

Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii. 10—13.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

175. *Great Milton* 212, *Newington* 61.

(Hymn 143. B. 2. C. M.)

Flesh and Spirit.

WHAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3

So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4

Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

176. *Bath Chapel* 26, *Workshop* 31.

(Hymn 104. B. 1. C. M.)

A State of Nature and of Grace, 1 Cor. vi.
10, 11.

NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2

Surprising grace! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3

But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4

O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

177. *Sprague* 166, *Bedford* 91, *Workshop* 31.

(Hymn 22. 2d Part. C. M.)

Flesh and Spirit, Rom. viii. 1.

WHAT vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.

2

How have I wander'd from my God,
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defil'd my nobler frame!

3

For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my soul anew,
And made it of an heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

4

My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

5

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh when'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.

6

My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone?

178. *Froom* 255, *Workshop* 31, *Charmouth* 28.

(Psalm 119. 11th Part. C. M.)

Breathing after Holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

OH THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere,
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

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

179. Winchester 137.

(Hymn 97. B. 1. L. M.)

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.
1 Cor. i. 30.

BURY'D 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 sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

180. *Aynhoe* 108, *Stoke* 207, *Eroderips* 252.

(Hymn 98. B. 1. S. M.)

The same.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over 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 sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

181. *Charmonth* 28, *Grove House* 143,
Wantage 204.

(Hymn 90. B. 2. C. M.)

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
'And trust upon the Lord.'

3

My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief,
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O! help my unbelief.

4

[To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

PERSEVERANCE.

182. *Sprague* 166, *Bedford* 91, *Irish* 171.

(Psalm 125. C. M.)

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3

While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

F

5

But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

183. *Eagle Street New 55, Broderips 252.*
(Psalm 125. S. M.)

The Saints Trial and Safety ; or, moderated Afflictions.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God ;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2

As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

3

What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4

Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5

Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint ;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

6

But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

184. *New Sabbath 122, Marks 65, Leeds 19.*
(Psalm 138. L. M.)

Restoring and preserving Grace.

[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

Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3

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

4

To God I cry'd when troubles rose ;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5

The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great ;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6

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

7

Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

185. *Bramcoate 8, Portugal 97, Marks 65.*

(Psalm 97. 3d Part. L. M.)

Grace and Glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Tho' 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
Can triumph in his holiness.

186. *Silver Street 209, Hopkins 157,*
Stockport 47.

(Hymn 51. B. 1. S. M.)

Persevering Grace, Jude, ver. 24, 25.

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,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every 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.

SALVATION.

187. *Ashley 152, Sydenham 43, Foster 96.*

(Hymn 88. B. 2. C. M.)

Salvation.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay,
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

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

188. *Newbury 132, Crowle 3.*

(Hymn 111. B. 1. C. M.)

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

[LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been!
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

But O, my soul, for ever praise
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin and shame.]

'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done;
 But we are sav'd by sovereign grace
 Abounding thro' his Son.]

'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.

'Tis thro the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
 And justified by grace
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

189. *Condescension 116, Charmouth 28,
 Ann's 58.*

(Hymn 31. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M.)

Condescending Grace, Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

WHEN the eternal bows the skies
 To visit earthly things,
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes
 From towers of haughty kings.

He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit every humble soul
 With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
 Disdain so lofty kings!
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
 Upon such worthless things!

Mortals, be dumb; what Creature dares
 Dispute his awful will!
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
 All sovereign and all free:
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
 How deep thy judgments be!

190. *Bramcoate 8, Leeds 19, Marks 65.*

(Hymn 137. B. 1. L. M.)

Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

NOW to the power of God supreme
 Be everlasting honours given,
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
 He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son
 Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies; and in that dreadful night
 Did all the powers of hell destroy;
 Rising he brought our heaven to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

191. *Denbigh 54, Rowles 73, Hotham 224.*

(Psalm 85. ver. 9, &c. 2d Part. L. M.)

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
 The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
 And grace, descending from on high,
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
 Since Christ the Lord came down from
 By his obedience, so complete, [heaven;
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heavenly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4

His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

192. *Pauls 246, Greens Hundred 89.*

(Hymn 4. B. 2. L. M.)

Salvation in the Cross.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2

Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor heli shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade!
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

193. *Abridge 201, Bedford 91.*

(Psalm 69. 3d Part. C. M.)

Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified, and Sinners saved.

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

2

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

3

His dying groans, his living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.

4

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

5

Let heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6

Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thine own Israel waits.

194. *Wrightbridge 92, Sprague 166.*

(Hymn 46. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M.)

*God Glorious and Sinners saved. Rom. 1. 30.
Chap. v. 8. 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.*

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' 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 when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine
To see what God performs.

4

When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans.

5

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

INVITATIONS.

195. *Milbourn Port 183, Wiltshire 110.*
(Hymn 7. B. 1. C. M.)

The Invitation of the Gospel; or, spiritual Food and Clothing, Isa. lv. 1, &c.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2

Ho, all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,

3

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6

[Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin,

7

Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8

Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

9

The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day,
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

196. *Portugal* 97, *Green's Hundred* 89.
(Hymn 127. B. 1. L. M.)

*Christ's Invitation to Sinners; or, Humility
and Pride; Mat. xi. 28—30.*

COME hither all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2

They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3

Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4

Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal
Design our spirits to thy hand,
O mould and guide us at thy will.

97. *Henley* 38, *Peckham* 7, *Kibworth* 249.
(Hymn 92. B. 1. S. M.)

Christ the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1. 22—32.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2

'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works
'Creation was begun.

3

'Before the flying clouds,
'Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods
'I dwelt at his right-hand.

4

'When he adorn'd the skies,
'And built them, I was there
To order where the sun should rise,
'And marshal every star.

5

'When he pour'd out the sea,
'And spread the flowing deep,
'I gave the flood a firm decree
'In its own bounds to keep]

6

'Upon the empty air
'The earth was balanc'd well;
'With joy I saw the mansion where
'The sons of men should dwell.

7

'My busy thoughts at first
'On their salvation ran,
'Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
'Was fashion'd to a man.

8

'Then come, receive my grace,
'Ye children, and be wise;
'Happy the man that keeps my ways;
'The man that shuns them dies.'

198. *Wareham* 117, *Angels Hymn* 60.
(Hymn 93. B. 1. L. M.)

*Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted,
Prov. viii. 34—36.*

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
'Keeps daily watch before my gates,
'And at my feet for mercy waits.

2

'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
'Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
'Immortal life is his reward,
'Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3

'But the vile wretch that flies from me
'Doth his own soul an injury;
'Fools that against my grace rebel
'Seek death, and love the road to hell.'

PROMISES.

199. *Wareham* 117, *Green's Hundred* 89.

(Hymn 107. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Fall and Recovery of Man; or, Christ and
Satan at Enmity, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal.
iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.*

DECEIV'D by subtil snares of hell
Adam our head, our Father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2

Death was the threatening; death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3

But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
'Let everlasting hatred be
'Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4
 'The woman's seed shall be my Son,
 'He shall destroy what thou hast done,
 'Shall break thy head, and only feel
 'Thy malice raging at his heel.'

5
 [He spake; and bid four thousand years
 Roll on; at length his Son appears;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6
 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

200. *Newbury 132, Sprague 166.*
 (Hymn 9. B. 1. C. M.)

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace, Isa.
lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek.
xxxvi. 25, &c.

IN vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind,
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.

2
 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
 With more substantial meat,
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.

3
 Our God will every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace;
 He gives by covenant and by oath
 The riches of his grace.

4
 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains,
 In the dear fountain that his Son
 Pour'd from his dying veins.

5
 [Our guilt shall vanish all away
 Tho' black as hell before;
 Our sins shall sink beneath the sea
 And shall be found no more.

6
 And lest pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward powers again,
 His Spirit shall bedew our souls
 Like purifying rain.]

7
 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
 That terrors cannot move,
 That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
 Shall be dissolv'd by love:

8
 Or he can take the flint away
 That would not be refin'd,
 And from the treasures of his grace
 Bestow a softer mind.

9
 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law,
 And every motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

10
 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise;
 We the dear people of his love,
 And He our God of grace.

201. *Lebanon 79, Lewton 30, Manning 243.*
 (Hymn 15. B. 1. L. M.)

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength
 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

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 power 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 left hand my head sustains.

4
 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise
 We find how great our weakness is.

5
 [So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
 Met the Philistines to his cost,
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

202. *Newbury 132, Sprague 166, Evans 190.*
 (Hymn 32. B. 1. C. M.)

Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27—30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts
 arise?

And where's our courage fled?
 Has restless sin and raging hell
 Struck all 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,
 And treads their foes to hell.

4
 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But we that wait upon the Lord
 Shall feel our strength increase.

5
 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

203. *Gloucester 12, Horseley 205.*
 (Hymn 84. B. 1. L. M.)

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in
Christ, Isaiah xlv. 21—25.

JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims
 His sovereign honours and his names:

2

'I am the Last, and I the First,
'The Saviour God, and God the Just;
'There's none beside pretends to shew
'Such justice and salvation too.

3

'Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
'Just on the verge of death and hell,
'Look up to me from distant lands,
'Light life and heaven are in my hands.

4

'I by my holy name have sworn,
'Nor shall the word in vain return,
'To me shall all things bend the knee,
'And every tongue shall swear to me.]

5

'In me alone shall men confess
'Lies all their strength and righteousness;
'But such as dare despise my name,
'I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6

'In me the Lord, shall all the seed
'Of Israel from their sins be freed,
'And by their shining graces prove
'Their interest in my pardoning love.'

204. *Mount Ephraim 185, Kibworth 249,
Vermont 134.*

(Hymn 85. B. I. S. M.)

The same.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
'Mercy and Justice are the names
'By which I will be known.

2

'Ye dying souls that sit
'In darkness and distress,
'Look from the borders of the pit
'To my recovering grace.'

3

Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
'Our righteousness and strength is found
'In thee, the Lord, alone.'

4

In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

205. *Portugal 97, Aycliffe Street 241.*

(Hymn 87. B. I. L. M.)

*God dwells with the humble and penitent,
Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.*

THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne,
'My name is God, I dwell on high,
'Dwell in my own eternity.

2

'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too,
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

3

'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4

'[When I contend against their sin
'I make them know how vile they've been;
'But should my wrath for ever smoke
'Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.'

5

O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

206. *Newbury 132, Crowle 3, Ludlow 84.*

(Hymn 125. B. I. C. M.)

*Christ's Compassion to the weak and tempted,
Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.*

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2

Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3

But spotless, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5

[He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6

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

207. *Gainsborough 29, Bath Chapel 26,
Charleston 195.*

(Hymn 128. B. I. C. M.)

Saints in the Hand of Christ, John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast,
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

208. *Walsal 237, Bangor 231.*

(Psalm 119. 10th Part. C. M.)

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,

Devoted to thy fear;

Remember and confirm thy word,

For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

Hast thou not writ salvation down,

And promis'd quickening grace?

Doth not my heart address thy throne?

And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;

O bear thy servant up;

Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,

Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?

Then let thy truth appear:

Saints shall rejoice in my reward

And trust as well as fear.

209. *Liverpool 83, Cambridge New 74,*

Froom 255.

(Hymn 69. B. 2. C. M.)

The Faithfulness of God in his Promises.

[BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,

And speak some boundless thing,

The mighty works, or mightier name

Of our eternal King.

2

Tell of his wonderous faithfulness,

And sound his power abroad,

Sing the sweet promise of his grace,

And the performing God.

3

Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord

'For wretched dying men;'

His hand has writ the sacred word

With an immortal pen.

4

Engrav'd as in eternal brass

The mighty promise shines;

Nor can the powers of darkness rase

Those everlasting lines.]

5

[He that can dash whole worlds to death,

And make them when he please,

He speaks, and that almighty breath

Fulfils his great decrees.

6

His very word of grace is strong

As that which built the skies,

The voice that rolls the stars along

Speaks all the promises.

7

He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread,'

And heaven was stretch'd abroad;

'Abrah'm, I'll be thy God,' he said,

And he was Abrah'm's God.

8

O, might I hear thine heavenly tongue

But whisper, 'Thou art mine'

Those gentle words should raise my song

To notes almost divine.

9

How would my leaping heart rejoice

And think my heaven secure!

I trust the all-creating voice,

And faith desires no more.]

210. *Wells 102, Chard 175, Derby 169.*

(Hymn 60. B. 2. L. M.)

The Truth of God the Promiser; or, the Promises our Security.

PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid,

To him that earth's foundations laid;

Praise to the God whose strong decrees

Sway the creation as he please.

2

Praise to the goodness of the Lord

Who rules his people by his word,

And there as strong as his decrees

He sets his kindest promises.

3

[Firm are the words his prophets give,

Sweet words on which his children live;

Each of them is the voice of God,

Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.

4

Each of them powerful as that sound

That bid the new-made heavens go round;

And stronger than the solid poles

On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5

Whence then should doubts and fears arise?

Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?

Slowly, alas, our mind receives

The comforts that our Maker gives.

6

O for a strong a lasting faith,

To credit what th' Almighty saith!

T' embrace the message of his Son,

And call the joys of heaven our own.

7

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,

And all the wheels of nature break,

Our steady souls should fear no more

Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8

Our everlasting hopes arise

Above the ruinable skies,

Where the eternal Builder reigns.

And his own courts his power sustains.

CHRIST.

211. *Pauls 246, Greens Hundred 89.*

(Hymn 51. B. 2. L. M.)

God the Son equal with the Father.

BRIGID King of glory, dreadful God!
 O spirits bow before thy seat,
 To thee we lift an humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful feet.

2

[Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
 All nature with a sovereign word;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior Lord.]

3

[Mercy and truth unite in one,
 And smiling sit at thy right hand;
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,
 And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4

A thousand seraphs strong and bright
 Stand round the glorious Deity;
 But who amongst the sons of light
 Pretends comparison with thee?

5

Yet there is one of human frame,
 Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God.

6

Their glory shines with equal beams;
 Their essence is for ever one,
 Tho' they are known by different names,
 The Father God, and God the Son.

7

Then let the name of Christ our King
 With equal honours be ador'd;
 His praise let every angel sing,
 And all the nations own their Lord.

212. *Wells 102, Redemption 243, Derby 169.*

(Hymn 2. B. 1. L. M.)

The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John i.

1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9. 10.

ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd
 abroad

From everlasting was the Word;
 With God he was; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.

2

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

3

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars;
 (Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the numbers of thy years')

4

But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may hold converse with worms,
 Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son;
 How full of truth! how full of grace!
 When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

6

Archangels leave their high abode
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The loves of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

213. *Truro 105, Martins Lane 67, Bath Abbey 147.*

(Hymn 47. B. 2. L. M.)

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
 Hosanna to th' 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,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3

The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise the powerful God;
 And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

4

But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of thine hands:
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6

O, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

214. *Portugal 97, Warcham 117, Bramcoate 8.*

(Hymn 22. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

Christ the eternal Life, Rom. ix. 5.

JESUS our Saviour and our God,
 Array'd in majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

2

All our immortal hopes are laid
 In thee our surety and our head;
 Thy cross, thy cradle and thy throne
 Are big with glories yet unknown.

3

Let Atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme
 Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Dooms the rebellious world to death.

4
But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face and taste thy love.

INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

215. *Silver Street 209, Ephraim 185.*
(Hymn 3. B. 1. S. M.)

The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c.
Luke ii. 10, &c,

BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary the wonderful virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2
[The Lord, the highest God
Calls him his only son ;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3
O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway ;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4
To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5
'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly ;
'The promis'd infant born to-day
'Doth in a manger lie.'

6
'With looks and hearts serene,
'Go visit Christ your King ;'
And strait a flaming troop was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing.

7
'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At the Redeemer's birth!'

8
[In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs :

9
'Glory to God on high,
'And heavenly peace on earth,
'Good-will to men, to angels joy,
'At our Redeemer's birth.']

216. *Liverpool 83. Missionary 257,*
Cambridge New 74.

(Hymn 4. B. 1. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Nativity of Christ, Luke ii. 10. &c.

'SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
'And send your fears away ;
'News from the regions of the skies,
'Salvation's born to-day.

2
'Jesus the God whom angels fear
'Comes down to dwell with you ;
'To day he makes his entrance here,
'But not as monarchs do.

3
'No gold nor purple swadling bands,
'Nor royal shining things ;
'A manger for his cradle stands,
'And holds the King of kings.

4
'Go shepherds where the infant lies,
'And see his humble throne ;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5
Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song.

6
'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace surround the earth ;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

7
Lord, and shall angels have their songs
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

8
Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

217. *Derby 169, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 97. ver. 6—9. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ's Incarnation.

THE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name :
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2
All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3
Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound ;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

218. *Gloucester 12, Derby 169.*
(Hymn 60. B. 1. L. M.)

The Virgin Mary's Song ; or, the promised
Messiah born, Luke i. 46. &c.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice ;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same spirit tune our voice.

2
[The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done ;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3

Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4

To those that fear and trust the Lord
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5

He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
'In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;'
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6

But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
I.e., the desire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

219. *Bramcoate 8, Marks 65.*

(Hymn 135. B. 2. L. M.)

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

BEHOOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2

Abra'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
'His great fulfiller of his law.

3

The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4

Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

220. *Ayliffe Street 241, Rowles 73.*

(Hymn 136. B. 2. L. M.)

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth!
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth!

2

About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3

Simcon and Anna both conspire
The infant-saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

221. *Follett 181, Milbourn Port 183,
Tiverton 109.*

(Psalm 98. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

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
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

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.

222. *Cambridge New 74, Hephzibah 77,
Tiverton 109.*

(Psalm 96. ver. 1, 10, &c. C. M.)

Christ's First and Second Coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

223. *Cambridge New 74, Evans's 190,
Irish 171.*

(Psalm 97. 1, 3, 5-7, 11. C. M.)

Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2
His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3
The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4
Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5
His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

6
The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

224. *Sprague* 166, *Newbury* 132.

(Hymn 103. B. 2. C. M.)

Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2
So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3
Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4
But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5
Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6
See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

225. *Sutton* 149, *Rutland* 118, *Peckham* 7.
(Hymn 104. B. 2. S. M.)

The same.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2
Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3
His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4
'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5
Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6
Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou has brought,
And love and praise thy name.

226. *Portugal* 97, *Ulverston* 179.

(Hymn 139. B. 2. L. M.)

The Example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2
Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3
Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4
Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

227. *Horseley* 205, *Wells* 102.

(Hymn 112. B. 2. L. M.)

Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.

GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2
Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3
His orders run through all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command
To shield and guard the British coasts
When foreign rage invades our land.

4
Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

5
Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
To conduct my spirit home.

228. *Irish 171, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 113. B. 2. C. M.)

The same.

THE majesty of Solomon !
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold !

2
But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams ;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3
Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
Shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4
And when oppress'd with pain and fears
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
To allay his agonies.]

5
Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given ;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

6
Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn ;
When Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7
At there's an hour of brighter joy
When he his angels sends
To smite rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8
Could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

229. *Virginia 234, Rippon's 188, Ba-
bylon Streams 23.*

(Psalm 69. ver. 7, &c. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

'T WAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face

2
The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3
[My father's house, said he, was made
'A place for worship, not for trade ;'
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4
[Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood :
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5
[His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6
His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies ;
They nail him to the shameful tree ;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7
[Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans :
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8
But God beheld ; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his son ;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

230. *Uxerston 179, Farwell 184,
Pauls 246.*

(Psalm 69. 1st Part. L. M.)

Christ's Passion, and Sinner's Salvation

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2
In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3
Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove,
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4

The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5

O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

231. *Elenborough 170, Walsal 237,
Carolina 13.*

(Psalm 69. ver. 1—14. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

'SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
'Break in upon my soul:
'I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
'Like mighty waters roll.

2

'I cry till all my voice be gone,
'In tears I waste the day:
'My God, behold my longing eyes,
'And shorten thy delay.

3

'They hate my soul without a cause,
'And still their number grows
'More than the hairs around my head,
'And mighty are my foes.

4

'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
'That men could never pay,
'And gave those honours to thy law
'Which sinners took away.'

5

Thus in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6

'Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
'Salvation in my name,
'For I have borne their heavy load
'Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7

'Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
'And sackcloth was my dress,
'While I procur'd for naked souls
'A robe of righteousness.

8

'Amongst my brethren and the Jews
'I like a stranger stood,
'And bore their vile reproach, to bring
'The Gentiles near to God.

9

'I came in sinful mortals' stead
'To do my Father's will;
'Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
'They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10

'My fasting and my holy groans
'Were made the drunkard's song;
'But God, from his celestial throne,
'Heard my complaining tongue.

11

'He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
'Nor let my soul be drown'd;
'He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
'On well establish'd ground.

12

'Twas in a most accepted hour
'My prayer arose on high,
'And for my sake my God shall hear
'The dying sinner's cry.'

232. *Bangor 231, Wantage 204.*

(Psalm 69. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. 2d Pt. C. M.)

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

NOW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing,
The sufferings of our great high priest,
The sorrows of our king.

2

He sinks in floods of deep distress:
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3

'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy son,
'Nor hide thy shining face;
'Why should thy favorite look like one
'Forsaken of thy grace.

4

'With rage they persecute the map,
'That groans beneath thy wound,
'While for a sacrifice I pour
'My life upon the ground.

5

'They tread my honour to the dust,
'And laugh when I complain;
'Their sharp insulting slanders add
'Fresh anguish to my pain.

6

'All my reproach is known to thee,
'The scandal and the shame;
'Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
'And lies defil'd my name.

7

'I look'd for pity, but in vain;
'My kindred are my grief:
'I ask my friends for comfort round,
'But meet with no relief.

8

'With vinegar they mock my thirst;
'They give me gall for food:
'And sporting with my dying groans,
'They triumph in my blood.

9

'Shine into my distressed soul,
'Let thy compassion save;
'And though my flesh sink down to death,
'Redeem it from the grave.

10

'I shall arise to praise thy name,
'Shall reign in worlds unknown;
'And thy salvation, O my God,
'Shall seat me on thy throne.

233. *Walsal 237, Bangor 231.*

(Psalm 22. ver. 1—16. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
'Nor will a smile afford?'
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2

Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4

Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
'In vain he trusts in God,' they cry,
'Neglected and forlorn.'

5

But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6

Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE

Behold thy Darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8

From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9

Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10

My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11

My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12

Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

234. *Goulds 272, Greens 89, Wareham 117.*
(Hymn 43. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

Jesus our Surety and Saviour, 1 Peter i. 18.
Gal. iii. 13. Rom. iv. 25.

ADAM our Father and our head
Transgress'd and justice doom'd us
The fiery law speaks all despair; 'dead,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

2

But O unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.

3

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood:
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

4

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

5

Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won,
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

6

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

7

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love,
Raise us beyond th' etherial blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

235. *Tunbridge 103, Evans 190, Foster 96.*

(Hymn 114. B. 2. C. M.)

Christ's Death, Victory and Dominion.

ISING my Saviour's wonderous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis *finish'd*, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2

'Tis *finish'd*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3

His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4

Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5

The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the Sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

236. *Wareham 117, Angels Hymn 60.*

(Psalm 16. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ's All-sufficiency.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2

My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus his best beloved Son.

G 2

3
His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4
I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right-hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

237. *James's 163, Bedford 91, Irish 171.*

(Psalm 16. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

'I SET the Lord before my face,
'He bears my courage up;
'My heart, and tongue, their joys express,
'My flesh shall rest in hope.

2
'My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
'Where souls departed are;
'Nor quit my body to the grave
'To see corruption there.

3
'Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
'And raise me to thy throne;
'Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
'Thy presence joys unknown.'

4
[Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5
Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold, he lives again!

6
When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right-hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

238. *Oxford 106, Cambridge New 74,
Liverpool 83.*

(Hymn 76. B. 2. C. M.)

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light
That cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2
Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3
See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down,
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5
[Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6
Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

239. *Gainsborough 29, Tiverton 109.*

(Hymn 26. B. 1. C. M.)

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ,
1 Pet. i. 3—5.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2
When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3
What tho' 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
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5
Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

240. *Bramcoate 8, Marks 65.*

(Hymn 137. B. 2. L. M.)

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2
Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3
He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4
Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

ASCENSION AND EXALTATION
OF CHRIST.241. *Angels Hymn* 60, *Wareham* 117.
(Psalm 2. L. M.)*Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.***W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ?Against the Lord their powers engage
His dear Anointed to destroy?2
'Come, let us break his bands,' they say,
'This man shall never give us laws;
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.'3
But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.4
'I will maintain the King I made
On Zion's everlasting hill,
'My hand shall bring him from the dead,
'And he shall stand your sovereign still.'5
'His wonderous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
'This day have I begot my Son.'6
Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
To thee the northern isles shall bow.']7
But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease
As potter's earthen work is broke.PAUSE. *Paul's* 246.Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.9
With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.10
His storms shall drive you quick to hell,
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.242. *Bowden* 78, *Chard* 175.
(Psalm 24. L. M.)*Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's
Ascension.***[**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men; and worms, and beasts, and
e rais'd the building on the seas, [birds:
and gave it for their dwelling-place.2
But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?3
He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.4
These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.*Derby* 169. PAUSE. *Bromley* 104.
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.6
Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqueror comes with God to dwell.7
Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.243. *Liverpool* 83, *Cambridge New* 74,
Arlington 17.

(Psalm 47. C. M.)

*Christ ascending and reigning.***O** For a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.2
Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.3
While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.4
Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.5
In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.6
The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords

244. *Derby 169, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 68. ver. 17, 18. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4

Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

245. *Eagle Street New 55, Simons 250.*

(Hymn 141. B. 1. S. M.)

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

Isaiah liii. 1—5, 10—12.

WHIO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2

The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3

They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4

'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.

5

'But I'll prolong his days,
'And make his kingdom stand,
'My pleasure, (saith the God of grace)
'Shall prosper in his hand.

6

['His joyful soul shall see
'The purchase of his pain,
'And by his knowledge justify
'The guilty sons of men.']

7

['Ten thousand captive slaves,
'Releas'd from death and sin,
'Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
'And own his power divine.']

8

['Heaven shall advance my Son
'To joys that earth deny'd;
'Who saw the follies men had done,
'And bore their sins, and dy'd.']

246. *Aynhoe 108, Broderip's 252.*

(Hymn 142. B. 1. S. M.)

The same, Isaiah liii. 6—9, 12.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3

How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4

His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5

But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

6

'I'll give him, (saith the Lord)
'A portion with the strong;
'He shall possess a large reward,
'And hold his honours long.'

247. *Wareham 117, Derby 169.*

(Hymn 37. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph,
Phil ii. 8, 9. Mark xv. 20, 24, 29. Col. ii. 15.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2

Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue,
When Gabrielsounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3

Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the Lord of worlds above
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4

What black reproach defil'd his name
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels blest
Is made the impious rebels jest.

5

He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans,
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.

6

But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

7
Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

8
Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angels' tongue;
How low, how vain, are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

248. *Yarmouth 128, Dresden 178, Rowles 73.*
(Hymn 44. B. 1. 1st Part. L.M.)
Christ's dying, rising, and reigning,
Luke xiii. 27, 29, 44—46. Matt. xxvii.
50, 57. xxviii. 6. &c.

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
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3
Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

4
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5
Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6
Say 'Live for ever, wond'rous king!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save;'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting,'
And, 'where's thy victory, boasting grave.'

249. *Redemption 243, Chard 175,*
Rothwell 174.

(Hymn 43. B. 2. L.M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2
Sing how he left the worlds of light
And the bright robes he wore above,
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3
[Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t'atone almighty wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.]

4
[Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5
Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6
Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7
Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heavenly plains!

250. *Oxford 106, Liverpool 83, Evans's 190.*

(Psalm 8. C.M.)

*Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or,
God made Man.*

O Lord, our Lord, how wonderful great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2
When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

3
Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4
That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

5
[Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.]

6
The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7
These lesser glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8
Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

9
Jesus, our Lord, how wonderful great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

7

[How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

259. *Sprague 166, Crowle 3, Hammond 226.*

(Hymn 37. B. 2. C. M.)

The same.

LIFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2

'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3

Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
The priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

4

[Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]

5

Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne,
He, 'dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

6

[Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the Highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

260. *Braintree 25, York 33.*

(Hymn 145. B. 1. C. M.)

Christ and Aaron,

Taken from *Heb. vii.* and *ix.*

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

2

They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3

[Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4

Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]

5

[Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne;

6

But Christ by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]

7

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8

He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

261. *Wittons 33, Bath Chapel 26.*

(Hymn 12. B. 2. C. M.)

*Christ is the Substance of the Levitical
Priesthood.*

THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3

Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4

He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5

'Father, (he cries) forgive their sins,
'For I myself have dy'd,'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

262. *Aynhoe 108, Simons 250.*

(Psalm 2. 5 M.) Translated according to
the divine pattern, *Acts iv. 24, &c.*

Christ dying, rising, interceding and reigning.

[MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2

The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3

Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

4

Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5
The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly birth.

7

He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8

The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9

[Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow,
To God's exalted Son.

10

If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

263. *James's 163, Cambridge New 74.*

(Psalm 2. C. M.)

The same.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2

The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3

'I call him my eternal Son,
'And raise him from the dead;
'I make my holy hill his throne,
'And wide his kingdom spread.

4

'Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
'The utmost heathen lands:
'Thy rod of iron shall destroy
'The rebel that withstands.'

5

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6

With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

CHARACTERS AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

264. *Coombs 45, Derby 169, Bromley 104.*
(Hymn 13. B. 1. L. M.)

The Son of God incarnate; or, the Titles and the Kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2. 6, 7.

THE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2

The virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected child appear;
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3

This infant is the mighty God
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.

4

The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5

Jesus the holy child shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

265. *Oxford 177, Great Milton 212.*

(Hymn 132. B. 2. C. M.)

The Offices of Christ.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2

We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3

We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4

Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

266. *Babylon Streams 23, Lebanon 79.*
(Hymn 146. B. 1. L. M.)

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate Things, in Scripture.

GO, 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

[The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord :
Nature to make his beauties known
Must mingle colours not her own.]

3

[Is he compar'd to *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.]

4

[Is he a *tree*? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5

[Is he a *rose*? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the *lily* he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

6

[Is he a *vine*? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the vine!]

7

[Is he the *head*? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8

[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.]

9

[Is he a *fire*? He'll purge my dross,
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10

[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 thro'.]

11

[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 Zion's hill.]

12

[Is he a *door*? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13

[Is he design'd a *corner-stone*,
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14

[Is he a *temple*? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

15

[Is he a *star*? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.]

16

[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.]

17

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.]

18

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

267. *Ayliffe Street 241, Redemption 243.*

(Hymn 147. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Names and Titles of Christ, from
several Scriptures.*

[**T**IS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.]

2

Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir, and partner of his throne.]

3

The *King of kings*, the *Lord most High*,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.]

4

Where grace can neither melt nor move
The *Lamb* resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And *Judah's Lion* tears the prey.]

5

But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and *Life of men*;
Nor bears those characters in vain.]

6

With tender pity in his heart
He acts the *Mediator's* part;
A *friend* and *brother* he appears
And well fulfils the names he wears.]

7

At length the *Judge* his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.]

268. *Resurrection 72, Darwell 82.*

(Hymn 148. B. 1. as the 148th Psalm.)

The same.

[**W**ITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.]

2
In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3
The sovereign *King of Kings*,
The *Lord of Lords* most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4
Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5
But when for works of peace
The great *Redeemer* comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes?
Light of the world,
And life of men;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6
Immense compassion reigns
In our *Immanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A *Mediator's* part:
He is a *friend*
And *brother* too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7
At length the Lord the *Judge*
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

3
[The *angel of the covenant* stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.]

4
[Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.]

5
[My bright *example*, and my *guide*,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6
[I love my *shepherd*, he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7
[My *Surety* undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.]

8
[*Jesus* my great *High-Priest* has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9
[My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my father's heart away.]

10
[My *Lord*, my *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11
[Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The *captain of salvation* leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12
Should death, and hell, and powers un-
Put all their forms of mischief on, [known,
I shall be safe; for *Christ* displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

270. *Carmarthen New 35, Greenwich 56,*
Grove 125.

(Hymn 150. B. 1. as the 148th Psalm.)

The same.

JOIN 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
But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heavenly grace!

269. *Martin's Lane 67, Newcourt 173.*

(Hymn 149. B. 1. L. M.)

The Offices of Christ from several Scriptures.

JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.

2
But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3

[Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an *angel* stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's throne
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

4

[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 subdu'd,
And peace with heaven.]

5

[Be thou my *counsellor*,
My *pattern* and my *guide*;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.]

6

[I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

7

[To this dear *Surety's* hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My *Surety* paid
The dreadful debt.]

8

[Jesus my great *High-Priest*
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

9

[My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high,
The father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell
Or sin can say
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

10

[My dear 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
Before thy feet.]

11

[Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

12

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe,
For *Christ* displays
Superior power,
And guardian-grace.

ADDRESSES TO CHRIST.

271. *Devizes* 14, *Otford* 106,
Hammond 226.

(Hymn 62. B. 1. C. M.)

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by
all the Creation*, Rev. v. 11—13.

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 dy'd,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

272. *Leeds 19, New Sabbath 122.*

(Hymn 63. B. 1. L. M.)

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation,
Rev. v. 12.

WHAT equal honour shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3

Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4

All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd his amazing loss:
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5

Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn:
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

273. *Irish 171, Cambridge New 74.*

(Hymn 1. B. 1. C. M.)

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain,
Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4

Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book
And open every seal?

5

He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!

6

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7

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

8

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

274. *Derby 169, Redemption 243.*

(Hymn 25. B. 1. L. M.)

A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6—9.

ALL mortal vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire mine ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2

Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

3

Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4

All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.

5

[The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills,
'Worthy art thou alone' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals,']

6

Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
'To be our teacher and our king!'

7

His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8

Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favorites of their God.

9

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his father's throne.

275. *Devizes 14, Otford 106, Follet's 131.*

(Hymn 49. B. 1. C. M.)

The Works of Moses and the Lamb,
Rev. xv. 3.

HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2
He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3
In the Red sea by Moses' hand
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4
When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5
Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6
Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

276. *Chard 175, Derby 169, Redemption 243.*

(Hymn 21. B. 2. L. M.)

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2
Behold a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulph where Satan lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3
How justice frown'd and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

4
Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wonderful name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

277. *Tunbridge 103, Abridge 201,
Charmouth 28.*

(Hymn 79. B. 2. C. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2
With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3
Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4
He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5
[In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries,
We that were doom'd his endless slaves
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6
O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7
[Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame,
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.]

8
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.]

278. *Hotham 224, Truro 105, Ulverston 179.*
(Hymn 5. B. 2. L. M.)

Longing to praise Christ better.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder
roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

2
When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3
My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4
But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5
Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT *.

279. *Wareham 117, Greens Hundred 89.*
(Hymn 144. B. 2. L. M.)

*The Effusion of the Spirit ; or, the Success
of the Gospel.*

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2

What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wonderful
words

Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north ;
' Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
' Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4

These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

5

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6

Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

FAITH.

280. *Gainsborough 29, Irish 171.*
(Hymn 140. B. 1. C. M.)

*A living and a dead Faith ; collected
from several Scriptures.*

MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2

Fain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.

3

'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
'hat bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
'Tis the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5

[Faith must obey her Father's will
As well as trust his grace ;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6

When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7

His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

281. *Great Milton 212, James's 163.*
(Hymn 112. B. 1. C. M.)

The Brazen Serpent ; or, looking to Jesus,
John iii. 14—16.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2

' Look upward in the dying hour,
' And live,' the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

3

High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High on the heavens he reigns :
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
Look, and forget their pains.

4

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

282. *Wordsworth 158, Stoke 207,*
Lowell 260.

(Hymn 142. B. 2. S. M.)

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

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.

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding them at once, by looking at the head of the page.

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.

283. *Ulverston 179, Babylon Streams 23.*
(Hymn 100. B. 1. L. M.)

Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—18.

NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2

Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3

Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4

But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise
The hottest hell shall be their place.

284. *Bampton 275, Kingsbridge 88.*
(Hymn 35. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

Faith the Way to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.
Eph. ii. 8, 9.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.

2

Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.

3

Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4

O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

285. *Angels Hymn 60, Babylon Streams 23.*
(Hymn 125. B. 2. L. M.)

*Faith and Repentance; Unbelief and
Impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've
done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2

Wo to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3

The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies,
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

286. *Bath Chapel 26, New York 33.*
(Hymn 120. B. 1. C. M.)

Faith of Things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2

It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3

By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4

He sought a city fair and high,
Built by ih' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heavenly building stands.

287. *Wells 102, Lewton 30, Leeds 19.*
(Hymn 129. B. 1. L. M.)

We walk by Faith not by Sight.

TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2

The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3

Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4

So Abra'm by divine command
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

288. *Braintree 25, Bedford 91.*
(Hymn 162. B. 2. C. M.)

Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joy of Faith.

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2

There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in one;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3

His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4

Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5

I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

289. *Redemption* 243, *Bramenote* 8.

(Hymn 14. B. 1. L. M.)

The Triumph of Faith; or, Christ's unchangeable Love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3

He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5

Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

FEAR AND HOPE.

290. *Abridge* 201, *Bedford* 91, *Brightelmstone* 208.

(Psalm 119. 13th Part. C. M.)

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy
O let me never stray [face,
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

291. *Elenbro'* 170, *Workshop* 31, *Carolina* 13.
(Psalm 42. 1—5. 1st Part. C. M.)

Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from Public Worship.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2

When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3

Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
'And where's your God at last?'

4

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5

But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

292. *Lebanon* 79, *Manning* 245, *Islington* 40.
(Psalm 42. 6—11. 2d Part. L. M.)

Melancholy Thoughts reproved; or, Hope in Afflictions.

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2
Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3
Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4
I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly rock,
'Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

5
I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

293. *Elenborough 170, Walsal 227,
Ludlow 84.*

(Psalm 77. 1st Part. C.M.)

Melancholy assailing, and Hope prevailing.

TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2
Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3
Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbid my rest
And kept my eyes awake.

4
My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5
I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6
I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7
Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8
But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9
I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10
Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

294. *Newbury 132, Miall 240.*

(Psalm 3. C.M.)

*Doubts and Fears suppress; or, God our
Defence from Sin and Satan.*

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2
The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3
But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4
[I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a listening ear,
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.]

5
He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6
What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

7
Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8
Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

295. *Sprague 166.*

(Hymn 34. B. 1. 2d Part*. C.M.)

None excluded from Hope, Rom. i. 16. 1Cor. i. 24.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And how th' aspiring Greek.

2
Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

* *Note.*—In one edition, the chief part of this
Hymn is numbered 36.

3
While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4
Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers:
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5
Come all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6
His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

HUMILITY.

296. *Paul's* 246, *Ulverston* 179, *Portugal* 97.
(Hymn 131. B. 1. L. M.)

The Pharisee and the Publican,
Luke xviii. 10, &c

BEHOOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2
This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands:
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3
The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4
Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

297. *Crowle* 3, *Charmouth* 28, *Bright-*
helmstone 208.
(Psalm 131. C. M.)

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2
I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3
The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

JOY AND REJOICING.

298. *Wells* 102, *Gloucester* 12, *Wartham* 117.
(Ps. 18. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. 3d Pt. L. M.)

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and
Triumph.

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2
Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3
He lives (and blessed be my rock!)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4
Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5
To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

299. *Martin's Lane* 67, *Bramcote* 8.
(Hymn 57. B. 2. L. M.)

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2
The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3
[Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.]

4
How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5
They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6
While wretched we, like worms and moles
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

300. *New York 33, Braintree 25.*

(Hymn 73. B. 2. C. M.)

Doubts scattered; or, spiritual Joy restored.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be
And leave me to my joys, [gone,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2
Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3
O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved mine.

4
In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

301. *Brighthelmstone 208, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 59. B. 2. C. M.)

Paradise on Earth.

GLORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2
[Glory to God that stoops his throne
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3
When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4
A blooming Paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5
White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

6
Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

7
But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8
When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here!

9
Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

302. *Mansfield 154, Finsbury 155,
Stockport 47.*

(Hymn 30. B. 2. S. M.)

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

[COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2
The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3
Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4
[The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;]

5
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6
There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

7
Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8
[The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9
The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

KNOWLEDGE.

303. *Eagle Street New 55, Harborough 142,
Gosport 53.*

(Psalm 25. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. 2d Part. S. M.)

Divine Instruction.

WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2

The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3

The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.

4

Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

304. *Bedford 91, Worktop 31.*

(Psalm 119. 9th Part. C. M.)

*Desire of Knowledge ; or, the Teachings of the
Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heardest my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

[In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

LIBERALITY.

305. *Great Milton 212, Newbury 132.*

(Psalm 37. ver. 16, 21, 26—31. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words
and Deeds.*

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3

His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4

His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5

The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

306. *Bramcoate 8, Kingsbridge 88,
Portugal 97.*

(Psalm 41. ver. 1, 2, 3. L. M.)

Charity to the Poor ; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2

His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3

His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4

Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

307. *Newcourt 173, Jennings's 123.*

(Psalm 112. As the 113th Psalm)

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:

His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2

His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;

A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;

The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4

Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

[Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' 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.

6

The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony
To find their expectations crost:
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

308. *New Sabbath 122, Rothwell 174,
Leeds 19.*

(Psalm 112. L. M.)

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his
Honour and peace his days attend, [word;
And blessings to his seed descend.

2

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3

When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dead,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.

4

His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

309. *New York 33, Condescension 116.*

(Psalm 112. C. M.)

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2

As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3

No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4

In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5

His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

LOVE.

310. *New York 33, Condescension 116,
Michaels 119.*

(Hymn 38. B. 2. C. M.)

Love to God.

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, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3

'Tis 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 smiling God.

311. *Bedford* 91, *Elim* 151, *Irish* 171.
(Hymn 42. B. 2. C. M.)

Delight in God.

MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2

The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards to thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3

And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4

While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5

[Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wandering she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6

Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

312. *Manifold* 154, *Rutland* 118.
(Hymn 108. B. 1. S. M.)

Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3

And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

313. *New York* 33, *Stillman* 66,
Stamford 9.
(Psalm 133. C. M.)

Brotherly Love.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren! whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2

When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread:

4

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory chews,
And makes his grace distil.

314. *Lebanon* 79, *Manning* 249,
Horsley 205.

(Hymn 130. B. 1. L. M.)

Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2

Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3

The Spirit like a peaceful dove
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4

Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let merry run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

315. *Rothwell* 174, *Marks* 65.
(Hymn 126. B. 1. L. M.)

Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv.
17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

NOT different food, or different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord,
But peace and joy and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2

When weaker Christians we despise
We do the gospel mighty wrong,
For God the gracious and the wise
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3

Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

316. *Bath Chapel* 26, *Hammond* 226.
(Hymn 133. B. 1. C. M.)

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream
If love be wanting there.

1

2
Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3
[Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endure the wrong.]

4
[She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5
She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6
Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

317. *Walsal 237, Bedford 91, James's 163.*
(Psalm 35. ver. 12—14. 2d Part. C. M.)

Love to Enemies; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners, typified in David.

BEHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2
When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3
How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4
They groan'd; and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5
O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6
He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

318. *Elenbro' 170, Brighton 208, Crowle 3.*
(Psalm 109. ver. 1—5, 31. C. M.)

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinner's speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2
When in a form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3
Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4
Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5
Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine
To love mine enemies.

6
The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

319. *New Sabbath 122, Lewton 30.*
(Hymn 134. B. 1. L. M.)

Religion vain without Love,
1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech that angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2
Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3
Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4
If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

PRUDENCE.

320. *Hephzibah 77, Weston Favel 27,*
Furman 135.

(Hymn 36. B. 1. C. M.)

A lovely Carriage.

O'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

2
When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3

Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4

Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day:
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5

Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

6

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

321. *Crowle 3, Great Milton 212.*

(Psalm 39. ver. 1, 2, 3. 1st Part. C. M.)

*Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, Prudence
and Zeal.*

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
'Now will I watch my tongue,
'Lest I let slip one sinful word,
'Or do my neighbour wrong.'

2

And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives prophane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3

I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4

Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

REPENTANCE.

322. *Crowle 3, Ludlow 84, Hammond 226.*

(Hymn 123. B. 1. C. M.)

The repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.

BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2

'I die with hunger here, (he cries)
'I starve in foreign lands,
'My father's house has large supplies,
'And bounteous are his hands.

3

'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
'Fall down before his face,
'Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
'Nor can deserve thy grace.'

4

He said, and hasten'd to his home
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his Son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6

'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
(The father gives command)
'Dress him in garments white and clean,
'With rings adorn his hand.

7

'A day of feasting I ordain,
'Let mirth and joy abound;
'My son was dead, and lives again,
'Was lost, and now is found.'

323. *James's 163, Bedford 91, Worksop 31.*

(Psalm 51. ver. 14—17. 2d Part. C. M.)

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2

Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3

No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4

A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

324. *Stoke 207, Worksworth 158.*

(Hymn 74. B. 2. S. M.)

*Repentance from a Sense of Divine Goodness;
or, a Complaint of Ingratitude.*

IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love
Whence all our blessings flow?

2

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3

[On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays.
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4

The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we more base, more brutish things
Reject his easy reign.]

12

5
Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh,
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6
Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

325. *Worksop* 31, *Bangor* 231, *Anns* 58.

(Hymn 105. B. 2. C. M.)

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

2
The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threatening vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3
Almighty goodness cries, *Forbear*;
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4
Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5
No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

326. *Carolina* 13, *Ludlow* 84.

(Hymn 106. B. 2. C. M.)

Repentance at the Cross.

OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2
'Twas for my sins my dearest 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 crucify'd my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4
Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5
Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

327. *Elenborough* 170, *Wantage* 204.

(Hymn 9. B. 2. C. M.)

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2
[Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood.]

3
Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5
Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6
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.

328. *Portugal* 97, *Ulverston* 179.

(Hymn 101. B. 1. L. M.)

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner,
Luke xv. 7, 10.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' 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 eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3
The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

RESIGNATION.

329. *Walsal* 237, *Wantage* 204.

(Psalm 123. C. M.)

Pleading with Submission.

OTHOU whose grace and justice reign
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2

As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3

So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4

Those that in wealth and pleasure live
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5

Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

330. *Hotham 224, Ayliffe Street 241.*

(Hymn 129. B. 1. L. M.)

Submission and Deliverance; or, Abraham offering his Son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

SAINTS, at your Father's heavenly word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2

So Abraham with obedient hand
Lent forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3

'Abraham, forbear, (the angel cry'd),
'Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd,
'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
'Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'

4

Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

331. *Banger 231, Charmouth 28, Elenborough 170.*

(Hymn 5. B. 1. C. M.)

Submission to afflictive Providence, Job. i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4

Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5

It smiling mercy crown our lives
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

SINCERITY.

332. *Bedford 91, Sprague 166.*

(Hymn 35. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M.)

Truth, Sincerity, &c. Phil. iv. 8.

LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2

True to the solemn oath they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Thro' every false disguise.

4

They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears:
They live the truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5

While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive th' immortal crown.

333. *Abridge 201, London 180.*

(Hymn 136. B. 1. C. M.)

Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24. Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

GOD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries
And leave our souls behind.

2

Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

334. *Pauls 246, Angel's Hymn 60, Babylon Streams 23.*

(Psalm 50. 3d Part. L. M.)

Hypocrisy exposed.

THE Lord, the judge, his churches warns,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2

Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3

They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his covenant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4

To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5

And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6

O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

335. *New York 33, Michaels 119.*

(Psalm 119. 3d Part. C. M.)

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

336. *Kingsbridge 88, Pauls 246.*

(Psalm 139. 3d Part. L. M.)

Sincerity professed, and Grace tried; or, the Heart-searching God.

MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy
I mourn to hear their lips profane, [will:
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2

Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me.

3

Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4

Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

337. *Kingsbridge 88, Pauls 246.*

(Psalm 18. ver. 20—26. 2d Part. L. M.)

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2

Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3

What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

4

That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5

[With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful, and as kind.

6

The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE.

338. *Lebanon* 79, *Manning* 245.

(Psalm 62. ver. 5—12. L. M.)

*No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in
Divine Grace and Power.*

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

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.

False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke ?

Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
' All power is his eternal due ;
' He must be fear'd and trusted too.'

For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

339. *Abridge* 201, *Ann's* 58, *Grovehouse* 143.

(Hymn 103. B. 1. C. M.)

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

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

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

ZEAL.

340. *Cambridge New* 74, *Irish* 171.

(Hymn 37. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M.)

Zeal and Fortitude.

DO I helieve what Jesus saith,
And think the gospel true ?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.

Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace ;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

PAUSE.

Are we the soldiers of the cross ?
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

Now we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, tho' they're slain ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ADDRESSES TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

341. *Carolina* 13, *Brighton* 208.

(Hymn 34. B. 2. C. M.)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Fer-
vency of Devotion desired.*

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

5
Th' almighty ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there
To make our bliss complete.]

6
Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

350. *Rippon's* 188, *Ulverston* 179,
Kingsbridge 88.

(Hymn 11. B. 2. L. M.)

The same.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2
Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3
Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4
Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

5
There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

351. *Workshop* 31. *Crowle* 3.
(Psalm 119. 15th Part. C. M.)

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

352. *Worksworth* 158, *Stoke* 207.

(Hymn 106. B. 1. S. M.)

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ, Rom. vi.
1, 2, 6.

SHALL we go on to 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 crucify'd
Should raise them from the dead.

3
We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

353. *Carolina* 13, *Elenbro'* 170, *Walsal'* 237.

(Hymn 81. B. 2. C. M.)

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see;
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be?

2
Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3
Was it for crimes that I had done—
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4
Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5
Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

354. *Sprague* 166, *Hephzibah* 77,
Great Milton 212.

(Hymn 31. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M.)

The hidden Life of a Christian, Col. iii. 3.

O HAPPY soul! that lives on high:
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2
His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3

He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Christ his life appear.

6

He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day:
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

355. *Grove House 143, Michaels 119.*

(Hymn 116. B. 2. C. M.)

Mercies and Thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heaven's abroad?

2

How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3

All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine,
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

4

Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

356. *Hephzibah 77, Gainsborough 29.*

(Hymn 140. B. 2. C. M.)

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3

I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4

They mark the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And following their incarnate God
Possess the promis'd rest.

5

Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

357. *Coomb's 45, Bromley 104, Truro 105.*

(Hymn 48. B. 1. L. M)

The Christian Race, Isa. xl. 29—31.

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heavenly 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 every saint—

3

Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop and die.

5

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 heavenly road.

358. *Coomb's 45, Wells 102, Rothwell 174.*

(Hymn 77. B. 2. L. M.)

The Christian Warfare.

[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 Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

3

[What tho' 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 tho' 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 glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

359. *Foster 96, Salem 139.*

(Psalm 144. ver. 1, 2. 1st Part. C. M.)

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

FOR 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 heavenly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

3

A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

360. *Rippon's 188, Kingsbridge 88.*

(Psalm 119. 17th Part. L. M.)

*Courage and Perseverance under Persecution;
or, Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Ver. 51, 6th, 110.

The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

361. *Workshop 31. Elenbro' 170.*

(Psalm 7. C. M.)

*God's Care of his People, and Punishment of
Persecutors.*

MY trust is in my heavenly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2

With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

3

If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4

If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5

Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power controul;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

[Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7

He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8

For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9

That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

362. *Crowle 3, Walsal 237, Bangor 231.*

(Psalm 94. ver. 16—23. 2d Part. C. M.)

*God our Support and Comfort; or, Delive-
rance from Temptation and Persecution.*

WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2

Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3

Alas! my sliding feet, I cry'd;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4

While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5

Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6

Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

363. *Great Milton 212, Stamford 9,**Foster 96.*

(Psalm 16. 1—8. 1st Part. C. M.)

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

SAVE, me, O Lord, from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Tho' all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2

Yet if my God prolong my breath
The saints may profit by't;
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3

Let Heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4

His hand provides me constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5

God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6

My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

364. *Ludlow 84, Wantage 204, Worksop 31.*
(Psalm 120. C. M.)

*Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours; or, a
devout Wish for Peace.*

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

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3

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

4

Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5

New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6

Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

365. *Bath Chapel 26, Bedford 91.*
(Psalm 56. C. M.)

*Deliverance from Oppression and Falshood;
or, God's Care of his People, in answer to
Faith and Prayer.*

O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace!

2

The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise
My refuge is thy word.

3

In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4

They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5

Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7

When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8

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

9

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing 'How faithful is thy word!
'How righteous all thy ways!'

10

Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

366. *Crowle 3, Condescension 116,*
Walsal 237.

(Ps. 31. ver. 7—13, 18—21. 2d Part. C. M.)

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2

'My life is spent with grief,' I cry'd,
'My years consume in groans,
'My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
'And sorrow wastes my bones.'

3

Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4

Slander and fear, on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

Irish 171. PAUSE. Foster 96.

How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!

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6
Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7
Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

367. *Newbury 132, Worktop 31.*

(Psalm 118. ver. 6—15. 1st Part. C. M.)

Deliverance from a Tumult.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2
'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3
Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine Almighty arm.

4
'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

5
Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6
Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

368. *Babylon Streams 23, Pauls 246,*
(Psalm 143. L. M.)

*Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind
and Body.*

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O 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 that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd 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 smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

7
My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8
The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd powers rejoice!

9
In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10
Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11
Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12
Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

369. *Bangor 231, Walsal 237, Ludlow 84.*
(Psalm 55. 1—8, 16—18, 22. C. M.)

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2
Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3
With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4
O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.

5
Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow
Temptations never come.

6
Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

9

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word
That saints shall never fall.

10

My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

370. *Foster* 96, *Michael's* 119, *Fountain* 101.

(Hymn 25. B. 2. C. M.)

Complaining of spiritual Sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2

The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

3

We for whose sake all nature stands
And stars their courses move;
We for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6

Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

371. *Wantage* 204, *Walsal* 237, *David's* 186.

(Hymn 98. B. 2. C. M.)

Hardness of Heart complained of.

MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my breast
Just like a rock of ice!

2
Sin like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And every grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3

How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4

When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5

Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood,
My heart it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6

Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea:
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

372. *Broderips* 252, *Harborough* 142,
(Psalm 25. ver. 15—22. 3d Part. S. M.)

*Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and
Desertion.*

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2

Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare!

3

When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4

The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5

With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8

With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
'He sought the Lord in vain.'

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373. *Workshop 31, Bangor 231.*

(Hymn 163. B. 2. C. M.)

Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.

DEAR Lord, behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace
And let thy foes be slain.

2

[The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep;
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.]

3

Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4

If thou despise a mortal groan
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5

He bought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6

How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He makes his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

374. *Bangor 231, Newbury 132.*

(Psalm 13. C. M.)

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

2

How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3

See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4

Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5

How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6

But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7

Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

375. *Brighthelmstone 208, Crowle 3.*

(Hymn 20. B. 2. C. M.)

Backslidings and Returns; or, the Inconstancy of our Love.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2

[Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3

When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4

But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5

[Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust thee from my arms.]

6

Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go!

7

[Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.]

8

Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9

[Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross
Rather than lose thy sight.]

10

[Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

376. *Rippon's 188, Ulverston 139, Pauls 246.*

(Psalm 13. L. M.)

Pleading with God under Desertion; or, Hope in Darkness.

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 deny'd?

2

Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3

How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4

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

5

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.

6

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.

377. *Brightelmstone* 208, *Sprague* 166.
(Psalm 119. 16th Part. C. M.)

Prayer for quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

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

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

Ver. 93.

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

378. *Walsal* 271, *Wantage* 204.
(Psalm 119. 12th Part. C. M.)

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
'And make my comforts rise?'

Ver. 132

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont to afford
To those that love thy name.

379. *Walsal* 271, *Ludlow* 84, *Wantage* 204.
(Psalm 38. C. M.)

*Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance,
and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2

Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3

My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me to atone.

4

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5

Lord, I am weak, and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6

All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh, and every groan
Is not'd by thine ear.

7

Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear me cry,
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.

8

My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.

9

But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin,
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

K 3

10

My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die.]

380. *Green's Hundred* 89, *Ulverston* 179.
(Psalm 107. 2d Part. L. M.)

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2

But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3

He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5

He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners thro';
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6

O may the sons of men record
The wonderful goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

381. *Ulverston* 179, *Hotham* 224.
(Psalm 4. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. L. M.)

*Hearing of Prayer; or, God our Portion,
and Christ our Hope.*

O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2

Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name!

3

Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.

4

When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5

Let th' unthinking many say,
* Who will bestow some earthly good?'
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6

Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favour so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

382. *Pauls* 246, *Ulverston* 179.
(Psalm 85. 1—8. 1st Part. L. M.)

*Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, De-
liverance begun and completed.*

L ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2

Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3

Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4

We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

383. *Fawcett* 184, *Ulverston* 179.
(Psalm 51. 3d Part. L. M.)

*The Backslider restored; or, Repentance and
Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5

A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8

O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

384. *Elenbro' 170, Grovehouse 143.
Bangor 231.*

(Hymn 95. B. 2. C. M.)

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2

Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!

3

But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse,
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4

'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5

'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart! Oh burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6

Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

385. *Winchester 137, Wareham 117.
(Psalm 18. ver. 1—6, 15—18. 1st Pt. L. M.)*

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

THREE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2

Death, and the terrors of the grave,
stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3

I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4

In my distress I call'd 'my God,'
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

5

[With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.]

6

Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7

Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their
rage;

But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

8

My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

386. *Newbury 132, Workshop 31. Irish 171.
(Psalm 40. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. 1st Part. C. M.)*

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

IWAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2

He rais'd me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3

Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4

I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

5

How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

387. *Ryland 48. Broderips 252, Aynhoe 108.
(Psalm 61. ver. 1—6. S. M.)*

Safety in God.

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.

4

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

388. *Kingsbridge* 88, *Ulverston* 179.

(Hymn 50. B. 2. L. M.)

Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.

NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2

But Oh it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown,
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3

Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4

My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5

When the last fire burns all things here
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6

Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

389. *Lebanon* 79, *Manning* 245, *Portugal* 97.

(Hymn 102. B. 1. L. M.)

The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3—12.

[BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]

2

[Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3

[Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

4

[Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supply'd and fed,
With living streams and living bread.]

5

[Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]

6

[Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin,
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]

7

[Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

8

[Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

390. *Lebanon* 79, *Ulverston* 197.

(Hymn 43. B. 2. 2d Part. L. M.)

The Christian Treasure, 1 Cor. iii. 21.

HOW vast the treasure 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 shews us how
To use and to improve them too.

3

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5

Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

391. *Oxford* 106, *Cambridge New* 74,
Follett 181.

(Hymn 53. B. 2. C. M.)

The Pilgrimage of the Saints.

LORD! what a wretched land is this
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2

But pricking thorns thro' all the ground—
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

3

Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4

[Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5

[A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6

Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7

[By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.]

8

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways
And reach at Zion's hill.

9

[See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome travellers home.]

10

There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11

[No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear,
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12

Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

392. *Ulverston 179, Babylon Streams 23.*

(Hymn 100. B. 2. L. M.)

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

[**H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sovereign judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, *Depart.*]

2

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4

When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5

And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6

This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7

[Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8

The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

9

[My God! and can an humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high
Be ever from thy face exil'd
Without the pity of thine eye?

10

Impossible—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

393. *Braintree 25, Condescension 116,
Hammond 226.*

(Hymn 54. B. 2. C. M.)

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

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

12

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his!*

4

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5

Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

394. *Salem 139, Brighton 208, Workshop 31.*

(Psalm 90. ver. 13, &c. 3d Part. C. M.)

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face!

2

Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3
Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4
Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

395. *Newington* 61, *Follett* 181, *Oxford* 106.

(Hymn 65. B. 2. C. M.)

*The Hope of Heaven our Support under
Trials on Earth.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every 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 heaven, my all.

4
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

396. *Kingsbridge* 88, *Ulverston* 179.

(Hymn 117. B. 2. L. M.)

Living and dying with God present.

ICANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2
I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

3
Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

397. *Paul's* 246, *Wareham* 117.

(Psalm 1. L. M.)

*The Difference between the Righteous and
the Wicked.*

HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2
He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3
He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4
But sinners find their counsels crost;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5
In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.

6
'Straight is the way my saints have trod,
'I blest the path and drew it plain;
'But you would choose the crooked road,
'And down it leads to endless pain.'

398. *Eagle Street New* 55, *Aynhoe* 103.

(Psalm 1. S. M.)

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

2
But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3
He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.

4
Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5

How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

6

He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

399. *Crowle 3, Bedford 91.*

(Psalm 119. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are th' undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21. 118.

But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falshood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

400. *Crowle 3, Bedford 91.*

(Psalm 1. C. M.)

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffers seat:

2

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3

[He like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4

Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5

Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the judge, at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

7

His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

401. *Irish 171, Foster 96, Salem 139.*

(Psalm 37. ver. 23—37. 3d Part. C. M.)

The Same.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2

The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3

The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4

Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6

And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7

But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

402. *Grove House 143, Sprague 166,
Workshop 31.*

(Psalm 37. ver. 1—15. 1st Part. C. M.)

*The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief;
or, the Rewards of the Righteous, and the
Wicked; or, the World's Hatred, and the
Saints Patience.*

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2
As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3
Then 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.

4
I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5
Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6
The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise
Tho' providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8
Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam ;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9
They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord
And bring the righteous low.

10
My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn
And pain surprise their hearts.

403. *Workshop* 31, *Bedford* 91.
(Psalm 94. ver. 1, 2, 7—14. 1st Part. C. M.)

*Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or,
instructive Afflictions.*

O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2
They say, *The Lord nor sees nor hears ;*
When will the fools be wise !
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears ?
Or blind, who made their eyes ?

3
He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power ;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4
But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod ;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5
Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw ;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

6
But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break ;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

404. *Babylon Streams* 23, *Angels Hymn* 60.
(Psalm 11. L. M.)

*God loves the Righteous, and hates the
Wicked.*

MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
' Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
' To distant woods or mountains fly ?'

2
If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress ?

3
The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eye surveys the world below ;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

4
If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear ?
His very soul abhors their ways.

5
On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6
The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

405. *Newcastle* 20, *Aynhoe* 108, *Ryland* 48.
(Psalm 17. ver. 13, &c. S. M.)

*Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and
Despair in Death.*

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2
Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3
Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4
I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5

There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

406. *Bramcoate 8, Ulverston 179.*

(Psalm 17. L. M.)

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or,
the Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2

Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares;
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3

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

4

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?

5

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6

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.

407. *Cambridge New 74, Evans's 190.*
(Psalm 149. C. M.)

*Praise God, all his Saints; or, the Saints
judging the World.*

ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2

The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4

Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5

Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6

When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7

Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8

The royal sinners bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

408. *Portugal 97, Ulverston 179.*

(Hymn 122. B. 2. L. M.)

Retirement and Meditation.

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 sovereign 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 heaven, and there my God I find.

L

409. *Great Milton* 212, *Stamford* 9.

(Psalm 119. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness ;
or, Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up ;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee ;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

410. *Worksworth* 158, *Broderips* 252.

(Psalm 55. ver. 15—17, 19, 22. S. M.)

*Dangerous Prosperity : or, daily Devotions
encouraged.*

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2

My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5

But I with all my care,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6

His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

411. *Uxerston* 179, *Kingsbridge* 88,

Rochford 22.

(Psalm 26. L. M.)

Self-examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

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 hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3

Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4

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

5

Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

412. *Salem* 139, *Bedford* 91, *Crowle* 3.

(Psalm 101. C. M.)

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows ;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly king,
Teach me to rule my house.

2

Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3

The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falshood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4

I'll seek the faithful and the just
And will their help enjoy ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5

The wretch, that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6

I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

413. *Marks* 65, *Rochford* 22.

(Psalm 127. L. M.)

*The Blessing of God on the Business and
Comforts of Life.*

IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost ;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2
What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3
Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4
Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love!

414. *Salem 139, Foster 96, Great Milton 212.*

(Psalm 127. C. M.)

God all in all.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2
Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3
Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4
Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

415. *Milbourn Port 183, Furman 135, Wiltshire 110.*

(Psalm 128. C. M.)

Family Blessings.

OHAPPY man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2
A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3
[Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.]

4
The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5
This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

416. *Finsbury 155, Harbro' 142.*

(Psalm. 133. S. M.)

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.

2
Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3
Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4
Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

417. *Dalston 85, John's 138.*

(Psalm 133. As the 122d Psalm.)

The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2
'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, thro' all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3
Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

418. *Oxford 177, New York 33, Southwark New 238.*

(Psalm 122. C. M.)

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
'And keep the solemn day!'

2
I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

3

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4

He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

419. *Prescott 254, Dalston 85, John's 138.*
(Psalm 122. Proper Tune.)

The same.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2

Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wonderous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5

My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

420. *George's 2, Weston Favel 27,*
Sydenham 43.
(Psalm 134. C.M.)

Daily and nightly Devotion.

YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wonderous grace.

2

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

421. *London 180, Abridge 201, James's 163.*
(Psalm 89. ver. 7, &c. 2d Part. C.M.)

The Power and Majesty of God; or reveren-
tial Worship.

WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2

How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd to thine?

3

The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4

Thy words the raging wind controul,
And rule the hoisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5

Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wonderous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face.

422. *Sprague 166, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 109. B. 2. C.M.)

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

COME let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd *consuming fire*,
And vengeance was his name.

3

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4

Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

5
The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

6
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal king
That lays his fury by.

423. *Green's Hundred 89, Rothwell 174,
Ulverston 179.*

(Hymn 45. B. 2. L. M.)

God's Condescension to our Worship.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2
Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heavenly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3
Great God, what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are hut air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

424. *Leeds 19, Langdon 217, New
Sabbath 122.*

(Psalm 84. 1st Part. L. M.)

The Pleasure of public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2
My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3
The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4
Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5
Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6
Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7
Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

425. *Chard 175, Horsley 205, Bredby 165.*

(Psalm 84. 2d Part. L. M.)

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2
Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3
God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4
All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5
O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

426. *Bedford 91, From 255, Sprague 166.*

(Ps. 84. v. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. Paraphrased. C. M.)

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God
present in his Churches.*

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

2
There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3
With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4
There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

6
The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7
To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

L 3

8

Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

427. *Greenwich New 62, Clapham 18,
Portsmouth New 144.*

(Psalm 84. As the 148th Psalm.)

Longing for the House of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2

The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4

They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

Caermarthen New 35. PAUSE. Grove 125.

To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

428. *Bramcoate 8, New Sabbath 122,
Leeds 19.*

(Hymn 123. B. 2. L. M.)

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2

Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high,
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4

[If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel-armour on
To fight the battles of the Lord.]

5

Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6

Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

429. *Michaels 119, Devizes 14, Milbourn
Port 183.*

(Psalm 27. ver. 1—6. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2

One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5
Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

430. *Workshop 31, Abridge 201.*

(Psalm 27. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. 2d Part. C. M.)

Prayer and Hope.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children seek my grace';
My heart reply'd without delay,
'I'll seek my Father's face.'

2
Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3
Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want, or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4
My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5
Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints;
And far exceed your hope.

431. *Bath Chapel 26, Bedford 91.*

(Psalm 65. 1st Part. C. M.)

*A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles
called.*

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
'There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2
Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3
Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.

4
In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5
Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just:
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6
They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

432. *Hotham 224, Portugal 97,
Ulverston 179.*

(Psalm 65. ver. 1—5. 1st Part. L. M.)

Public Prayer and Praise.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2
O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

3
Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4
Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

Wareham 117. PAUSE. *Pauls 246.*
Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror, and in righteousness.

6
With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

7
Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

433. *New York 33, Newbury 132.*

(Psalm 116. ver. 12, &c. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or,
public Thanks for private Deliverance.*

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 that fill thine 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.

5
Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

434. *New York 33, Irish 171, Sydenham 43.*
(Hymn 145. B. 2. C. M.)

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

I LOVE the windows of thy grace
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2

O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

LORD'S DAY.

435. *Bedford 91, Froom 255, Foster 96.*
(Psalm 5. C. M.)

For the Lord's Day Morning.

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

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4

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

5

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Irish 117, Foster 96, PAUSE. Miall 240.

My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8

The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

436. *Mount Ephraim 185, Price's 187.*
(Psalm 19. 1st Part. S. M.)

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4

Ye British lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7

[Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight.

8

While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my Redeemer's name.]

437. *Sutton 149, Peckham 7.*
(Psalm 19. 2d Part. S. M.)

God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

The same.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4
My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O' may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6

O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8

While with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

438. *James's 163, Bath Chapel 26, Oxford 177.*

(Psalm 63. ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. 1st Part. C. M.)

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3

I've seen thy glory, and thy power
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5

Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6

Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

439. *Leeds 19, New Sabbath 122.*

(Psalm 63. 1. M.)

*Longing after God; or, the Love of God
better than Life.*

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2
Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4

With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5

Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Not all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6

My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'T would but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

440. *Vermont 134, Eagle Street New 55,
Henley 38.*

(Psalm 63. S. M.)

Seeking God.

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

Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

4

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5

To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6

In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

441. *Ryland 48, Henley 38, Eagle Street
New 55.*

(Hymn 14. B. 2. S. M.)

The Lord's Day ; or, Delight in Ordinances.

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,
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3

One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

442. *Derby 169, Horsley 205, New
Sabbath 122.*

(Psalm 92. 1st Part. L. M.)

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

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

2

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5

But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6

Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

443. *Follett 181, Otford 106, Irish 171.*

(Hymn 72. B. 2. C. M.)

The Lord's Day ; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God, [rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2

In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3

Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4

To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5

[Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King,
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

444. *Gainsborough 29, Great Milton 212,
Boston 159.*

(Psalm 118. ver. 24—26. 4th Part. C. M.)

*Hosanna ; the Lord's Day ; or, Christ's Re-
surrection and our Salvation*

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 triumphs 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 the 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.

445. *Mansfield 154, Falcon 209, Ephraim 185.*

(Psalm 118. ver. 22—27. S. M.)

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a new
Song of Salvation by Christ.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

2

The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wonderous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6

We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

446. *Darby 169, Rowles 73, Marks 65.*

(Psalm 118. ver 22—27. L. M.)

The same.

L O what a glorious corner stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2

Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3

Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest

4

In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

BEFORE PRAYER.

447. *Ryland 48, Eagle Street New 55,
Broderips 252.*

(Psalm 99. 2d Part. S. M.)

A holy God worshipped with Reverence

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2

When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3

Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

448. *Oxford 177, Bedford 91, London 180.*

(Psalm 95. C. M.)

A Psalm before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3

Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4

Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand,
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

6

Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

BEFORE SERMON.

449. *Peckham 7, Simon's 250, Aynhoe 103.*

(Psalm 95. S. M.)

A Psalm before Sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
'You that despise my promis'd rest
'Shall have no portion there.'

450. *Wareham 117, Green's Hundred 89.*

(Psalm 95. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. L. M.)

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, a Warning to delaying Sinners.

COME let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

Thus saith the Lord, 'How false they prove!
'Forget my power, abuse my love;
'Since they despise my rest, I swear,
'Their feet shall never enter there.'

6

[Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.]

7

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

451. *Crowle 3, Anns 58, Worksop 31.*

(Hymn 165. B. 2. C. M.)

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and un sanctified Affections.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3

[My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4

[How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5

Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write the salvation in my heart,
And make me learn the grace.

6

[Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joy on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

AFTER SERMON.

452. *Sydenham 43, Froom 255, Hepzibah 77.*

(Psalm 150. ver. 1, 2, 6. C. M.)

A Song of Praise.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3

All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

453. *Judes 236, Marks 65, Portugal 97.*

(Hymn 135. B. 1. L. M.)

The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart.
Eph. iii. 16, &c.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every 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
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length]

3
Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

THE WORLD.

454. *Abridge 201, Grove House 143,*
Sprague 165.

(Hymn 101. B. 2. C. M.)

The World's three chief Temptations.

WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2
[Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.]

3
Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4
The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5
God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6
In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

455. *Babylon Streams 23, Lebanon 79.*
(Hymn 146. B. 2. L. M.)

*The Vanity of Creatures; or, no Rest
on Earth.*

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2
In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind,
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3
So when a raging fever burns
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place but keep the pain.

4
Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

456. *Workshop 31.*

(Hymn 56. B. 2. C. M.)

*The Misery of being without God in this
World; or, Vain Prosperity.*

NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wonderous height.

2
They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod,
Well they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

3
Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you
To mow your Glory down.

4
Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your Spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.

5
Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

457. *Wareham 117, Kingsbridge 88,*
Pauls 216.

(Psalm 73. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. L. M.)

The Prosperity of Sinners; cursed.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2
But oh their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3
Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4
Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when Man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5
Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

458. *Abridge 201, Carolina 13.*

(Hymn 164. B. 2. C. M.)

The End of the World.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2
While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

3
Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4
When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

THE JEWISH CHURCH;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES.

459. *Cambridge New 74, Michaels 119.*
(Psalm 105. Abridged. C. M.)

*God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues
of Egypt.*

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2
His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3
He sware to Abr'am and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4
'Thy seed shall make all nations blest,'
(Said the Almighty voice)
'And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
'The type of heavenly joys.'

5
[How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6
Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7
'Touch mine anointed, and my arm
'Shall soon revenge the wrong:
'The man that does my prophets harm
'Shall know their God is strong.'

8
Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE 1.

When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10
He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and every stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11
He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12
Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

13
Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt dy'd;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14

Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' every age;
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE 11.

Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground:
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16

The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17

They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ban all the desert thro'.

18

O wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.

19

Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20

Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

460. *Simons 250, Aynhoe 108, Ryland 48.*
(Psalm 81. 1, 8—16. S. M.)

The Warnings of God to his People; or, spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour-God;
Let Israel hear his voice.

2

'From vile idolatry
'Preserve my worship clean;
'I am the Lord who set thee free
'From slavery and sin.

3

'Stretch thy desires abroad,
'And I'll supply them well;
'But if ye will refuse your God,
'If Israel will rebel,

4

'I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey,
'And let them run the dangerous road;
'Tis their own chosen way.

5

'Yet O! that all my saints
'Would hearken to my voice!
'Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
'And bid their hearts rejoice.

6

'While I destroy their foes,
'I'd richly feed my flock,
'And they should taste the stream that flows
'From their eternal rock.'

461. *Workshop 31, Charmouth 29.*

(Psalm 78. 2d Part. C. M.)

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2

They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3

They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his revenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4

They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5

A wonderous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6

He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7

Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
'Can he with bread our host supply
'Amidst this desert land?"

8

The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

462. *Abridge 201, Brightelmstone 208.*

(Psalm 78. 3d Part. C. M.)

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, Chastisement and Salvation.

WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

2

He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3

The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels' meat.

4

But they in murmuring language said,
'Manna is all our feast,
'We loathe this light, this airy bread;
'We must have flesh to taste.'

M 2

5
 'Ye shall have flesh to please your lust ;
 The Lord in wrath reply'd,
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,
 Heap'd up from side to side.

6
 He gave them all their own desire ;
 And greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.

7
 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And sought the Lord with tears ;
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their fears.

8
 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
 Till by his gracious hand
 The nation he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

463. *Hotham 224, Kingsbridge 88.*

(Psalm 107. 3d Part. L. M.)

*Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, a
 Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own punishment ;
 What pains, what loathsome maladies
 From luxury and lust arise !

2
 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
 Till all his active powers are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.

3
 The glutton groans and loaths to eat,
 His soul abhors delicious meat ;
 Nature, with heavy loads opprest,
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4
 Then how the frighted sinners fly
 To God for help with earnest cry !
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
 And saves them from approaching death.

5
 No medicines could effect the cure
 So quick, so easy, or so sure :
 The deadly sentence God repeals,
 He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

6
 O may the sons of men record
 The wonderful goodness of the Lord !
 And let their thankful offerings prove
 How they adore their Maker's love.

464. *Wareham 117, Green's Hundred 89.*

(Psalm 78. ver. 32, &c. 4th Part. L. M.)

*Backsliding and Forgiveness ; or, Sin pu-
 nished and Saints saved.*

GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love ?
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.

2
 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought !
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3
 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
 And made their travels long and vain ;
 A tedious march through unknown ways
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4
 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
 They mourn'd and sought the Lord again ;
 Call'd him the rock of their abode,
 Their high Redeemer and their God.

5
 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
 As flattering words or solemn lies,
 While their rebellious tempers prove
 False to his covenant and his love.

6
 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
 The men who not deserv'd to live ;
 His anger oft away he turn'd,
 Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7
 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
 He saw temptations still prevail ;
 The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
 And led them to his holy hill.

465. *Worksworth 158, Stool 164, Harbro' 142.*

(Ps. 106. v. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. 2d Pt. S. M.)

*Israel punished and pardoned ; or, God's un-
 changeable Love.*

GOD of eternal love,
 How fickle are our ways !
 And yet how oft did Israel prove
 Thy constancy of grace !

2
 They saw thy wonders wrought,
 And then thy praise they sung ;
 But soon thy works of power forgot,
 And murmur'd with their tongue.

3
 Now they believe his word,
 While rocks with rivers flow ;
 Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
 And he reduc'd them low.

4
 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
 He hearken'd to their groans,
 Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
 And call'd them still his sons.

5
 Their names were in his book,
 He sav'd them from their foes ;
 Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
 The people that he chose.

6
 Let Israel bless the Lord,
 Who lov'd their ancient race ;
 And christians join the soleinn word
 Amen, to all the praise.

466. *Bangor 231, Workop 31, Wantage 204.*

(Psalm 129. C. M.)

Persecutors punished.

UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2

Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3

Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4

The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5

How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

6

Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7

[What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8

[So corn that on the house-top stands
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

9

It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

467. *Walls 102, Horsley 205, Wareham 117.*

(Psalm 135. ver. 5—12. 2d Part. L. M.)

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2

At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar:
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.

3

'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4

What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5

His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

468. *Liverpool 83, Milbourn Port 183.*

(Psalm 136. C. M.)

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

GIVE thanks to God the sovereign Lord;
His mercies still endure!
And be the King of kings ador'd;
His truth is ever sure.

2

What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3

The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine!

4

[He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5

He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a passage thro':
His power and grace unite.

6

But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways!
And I brought his saints thro' desert ground:
Eternal be his praise.

7

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land:
And faithful is his word.]

8

He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9

He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails:
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10

Give thanks to God the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

M 3

469. *Darwells 82, Resurrection 72.*

(Psalm 136. As the 148th Psalm.)

The same.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.

His power and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

2

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

3

His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.

His power and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

4

[He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead:
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

5

His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two,
And for his people made
A wonderful passage thro'.

His power and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

6

But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Thro' a long desert ground.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

Darwells 82. PAUSE. Resurrection 72.

The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

His power and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

8

He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

9

He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace

Are still the same;

And let his name

Have endless praise.

10

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure;

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

470. *Abridge 201, Bedford 91, Wantage 204.*

(Psalm 77. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Comfort derived from ancient Providences; or,
Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought
to Canaan.*

HOW awful is thy chastening rod?'
(May thine own children say)

'The great, the wise, the dreadful God!

'How holy is his way!'

2

I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3

Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4

The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5

Israel his people, and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture thro' the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6

The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7

Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wonderful way
That brings thy mercies down.

8
[Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.]

9
Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10
He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

471. *Winchester 137, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 114. L. M.)

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2
Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3
The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4
What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5
Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6
He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

472. *Irish 171, Gainsborough 29.*

(Hymn 124. B. 2. C. M.)

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

THIS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

2
'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3
Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4
And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5
Israel rejoice, now Joshua * leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The Ruler and the Priest.

473. *Chard 175, Marks 65, Bramcoate 8.*

(Psalm 107. 1st Part. L. M.)

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2
Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3
[When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.]

4
There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5
In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6
Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7
He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8
O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

* *Joshua*, the same with *Jesus*, and signifies
a Saviour.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THE SETTLEMENT AND BEAUTY OF A CHURCH.

474. *Oxford 177, Hammond 226.*

(Psalm 15. C. M.)

*Characters of a Saint; or, a Citizen of Zion;
or, the Qualifications of a Christian.*

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill-report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

475. *Portugal 97, Bramcoate 8.*

(Psalm 15. L. M.)

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth;
or, Duties to God and Man; or, the Quali-
fications of a Christian.*

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy
The man that minds religion now, [face:
And humbly walks with God below:

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

[Scarce will he trust an ill-report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

[Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

[He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.]

6
He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7
Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

476. *Liverpool 83, Oxford 177, Evans's 90.*

(Psalm 24. C. M.)

Dwelling with God.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

This is the man may rise, and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The king of glory's near.

The king of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

477. *Salem 139, Foster 96.*

(Psalm 132. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. C. M.)

A Church established.

[NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

The Lord in Zion plac'd his name;
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.]

Salem 139, PAUSE. Bedford 91, Anns 58.
Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5
Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6
Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7
Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

8
Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

478. *Derby 169, Chard 195, Bramcoate 8.*
(Psalm 132. ver. 5, 13-18. L. M.)

At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2
The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3
Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power, and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4
Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5
Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6
The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7
[Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame!]

479. *Michael's 119, Foster 96, Salem 139.*
(Psalm 118. ver. 22, 23. 3d Part. C. M.)

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

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

3
The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock, the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4
What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wonderous in our eyes.

480. *Martin's Lane 67, Rowles 73.*
(Psalm 45. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ and his Church; or, the mystical Marriage.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2
At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3
He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4
So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5
O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6
Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

481. *Ephraim 185, Henley 38, Sutton 149.*
(Psalm 45. S. M.)

The Glory of Christ; the Success of the Gospel; and the Gentile Church.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2
Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3
Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4
Thy laws, O God, are right ;
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5
[Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6
[Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7
Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house ;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

8
O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

482. *Bramcoate 8, Newcourt 173,
Horsley 205.*

(Psalm 57. L. M.)

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints ; or,
Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian
Church.*

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2
His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3
What glories were describ'd of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4
Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5
When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there !

483. *Derby 169, Rothwell 174, Portugal
New 263.*

(Psalm 92, ver. 12, &c. 2d Part. L. M.)

The Church is the Garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand ;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2
There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above ;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3
The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4
Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true ;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

484. *Aynhoe 108, Sutton 149, Price's 187.
(Psalm 48. ver. 1—8. First Part. S. M.)*

*The Church is the Honour and Safety of a
Nation.*

[GREAT 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 honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3
In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

4
When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5
When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6
Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7
In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

485. *Falcon 209, Finsbury 155,
Mansfield 154.*

(Psalm 48. ver. 10—14. 2d Part. S. M.)
*The Beauty of the Church ; or, Gospel Wor-
ship and Order.*

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2
With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4

The orders of thy house.
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

487. *Gainsbro' 29, Hephzibah 77.*

(Hymn 152. B. 2. C. M.)

Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3

Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4

Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God the judge of all declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

THE CHURCH'S AFFLICTIONS, PERSECUTIONS AND COMPLAINTS.

487. *Ulverston 179, Rippons 188, Babylon Streams 23.*

(Psalm 80. L. M.)

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, the Vineyard of God wasted.

GRAT shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2

Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3

Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament, and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4

Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6

How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7

Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8

Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose;

10

Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11

'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12

O! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

488. *Workshop 31, Bangor 231.*

(Psalm 44. ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. C. M.)

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2

How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3
In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4
But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5
Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given.

6
Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8
Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9
Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10
Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11
Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

489. *Walsal* 237, *Bangor* 231.

(Psalm 74. C. M.)

*The Church pleading with God under sore
Persecution.*

WILL God for ever cast us 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
Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4
Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes prophanely roar:
Over thy gates their ensigns hang
Sad tokens of their power.

5
How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6
With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'

7
And still to heighten our distress
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8
No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

Workshop 31, PAUSE.

How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10
Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11
What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12
Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13
Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14
Hath not thy power form'd every coast
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15
And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16
Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17
Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

490. *Aynhoe* 108, *Broderips* 252, *Peckham* 7

(Psalm 83. S. M.)

A Complaint against Persecutors

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

Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.

Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

'Come, let us join,' they cry,
'To root them from the ground,
'Till not the name of saints remain,
'Nor memory shall be found.'

Awake, almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

491. *Bangor* 231, *Ludlow* 84, *Wantage* 204.

(Psalm 35. ver. 1—9. 1st Part. C. M.)

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints; or, Imprecations mixed with Charity.

NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
'I am thy Saviour God.'

They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.

Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

492. *Auns* 58, *James's* 163.

(Psalm 14. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Folly of Persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

Great God, appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God, confound their pride.

O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

493. *Grove House* 143, *Brightelmstone* 203,*Ann's* 58.

(Psalm 53. ver. 4—6. C. M.)

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

ARE all the foes of sin fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

O for a word from Zion's King
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

THE SAFETY, DELIVERANCE, AND
TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.

494. *Bramcoate* 8, *Chard* 175, *Marks* 65.

(Ps. 135. v. 1—4, 14, 19—21. 1st Pt. L. M.)

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2

Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3

The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4

Thro' every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known, *Th' almighty God.*

5

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

495. *Michaels* 119, *Gainsbro'* 29.

(Hymn 39. B. 1. C. M.)

God's tender Care of his Church,
Isaiah xlix. 13, &c.

NOW shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song,
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2

God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

3

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4

Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her sucking have no room?

5

'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature change,
'And mothers monsters prove,
'Sion still dwells upon the heart
'Of everlasting Love.

6

'Deep on the palms of both my hands
'I have engrav'd her name,
'My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
'And build her broken frame.'

496. *Newbury* 132, *Sprague* 166.

(Hymn 8. B. 1. C. M.)

The Safety and Protection of the Church,
Isaiah xxvi. 1—6.

HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell,
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3

Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king.

4

Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace;

5

Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6

[What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low,
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

7

[On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour,
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

497. *Chard* 175, *Derby* 169, *Wells* 102.

(Hymn 64. B. 2. L. M.)

God the Glory and Defence of Sion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3

Thy foes in vain designs engage,
A gustahis throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4

Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5

God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

498. *Chard 175, Ailie Street 241.*

(Hymn 18. B. 2. L. M.)

The Ministry of Angels.

HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2

'Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go,
'Salute the virgin's fruitful womb';
'Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
'Sing and proclaim the Saviour come +.'

3

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands; ;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands?.

4

Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wan'ring church below,
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5

Are they not all thy servants?, Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

499. *Chard 175, Wells 102, Winchester 137.*

(Psalm 46. 1st Part. L. M.)

*The Church's Safety and Triumph among
national Devolutions.*

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can order 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 thro',
And watering our divine abode.

5

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

* Luke i. 26. + ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.

‡ Acts xii. 7. || Heb. i. 14.

500. *Bromley 104, Coombs's 45, Chard 175.*

(Psalm 46. 2d Part. L. M.)

God fights for his Church.

LET Sion in her king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3

From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5

'Be still, and learn that I am God,
'I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
'I will be known and fear'd abroad,
'But still my throne in Sion stands.'

6

O Lord of hosts, almighty king,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

501. *Cambridge New 74, Tunbridge 193.*

(Hymn 28. B. 1. C. M.)

*The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his
Church, Isa. lixiii. 1-5, &c.*

WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road
Away from Bozrah's gate?

2

The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king:
'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
'That your salvation bring.'

3

'Why, mighty Lord,' thy saints inquire,
'Why thine apparel red?
'And all thy vesture stain'd like those
'Who in the wine-press tread?'

4

'I by myself have trod the press,
'And crush'd my foes alone,
'My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
'My fury stamp'd them down.'

5

'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
'With joyful scarlet stains,
'The triumph that my raiment wears
'Sprung from their bleeding veins.'

6

'Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
'That dare insult my saints,
'I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
'An ear for their complaints.'

N 2

502. *Tunbridge 103, Follett 181, Otford 106.*

(Hymn 29. B. 1. C. M.)

The Ruin of Antichrist, Isa. lxi. 4—7.

ILIFT my banners,' saith the Lord,

'Where Antichrist has stood,

'The city of my gospel-foes

'Shall be a field of blood.

2

'My heart has study'd just revenge,

'And now the day appears,

'The day of my redeem'd is come

'To wipe away their tears.

3

'Quite weary is my patience grown,

'And bids my fury go;

'Swift as the light'ning it shall move,

'And be as fatal too.

4

'I call for helpers but in vain:

'Then has my gospel none?

'Well, mine own arm has might enough

'To crush my foes alone.

5

'Slaughter and my devouring sword

'Shall walk the streets around,

'Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,

'And stagger to the ground.'

6

Thy honours, O victorious King!

Thine own right hand shall raise,

While we thy awful vengeance sing,

And our Deliverer praise.

503. *London 180, Tunbridge 103,
Canterbury 199.*

(Hymn 56. B. 1. C. M.)

*The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Baby-
lon falling, Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.*

WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;

The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2

Great God, how wonderful are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!

Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?

Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

4

Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5

The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord her sovereign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

504. *Chard 175, Redemption 243, Wells 102.*

(Hymn 58. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Devil vanquished; or Michael's War
with the Dragon, Rev. xii. 7.*

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2

Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3

Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4

Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5

'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6

Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

505. *Wells 102, Old Hundred 100,
Islington 40.*

(Hymn 59. B. 2. L. M.)

Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
'Prophets, rejoice, and, all ye saints,
'God shall avenge your long complaints.'

2

He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall;
'Thus, and no more, be found at all.'

CHURCH MEETINGS.

506. *Follett 181, Otford 106, Irish 171.*

(Psalm 126. C. M.)

*The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or,
Melancholy removed.*

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace:

3

'Great is the work,' my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the power divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart reply'd,
'And be the glory thine.'

4

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5

Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6

Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

507. *Lebanon 79, Lewton 30, Islington 40.*
(Psalm 126. L. M.)

Surprising Deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;

The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2

The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3

When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4

The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

508. *Bramcoate 8, Lewton 30, Marks 65.*
(Psalm 34. 1st Part. L. M.)

God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3

I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4

To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5

His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

6

The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

509. *Exeter 4, New York 33, Salem 139.*

(Psalm 34. ver. 1—10. 1st Part. C. M.)

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

ILL bless the Lord from day to day;

I How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise!

2

Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3

When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4

I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

[O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.]

6

He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7

[O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!]

8

Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

510. *Workshop 31, Newbury 132.*

(Psalm 66. ver. 13—20. 2d Part. C. M.)

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2

My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done,

N 3

3
When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.

4
If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5
But God, (his name be ever blest)
Hath set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

511. Rowles 73, Newcourt 173, Bram-coate 8.

(Psalm 106. ver. 1—5. 1st Part. L. M.)

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

TO God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be address:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2
Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3
Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4
O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

512. Newbury 132, Salem 139, Wiltshire 110.

(Psalm 102. ver. 13—21. 2d Part. C. M.)

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2
Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3
The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4
He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5
He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, 'That praying breath
'Was ever spent in vain.'

6
This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PRAYER AND PRAISE FOR THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

OR,

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

513. Chard 175, Derby 169, Bromley 104.
(Psalm 72. 1st Part. L. M.)

The Kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2
Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3
With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4
As rain on meadows newly mown
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5
The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6
The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

514. Coombs's 45, Gloucester 12, Antigua 120.
(Psalm 72. 2d Part. L. M.)

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

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

2
[Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3
There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4
For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6
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.

7
[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.

8
Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

515. *Jersey 15, Tunbridge 103, Cambridge New 74.*

(Psalm 45. C. M.)

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

I 'LL speak the honours of my king,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2
Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3
Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike thro' thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5
Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

516. *Chard 175, Crombs's 45, Gloucester 12.*
(Psalm 45. 1st Part. L. M.)

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my saviour-king,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2
O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3
Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4
Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5
Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6
God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

517. *Hotham 224, Portugal 97.*

(Psalm 110. 1st Part. L. M.)

*Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted; or,
the Success of the Gospel.*

THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
' At my right hand, till I shall make
' Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2
' From Zion shall thy word proceed,
' Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
' Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
' And bow their wills to thy command.

3
' That day shall shew thy power is great,
' When saints shall flock with willing minds,
' And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
' Where holiness in beauty shines.'

4
O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning-dew.

518. *Bramcote 8, Marks 65.*

(Psalm 110. 2d Part. L. M.)

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his son, and thus he swore;
' Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
' And change from hand to hand no more.

2
' Aaron and all his sons must die;
' But everlasting life is thine,
' To save for ever those that fly
' For refuge from the wrath divine.

3
' By me Melchisedek was made
' On earth a king and priest at once;
' And thou, my heavenly priest shalt plead,
' And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'

4
Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5
Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6

Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drink the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

519. *Oxford* 106, *Follett* 181, *Providence*
College 10.

(Psalm 110. C.M.)

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
'When Aaron is no more.

4

'Melchisedek, that wonderful priest,
'That king of high degree,
'That holy man who Abr'ham blest,
'Was but a type of thee.'

5

Jesus our priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

6

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

520. *Irish* 171, *Liverpool* 83, *Stamford* 9.

(Hymn 50. B. 1. C. M.)

The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of
John the Baptist; or, Light and Salvation
by Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i.
29, 32.

NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2

Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the Branch of promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

3

[John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4

He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine and heavenly love
In its own glory shines.

5

'Behold the Lamb of God, (he cries)
'That takes our guilt away:
'I saw the spirit o'er his head
'On his baptizing day.]

6

'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink every mountain low,
'The proud must stoop, and humble souls
'Shall his salvation know.

7

'The heathen realms with Israel's land
'Shall join in sweet accord;
'And all that's born of man shall see
'The glory of the Lord.

8

'Behold the morning-star arise,
'Ye that in darkness sit;
'He marks the paths that lead to peace,
'And guides our doubtful feet.'

521. *James's* 163, *Hephzibah* 77.
(Hymn 21. B. 1. C. M.)

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.
Rev. xxi. 1—4.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2

From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending king.

4

The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode,
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5

His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

6

How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

522. *Newington* 61, *Miall* 240, *Boston* 159.

(Psalm 117. C. M.)

Praise to God from all Nations.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2

His mercy reigns thro' every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

523. *Denbigh 54, Rowles 73, Islington 40.*

(Psalm 117. L. M.)

The same.

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

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.

524. *Vermont 134, Falcon 209,
Manfield 154.*

(Psalm 117. S. M.)

The same.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

CIRCUMCISION AND BAPTISM*.

525. *Portugal 91, Green's Hundred 89.*

(Hymn 52. B. 1. L. M.)

Baptism, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

T WAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations and baptize;
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

Repent, and be baptiz'd, (he saith)
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord:
O may the great Eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

526. *Portugal 91, Wareham 117.*

(Hymn 122. B. 1. L. M.)

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism,
Rom. vi. 3, &c.*

DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

527. *New York 33, Hammond 226,
Irish 171.*

(Hymn 113. B. 1. C. M.)

*Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles, Gen.
xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.*

HOW large the promise! how divine
To Abra'm and his seed!
*I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.*

The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

* For the arrangement of the Hymns in this Chapter, on *Circumcision* and *Baptism*, I am gratefully indebted to one of my very respectable Brethren of the *Congregational* denomination.

528. *Gainsbro' 29, Bath Chapel 26.*

(Hymn 114. B. 1. C. M.)

The same, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES by nature we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2

With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3

Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4

Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

529. *George's 2, Bath Chapel 26.*

(Hymn 121. B. 1. C. M.)

Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10.
Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I'll be a God to thee:
'I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
'Shall be a seed for me.'

2

Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3

Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4

Thus later saints, eternal king,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To thee their infant-offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

530. *Froome 255, James's 163.*

(Hymn 134. B. 2. C. M.)

Circumcision abolished.

THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
I will the God of Abrah'm be,
And of his numerous race.

2

He said; and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3

Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessing now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4

The God of Abrah'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

531. *Ail'e Street 241, Islington 40.*

(Hymn 127. B. 2. L. M.)

Circumcision and Baptism.

(Written only for those who practise the
Baptism of Infants.)

THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.

3

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God,
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4

Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

532. *Bedford 91, Irish 171, Braintree 25.*

(Hymn 141. B. 2. C. M.)

Faith assisted by Sense; or, Preaching, Bap-
tism, and the Lord's Supper.

MY Saviour-God, my Sovereign-Prince
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense
And helps my faith to rise.

2

My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.

3

Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4

But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5

Not choicest meats, or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs
And feeds upon his flesh.

6

I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

533. *Old Hundred* 100, *Green's Hundred* 89.

(Hymn 1. B. 3. L. M.)

The Lord's Supper instituted,

1 Cor. xi, 23, &c.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2

Before the mournful scene began
He took the bread, and blest, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wonderful words of grace he spake!

3

'This is my body broke for sin,
'Receive and eat the living food:'
Then took the cup, and blest the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'

4

[For as his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance on our stead.]

5

For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6

Do this [he cry'd] till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

7

[Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the lamb.]

534. *Worksworth* 158, *Harborough* 142.

(Hymn 2. B. 3. S. M.)

Communion with Christ, and with Saints,

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2

For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God:]

3

This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4

Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5

We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One Lord hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6

Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

535. *Irish* 171, *Bedford* 91.

(Hymn 3. B. 3. C. M.)

*The New Testament is The Blood of Christ;
or, the New Covenant sealed.*

THE promise of my Father's love
'I shall stand for ever good';
He said; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2

To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3

Thy light and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4

I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5

Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

536. *Condescension* 116, *Bangor* 231.

(Hymn 4. B. 3. C. M.)

*Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought
at a dear Price.*

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2

[When justice by our sins provok'd
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]

3

[He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne,
There's ne'er a gut his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5
Now, tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6
[Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

7
[Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8
Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

537. *Bath Chapel 26, Michaels 119.*

(Hymn 5. B. 3. C. M.)

Christ the Bread of Life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2
[The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.]

3
The Jews the fathers dy'd at last
Who eat that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4
Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

5
Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6
Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

538. *Ailie Street 241, Ulverston 179.*

(Hymn 6. B. 3. L. M.)

The Memorial of our absent Lord,
John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.
JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2
He knows what wandering hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3
The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

4
Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5
While he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6
Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
To fetch our longing spirits home.

5. 9. *Manning 245, Lebanon 79.*

(Hymn 7. B. 3. L. M.)

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ;
Gal. vi. 14,

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e're such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4
[His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5
Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

540. *Elim 151, Hephzibah 77.*

(Hymn 8. B. 3. C. M.)

The Tree of Life.

COME let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2
While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!

3
The tree of life that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

4
[Hovering amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5
[Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.]

6
New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind.]

7
Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
That ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.]

8
Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.]

541. *Eagle Street New 55, Harborough 142.*
(Hymn 9. B. 3. S. M.)

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.
1 John v. 6.

[LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.]

2
Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus th' ambassador of peace
How cheerfully he came!

3
It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4
[My Saviour's pierced side,
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.]

5
Infinite was our guilt,
But he our priest atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6
Look up my soul to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.]

7
There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfil his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.]

8
Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.]

9
While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.]

10
[Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

542. *Old Hundred 100, Wareham 117.*
(Hymn 10. B. 3. L. M.)

*Christ crucified; the Wisdom and Power
of God.*

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.]

2
But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.]

3
[Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4
Here I behold his inmost heart
Where grace and vengeance strangely join
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.]

5
O the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.]

6
I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.]

543. *Bedford 91, Sprague 166.*
(Hymn 11. B. 3. C. M.)

Pardon brought to our Senses.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!]

2
There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine,
There Jesus says, that 'I am his,
'And my beloved's mine.']

3
'Here,' (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side)
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That open'd when I died.']

4
[He smiles and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain,
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee,
'And then he smiles again.']

5
What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6
[Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7
[To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

544. Wareham 117, Ailie Street 241.

(Hymn 12. B.3. L.M.)

The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[H]OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above,
The fruits of life o'er-spread the board,
The cup o'er-flows with heavenly love.

2
Thine ancient family the Jews
Were first invited to the feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3
We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh,
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4
From the high-way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5
[What shall we pay th' eternal Son
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God.

6
It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7
Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

545. Sprague 166, Bedford 91.

(Hymn 13. B.3. C.M.)

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in
the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

[H]OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2
Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls,
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

3
[While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
'Lord, why was I a guest?

4
'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
'And enter while there's room?
'When thousands make a wretched choice
'And rather starve than come.']

5
'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6
Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7
We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

546. Green's Hundred 89, Rochford 22.

(Hymn 14. B.3. L.M.)

*The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; or, a Sight
of Christ makes Death easy.*

[N]OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2
Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his,
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3
Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4
Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

5
He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown:
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne.

547. James's 163, Gainsborough 29.

(Hymn 15. B.3. C.M.)

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

[T]HE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung.

2
Happy the men that eat this bread,
But double blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3

By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.]

4

Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends,
'Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries)
'And drink salvation, friends.

5

['My flesh is food and physic too,
'A balm for all your pains:
'And the red streams of pardon flow
'From these my pierced veins.']

6

Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a taste below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7

[Come the dear day, the glorious hour
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feast.]

548. *Abridge 201, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 16. B.3. C.M.)

The Agonies of Christ.

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine,
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2

In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3

[Our humble faith here takes her rise
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4

His soul what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5

But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6

Grace, wisdom, justice join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7

Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

5 9. *Falcon 203, Eagle Street New 55.*
(Hymn 17. B.3. S.M.)

Incomparable Food; or, the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

[WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2

This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3

The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4

In vain had Adam sought
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5

Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food,
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6

On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7

Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King,
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8

Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

550. *Portugal 97, Ulverston 179.*

(Hymn 18. B.3. L.M.)

The same.

JESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2

And here we drink our Saviour's blood,
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3

On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4

Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart or warm the head,
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

O 2

5

Joy to the master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless:
To God the King and God the priest
A loud Hosanna round the place.

551. *Wareham 117, Green's Hundred 89.*

(Hymn 19. B. 3. L. M.)

*Glory in the Cross; or, not ashamed of Christ
crucify'd.*

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4

With joy we tell the scoffing age
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

552. *Bath Chapel 26, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 20. B. 3. C. M.)

*The Provisions for the Table of our Lord; or,
the Tree of Life, and River of Love.*

LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

2

[The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3

The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]

4

The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasures well refin'd,
They spread new life thro' every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5

Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love
Ye saints that taste his wine,
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud Hosannas join.

6

A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this,
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

553. *James's 163, Worksop 31.*

(Hymn 21. B. 3. C. M.)

*The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory
over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

[COME let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

3

[Jesus the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

4

The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

5

'For you, the children of my love,
'It was for you I dy'd,
'Behold my hands, behold my feet,
'And look into my side.

6

'These are the wounds for you I bore,
'The tokens of my pains,
'When I came down to free your souls
'From misery and chains.

7

'Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
'And plung'd it in my heart:
'Infinite pangs for you I bore,
'And most tormenting smart.

8

'When hell and all its spiteful powers
'Stood dreadful in my way,
'To rescue those dear lives of yours
'I gave my own away.

9

'But while I bled and groan'd and dy'd,
'I ruin'd Satan's throne,
'High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
'The monster tumbling down.

10

'Now you must triumph at my feast,
'And taste my flesh, my blood;
'And live eternal ages blest,
'For 'tis immortal food.

11

Victorious God! what can we pay
For favour so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12

We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

554. *Ulverston 179, Warham 117.*

(Hymn 22. B.3. L. M.)

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love.

2

Was ever equal pity found?
The prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3

[Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatening set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4

The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

5

Here we have wash'd our deepest stains
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Elest fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God.]

6

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

555. *Irish 171, Ludlow 84.*

(Hymn 23. B.3. C. M.)

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

[SITTING around our father's board
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2

We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3

Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4

O 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

556. *Workshop 31, Foster 96.*

(Hymn 24. B.3. C. M.)

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2

We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3

We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Drest in the garments of his son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4

We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5

[Let us indulge a cheerful frame
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

557. *Bedford 91, Bath Chapel 26.*

(Hymn 25. B.3. C. M.)

Divine Glories and our Graces.

HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2

Here thy revenging justice stands
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands
Like Jesus on the cross.

3

Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4

Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5

Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6

Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

558. *Marks 65, Leeds 19.*

(Hymn 66. B. 1. L.M.)

Christ the King at his Table. Sol. Song
i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2

On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3

Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms:
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the king.

4

[Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice
To speak thy praises, and our joys:
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5

Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar tent appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6

[While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

7

As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8

[No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.

559. *New Court 173, Bredby 165.*

(Hymn 67. B. 1. L.M.)

Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd,
Sol. Song. i. 7.

THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2

Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3

Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4

[The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wonderful feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and

5

[tears.]

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved lead me home.]

560. *Martins Lane 67, Newcourt 173.*

(Hymn 68. B. 1. L.M.)

The Banquet of Love, Sol. Song ii. 1—4, 6, 7.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

2

Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3

Beneath his cooling shade I sat
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

4

[Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5

With living bread and generous wine
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts, how kind they be.]

6

O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

561. *Kimbolton 251, Bromley 104.*

(Hymn 69. B. 1. L.M.)

*Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking
her Company,* Sol. Song ii. 1—13.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2

Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

3

Gently he draws my heart along
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
'Rise, (saith my Lord) make haste away;
'No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4

'The Jewish wintry state is gone,
'The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
'The sacred turtle dove we hear
'Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5

'Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
'Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit :'
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6

And when we hear our Jesus say,
'Rise up my love, inake haste away !'
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

562. *Newcourt* 173, *Langdon* 217.

(Hymn 70. B. 1. L. M.)

*Christ inviting, and the Church answering
the Invitation, Sol. Song ii. 14, 17.*

[HARK, the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh,
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out:

2

'My dove, who hidest in the rock,
'Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
'Lift up thy face, forget thy tear,
'And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3

'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;
'My graces in thy countenance meet ;
'Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'

4

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives :
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and of praise.]

5

[I am my love's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join :
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6

My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7

Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8

Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour from my side.]

563. *Bredby* 165, *New Sabbath* 122.

(Hymn 71. B. 1. L. M.)

*Christ found in the Street, and brought to the
Church, Sol. Song iii. 1—5.*

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2

Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
'Where did you see my soul's delight ?'

3

Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4

I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5

He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6

I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys ;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

564. *Derby* 169, *Redemption* 243.

(Hymn 72. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the
Church, Sol. Song iii. 2.*

DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5

Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
I'll we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the lamb.

6

O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day !
The king of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

565. *Bredby* 165, *Horsley* 205.

(Hymn 73. B. 1. L. M.)

*The Churches Beauty in the Eyes of Christ,
Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.*

KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word,
'Lo, thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.'

2
[Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
'No spice so much delights the smell,
'Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]

3
'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
'I will behold no spot in thee.'
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4
Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces, and his righteousness.

5
'My sister and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy powerful love my heart detains
'In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

6
He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7
Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

566. *Kimbolton* 251, *Martins* 67.
(Hymn 74. B. 1. L. M.)

The Church the Garden of Christ, Sol. Song
iv. 12, 14, 15. and v. 1.

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2
I like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.

3
Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4
Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5
[Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
'I come, my spouse, I come,' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.]

6
Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7
'Fat of the tree of life, my friends,
'The blessings that my Father sends;
'Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
'And drink abundance of my love.'

8
Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

567. *Newcourt* 173, *Marks* 65.
(Hymn 75. B. 1. L. M.)

The Description of Christ the Beloved,
Sol. Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

THE wondering world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above
'The objects of a mortal love?'

2
Yes, my beloved, to my sight,
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine
In my beloved meet and shine.

3
White is his soul, from hlemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs:
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4
[His head the finest gold excels,
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.]

5
Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6
[His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.]

7
Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8
[His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]

9
His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]

10
All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be lov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

568. *Martins* 67, *Bredby* 165.
(Hymn 76. B. 1. L. M.)

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth,
Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2

My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3

[In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4

He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5

[He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.

6

O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

569. *Leeds* 19, *Truro* 105.

(Hymn 77. B. 1. L. M.)

The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language to her, and Provisions for her; Sol.
Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the king, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
'My love how pleasant for delight!'

2

Kind is thy language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3

Such wonderful love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name.
And makes our cold affections flame.

4

These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5

In paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

570. *Ulverston* 179, *Magdalene* 214.

(Hymn 78. B. 1. L. M.)

The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own; Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

[**W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood:
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3

'O let my name engraven stand,
'Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
'Seal me upon thine arm; and wear
'That pledge of love for ever there.

4

'Stronger than death thy love is known,
'Which floods of wrath could never drown;
'And hell and earth in vain combine
'To quench a fire so much divine.

5

'But I am jealous of my heart,
'Lest it should once from thee depart;
'Then let thy name be well imprint
'As a fair signet on my breast.

6

'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
'Where fears and doubts can never come,
'Thy countenance let me often see,
'And often thou shalt hear from me.

7

'Come, my beloved, haste away,
'Cut short the hours of thy delay,
'Fly like a youthful hart or roe
'Over the hills where spices grow.'

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

571. *Ailie Street* 241, *Portugal* 97.
(Hymn 79. B. 1. L. M.)

A Morning Hymn.

Psalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies;

2

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:

3

O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4

[But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze
To follow every wandering star.

5

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.]

6

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

572. *Bedford 91, Hammond 226, New York 33.*

(Hymn 6. B. 2. C. M.)

A Morning Song.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.

2

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4

[On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5

A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6

Dear God, let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

573. *Portugal 97, Rippon's 188, Magdalene 214.*

(Psalm 3. 1—5. 8. L. M.)

A Morning Psalm.

OR LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2

Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3

Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

4

But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

574. *Kimbolton 251, Newcourt 173, New Sabbath 122.*

(Hymn 81. B. 1. L. M.)

A Song for Morning or Evening,
Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

575. *Magdalene 214, Hotham 224, Portugal 97.*

(Psalm 141. ver. 2—5. L. M.)

Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3

O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4

When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

576. *James's 163, Sprague 166, Bedford 91.*

(Hymn 8. B. 2. C. M.)

An Hymn for Morning or Evening.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2

That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3

The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4

The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day,
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

5

Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, Immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6

God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

577. *Magdalen* 214, *Rothwell* 174,
Marks 65.

(Hymn 80. B. 1. L. M.)

An Evening Hymn.

Psalm iv. 8, and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening 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

In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things,
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5

[Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.]

6

Thus when the night 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.]

578. *Abridee* 201, *Maidstone* 196, *Annis* 58.

(Hymn 7. B. 2. C. M.)

An Evening Song.

[**D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.]

2

Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But Oh how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4

What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6

Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

579. *Bath Chapel* 26, *Condescension* 116.

(Psalm 4. 3, 4, 5, 8. C. M.)

An Evening Psalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2

And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3

I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4

Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

580. *Irish* 171, *Sprague* 166, *Braintree* 25.
(Psalm 139. ver. 14, 17, 18. 3d Part. C. M.)

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3

These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

581. *Wantage* 204, *Bangor* 231,
Newbury 132.

(Psalm 63. ver. 6—10. 2d Part. C. M.)

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2

My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3

My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5

But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6

Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of heil.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

582. *Milbourn Port 183, Stamford 9,
Elim 151.*

(Psalm 65. 3d Part. C. M.)

*The Blessings of the Spring; or, God gives
Rain.*

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3

The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4

The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, diest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5

The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6

The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

583. *Miles's Lane 32, Foster 96.*

(Psalm 65. 2d Part. C. M.)

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and
Sea; or, the Blessing of Rain.*

TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2

Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

584. *Marks 65, Gloucester 12, Wells 102.*

(Psalm 147. 2d Part. L. M.)

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bid the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2

Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3

Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4

With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5

He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

6

To all the Isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

585. *Staughton* 264, *Milbourn Port* 183,
Great Milton 212.

(Psalm 147. 7—9, 13—18. C. M.)

The Seasons of the Year.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2

He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintery days appear.

5

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6

When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7

He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

586. *Old Hundred* 100, *Wareham* 117,
Wells 102.

(Psalm 29. L. M.)

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2

The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3

He speaks, and tenipest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4

To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6

In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

587. *Canterbury* 199, *London* 180.

(Hymn 62. B. 2. C. M.)

*God the Thunderer; or, the last Judgment,
and Hell.*

(*Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder,
Aug. 20th, 1697.*)

SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore,
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.

2

His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance dart them down.

3

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

5

What shall the wretch the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he shall dread the thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6

Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

588. *Old Hundred* 100, *Wareham* 117.

(Ps. 8. v. 1, 2. Paraphrased. 1st Pt. L. M.)

*The Hosanna of the Children; or, Infants
praising God.*

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2

To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

P

3
Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4
Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5
The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

589. *Green's Hundred* 89, *Pauls* 246,
Ulverston 179.

(Psalm 34. ver. 11—22. 2d Part. L. M.)

Religious Education; or, Instructions of Piety.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2
If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3
The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4
To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

5
He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

590. *Workshop* 31, *Rath Chapel* 26,
James's 163.

(Psalm 34. ver. 11—22. 2d Part. C. M.)

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2
Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3
His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4
What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5
Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6
When desolation like a flood
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

† 91. *Chard* 175, *Portugal* 97.
(Hymn 23. B. 1. 2d Part. L. M.)

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven,
Mark x. 21.

MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2
The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
(A modest, sober, lovely youth)
And thought he wanted nothing now.

3
But mark the change! thus spake the Lord,
'Come part with earth for heaven to-day;'
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4
Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure;
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go
To make his land and money sure!

5
Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6
In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion govern me:
Transform my soul, O love divine,
And make me part with all for thee.

592. *Angels Hymn* 60, *Babylon Streams* 23.
(Hymn 91. B. 1. L. M.)

*Advice to Youth; or, old Age and Death in an
unconverted State*, Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God,
Behold, the months come hastening on
When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*

2
Behold the aged sinner goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3
The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4
Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

593. *Pauls 246, Hotham 224.*

(Hymn 89. B. I. L. M.)

Youth and Judgment, Eccl. xi. 9.

YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire :

2

Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3

God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4

The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' :
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?

5

Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities ;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

594. *Abridge 201, Charmouth 28, Bright-*
helmstone 208.

(Hymn 90. B. I. C. M.)

The same.

LO the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2

They give a loose to wild desires,
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3

The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4

How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test ?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

595. *Walsal 237, Ludlow 84.*

(Ps. 90. v. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin ; or,
Life, old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2

Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3

Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4

Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5

[Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6

Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne !

7

Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

596. *Bangor 231, Brighthelmstone 208.*

(Psalm 71. ver. 5—9. 1st Part. C. M.)

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

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

2

My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3

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

4

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

5

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.

597. *Bangor 231, Crowle 3.*

(Psalm 71. ver. 17—21. 3d Part. C. M.)

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song ; or,
old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.*

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart ?

P 2

3
Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4
The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

Froom 255. PAUSE. Salem 139.
Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6
Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7
By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8
When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS, &c.

598. *Walsal 237, Wantage 204.*
(Psalm 10. C. M.)

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride,
Atheism, and Oppression punished.*

For a Humiliation Day.
WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2
Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

3
They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.

4
Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.
Sprague 166. PAUSE. Worksop 31.

Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
'The God of heaven will ne'er engage
'To fight on Zion's side?'

6
But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.

7
Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

8
Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

599. *Worksop 31, James's 163.*
(Psalm 12. C. M.)

*Complaint of a general Corruption of Man-
ners; or, the Promise and Signs of Christ's
coming to Judgment.*

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2
Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3
If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd!
'Are not our lips our own,' they cry,
'And who shall be our Lord?'

4
Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.
PAUSE. James's 163.

Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

6
Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7
'Yes,' saith the Lord, 'now will I rise,
'And make oppressors flee;
'I shall appear to their surprise,
'And set my servants free.'

8
Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

600. *Kingsbridge 88, Ulverston 179.*
(Psalm 12. L. M.)

*The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times; or,
Sins of the Tongue complained of; viz.
Blasphemy, Falshood, &c.*

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man, amongst us here,
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2
The whole discourse, when neighbours
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain; [meet,
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3

But lips, that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4

'Yet shall our words be free,' they cry;
'Our tongues shall be controll'd by none:
'Where is the lord will ask us why?
'Or say, our lips are not our own'

5

The Lord who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6

Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7

Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Tho' when the vilest men have power
On every side will sinners swarm.

601. *Walsal 237, Bangor 231.*

(Psalm 60. ver. 1—5. 10—12. C.M.)

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2

The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3

Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
O heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

4

Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame,

5

Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6

Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

602. *Wareham 117, Winchester 137.*

(Psalm 20. L.M.)

Prayer and Hope of Victory

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears, when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shield is or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

3

Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4

In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5

Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6

[O' may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame.
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

603. *Portugal 97, Green's Hundred 89.*

(Hymn 30. B. 1. L. M.)

Prayer for Deliverance answered.
Isa. xxvi. 8—12, 20, 21.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace,
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2

My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3

Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4

Hark, the eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.

5

Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6

My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

604. *Wells* 102, *Derby* 169, *Combs's* 45.

(Hymn 1. B. 2. L. M.)

A Song of Praise to God from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2

[Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]

4

[To him be sacred all we have
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]

5

[This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6

He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive princes kind,
And give our dangers to the wind.]

7

Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8

[Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of War.]

9

Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

605. *Rothwell* 174, *Derby* 169, *Lewton* 30.

(Psalm 144. ver. 12—15. 3d Part. L. M.)

Grace above Riches; or, the happy Nation.

HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2

Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3

Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

606. *Cambridge New* 74, *Providence* 10.

(Psalm 67. C. M.)

The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's Increase.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2

[Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favourite land.]

3

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5

He the great Lord, the sovereign judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.

6

Earth shall obey her maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

7

God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

607. *Wareham* 117, *Green's Hundred* 89.

(Psalm 107. Last Part. L. M.)

Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2

His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

3

[Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppress and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4

They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5

Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.

6

Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander un pity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7

Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8

The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9

How few, with pious care record
These wonderous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

608. *George's 2, Evans's 190.*
(Hymn 111. B.2. C.M.)

*Thanksgiving for Victory; or, God's Domi-
nion and our Deliverance.*

ZION rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2

The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3

He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4

Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his power;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.

5

Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6

[Long may the King our sovereign live
To rule us by his * word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

* First edition was

"Long may the Queen our Sovereign live
"To rule us by his word" (viz. God,) God's word
Thy word would be proper now.

609. *Cambridge New 74, Arlington 17.*

(Psalm 18. 1st Part. C.M.)

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2

We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3

When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightning of his spear?

4

He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5

He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6

He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7

[He arms our captains to the fight,
Tho' there his name's forgot:
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.

8

Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own church's sake:
The powers that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.]

610. *Liverpool 83, Cambridge New 74,
Evans's 190.*

(Psalm 18. 2d Part. C.M.)

The Conqueror's Song.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2

'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3

How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4

In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5

The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6

On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports the crown.

611. *Bramcoate 8, Lewton 30, Chard 175.*

(Psalm 124. L. M.)

A Song for the Fifth of November.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2

The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3

We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5

Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He that upholds that wonderful frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

612. *Cambridge New 74, Tiverton 109,
Michaels 119.*

(Hymn 92. B. 2. C. M.)

*The Church saved, and her Enemies
disappointed.*

Composed the 5th of November 1694.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2

Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.

3

Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4

Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5

[Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice:
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6

Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the God that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7

In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8

Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power,
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

613. *New Fiftieth.*

(Psalm 115. 2d Metre.)

As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

NOT to our names, thou only just and
true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice
claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy blest
abode,
Nor let the heathens say, *And where's your
God?*

2

Heaven is thine higher court; there stands
thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heavens
he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have
made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, be-
hold,
Their silver-saviours, and their saints of gold.

3

[Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can
move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor
power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long com-
plaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4

The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser
mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers
made.]

5

Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods or they :
O Israel, trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy
peace :

His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

6

O Britain, trust the Lord : Thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign ;
Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our
days,

And death and silence had forbid his praise :
But we are sav'd, and live : let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the
skies.

614. *James's 163, Providence College 10.*

(Psalm 76. C. M.)

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed ; or,
God's Vengeance against his Enemies pro-
ceeds from his Church.*

IN Judah God of old was known ;
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

2

Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose ;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3

From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear ;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5

'Twas Zion's king that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands :
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell :
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?
Thy vengeance who can tell ?

7

What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven shines round with dreadful
The earth lies still and fears. [light,

8

When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save the oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9

[Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown ;
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.

10

The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

615. *Bedford 91, Anns 58.*
(Hymn 149. B. 2. C. M.)

*Honour to Magistrates ; or, Government
from God.*

ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3

[The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]

4

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward ;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

5

Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne,
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

616. *Portugal 97, Magdalene 214.*
(Psalm 101. L. M.)

The Magistrate's Psalm.

MERCY and judgment are my song ;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous king,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2

If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word ;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3

Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside ;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy,

4

No sons of slander, rage and strife
Shall be companions of my life ;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5

[I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust :
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favorites still.]

6

In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies ;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7
The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress.

617. *Marks 65, Derby 169, Gloucester 12.*

(Psalm 75. L. M.)

Power and Government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King
William, or the happy Accession of King
George to the Throne.

TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee, we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2
Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.

3
He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4
Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5
Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6
No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God the great sovereign of the earth
Will rise and make his justice known.

7
[His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8
Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

618. *Oxford 106, Milbourn Port 183,
Evans 190.*

(Psalm 21. C. M.)

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

2
Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

3
Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

4
But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

5
When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

6
Thus, Lord, thy wonderous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

619. *Jennings 123, Old Hundred and Thirteenth 215.*

(Psalm 58. As the 113th Psalm.)

Warning to Magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injured poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2
Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3
A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4
Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5
Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6
Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
'Sure there's a God that rules on high,
'A God that hears his children cry,
'And will their sufferings well repay.'

620. *Islington 40, Wareham 117.*

(Psalm 82. L. M.)

God the supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates warned.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2

Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more ?

3

They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go ;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4

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.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

621. *Bangor 231, Ludlow 84, Walsal 237.*

(Ps. 102. v. 1—13, 20, 21. 1st Part. C. M.)

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die ;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry ?

2

My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air ;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3

My spirits flag like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat ;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4

As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5

My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl ;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6

Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast ;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7

My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast ;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8

Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9

My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are
That vanish into night.

10

But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God :
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11

Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12

He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

622. *Elenbro' 170, Walsal 237, Ludlow 84.*

(Psalm 39. ver. 9—13. 3d Part. C. M.)

Sick-Bed Devotion ; or, pleading without repining.

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

2

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3

Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes ;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Through thy repeated strokes.

4

Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5

[This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke !
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.

6

I'm but a sojourner below
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

7

But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.]

623. *Ludlow 84, Walsal 237, Wantage 204.*
(Psalm 119. 14th Part. C. M.)

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Fathers rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrows weight
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

624. *Workshop 31, Crowle 3.*
(Psalm 119. Last Part. L. M.)

*Sanctified Affections; or Delight in the Word
of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

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

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.

Ver. 71.

'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 might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

625. *Babylon Streams 23, Ulverston 179,*
Green's Hundred 89.

(Psalm 6 L. M.)

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2

Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal.

3

See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4

Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5

I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6

Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

626. *Bangor 231, Ludlow 84, Walsal 237.*

(Psalm 6. C. M.)

Complaint in Sickness; or, Diseases healed.

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2

My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3

Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4

Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand affords relief?

5

He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake
And heals our broken bones.

6

The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

627. *Wells 162, Marks 65, Leeds 19.*

(Psalm 91. ver. 1—7. 1st Part. L. M.)

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

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

Then will I say, 'My God, thy power
'Shall be my fortress and my tower;
'I that am form'd of feeble dust
'Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

3

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.

4

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.

5

If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6

If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8

So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9

But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10

The sword, the pestilence or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

628. *James's 163, Exeter 4.*

(Psalm 91. ver. 9—16. 2d Part. C. M.)

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels,
Victory and Deliverance.*

YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care:

2

No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3

He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4

Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5

Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6

'Because on me they set their love
'I'll save them,' saith the Lord;
'I'll bear their joyful souls above
'Destruction and the sword.

7

'My grace shall answer when they call;
'In trouble I'll be nigh;
'My power shall help them when they fall,
'And raise them when they die.

8

'Those that on earth my name have known,
'I'll honour them in heaven;
'There my salvation shall be shown,
'And endless life be given.'

629. *King-bridge 88, Rippon's 188.*

(Psalm 30. ver. 6. 2d Part. L. M.)

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2

But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3

I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
*What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?*

4

Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
And bring me from among the dead:
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

5

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name; heaven,
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

Q

630. *Bramcoate 8, Bredby 165,
Rippon's 188.*

(Psalm 30. 1st Part. L. M.)

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

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 of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

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.

631. *Bangor 231, Eleuborough 170.*

(Psalm 31. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. 1st Pt. C. M.)

Deliverance from Death.

I NTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2

The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3

*My times are in thine hand, I cry'd,
Though I draw near the dust;*
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4

O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
*I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;*
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6

Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wonderous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7

O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

632. *Grove House 143, Sprague 166,
Exeter 4.*

(Psalm 116. 1st Part. C. M.)

Recovery from Sickness.

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2

I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Peplex'd my wakeful head.

4

*My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust.*

5

The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

633. *Crowle 3, Grove House 143.*

(Hymn 55. B. 1. C. M.)

*Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery,
Isaiah xxxviii. 9, &c.*

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2

The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3

Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
*Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.*

4

We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5

Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevors and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6

If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

634. *Michaels 119, Foster 96, Salem 139.*

(Psalm 118. ver. 17—21. 2d Part. C. M.)

Public Fraise for Deliverance from Death.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)

2
Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3
Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4
Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

635. *Angel's Hymn 60, Horsley 205.*
(Hymn 88. B. 1. L. M.)

Life the Day of Grace and Hope,
Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2
[Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell, and fly to heaven,
The day of grace, and morials may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3
The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4
[Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5
Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

6
There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

636. *Salem 139, Bedford 91.*
(Hymn 44. B. 1. 2d Part. C. M.)

The true Improvement of Life.

AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and season given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2
In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3
Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4
Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heavenly joys.

5
My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6
On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

637. *Wells 102, Portugal 97.*
(Hymn 46. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

The Privileges of the Living above the Dead.

A WAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels cannot do.

2
Awake, my charity to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

3
Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy victories ever new.

4
The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5
Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown.

638. *Walsal* 237, *Bangor* 231.

(Hymn 39. B. 2. C. M.)

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
'*Evil and few**, the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2

'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3

Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4

Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

* Gen xlvii. 9.

639. *Bedford* 91, *Bath Chapel* 26.

(Hymn 58. B. 2. C. M.)

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2

[The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, *They're here*,
But only say, *They're past*.]

3

[Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]

4

Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5

'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

6

His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound,
And he his name ador'd!

7

Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
Till time and nature dies.

640. *Ludlow* 84, *Windsor* 247.

(Psalm 144. ver. 3—6. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2

O what is feeble dying man
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3

That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wonderous is his love.

641. *Carolina* 13, *Charmouth* 28, *Windsor* 247.

(Psalm 39. ver. 4—7. 2d Part. C. M.)

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5

What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

642. *Abridge* 201, *Charmouth* 28,
London 180.

(Hymn 32. B. 2. C. M.)

Frailty and Folly.

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.

3

God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4

How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

5

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
And see salvation nigh.

643. *Abridge 201, Charmouth 28,
Windsor 247.*

(Hymn 55. B. 2. C. M.)

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2

[Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]

4

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6

Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God!

644. *Abridge 201, Canterbury 199, Anns 58.*

(Psalm 90. ver. 1—5. 1st Part. C. M.)

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

2

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return, ye sons of men:
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

6

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

7

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

9

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

645. *Whitefield 168, Ustick 71,
Worksworth 158.*

(Psalm 90. ver. 5, 10, 12. S. M.)

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2

Alas the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3

Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4

Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5

They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

Q 3

646. *Old Hundred* 100, *Wells* 102.

(Hymn 13. B. 2. L. M.)

The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let half the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2

He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty years.

4

Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5

Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

647. *Pauls* 246, *Wareham* 117.

(Hymn 82. B. 1. L. M.)

God far above Creatures ; or, Man vain and mortal, Job. iv. 17—21.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2

Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3

But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4

From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5

Almighty power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

648. *Paul's* 246, *Hotham* 224.

(Psalm 90. L. M.)

*Man mortal, and God eternal.**A Mournful Song at a Funeral.*

THRO' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2

Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3

But man, weak man is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

4

[A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE. *Babylon Streams* 23.

Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

6

[Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7

But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

649. *Angel's Hymn* 60, *Wareham* 117.

(Psalm 102. 23—28. 3d Part. L. M.)

Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity ; or, Saints die, but Christ and the Church live.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3

Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
Our Father and our Saviour live ;
Christ is the same thro' every age.

4

'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
Heaven is the building of his hand :
This earth grows old, these heavens shall
And all be chang'd at his command. [fade,

5

The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6

Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

650. *Canterbury* 199, *Windsor* 247.

(Hymn 52. B. 2. C. M.)

Death dreadful, or delightful.

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is fore'd away
To seek her last abode.

2

In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3

Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for-ever there.

4

See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face,
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

5

He is a God of sovereign love
That promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6

Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band
To bear my soul away.

651. *Newbury* 132, *Hephzibah* 77, *Gainsborough* 29.

(Hymn 17. B. 1. C. M.)

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

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 quivering lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3

If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its flaming power,
But Christ my ransom dy'd.

4

Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

652. *Milbourn Port* 183, *Wiltshire* 110,
Providence 10.

(Hymn 6. B. 1. C. M.)

Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25—27.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay :
I yield my body to the dust
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs :
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3

The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death the last of all his foes
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4

Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

5

Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

653. *Carolina* 13, *Bangor* 231, *Windsor* 247.

(Hymn 18. B. 1. C. M.)

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord,
Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead, [claims,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2

They die in Jesus and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

654. *James's* 163, *Bedford* 91, *Stamford* 9.

(Hymn 49. B. 2. C. M.)

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there ;
We may walk thro' her darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2
I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3
Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4
Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

655. *Irish 171, Bedford 91, Providence 10.*
(Hymn 19. B. 1. C. M.)

*The Song of Simeon; or, Death made
desirable, Luke ii. 27, &c.*

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2
With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child!

3
*Now I can leave this world, he cry'd,
Behold thy servant dies,
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.*

4
*This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory and their hope
To break their slavish bands.*

5
[Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

6
Then while ye hear my heart-strings break
How sweet thy minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

656. *Cambridge New 74, Exeter 4,
Miles's Lane 32.*
(Hymn 66. B. 2. C. M.)

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

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-withering flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly 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 timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5
O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!

6
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

657. *Paul's 246, Babylon Streams 23.*
(Hymn 31. B. 2. L. M.)

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

W^HY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy, [are!
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
O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' Death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

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.

658. *Windsor 247, Anns 58.*
(Hymn 27. B. 1. C. M.)

*Assurance of Heaven; or, a Saint prepared
to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.*

[D^EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2
With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3
God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4
Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5
Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

6

God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

659. *Bath Chapel 26, Condescension 116.*
(Hymn 110. B. 1. C. M.)

Death and immediate Glory,
2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

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 dissolv'd and fall,
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3

'Tis 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

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

660. *Lebanon 79, Bredby 165, Leeds 19.*
(Hymn 25. B. 1. 1st Part. L. M.)

Absent from the Body and present with the
Lord, 2 Cor. v. 8.

ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.

2

Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3

Absent from flesh! then rise my soul
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4

I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that's mortal, I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

661. *Canterbury 199, London 180.*
(Hymn 2. B. 2. C. M.)

The Death of a Sinner.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
My Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2

Lingering about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3

Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

4

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5

Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

662. *Carolina 13, Windsor 247, Bangor 231.*
(Hymn 3. B. 2. C. M.)

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2

Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

5

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

663. *Carolina 13, Condescension 116.*
(Hymn 47. B. 1. C. M.)

Death of Kindred improved.

MUST friends and kindred drop and die?
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone!

2
Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3
O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4
Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

664. Windsor 247, Elenborough 170.

(Hymn 28. B. 2. C. M.)

Death and Eternity.

STOOP down my thought, that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2
His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

3
But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4
Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.

5
And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh
To bear it safe above!

6
Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into my dust.

665. Windsor 247, Carolina 13, Bangor 231.

(Hymn 61. B. 2. C. M.)

A Thought of Death and Glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2
[And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb,
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3
O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:

4
Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5
[How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load!
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6
We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

666. Carolina 13, Windsor 247, Elenborough 170.

(Hymn 63. B. 2. C. M.)

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
'Ye living men, come view the ground
'Where you must shortly lie.

2
'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
'In spite of all your towers;
'The tall, the wise, the reverend head
'Must lie as low as ours.'

3
Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4
Grant us the powers of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

667. Rippon's 188, Hotham 224, Paul's 246.

(Hymn 24. B. 1. L. M.)

*The rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix. 6, 9.
Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.*

IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2
Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3
The lingering, the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4
Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

668. *Kingbridge* 88, *Paul's* 246.

(Psalm 49. L. M.)

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2

They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3

There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5

His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6

My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

670. *Ann's* 58, *Brighthelmstone* 208.

(Psalm 49. ver. 6—14. 1st Part. C. M.)

Pride and Death; or, the Vanity of Life and Riches.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?

2

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

3

Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
That man may never die.]

5

He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,—
' My house shall ever stand;
' And that my name may long abide,
' I'll give it to my land.'

7

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9

Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

10

[Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.]

670. *Abridge* 201, *James's* 163.

(Psalm 49. ver. 14, 15. 2d Part. C. M.)

Death and the Resurrection.

YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2

The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3

God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.

4

Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

671. *Rippon's* 188, *Hotham* 224.

(Psalm 89. ver. 47, &c. 6th Part. L. M.)

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2

Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
' Must death for ever rage and reign?
' Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3

' Where is thy promise to the just?
' Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?'
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4

That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

672 *Jennings's* 123, *Old Hundred and Thirteenth* 215.

(Psalm 89. ver. 47, &c. Last Part.)

As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2

Lord, shall it be for ever said,
'The race of man was only made
'For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

673. *Wareham* 117, *Angel's Hymn* 60.

(Psalm 16. 3d Part. L. M.)

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2

Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4

There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

674. *Whitfield* 168, *Broderip's* 252.

(Hymn 110. B. 2. S. M.)

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2

Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3

God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4

Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6

Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

675. *Babylon Streams* 23.

(Hymn 102 B. 2. L. M.)

A happy Resurrection.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying withering limbs of mine.

2

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3

Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

4

[Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5

[Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

676. *Old Hundred* 100, *Wareham* 117.

(Hymn 65 B. 1. L. M.)

The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of our Lord; or, the Day of Judgment, Rev. xi. 15—18.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

Now must the rising dead appear,
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

677. *Chard* 175, *Wareham* 117.

(Psalm 97. ver. 1—5. 1st Part. L. M.)

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Thro' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

678. *Wantage* 204, *Workop* 31.

(Hymn 107. B. 2. C. M.)

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*

[The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

[What to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly']

O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands!

[Give me one kind assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

679. *James's* 163, *Irish* 171.

(Psalm 9. 1st Part. C. M.)

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

The men, that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

680. *Canterbury* 199, *Tunbridge* 103,
London 180.

(Hymn 45. B. 1. C. M.)

The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

1
['I am the first, and I the last,
'Thro' endless years the same;
'I AM is my memorial still,
'And my eternal name.

2
'Such favours as a God can give
'My royal grace bestows;
'Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
'Where life and pleasure flows.]

3
['The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
'I'll own him for a son,
'The whole creation shall reward
'The conquests he has won.

4
'But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
'And all the lying race,
'The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
'That spurn at offer'd grace;

5
'They shall be taken from my sight,
'Bound fast in iron chains,
'And headlong plung'd into the lake
'Where fire and darkness reigns.']

6
O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head!

7
May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell
No more offend my sight.

681. *Canterbury* 199, *London* 180,
James's 163.

(Psalm 50. ver. 1—6. 1st Part. C. M.)

The last Judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

THE Lord, the judge before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2
No more shall bold blasphemers say,
'Judgment will ne'er begin,'
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3
Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4
Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice, and their doom.

5
'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God,
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood.

6
'Their faith and works brought forth to light
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

682. *Abridge* 201, *Ann's* 58, *Charmouth* 28.
(Ps. 50. v. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. 3d Pt. C. M.)

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2
'Not for the want of bullocks slain
'Will I the world reprove;
'Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
'Without the fire of love.

3
'And what have hypocrites to do
'To bring their sacrifice?
'They call my statutes just and true,
'But deal in theft and lies.

4
'Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
'And sin without controul?
'But I shall bring your crimes to light,
'With anguish in your soul.'

5
Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliverer there.

683.

(Psalm 50. To a new Tune.)

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the sovereign sends his sum-
mons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the
day!

2
Behold the judge descends; his guards are
nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heaven, earth and hell draw near; let all
things come
To hear his justice and the sinner's doom:
'But gather first my saints' (the judge com-
mands)
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
lands.

3

'Behold! my covenant stands for ever good
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
'the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new,
'There's no distinction here: come, spread
'their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my
'sons.

4

'I their almighty Saviour and their God,
'I am their judge: ye heavens proclaim
'abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to
'hear:
'Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
'I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5

'Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
'Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are
'vain,
'Without the flames of love: in vain the
'store
'Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
'Mine are the tamer beasts and savage
'breed,
'Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
'they feed.

6

'If I were hungry would I ask thee food?
'When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks
'blood?
'Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
'Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
'Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to be-
'hold,
'Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7

'Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope
'to please
'A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
'While with my grace and statutes on thy
'tongue,
'Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
'wrong;
'In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
'Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen
'friends.

8

'Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
'But didst thou hope that I should ne'er re-
'prove?
'And cherish such an impious thought within
'That God the righteous would indulge thy
'sin?
'Behold my terrors now my thunders roll,
'And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.'

9

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your
friend;
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

684. *Old Fiftieth 233.*

(Psalm 50. To the old proper Tune.)

The last Judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons
forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven
rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
voices.

2

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the
day;
Behold the judge descends; his guards are
nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore
him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
him:

3

'Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all
'things come
'To hear my justice and the sinners doom;
'But gather first my saints,' the judge com-
mands
'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
'lands.'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful
passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your sal-
vation.

4

'Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
'Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
'And sign'd with all their names; the
'Greek, the Jew,
'That paid the ancient worship or the new.'
There's no distinction here: join all your
voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven
rejoices.

5

'Here,' saith the Lord, 'ye angels, spread
'their thrones,
'And near me seat my favourites and my
'sons:
'Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys pre-
'par'd
'Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward.'
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful
passion; [vation.
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your sal-
vation.

PAUSE 1.

'I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
'I am the judge: ye heavens, proclaim
'abroad
'My just eternal sentence, and declare
'Those awful truths that sinners dread to
'hear.'
When God appears, all nature shall adore
him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
him.

7
 ' Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and
 ' profane,
 ' Now feel my wrath, nor call my threaten-
 ' ings vain:
 ' Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
 ' I doom the painted hypocrite to fire :'
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven
 rejoices;
 up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
 voices.

8
 ' Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 ' Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are
 ' vain
 ' Without the flames of love: in vain the
 ' store
 ' Of brutal offerings that were mine before :'
 Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore
 him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
 him.

9
 ' If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 ' When did I thirst? or drink thy bullocks
 ' blood?
 ' Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 ' Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
 ' they feed :'
 All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints sal-
 vation.

10
 ' Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 ' Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
 ' Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to be-
 ' hold,
 ' Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold :'
 God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
 rises.

PAUSE II.

' Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou
 ' hope to please
 ' A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?

' While with my grace and statutes on thy
 ' tongue,
 ' Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
 ' wrong?'
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven
 rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
 voices:

12
 ' In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 ' Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen
 ' friends;
 ' While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
 ' His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.'
 God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance
 rises.

13
 ' Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
 ' But didst thou hope that I should ne'er re-
 ' prove?
 ' And cherish such an impious thought
 ' within,
 ' That the All Holy would indulge thy sin?'
 See, God appears; all nature join t'adore him;
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before
 him.

14
 ' Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
 ' And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
 ' Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
 ' Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near.'
 Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven
 rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
 voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

' Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
 ' Awake before this dreadful morning rise :
 ' Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
 ' works amend,
 ' Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your
 ' friend :'
 Then join the saints; wake every cheerful
 passion;
 When Christ returns, he comes for your
 salvation.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

685. *Paul's 246. Angel's Hymn 60,
 Babylon Streams 23.*
 (Hymn 44. B. 2. L. M.)

Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

WITH holy fear and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore;
 Reverence and awe becomes the tongue
 That speaks the terrors of his power.

2
 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
 The land of horror and despair,
 Justice has built a dismal hell.
 And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3
 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
 Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
 And darts t' inflict immortal pains
 Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.]

4
 [There Satan the first sinner lies,
 And roars, and bites his iron bands;
 In vain the rebel strives to rise,
 Crush'd with the weight of both thine hands.]

5
 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
 Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
 Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
 But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;
Sinners obey the Saviour's call ;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

686. *Gainsborough 29, Condescension 116.*

(Hymn 105. B. 1. C. M.)

Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepar'd
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

Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4

Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5

He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

687. *Hephzibah 77, Cambridge New 74.*

(Hymn 86. B. 2. C. M.)

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be !
And like a violent sea
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2

The waves of trouble how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3

There to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move,
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5

For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and Salvation be
The close of every song.

688. *Islington 40, Derby 169.*

(Hymn 40. B. 1. L. M.)

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

WHAT happy men, or angels, these
'That all their robes are spotless
'white?

'Whence did this glorious troop arrive
'At the pure realms of heavenly light ?'

2

From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came ;
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3

Now they approach th' Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet Anthems to the great Three One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4

No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5

The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams,
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sovereign Grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

689. *Cambridge New 74, Providence 10.*

(Hymn 41. B. 1. C. M.)

The same ; or, the Martyrs glorified,
Rev. vii. 13, &c.

THESE glorious minds, how bright they
'Whence all their white array ? [shine !
'How came they to the happy seats
'Of everlasting day ?'

2

From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4

The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6

The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And Love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

R 3

690. *Irish 171, Elim 151, Hammond 226.*

(Hymn 33. B. 2. C. M.)

The Blessed Society in Heaven.

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Thro' every heavenly street,
And say, There's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

[Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.

There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three One.

[But O what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!]

Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

691. *Elim 151, Bath Chapel 26, Stillman 66.*

(Hymn 68. B. 2. C. M.)

The humble Worship of Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode,
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

[There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal All.

There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While *less than nothing* I could boast
And *vanity* * confess.]

The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

* Isaiah xl. 17.

692. *Elim 151, Liverpool 83, Stillman 66.*

(Hymn 91. B. 2. C. M.)

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

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

[Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.]

Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

This is the man, th' exalted man
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

[Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.

And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

693. *Elim 151, Irish 171, Stamford 9.*

(Hymn 75. B. 2. C. M.)

The beatific Sight of Christ.

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

[Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.]

Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of Glory unto God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the *Roman Church*; and though there be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is the most complete and exalted part of Heavenly Worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few Hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

(Three of each Metre are placed together, beginning with Long Metre.)

694. *Madan's 107, Portugal 97.*

(Hymn 26. B. 3. 1st L. M.)

*A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

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.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

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

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown
Without a bottom or a shore.

695. *Hotham 224, Old Hundred 100.*

(Hymn 29. B. 3. 2d L. M.)

GLORY to God the Trinity
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence one, in person three;
A social nature, yet alone.

When all our noblest powers are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

696. (Hymn 32. B. 3. 3d L. M.)

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

697. (Hymn 33. B.3. L. M.)

Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wonderful name,
 Father of mercy, God of love,
 Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
 And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

698. *Bath Chapel 26, Irish 171, Boston 159.*

(Hymn 27. B.3. 1st C. M.)

G LORY to God the Father's name,
 Who, from our sinful race,
 Chose out his favourites to proclaim
 The honours of his grace.

2

Glory to God the Son he paid,
 Who dwelt in humble clay,
 And to redeem us from the dead
 Gave his own life away.

3

Glory to God the Spirit give,
 From whose almighty power
 Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
 And bless the happy hour.

4

Glory to God that reigns above,
 Th' eternal Three and One,
 Who by the wonders of his love
 Has made his nature known.

699. *Great Milton 212, Froome 255.*

(Hymn 30. B.3. 2d C. M.)

T HE God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.

2

To praise the Father and the Son
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

700. (Hymn 34. B.3. 3d C. M.)

N OW let the Father and the Son
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

701. (Hymn 35. B.3. C. M.)

Or thus:

H ONOUR to thee Almighty Three,
 And everlasting One;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

702. *The 2d at the end of the Psalms.*
(C. M.)

L ET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

703. *Aynhoe 108, Eagle Street New 55,*
Simons 250.

(Hymn 28. B.3. 1st S. M.)

L ET God the Father live
 For ever on our tongues;
 Sinners from his first love derive
 The ground of all their songs.

2

Ye saints, employ your breath
 In honour to the Son,
 Who bought your souls from hell and death
 By offering up his own.

3

Give to the Spirit praise
 Of an immortal strain,
 Whose light and power and grace conveys
 Salvation down to men.

4

While God the Comforter
 Reveals our pardon'd sin,
 O may the blood and water bear
 The same record within.

5

To the great One and Three
 That seal this grace in heaven,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal glory given.

704. *Aynhoe 108, Vermont 134.*

(Hymn 31. B.3. 2d S. M.)

L ET God the Maker's name
 Have honour, love and fear,
 To God the Saviour pay the same,
 And God the Comforter.

2

Father of Lights above,
 Thy mercy we adore,
 The Son of thy eternal love,
 And Spirit of thy power.

705. (Hymn 36. B.3. 3d S. M.)

Y E angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

706 (Hymn 37. B. 3. S. M.)

Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

707. *The 5th at the end of the Psalms.*

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

708. *Greenwich New 62, Clapham 18.*

(Hymn 38. B. 3.)

A Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity.

The 1st as the 148th Psalm.

IGIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

2

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
Their faith prevails,
And love adores.

709. *Resurrection 72, Portsmouth 144.*

(Hymn 39. B. 3.)

The 2d as the 148th Psalm.

TO Him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,

To Him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2

The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

3

Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

710. *Swithin's 44, Darwell's 82.*

(Hymn 40. B. 3.)

The 3d as the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

711. *The 6th at the end of the Psalms.*

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

712. (Hymn 41. B. 3.)

Or thus:

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth
And all in heaven.

THE HOSANNA; OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

713. *Derby 169, Rothwell 174.*

(Hymn 42. B. 3. L. M.)

HOSANNA to king David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

714. *Great Milton 212, Miall 240.*

(Hymn 43. B. 3. C. M.)

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2

Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

715. *Liverpool 83, Great Milton 212.*

(Hymn 16. B. 1. C. M.)

*Hosanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9.
Luke xix. 38, 40.*

HOSANNA to the royal son
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2

The root of David here we find,
And offspring of the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3

Blest he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

4

Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

716. *Liverpool 83, Michael's 119.*

(Hymn 89. B. 2. C. M.)

Christ's Victory over Satan.

HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the skies.

2

There bound in chains the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep,
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

3

Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4

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

717. *Vermont 134, Falcon Street 209.*

(Hymn 44. B. 3. S. M.)

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2

To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given,
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

718. *Portsmouth 144, Grove 125.*

(Hymn 45. B. 3. As the 148th Psalm.)

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2

Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every age
Pronounce him blest.

ENLARGED

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N. B.—Turn to the particular article you want, as in a Dictionary or Concordance, but look not under Christ for atonement or redemption, but at the very words themselves, and so in every instance.

If you find not the term you seek, look for another of similar import, such as conversion and regeneration.

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A

SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM

THE BEST AUTHORS,

INCLUDING

A GREAT NUMBER OF ORIGINALS:

INTENDED TO BE

AN APPENDIX

TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

BY JOHN RIPPON, D. D.

THE THIRTEENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION,

With the Names of the Tunes adapted to the Hymns.

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TO THE

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IN

THE YEAR 1854

BY

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PREFACE

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

THE good acceptance and success with which the former Editions of this Volume have been blessed, demand my warmest and most unfeigned gratitude to the GOD of Providence and Grace, with whom are the issues of all our endeavours to promote his glory.

The first edition of the selection consisted of five hundred and eighty-eight Hymns, three hundred of which had never appeared in any collection for public worship before. About one hundred and fifty of them, as the preface announced, were *originals*. Some of these, on different subjects, I had the pleasure of composing; others were the productions of several eminent persons—the flower of that denomination of christians to which it is my honour to belong. These were handsomely communicated for the selection; and many of them, according to the forms of law, were regularly assigned to me, in my own right and as my sole property; of which my reverend friends, Dr. John Ryland, now of Bristol; Mr. Job David, of Frome; and Mr. Thomas Dunscombe, of Yeovil—are yet living witnesses. This statement is given to prevent all future illicit republication of any of the original parts of this work.

In the preface to the former editions, I expressed my fear, “Notwithstanding this addition of above five hundred Hymns to Dr. Watts’s Hymns and Psalms, that all of them together would not furnish a sufficient variety for every subject of consideration which might arise in the course of the christian ministry.” Time, general use of the Hymns, and a frequent recurrence to the Index of their subjects, have since united to prove that these ap-

prehensions were not altogether unfounded or problematical; and that there was reason for intimating, “that too great a variety of evangelical Hymns, for public worship, is a thing scarcely conceivable.”

The truth is, respecting the selection at least, that, with all its diversity of subjects, even considered as an Appendix to Dr. Watts, it has been found rather deficient than redundant. Hence on mature deliberation, and with the advice and assistance of some of my most respectable brethren in the ministry, and other distinguished friends, I have enlarged this edition, by the insertion, under proper heads, of more than sixty Hymns. The far greater part of these are *entirely* ORIGINALS, and are duly placed under the protection of the law.

To distinguish those in the enlargement, which are my own compositions, would neither add the embellishments of piety or poetry to them, nor, perhaps, answer any other valuable end. It may suffice to say, that, with no inconsiderable attention, I have endeavoured to introduce Hymns on such subjects as were not to be found in the volume, and on heads which are interesting and popular; I mean of general use, and therefore of the greatest consequence. A few are inserted on *the Trinity*, on *the Divinity of Christ*, and on *the Work of the Holy Spirit*. But the greater part of the additions consist of Hymns adapted to *Village Worship*, to *Monthly Prayer Meetings for the Spread of the Gospel*, to *Missionary Meetings*, and to the chapter of Hymns *before and after Sermon*;—a chapter this, which there was but little danger of protracting to an undesirable length. The sections on *Affliction*, *Death*, and *Judgment*, have also received some enlargement; and so have the *Indexes*, both of scriptures and of subjects.

This new edition, which I hope competent judges will find to be an improved one, I present, with the utmost respect and affection, to my fellow-labourers, to the churches, and to the individuals, of different denominations, both at home and abroad, who have either statedly or occasionally used the former copies.

And now, with all the solemnity of an entire dedication, I commit the volume to thy care, patronage, and special blessing,—O THOU infinitely beautiful and bountiful Being! to whom I am, of all the sons of Adam, peculiarly indebted; beseeching thee,

for the sake of my crucified and ascended Redeemer, to grant,
 “ That, however weak and contemptible this work may seem
 “ in the eyes of the children of the world, and however imperfect it really may be, as well as the author of it unworthy, it
 “ may, nevertheless, *live before thee*, and, through a divine
 “ power, be mighty,” to lessen the miseries and to increase the holiness and bliss of multitudes, “ in distant places, and in generations yet to come! impute it not, O GOD, as a culpable
 “ ambition, if I desire, that, whatever becomes of *my name*, this
 “ work may be propagated far abroad; that it may reach to
 “ those who are yet unborn, and teach them *thy name*, and *thy praise*, when the author has long dwelt in the dust: that so,
 “ when he shall appear before thee in the great day of final account, his *joy* may be increased, and his *crown* brightened, by
 “ numbers before unknown to each other and to him! But if *this petition* be too *great* to be granted to one who pretends no
 “ claim to hope for being favoured with the *least*, give him to be,
 “ in thine almighty hand, the blessed instrument of converting
 “ and saving *one soul*; and if it be *but one*, and that the meanest
 “ and weakest of all the human race, though it should be amidst
 “ a thousand disappointments with respect to others, yet it shall
 “ be the subject of immortal songs of praise to thee, O blessed
 “ GOD, for and by every soul whom, through the blood of JESUS,
 “ and the grace of thy SPIRIT, thou hast saved; and everlasting honours shall be ascribed to the FATHER, to the SON,
 “ and to the HOLY SPIRIT, by the innumerable company of
 “ angels, and by the general assembly, and the church of the
 “ first-born in heaven. Amen!”

JOHN RIPPON.

No. 11, Grange Road,
 May 10, 1800.

*** The number of the Hymn *always* answers to the number of the page: *

thus— Hymn 33 Page 33
Hymn 433 Page 433
Hymn 570 Page 570

N. B. The number that follows the name of the *Tunes* refers to *Dr. Rippon's Tune Book*; thus—

Hymn 6—Bedford 91—that is, *Tune 91*, in the *Selection of Tunes*.

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SELECTION OF HYMNS.

GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Addison's. Tune 1.

A Song of Praise to God.

TO God, the universal King,
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.

2

The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame
To celebrate its builder's fame.

3

Here the bright sun, that rules the day,
As thro' the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

4

When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night the praise prolong.

5

The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all her tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.

6

But man, endow'd with nobler powers,
His God in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing, with tuneful tongue.

2. L. M. *Williams's Psalms.*

Old Hundred 100.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds un-
All things are subject to thy laws, [known;
All things depend on thee alone.

2

Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess;
Control'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3

To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

3. L. M.

Paul's 246, Fawcett 184.

The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.

THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2

Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3

Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heav'n, to what on earth
Can men th' immortal king compare?

4

Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heavens;
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5

My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

4. L. M. *Steele.*Babylon Streams 23, Angel's Hymn 60,
Gould's 272.*The Eternity of God and Man's Mortality,*
Psaln xc.

LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2

Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or form'd the varied race of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3

Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night.

B

4
Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5
Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6
O make our sacred pleasures rise
In sweet proportion to our pains,
'Till e'en the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

7
[Let thy Almighty work appear
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share
Continued to thy children shine.

8
Thy glorions image, fair impress,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care!]

5. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Angel's Hymn 60, Paul's 246.

*The Immutability of God, and the Mutability
of the Creation, Psalm cii. 25—28.*

9
GREAT former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while they praise
The ancient of eternal days.

2
Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3
Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines, with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4
Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun:
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5
But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:

6
Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

6. C. M. Dr. Watts's *Lyric Poems*.
Bedford 91, Abridge 201, Farringdon 267.

The Infinite.

10
THY names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

2
Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

3
Thine essence is a vast abyss
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4
The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds;

5
Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole:
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

6
In vain our haughty reason swells;
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity.

7. L. M. Merrick's *Psalms*.

Wareham 117, Ailie Street 241, Wells 102.

*Omnipotence; or, the Power and Provi-
dence of God, Psalm cxxxv.*

11
YE servants of your God, his fame
In songs of highest praise proclaim:
Ye who, on his commands intent,
The courts of Israel's Lord frequent.

2
Him praise—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

3
Thy greatness, Lord, my thoughts attest,
With awful gratitude impress'd,
Nor know, among the seats divine,
A power that shall contend with thine:

4
O thou, whose all-disposing sway,
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey;
Whose might through all extent extends,
sinks through all depth, all height trans- [cends;

5
From earth's low margin to the skies,
Now bids the pregnant vapours rise;
The lightning's pallid sheet expands;
And glads with show'rs the furrow'd lands;

6
Now, from thy storehouse, built on high,
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly;
And, guided by thy will, to sweep
The surface of the foaming deep:

7
Him praise,—the everlasting King,
And mercy's unexhausted spring:
Haste, to his name your voices rear;
What name like his the heart can cheer?

8. C. M.

Charmouth 28. Elenborough 170.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God,
Psalm cxxxix.

LORD' thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers:
My rising steps are watch'd by thee;
By thee, my resting hours.

My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.

To thee, the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.

Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me, shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong Almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

PAUSE.

Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, thro' nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?

Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.

If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;

Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wond'rous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.

' The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
' Are both alike to thee:
' O may I ne'er provoke that power
' From which I cannot flee.'

9. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Abridge 201, Canterbury 199.

*Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion
and Decrees.*

KEEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

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

Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsils shine;
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke
Fulfil some deep design.

Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

10. 7s. B. Francis.

Cookham 36, Alcester 213.

The Majesty of God.

GLORY to the eternal King,
Clad in majesty supreme!
Let all heaven his praises sing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the universe sustains
As an atom in his sight.

Suns on suns, thro' boundless space,
With their systems move or stand;
Or, to occupy their place,
New orbs rise at his command.

Kingdoms flourish, empires fall,
Nations live, and nations die,
All forms nothing, nothing all—
At the movement of his eye.

O, let my transported soul
Ever on his glories gaze:
Ever yield to his control,
Ever sound his lofty praise!

B 2

11. L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverston 179, Islington 40, Gould's 272.

The Wisdom of God.

WAIL, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still!
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
 His ways are just, his councils wise.

2

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;
 But, tho' his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.

3

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees;
 And, by his saint, it stands confest,
 That what he does is ever best.

4

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat;
 And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

12. (1st Part.) C. M. *Steele.*

Liverpool 83, Exeter 4.

The Goodness of God, Nahum i. 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

2

All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3

He gave his son, his only son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

4

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

5

Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
 With bliss divinely free.

6

Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

12. (2d Part.) C. M.

Staughton 264, Liverpool 83.

God is Love, 1 John iv. 8.

A MID the splendors of thy state,
 My God, thy love appears
 With the soft radiance of the moon
 Among a thousand stars.

2

Nature through all her ample round
 Thy boundless power proclaims
 And, in melodious accent, speaks
 The goodness of thy names.

3

Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
 Our solemn awe excite;
 But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
 O'erwhelm us with delight.

4

Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders thy dreadful name;
 But Sion sings, in melting notes,
 The honours of the Lamb.

5

In all thy doctrines and commands,
 Thy councils and designs,—
 In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
 Thy love supremely shines.

6

Angels and men the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above;
 The joyful, the transporting news,
 That God the Lord is love!

13. L. M. *Medley.*

Derby 169, Rothwell 174, Portugal New 263.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord, Ps. lxxiii. 7.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving-kindness, O how free!

2

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
 He sav'd me from my lost estate,
 His loving-kindness, O how great!

3

Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O 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, O how good!

5

Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But tho' 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;
 O! 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.

14. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Michael's 119, Brighthelmstone 208.

The Grace of God; or, Divine Condescension.

WHEN the eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3

Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4

Mortals be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

15. 11s. 8.—

Geard 156, Broughton 172.

The Mercy of God, Psalm lxxxix. 1.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my
soul fast.

2

Without thy sweet mercy I could not live
here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me
alive.

3

Thy mercy is more than a match for my
heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness de-
part;
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the
ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I
found.

4

The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by
the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on
the tree,
Who open'd the channell of mercy for me.

6

Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I
own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper
divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness
mine!

16. 7s.

Firth's 146.

The Long-suffering, or Patience of God.

LORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell!
Still doth thy good spirit strive!—
With the chief of sinners dwell!
Tell it, unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell!

2

Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair;
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer. Tell it, &c.

3

O the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercies height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me. Tell it, &c.

4

See a bush, that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame!
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am. Tell it, &c.

5

See a stone that hangs in air!
See a spark in ocean live!
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give:
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

17. C. M.

Bedford 91, Abridge 201.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2

Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

3

Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4

The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5

With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

B 3

6

Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

18. L. M. *Bedlome.*

Green's Hundred 89, Old Hundred 100.

The Justice and Goodness of God.

GREAT God, my maker, and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just:

2

Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel:

3

Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatening rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding, and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd:

4

While these excite my fear and joy;
While these my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

19. L. M. N——.

Portugal 97, Paul's 246, Wells 102.

The Truth and Faithfulness of God,
Num. xxiii. 19.

YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God:
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise!

2

The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

3

He will not his great self deny:
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

4

Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air, let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd;

5

Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6

True to his word, God gave his son
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

20. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Wareham 117, Kingsbridge 88.

God supreme and Self-sufficient.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3

He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

21. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Gainsborough 29, Brightelmstone 208.

Mercy and Truth met together; or, the Har-
mony of the divine Perfections,
Psalm lxxxv. 10.

WHEN first the God of boundless grace
Disclos'd his kind design,
To rescue our apostate race
From mis'ry, shame, and sin;

2

Quick, through the realms of light and bliss,
The joyful tidings ran;
Each heart exulted at the news,
That God would dwell with man.

3

Yet, 'midst their joys, they paus'd awhile;
And ask'd, with strange surprise,
'But how can injur'd justice smile,
'Or look with pitying eyes?

4

'[Will the Almighty deign again
'To visit yonder world;
'And hither bring rebellious men,
'Whence rebels once were hurl'd?

5

'Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
'Aloud for mercy call;
'But ah! must truth and righteousness
'To mercy victims fall?'

6

So spake the friends of God and man,
Delighted, yet surpris'd;
Eager to know the wond'rous plan,
That wisdom had devis'd.]

7

The Son of God attentive heard,
And quickly thus reply'd,
'In me let mercy be rever'd,
'And justice satisfy'd.

8

'Behold! my vital blood I pour
'A sacrifice to God;
'Let angry justice now no more
'Demand the sinner's blood.'

9

He spake, and heav'n's high arches rung
With shouts of loud applause;
'He dy'd' the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapturous joys.

22. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Irish 171, Braintree 25.

The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity,
Eph. ii. 18

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 dy'd 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 th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys
Through nations far abroad.

5

Let faith, and love, and duty, join,
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

22. 7s.

Stoel 164, Alcester 213.

To the Trinity.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Self-existent deity,
By the hosts of heaven ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee.
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combin'd
With society complete.

2

All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known,
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine
Father, Saviour, vital breath!—
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

3

Glorious thou in holiness,
Father didst thy rights maintain;
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only son was slain.
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;—
Mildest love, and vengeance keen;
O how bright their mingled rays!

4

Fearful thou in praises, too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We, with joy and rev'rence, view
All thy glory, all thy shame—
Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,—
Prophet, priest, and king, to me.

5

Wonder-working Spirit! thine
Th' efficacious grace we sing;—
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring:
Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

23. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Paul's 246, Angel's Hymn 60.

The Incomprehensibility of God.

GOD is a name my soul adores—
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown.

2

From thy great self thy being springs:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

3

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

4

Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5

Thrones and dominions round thee fall
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

6

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!

7

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

B 4

24. L. M. N—.

Lebanon 79, Mark's 65.

The moral Perfections of the Deity imitated,
Matt. v. 48.

GREAT author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

I hope for pardon, thro' thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O, may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

25. L. M. Merrick's Psalms.

Gloucester 12, Bromley 104.

The divine Perfections celebrated,
Ps. lxxxix. cxlv.

MY grateful tongue, immortal King!
Thy mercy shall for ever sing;
My verse, to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

O say, what strength shall vie with thine?
What name among the saints divine,
Of equal excellence possess'd,
Thy sovereignty, great God, contest?

Thee, Lord, heaven's host their leader own;
Thee, might unbounded, thee alone,
With endless majesty has crown'd;
And faith unsully'd vests thee round.

The heaven above and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor know:
By thee, this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds inclose.

5

From thee, amid the aerial space,
The north and south assume their place;
'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its swelling tide.

6

O bless'd the tribes, whose willing ear
Awakes the festal shout to hear;
Who thankful see, where'er they tread,
Thy favouring beams around them spread.

7

How shall they joy from day to day,
Thy boundless mercy to display,
Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!

8

O wise in all thy works! thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And, grateful, thro' the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat thy praise.

26. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Rothwell 174, Chard 175.

God exalted above all Praise.

ETERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2

The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5

God is in heaven, but man below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues!

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

27. L. M. Needham.

Rochford 22, Wells 102.

A Summary View of the Creation, Gen. i.

LOOK up, ye saints! direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2

He spoke, and, from the womb of night,
At once sprang up the cheering light:
Him discord heard; and, at his nod,
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3

The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run:
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
To glide along th' æthereal way.

4
Teeming with life,—air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree!
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5
But, to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The maker's image stands contest.

6
Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine!

28. C. M.

Crowle 3, New York 33.

*The Creation of Man; or, God the Searcher
of the Heart, Psalm cxxxix.*

LORD! thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom,
And, in thy circling arms, I lay
A slumberer in the womb.

2
Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill!

3
Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of entity began;
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran:

4
Th' unfashion'd mass by thee was seen!
My structure, in thy book,
Was plann'd before thy curious mould
The future embryo took.

5
How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!
Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

6
Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;
With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.

7
'Thine awful glories round me shine,
'My flesh proclaims thy praise:
'Lord! to thy works of nature, join
'Thy miracles of grace.'

29. C. M. *Dr Watts's Lyric Poems.*

Devizes 14, Tiverton 109.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
Thee the creation sings!
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2
Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5

But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

30. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Martin's Lane 67, Langdon 217.

*God's Goodness to the Children of Men,
Psalm vii. 31.*

YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2

Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3

Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4

View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5

But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6

Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

31. L. M.

Rothwell 174, Virginia 234.

*Providence; or, God working all Things after
the Council of his own Will.*

THY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2

With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3

Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Tho' now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

B 5

4
They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5
My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

32. C. M. Steele.

Staughton 264, Abingdon 42, Prov. Coll. 10.

Creation and Providence.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2
Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise
And speak their source divine.

3
The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air !
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord !
In all thy works appear :
And, O ! let man thy praise record, —
Man, thy distinguish'd care !

5
From thee, the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy power maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6
Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

7
Thy providence his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will the impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

8
On us that Providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise !

33. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88, Green's Hundred 89.

Providence equitable and kind, Psalm cvii.

THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good ?
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2
Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3
Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball :
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4
When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5
Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets the widow's eye.

6
All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7
This be my care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
' Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
' And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.'

34. C. M. Cowper.

Gainsborough 29, Follett 181.

The Mysteries of Providence ; or, Light shining out of Darkness.

GOD 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 yearful 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.

35. C. M. Beddome.

Bedford 91, Stamford 9.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

GREAT God of providence ! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.

²
The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

³
But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

⁴
The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

36. C. M. Addison.

Irish 171, Exeter 4.

The Traveller's Psalm.

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

²
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

³
When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

⁴
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

⁵
In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

⁶
Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

37. C. M. Steele.

James's 163, Elim 151, Staughton 264.

*Praise for the Blessings of Providence and
Grace, Psalm cxxxix.*

AL MIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

²
In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

³
[Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.]

⁴
How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many past, almost unknown,
Or unregarded by!]

⁵
Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

⁶
While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

⁷
Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

⁸
Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

⁹
Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

THE FALL.

38. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Wareham 117, Babylon Streams 23.

Original Sin; or, the first and second Adam.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
dead:

The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no relieve nor pardon there.

²
Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

³
In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heavenly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

B 6

4

But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

39. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Walsal 237, Ludlow 84.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been:
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3

My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

4

Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5

How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6

Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

40. S. M.

Wirksworth 158, Stoke 207.

The evil Heart, Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

ASTONISH'D and distress'd
I turn mine eyes within:
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of every sin.

2

What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3

Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4

This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

41. L. M. Cruttenden.

Gould's 272, Kingsbridge 88, Virginia 234.

Sin and Holiness.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within,—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2

Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3

One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4

Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
'Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5

How short the joys thy visits give;
How long thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or intercept its rays at noon!

6

[Again the Spirit lifts his sword,
And power divine attends the word;
I feel the aid its comforts yield,
And vanquish'd passions quit the field.]

7

Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,—
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

42. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Ulverston 179, Babylon Streams 23.

The Effects of the Fall lamented, Ps. cxix.
136, 158.

ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2

See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.

3

See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Tho' briny tears for ever flow.

4

My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5

But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

SCRIPTURE;

THE PROPERTIES OF IT.

43. C. M.

Michael's 119, Sprague 166.

The inspired Word, a System of Knowledge and Joy, Ps. cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

44. L. M. *Beddome*.

Portugal 97, Mark's 65.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2

Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3

It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:

4

Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5

Ye British isles, who have this word,—
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,—
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

45. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett*.

Staughton 264, New York 33, Prov. Coll. 10.

The Riches of God's Word.

LET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her fav'rite God pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2

Here, mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open'd to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3

The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves untold;
And here, the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4

Here, light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here, promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5

Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

6

For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

46. C. M. *Steele*.

Michael's 119, Evans's 190.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2

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

3

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6

Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

THE MORAL LAW, &c.

47. C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Salem 139, Braintree 25.

Our Duty to God, Exod. xx. 3—12.

THAT God, who made the worlds on
And air, and earth, and sea, [high,
Own as thy God; and to his name,
In homage bow the knee.

2

Let not a shape, which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deem'd thy God; nor think him like
Aught thou hast seen or known.

3

Take not in vain the name of God;
Nor must thou ever dare,
To make thy falsehoods pass for truth,
By his dread name to swear.

4

That day, on which he bids thee rest
From toil, to pray and praise—
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

5

O may that God, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart;
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from his paths depart!

48. C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Workshop 31, Gainsborough 29.

Our Duty to our Neighbour.

THY sire, and her who brought thee forth,
With all thy mind and might,
Fear, love, and serve; so shall thy days
Be numerous, calm, and bright.

2

The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Its voice will pierce the sky;
And thou, by the just laws of heaven,
For the dire crime shalt die.

3

To thine own couch thou shalt not take
A wife but her thine own:
Vast is the guilt, and on thine head
Heaven darts its vengeance down.

4

Thou shalt not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores, must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.

5

No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame;
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.

6

Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great,
For God has drawn the line.

[Hymn 47, ver. 5, may be added here.]

49. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Green's Hundred 89, Fawcett 184.

The Sinner found wanting, Dan. v. 27.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine
Behold the balance lifted high: [eye;
There shall God's justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2

See, in one scale, his perfect law!
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain, [vain!
Thy works, how light—thy thoughts, how

3

Behold! the hand of God appears
To trace those dreadful characters;
'Tekel!—thy soul is wanting found,
'And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.'

4

Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Confusion wild o'erspread thy face;
Thro' all thy thoughts, let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

5

One only hope may yet prevail,—
Christ in the scripture turns the scale;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And shew a Saviour's righteousness.

6

Jesus, exert thy power to save,
Deep on this heart thy truth engrave,
Great God, the load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

50. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23, Kingsbridge 88.

The practical Use of the moral Law to the convinced Sinner.

HERE, Lord! my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands:
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2

But, thanks to God! its loud alarms
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to thee.

3

I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress:
Yet, in thy gospel plan, I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4

Here I behold thy wonders, Lord!—
How Christ hath, to thy law, restor'd
Those honours, on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5

Amazing wisdom, power, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above!
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

51. C. M. Couper.

Burford 193, Workop 31.

Illegal Obedience followed by Evangelical.

NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd, the precept to obey;
But toil'd without success.

Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I have it too:

Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

'What shall I do?' was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
'What shall I render to the Lord?'
Is my inquiry now.

To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

52. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

Paul's 246, Green's 11undred 89.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

'CURST be the man, for ever curst,
'That doth one wilful sin commit:
'Death and damnation for the first,
'Without relief, and infinite.'

Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, rings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath
And Calvary say gentler things;

'Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
'Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
'And life, and joys, and crowns above,
'Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God.'

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) 'Forgive!
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, 'Father, let the rebels live!'

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

But I'll retire beneath the cross,—
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword, that justice draws
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

53. 148th. Couper.

Eagle Street 16, Grove 125.

The Ceremonial Law, Heb. iv. 2.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.

The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our surety seem'd to say,
'Behold, I bear your sins away.'

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinners plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

THE GOSPEL.

54. L. M. Beddome.

Portugal 97, Langdon 217.

The Gospel of Christ.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal councils known;
'Tis here, his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4

Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5

Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey thro'.

6

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

55. C.M. Dr. Gibbons.

Irish 171, Cambridge New 74.

The Gospel worthy of all Acceptation,
1 Tim. i. 15.

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2

Into our sinful world he comes
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3

Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find:
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4

Our Jesus saves from sin and hell;
His words are true and sure;
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.

5

O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy,
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ!

6

'Glory to God, who gave his Son
'To bear our shame and pain!
'Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
'In endless blessings reign.'

56. C.M.

Wiltshire 110, Oxford 177.

The Gospel a Feast, Isaiah xxv. 6.

ON Sion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare,
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

2

Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows:
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
In rich abundance flows.

3

See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4

The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5

But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

6

There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

57. 148th. *Altered by Toplady.*

Portsmouth New 144, Jubilee New 197.

The Jubilee.

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

2

Exalt the lamb of God,
The sin-atoning lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

3

[Ye, who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.]

4

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive:
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

5

Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heaven;
Though sums immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

6

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, &c.

7

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

58. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Gloucester 12, Derby 169.

The Gospel Jubilee, Psalm lxxxix. 15.

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year

2

Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4

The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5

Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great;
Their joy still rises with the debt.

6

O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

59. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Oxford 177, Hammond 226.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God,
1 Tim. i. 11.

WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thro' all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2

Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3

The mighty debt, that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays:
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4

There he our great High Priest appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5

Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace:
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

60. L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Gould's 272, Mark's 65, Ulverston 179.

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation,
Rom. i. 16.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2

How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3

In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell
Which save rebellious souls from hell.

4

This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5

Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

61. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

London 180, Follett 181.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our incarnate God?
Shall infidels revile his truth,
And trample on his blood?

2

What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults;
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3

What if his gospel bid us strive
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

4

What if the men, de-pis'd on earth,
Still of his grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more;
For so the prophets spake.

5

Do some, that own his sacred truth,
Indulge their souls in sin?
None should reproach the Saviour's name;
His laws are pure and clean.

6

Then let our faith be firm and strong;
Our lips profess his word;
Nor ever shun those holy men
Who fear and love the Lord.

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES AND
BLESSINGS.

62. 5, 6. *Toplady's altered.*

Bourton 50, Haughton 68.

*Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and
Personal Holiness.*

HOW happy are we,
Our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd.

'Tis sweet to recline
On the bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above, [thine:
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move:

Our seeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
No sinner can be [praise.
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

Our Saviour and friend
His love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end:
Whom once he receives
His Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

This proof we would give,
That thee we receive; [believe.
Thou art precious alone to the souls that
Be precious to us!
All besides is as dross, [cross.
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy

PART THE SECOND.

Yet, one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant;
Thine image impress
On thy favourite race;
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!

Thy workmanship we
More fully would be;
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform
us to thee:
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

Vouchsafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:
Our harps shall be tun'd,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound.

63. L.M. *Beddome.*

Kingsbridge 88, Lewton 30.

The Consequences of Election,
Rom. viii. 33—39.

WHO shall condemn to endless flames
The chosen people of our God!
Since, in the book of life, their names
Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood.

He, for the sins of all the elect,
Hath a complete atonement made:
And justice never can expect
That the same debt should twice be paid.

Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword;
Not persecution, or distress,
Can separate from Christ the Lord.

Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above;
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.

His sovereign mercy knows no end,
His faithfulness shall still endure:
And those, who on his word depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

64. 148. L.H.C.

Bethesda 112, Eagle Street 16, Hinton 266.

Eternal and unchangeable Love, 2 Tim.
i. 12.—Chap. ii. 13 —Phil. i. 6.

OMY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

Unchangeable his will,
Tho' dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul thro' many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm;
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love;
Myself into thy arms I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

65. 8. 7. 4.

Lewes 63, Painswick 162.

*The godly Consideration of Election in
Christ comfortable.*

SONS we are, thro' God's election,
Who in Jesus Christ believe:

By eternal destination,
Sovereign grace we here receive:
Lord, thy mercy
Does both grace and glory give.

2

Every fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restor'd thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus, reign.

3

Pause, my soul! adore, and wonder!

Ask, 'O why such love to me?'
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:
Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks to thee!

4

Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning!
Guide me in the way of peace!

Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.

5

When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the power of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:

Thro' thy Spirit,
Give the final victory!

6

When the angel sounds the trumpet;
When my soul and body join;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in majesty divine;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

7

When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has fore-ordain'd;
When, in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

66. 6. 8. 4. *Oliver.**Leoni 90.**The Covenant God.*

THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest,
I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

2

The God of Abram praise;
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I'd all on earth forsake,
It's wisdom, fame, and power:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3

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

4

He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

PART THE SECOND.

Tho' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand;
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And thro' the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6

The goodly land I see
With peace and plenty blest;
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7

There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness!
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8

The ransom'd nations bow
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful their radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He shews his scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound thro' all the worlds above,
'The slaughter'd Lamb!'

9

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high,
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost'
They ever cry:

Hail Abram's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

67. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Missionary 257, Worksop 31, Salem 139.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble,
2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And, in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

What, tho' my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;

I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

68. 112th. Bentley's Collection.

Scarborough 203, Hoxton 121.

Pleading the Covenant, Psalm lxxiv. 20.

OLORD, my God! whose sovereign love
Is still the same, nor e'er can move,
Look to the covenant, and see,
Has not thy love been shewn to me?
Remember me, my dearest friend,
And love me always to the end.

Be with me still, as heretofore,
And help me forward more and more;
My strong, my stubborn will incline
To be obedient still to thine:
O lead me, by thy gracious hand,
And guide me safe to Canaan's land.

69. 7s.

Feversham 220, Bath Abbey 147.

Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

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, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5

Welcome all, by sin oppress,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6

When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7

He subdu'd th' infernal powers;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

8

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

70. L. M. Steele.

Winchester 137, Rothwell 174.

Redemption by Christ alone, 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2

Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;
Nor the whole world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3

Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4

Jesus the sacrifice became
To rescue guilty souls from hell:
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5

Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

6

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun:
Each secret lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

71. 8. 7. 4. F———.

Westbury 51, Trevecca 37.

Finished Redemption.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

'Tis finish'd!
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2

It is finish'd —O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finish'd! —
 Saints, the dying words record.

3

Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finish'd! —
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4

[Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.

It is finish'd! —
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All in earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.

Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding lamb!

72. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Leeds 19, Rochford 22.

[Verses 1, 2, and 6, of this Hymn, are set
 to the Tune called *Salvation*, 277.]

It is finished, John xix. 30.

'**T**IS finish'd! so the Saviour cry'd,
 And meekly bow'd his head, and dy'd:
 'Tis finish'd —yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

2

'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfil'd, as was design'd,
 In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3

'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
 Must stain his robes with purple gore;
 The sacred veil is rent in twain,
 And Jewish rites no more remain.

4

'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
 Shall sins of every kind atone:
 Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
 By this my last expiring breath.

5

'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
 Peace, love, and happiness again
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.

6

'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
 Be heard thro' all the nations round:
 'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
 Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

73. 8s. D. Turner.

Limefield 94.

Gratitude to God for Redemption,
 Eph. i. 7, 11.

SHALL Jesus descend from the skies,
 To atone for our sins by his blood,
 And shall we such goodness despise,
 And rebels still be to our God?

2

[No brute could be ever so base!
 Shall man thus ungrateful then prove?
 Forbid it, O God of all grace!
 Forbid it, thou Spirit of love!

3

The devils would laugh us to scorn,
 For folly so shameful as this:
 O let us to God then return,
 Sure never was goodness like his.]

4

He sav'd us, or we had been lost,
 Nor comfort, nor hope had e'er known;
 Yet he knew this salvation would cost
 No less than the blood of his Son.

5

Thro' him we forgiveness shall find,
 And taste the sweet blessings of peace;
 If, contrite and humbly resign'd,
 We trust in his promised grace.

6

This world, then, with all its gay joy
 That its thousands has snar'd and undone,
 May tempt, but shall never destroy
 Whom Jesus has mark'd for his own.

7

While here thro' the desert we stray,
 Our God shall be all our delight;
 Our pillar of cloud in the day,
 And also of fire in the night:

8

'Till, the Jordan of death safely pass'd,
 We land on the heavenly shore,
 Where we the hid manna shall taste,
 Nor hunger nor thirst any more.

9

And there, while his glories we see,
 And feast on the joys of his love,
 We chang'd to his likeness shall be,
 And then shall all gratitude prove.

74. 8. 8. 6. Toplady.

Chatham 59, Hinton 266.

Christ's Atonement.

O THOU, who didst thy glory leave
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall,—

If thou hast bought me with a price,
My sins against me ne'er shall rise;
For thou hast borne them all.

2

And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
Didst thou without the city bleed
To expiate my stain?
On earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of the man.

3

Behold him for transgressors given!
Behold th' incarnate King of heaven
For us, his foes, expire!
Amaz'd, O earth! the tidings hear!
He bore, that we might never bear,
His Father's righteous ire.

4

Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:
Praise, till, with all the ransom'd throng,
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And see him on his throne.

75. 8, 7. L. H. C.

Tabernacle 239, Trowbridge 21.

Gratitude for the Atonement.

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 thro' 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
Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven:
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3

Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host 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.

76. 7s.

Deptford 124, Firth's 146.

Pleading the Atonement, Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thy anointed one,
Look on thy beloved son;
Him, and then the sinner, see;
Look thro' Jesus' wounds on me.

2

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Hear, and show thou hear'st my call!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Smile on me a sinner now!
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and melt my heart.

3

Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my advocate divine,
Lo! to his, my suit I join;
Join'd with his, it cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail!

4

Turn, from me, thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice,—
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:
And, if mine, thro' him thou art,
Speak thy mercy to my heart.

5

Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Pity from thine eye let fall;
Bless me, whilst on thee I call:
Am I thine, thou Son of God?
Take the purchase of thy blood.

6

Father, see the victim slain,
Offer'd up for guilty men:
Hear his blood prevailing cry;
Let thy bowels then reply!
Then thro' him the sinner see;
Then, in Jesus, look on me!

77. C. M. *Toplady's Collection.*Missionary 257, Cambridge New 74,
Follett 181.*Efficacious Grace, Psalm xlv. 3, 5.*

HAIL! mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2

Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3

Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4
And when thy victories are complete;
When all the chosen race
Shall, round the throne of glory, meet
To sing thy conquering grace;

5
O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

78. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88, New Sabbath 122.

The Conversion of Zaccheus, Luke xix. 1—10.

ONCE, as the Saviour pass'd along,
Zaccheus fain the Lord would see;
Of stature small, to 'scape the throng,
He ran before and climb'd a tree.

2
As the omniscient Lord drew nigh,
Upward he look'd and saw him there;
'Zaccheus, hasten down, for I
'Must be thy guest to day; prepare.

3
'To day,' the pardoning Saviour cries,
Salvation to thy house is come,
'On wings of sov'reign love it flies;
'Go, tell the blissful news at home.'

4
Lord, look on souls that gaze around:
To every listening sinner speak;
Now may thy ancient love abound;
From every seat a captive take.

5
Sinners, make haste our God to meet;
Come to the feast his love prepares;
'The lost are sought and sav'd',—how
sweet!

6
And 'not the righteous,' Christ declares.

7
Say, what are you come out to view;
Jesus who once for sinners died?
O hear the Saviour's voice to you,
'Cast sinful, righteous self aside.'

8
Lord, wilt thou stoop to be my guest?
Dost thou invite thee to my home?
Welcome, dear Saviour, to my breast,
To-day let thy salvation come.

79. C. M.

Staughton 264, New York 33.

*The Lost Sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on
the Conversion of a Sinner*, Luke xv. 3, 4.

WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep:

2
But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3
Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4
Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5
Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6
Well-pleas'd, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7
Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
'A wandering sheep's return'd,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

80. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Wantage 204, Bangor 231.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung, -
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

2
His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3
'Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!
'Thou spotless Lamb of God!
'I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
'And weltring in thy blood.

4
'Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
'And shine above the skies.

5
'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Saviour! think on me,
'And in the vict'ries of thy death
'Let me a sharer be.'

6
His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
'With me in Paradise.'

81. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New Eagle Street 53, Ryland 48.

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration,
1 Cor. vi. 17.

DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.

2
To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3
Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4
Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near thy side
Thro' all the gloomy way.

5
Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

82. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Rochford 22, Langdon 217.

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

TO God my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2
Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me weltring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God:

3
With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4
These proofs of love, my dearest Lord!
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life, which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5
My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days:
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

83. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23, Paul's 246.

Human Righteousness insufficient to justify,
Mic. vi. 6—8.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
Or bow myself before thy face? [near,
How, in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2
Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiply'd oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd millions e'er appease?—

3
Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood?—
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4
What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

5
Guilty, I stand before thy face;
My sore desert is hell and wrath: [place;—
'Twere just the sentence should take
But, O I plead my Saviour's death!

6
I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone:
O put the spotless robe on me.

84. L. M.

Leeds 19, Lewton 30.

Imputed Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.
Isa. xlv. 24.

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 liv'd and dy'd for me.'

3
Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While, thro' thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4
Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

5
This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6
O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

85. 112th. President Davies.

New Haven 248, Hoxton 121.

The pardoning God, Micah vii. 18.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace

More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2
Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3
Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4

In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5

O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

86. C. M. Steele.

Ludlow 84, Brighthelmstone 208.

Pardoning Love, Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2

Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, 'Return:'
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love?

4

Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

87. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Milbank 113, New Sabbath 122, Lewton 30.

Divine Forgiveness, Luke vii. 47.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2

'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Uncloaked shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3

O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4

For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardours glow:

5

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

88. S. M. Dr. Watts's *Lyrics*.

Wirksworth 158, Broderip's 252.

Confession and Pardon, 1 John i. 9.

Prov. xxviii. 13.

MY sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

2

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin
In presence of thy sword.

3

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

4

Oh, shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

5

O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all;
And weep, and love, and die.

6

'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise!
'Behold my wounded veins!
'Here flows a sacred crimson flood
'To wash away thy stains.'

7

See God is reconcil'd!
Behold his smiling face!
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,
And sound aloud his grace.

89. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26, Salem 139.

Pardon spoken by Christ, Mat. ix. 2.

MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2

With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiv'n;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3

Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4

When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand, which scatters pardons down,
Shall crown of life bestow.

C

90. L. M. Stogdon.

Virginia 234, Kingsbridge 88.

God ready to forgive ; or, Despair sinful.

WHAT mean these jealousies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.

2

Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep despairing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3

Not all the sins which we have wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4

What tho' our crimes are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood will make them white
As snow thro' the pure æther borne.

5

Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And we'll may rebel-worms surprise;
But, was not thy incarnate Son
A most amazing sacrifice?

6

'I've found a ransom,' saith the Lord,
'No humble penitent shall die.'
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

91. 8, 6, 8. Cruttenden.

Ewell 80, Francis 200, Weston Favell 27.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1—3.

LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list, let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of Kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2

Pronounce me, gracious God! thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3

Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown;
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well-pleas'd with those beyond the grave.

4

Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure:

5

When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait th' appointed day:
Bless'd Saviour, haste, and come away.

92. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Braintree 25, Stamford 9.

Abba Father, Gal. iv. 6.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a father's name.

2

My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3

Come sacred Spirit, seal the name,
On my expanding heart;
And shew, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4

Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

93. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Oxford 106, Follett 181.

True Liberty given by Christ, John viii. 36.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2

The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain;
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3

Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father! cry.

4

Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5

Walk on at large, till you attain
Your father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

94. 7s. *Humphreys.**Georgia 192, Turin 244.**The Privileges of the Sons of God.*

BLESSED are the sons of God ;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:

With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity!

2

God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world began ;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:

With them, &c.

3

They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day :

With them, &c.

4

They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness !
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within :

With them, &c.

5

They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun :

With them, &c.

6

Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy :

With them, &c.

7

They alone are truly blest—
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd ;
They are, by his Spirit, seal'd :

With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity !

95. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.**Portugal 97, New Sabbath 122.**Christians the Sons of God, John i. 12.*

1 John iii. 1.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the christian name.

2

To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3

[On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace :
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

4

Their infant cries, their tender age,
His pity and his love engage :
He clasps them in his arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.]

5

His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go ;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

6

When, thro' temptation, they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

7

Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8

If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father! too.

9

So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love !
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face

96. S. M. *Dr. Doddridge.**Harborough 142, Simons 250.**Communion with God and Christ,*

1 John i. 5.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2

God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3

How large his bounties are ;
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood !

4

Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5

Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

97. L. M. *Beddome.**Ulverston 179, Rippon's 188.**Desiring Communion with God.*

MY rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

C 2

2
I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above :
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of sin, and full of thee.

3
For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
Art thou withdrawn? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

98. C. M. Couper.

Ludlow 84, Condescension 116.

Walking with God, Gen. v. 24.

O 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 then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find 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.

99. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Workshop 31, Wantage 204.

*O that I knew where I might find him;—Sins
and Sorrows laid before God*, Job xxiii. 3, 4.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2
I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3
He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead, for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4
My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5
Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

100. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Abridge 201, Elenborough 170.

Sanctification and Pardon.

WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2
Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly ;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3
Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4
We bless that wond'rous purple stream
That cleanses every stain ;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5
Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall ;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate ye all.

101. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Mark's 65, Bowden 78.

Abundant Life by Christ our Shepherd,
John x. 10.

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 Immanuel, from above !
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent 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.

102. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Simon's 250, Broderip's 252.

*The Leper healed ; or, Sanctification im-
plored*, Matt. viii. 2, 3.

BEHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
For pity and relief.

2
 'O speak the word,' he cries,
 'And heal me of my pain :
 'Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
 'To make a leper clean.'

3
 Compassion moves his heart :
 He speaks the gracious word ;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.

4
 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
 Sick of a worse disease ;
 Sin is my painful malady,
 And none can give me ease.

5
 But thy almighty grace
 Can heal my lep'rous soul :
 O bathe me in thy precious blood,
 And that will make me whole.

103. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Hopkins 157, Kibworth 249.

The Security of Christ's Sheep, John x. 27—29.

MY soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks ;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my shepherd speaks.

2
 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
 'My soul approves them well :
 'Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
 'And vain the rage of hell.

3
 'I freely feed them now
 'With tokens of my love ;
 'But richer pastures I prepare,
 'And sweeter streams, above.

4
 'Unnumber'd years of bliss
 'I to my sheep will give ;
 'And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 'Shall all my chosen live.

5
 'This try'd Almighty hand
 'Is rais'd for their defence :
 'Where is the power shall reach them there ?
 'Or, what shall force them thence ?'

6
 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry ;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

104. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Angel's Hymn 60, Green's Hundred 89.

*Noah preserved in the Ark, and the Believer
 in Christ*, 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call,
 In what impetuous streams it fell !
 Swallow'd the mountains in its rage,
 And swept a guilty world to hell.

2
 In vain the tallest sons of pride
 Fled from the close-pursuing wave ;
 Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
 Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

3
 How dire the wreck ! how loud the roar !
 How shrill the universal cry
 Of millions, in the last despair,
 Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky !

4
 Yet Noah, humble happy saint !
 Surrounded with a chosen few,
 Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
 And sang the grace that steer'd him thro'.

5
 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
 While storms of vengeance round me fall ;
 Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd,
 Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

6
 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
 Nor ever quit that sure retreat ;
 Then the wide flood, which buries earth,
 Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

7
 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen ;
 There not a wave of trouble rolls ;
 But the bright rainbow round the throne
 Seals endless life to all their souls.

105. C. M. F——

Bedford 91, Brighthelmstone 208.

Perseverance, Psalm cxix. 117.

LORD, hast thou made me know thy
 Conduct me in thy fear ; (ways?
 And grant me such supplies of grace,
 That I may persevere.

2
 Let but thy own Almighty arm
 Sustain a feeble worm,
 I shall escape, secure from harm,
 Amid the dreadful storm.

3
 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
 Till all my toils shall cease ;
 Guard me through life, and let my end
 Be everlasting peace.

106. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Kingsbridge 88, Ulverston 179.

Perseverance desired.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
 Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood ;
 By ties, both natural and divine,
 I am, and ever will be, thine.

2
 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,
 Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
 What dire reproach would fall on me
 For such ingratitude to thee !

3
 The thought I dread, the crime I hate ;
 The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :
 And yet, so mighty are my toes,
 I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4
 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord !
 Grace in the needful hour afford :
 O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
 With fortitude and love divine.

5
So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears:
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the christian name.

107. 5, 6. *Toplady.*

Horsington 219, Winwick 75.

The Method of Salvation.

THEE Father! we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to shew forth thy praise:
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

2
The goodness in vain,
We attempt to explain,
Which found and accepted a ransom for men.
Great Surety of thine,
Thou didst not decline [design,
To concur with the Father's most gracious

3
To Jesus, our friend,
Our thanks shall ascend; [end.
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the
Our ransom be paid!
In his merit array'd [made.
We attain to the glory for which we were

4
Sweet Spirit of grace!
Thy mercy we bless
For thy eminent share in the council of
Great agent divine, [peace:
To restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine.

5
O God, 'tis thy part
To convince and convert;
To give a new life, and create a new heart:
By thy presence and grace
We're upheld in our race, [days.
And are kept in thy love to the end of our

6
Father, Spirit, and Son,
Agree thus in one, [own;
The salvation of those he has mark'd for his
Let us, too, agree
To glorify Thee,—
Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

108. 8, 7, 4.

Lewes 63, Helmsley 223.

Free Salvation, 2 Tim. i. 9.

JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has sav'd his favourite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him:
He has sav'd us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

2
When involv'd in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:
He has call'd us,
With salvation in the sound.

3
Save us, from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:
Best of favours!
None compar'd with this can be.

4
Let us never, Lord, forget thee:
Make us walk as pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near:
Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5
Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling:
All the glory, Lord, be thine;
All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

109. C. M.

Ashley 152, Great Milton 212.

Complete Salvation.

SALVATION thro' our dying God,
Shall surely he complete*;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

2
He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3
He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shews our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

4
Salvation now shall be my stay:
'A sinner sav'd,' I'll cry;
Thien gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

110. 11. 8. K—

Calne 69, Pithay 191.

Distinguishing Grace, Jer. xxxi. 3.

IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press,
Break forth, and extol the great ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace. [days,
2
His love, from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame
When each with the cords of his kindness he
drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

* Christ has made a complete atonement for his people; in that sense his work is finished:—The work of the Spirit, which at present, in some of the saints, is only begun, in due time shall be completed also.

3

O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosom his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have liv'd, would have dy'd
too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4

What was there in you that could merit es-
Or give the Creator delight? [teem,
'Twas 'even so, Father! you ever must sing,
'Because it seem'd good in thy sight.'

5

'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to
While others were suffered to go [obey!
The road which by nature we chose as our
Which leads to the regions of woe. [way,

6

Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

111. (1st Part.) C. M.

Irish 171, Cambridge New 74.

By the Grace of God, I am what I am,
1 Cor. xv. 8.

GR^EAT God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace
That all my blessings flow;
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

2

'Tis this my powerful lusts control,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort thro' my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3

'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.

4

How full must be the springs, from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich
On which so many feed.

111. (2d Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 185, Price's 187, Lowell 260.

Salvation by Grace from the first to the last,
Eph. ii. 5.

GR^ACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2

Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

[Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road:
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.

5

[Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6

Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

112. C. M. Dr. Watt's Lyrics.

Waybridge 92, Sprague 166.

God glorious and Sinners saved, Is. xlv. 23.

F^ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.

2

[Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]

3

But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

4

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love, and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

5

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

6

[When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

7

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

8

Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

113. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Grove House 143, Hammond 226.

*O Lord, say unto my soul, 'I am thy Salva-
tion,'* Psalm xxxv. 3.

S^AL^VA^TION!—Oh, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2
Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3
But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4
The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5
My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

SCRIPTURE INVITATIONS AND PROMISES*.

114. (1st Part.) L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Paul's 245, Ulverston 179, Gould's 272.

God reasoning with Men, Isaiah i. 18.

'COME, sinners,' saith the mighty God,
'Heinous as all your crimes have been,
'Lo! I descend from mine abode
'To reason with the sons of men.

2
'No clouds of darkness veil my face,
'No vengeful lightnings flash around:
'I come with terms of life and peace;
'Where sin hath reign'd, let grace abound.'

3
Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
On make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4
So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

114. (2d Part) L. M.

Rippon's 188, Manning 245, Lebanon 79.

Seek ye my Face, Psalm xxvii. 8.

Jehovah speaks, 'Seek ye my face!'
My soul admires the wondrous grace:
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
O let me see thy face and live.

2
I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And, begging, in his way I'll lie
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

* The Section of Hymns, entitled *Scripture Invitations*, is now enlarged, principally on account of *Village Worship*.

3
Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4
But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

115. (First Part.) 8, 7, 4.

Helmsley 223, Jordan 81.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ,
Isaiah lv. 1.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:

He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2
Come, ye thirsty! come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3
Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4
Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5
View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
'It is finished!'
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6
Lo, th' incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7
Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

115. (2d Part.) 8, 7, 4. *Mr. Fountain,*
(*one of the Missionaries in Bengal.*)

Helmley 223, Painswick 162.

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation
to God.

SINNERS, you are now addressed
In the name of Christ our Lord;
He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2

Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin:
All your actions
One continued scene of sin.

3

Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.

4

Pardon, now, is freely publish'd
Thro' a mediator's blood;
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement,
And appease the wrath of God:
Wondrous mercy!
See, it flows through Jesus' blood!

5

In his name, you are entreated
To accept this act of grace;
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace:
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6

Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with heavenly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be sav'd or not:
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be sav'd or not?

[*May be sung to Trowbridge 21, by omitting the*
Chorus of each Verse.]

116. (1st Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*
Workshop 31, Crowle 3.

Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c.
Isaiah lv. 7.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2

Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3

Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4

Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap immortal woe!

5

But he, that turns to God, shall live
Thro' his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6

Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7

His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

116. (2d Part.) L. M.

Tooley Street 279, Mark's 65, Bredby 165.

The Angels hastened Lot, Gen. xix. 15.

I made haste, and delayed not, Ps. cxix. 60.

HASTEN, O sinner, *to be wise,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2

O hasten, *mercy to implore,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3

O hasten, sinner, *to return,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4

O hasten, sinner, *to be blest,*
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5

O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

117. L. M. *Steele.*

Kingsbridge 88, Ulverston 179, Gould's 272.

Weary Souls invited to rest, Matt. xi. 28.

COME, weary souls, with sins distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2

Opress'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.

3

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

C 5

4
Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5
Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

118. 148th.

Eagle Street 16, Bethesda 112.

Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2
No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come:
For every trembling soul there's room.

3
Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4
Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

119. 7s.

Hotham 224, Bath Abbey 147.

Compel them to come in, Luke xiv. 23.

LORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!
Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

2
Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need
Glory to forsake, and God;
See they run with rapid speed:
Draw them back by love divine;
With thy grace their spirits win:
Every heart, &c.

3
Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again;

Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
Every heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.

120. C. M. Steele.

Huddersfield 202, Wiltshire 110,
Missionary 257.

The Saviour's Invitation, John vii. 37.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2
For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow:
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3
Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain:
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4
Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay?

5
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts;
And drink, and never die.

121. (1st Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59, Broadmead 150, Westbury-
Leigh 278.

Whosoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17.

YE scarlet-colour'd sinners, come;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;
O whither can you go?
What! are your crimes of crimson hue?
His promise is for ever true;
He'll wash you white as snow.

2
Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent,
Return to Jesus; he'll reveal
His lovely face, and sweetly heal
What you so much lament.

3
Tried souls! look up—he says, 'Tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has giv'n the chiefest good,—
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4
Ye tender souls, draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;
Press on, the Lord hath more to give:
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

121. (2d Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74, Missionary 257.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

LO! wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her pow'rful charms?

She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures that never cloy;
'Come, drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
'And taste celestial joy.'

Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies;
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

121. (3d Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97.

The Invitation of Wisdom accepted,
Rev. iii. 17.

I HEAR the counsel of a friend,
And to his soothing voice attend;
'Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,
'Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

'I only ask you to receive,
'For freely I my blessings give;—
Jesus' and are thy blessings free?
Then I may dare to come to thee.

I come for grace, like gold refin'd,
T' enrich and beautify my mind;
Grace that will trials well endure,
And in the furnace grow more pure.

Naked, I come for that bright dress,
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;
That glorious robe, so richly dy'd
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

Like Bartimeus, now to thee
I come, and pray that I may see:
E'en clay is eye-salve in thy hand,
If thou the blessing but command.

Here, wretched, poor, and blind I came;
O let me not return the same;
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord!
Happy, enrich'd, to sight restor'd.

122. L. M. Beddome.

Green's Hundred 89, Wareham 117.

The First Promise, Gen. iii. 15.

WHEN by the tempter's wiles betray'd,
Adam, our head and parent, fell;
Unknown before, a pleasure spread
Thro' all the mazy deeps of hell.

2

Infernal powers rejoic'd to see
The new-made world destroy'd, undone;
But God proclaims his great decree,—
Pardon and mercy thro' his Son.

3

Serpent, accurs'd, thy sentence read:
'Almighty vengeance thou shalt feel;
'The woman's seed shall break thy head,
'Thy malice faintly bruise his heel.'

4

Thus God declares; and Christ descends;
Assumes a mortal form, and dies;
Whilst, in his death, death's empire ends,
And the proud conqueror conquer'd lies.

5

Dying, the King of glory deals
Ruin to all his numerous foes:
His power the prince of darkness feels,
And sinks oppress'd beneath his woes.

123. L. M. Farwell.

Lebanon 79, Islington 40.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be,
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

A FLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2

Let not thy heart despond, and say
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engag'd, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the temple flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5

When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty—
Still, as thy days thy strength shall be.

6

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

124. C. M.

Great Milton 212, Matthew's 34.

Fear not, for I am with thee, Isaiah xli. 10.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?

2

Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To soothe their sad complaints?

C 6

3

Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

4

To all thine other favours, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

125. C. M. Needham.

Maidstone 196, Sprague 166.

My Grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
'My grace sufficient is for you,
'Tho' nature's powers may faint.

2

'My grace its glories shall display,
'And make your griefs remove;
'Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
'Of boundless power and love.'

3

What, tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4

Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5

Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

126. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New York 32, Devizes 14.

My God shall supply all your need,
Phil. iv. 19, 20.

MY God!—how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat.

2

What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours!

3

From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has lov'd us so.

4

Now, to our Father and our God
Be endless glory given,
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heaven.

127. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Arlington 17, Hammond 226.

*Fear not; it is your Father's good Pleasure to
give you the Kingdom*, Luke xii. 32.

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2

Tho' wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
'Midst sands and rocks, your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3

Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4

[Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring,
For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.]

5

For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name:
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.]

128. 11s. K——.

Geard 156, Broughton 172.

Exceeding great and precious Promises,
2 Pet. i. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2

In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
'ever be.

3

'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
'may'd!
'I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
'thee to stand,
'Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4

'When thro' the deep waters I call thee to
go,
'The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
'For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
'bless;
'And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5

'When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall
'lie,
'My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
'The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
'fine.

6

'E'en down to old age, all my people shall
'prove
'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
'And when hoary hairs shall their temples
'adorn,
'Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
'borne.

7

'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
'pose,
'I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
'That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'*

* Agreeable to Dr. Doddridge's Translation of
Heb. xiii. 5.

CHRIST.

129. (1st Part) C. M.

Abridge 201, Bedford 91, Cambridge New 74.

The Divinity of Christ.

THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
The Father's equal Son;
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
E'er time its course begun.

2

The first creation has display'd
Thine energy divine;
For not a single thing was made
By other-hands than thine.

3

But, ransom'd sinners, with delight
Sublimer facts survey,—
The all-creating word unites
Himself to dust and clay.

4

See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
And ask the reason 'Why.'
The answer fills my soul afresh,—
'To suffer, bleed, and die!'

5

Creation's author now assumes
A creature's humble form;
A man of grief and woe becomes,
And trod on like a worm.

6

The Lord of glory bears the shame
To vile transgressors due;
Justice the Prince of life condemns
To die in anguish, too.—

7

God over all, for ever blest,
The righteous curse endures:
And thus, to souls with sin distrest,
Eternal bliss ensues.

8

What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

129. (2d Part.) C. M. Medley.

Irish 171, Arlington 17.

The Incarnation of Christ, Luke ii. 14.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3

Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4

Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5

[Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.]

6

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

7

[O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!]

8

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
'Glory to God on high!
'Good will and peace are now complete;
'Jesus was born to die.'

9

Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

130. 7s. J. C. W.

Georgia 192, Hart's 221.

The Song of the Angels.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King;
'Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
'God and sinners reconcil'd.'

2

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

3

[Mild he lays his glory by;
Born, that men no more might 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 promis'd seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

5

Glory to the new-born King!
Let us all the anthem sing,
'Peace on earth and mercy mild,
'God and sinners reconcil'd!'

131. C. M. Steele.

Charleston 195, Sprague 166.

The Incarnation, John i. 14.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal word.

2

That awful word, that sovereign power
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!

3

Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.

4

To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies;
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

5

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

6

What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

132. 8, 7, 4. Robinson.

Lewes 63, Painswick 162.

Praise to the Redeemer.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise:

3

For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

Hal.

Hal.

4

For thy Providence, that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

6

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue. such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

7

Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

8

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hal.

9

Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

133. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26, Jersey 15.

The condescending Grace of Christ,
Matt. xx. 28.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2

While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal King;

3

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laid'st that glory by;—
First, in our mortal flesh, to serve;
Then, in that flesh, to die.

4

Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

134. C. M.

Tiverton 109, Otford 106.

The Redeemer's Message, Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2

On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3

He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

135. L. M. (1st Part.) *Dr. Doddridge.*
Leeds 19, Rowles 73.

Christ's Transfiguration, Matt. xvii. 4.

WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2

With thee in the obscurest cell
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

3

Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of Glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4

On Tabor, thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transform'd he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'

5

Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine:

6

That mount, how bright! those forms how
'Tis good to dwell for ever there! [fair]
Come death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode.

135. (2d Part.) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266, Chatham 59.

Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36-45.

IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt, unknown to all below—
Except the Son of God—

In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest
And sweats great drops of blood. [bowl,

2

See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone:
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,
The curse awaits him from the skies—
His death it must atone.

3

O Father, hear! this cup remove!
Save thou the darling of thy love
(The prostrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread!
Tho' he must mingle with the dead—
His people's sacrifice.

4

His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the sky;
'Go, strengthen Christ!' the Father said:
Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

5

Made strong in strength, renew'd from hea-
Jesus receives the cup as giv'n, [ven,
And, perfectly resign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

136. L. M. *Whitfield's Collection.*

Babylon Streams 23, Green's Hundred 89.

Behold the Man, John xix. 5.

YE that pass by, behold the man!
The man of grief, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain!—
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2

His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood—
His sacred limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.

3

See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4

Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love!

5

The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator dy'd;
Oh, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucify'd!

6

At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
Oh that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

7

The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
Oh, rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

137. L. M. Steele.

Dresden 178, Paul's 246.

A Dying Saviour.*

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

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—
O why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4

And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5

Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

6

Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

* See Hymns on Redemption and the Lord's Supper.

138. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Canterbury 199, Tunbridge 103.

The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.

YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2

Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3

The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And, with the amaz'd Centurion, cry
'This is the Son of God!'

4

So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5

Oh, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

139. L. M.

Rochford 22, Redemption 243.

The dying Love of Christ constraining to thankful Devotion, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our sovereign, 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

Amazing love! that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love!—did Jesus die?

5

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!

6

He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

140. 148th. Dr. Doddridge.

Resurrection 72, Darwell's 82.

The Resurrection of Christ, Luke xxiv. 34.

YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2

Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3

Then back to heaven they fly
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
'Jesus, who bled,
'Hath left the dead;
'He rose to-day.'

4

Ye mortals! catch the sound,—
 Redeem'd by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell!
 Transported cry—
 ' Jesus, who bled,
 ' Hath left the dead,
 ' No more to die.'

5

All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

141. 7s.

Easter Hymn 232, Feversham 220.

The Resurrection, 1 Cor. xv. 56.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!
 Sing, ye heavens,—and, earth, reply.

2

Love's redeeming work is done,—
 Fought the fight, the battle won—
 Lo! the 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, boasting grave?'

5

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted head:
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

6

What, tho' once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall,
 Second life let us receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live.

7

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the *Resurrection*—thou.

112. 7s.

Hart's 221, Easter Hymn 232.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

ANGELS! roll the rock away!
 Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2

'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.

3

Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph, up the sky—
 Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

4

Heaven displays her portals wide!
 Glorious hero, thro' them ride!
 King of Glory! mount the throne,—
 Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.

5

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.

6

Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

143. L. M.

Bramcoate 8, New Sabbath 122.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

WHEN I the holy grave survey,
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to
 I see fulfill'd what prophets say, [lie;
 And all the power of death defy.

2

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
 Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
 Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

3

[Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
 For whose offences he was seiz'd:
 In *his* release *our own* we see,
 And shout to view Jehovah pleas'd.]

4

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
 And ever lives their cause to plead,
 For whom the pains of death he bore.

5

Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
 See the rich diadem he wears!
 Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold
 To crown thy joy when he appears.

6

Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My flesh for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

144. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New York 33, Crowle 3.

Comfort to such who seek a risen Jesus,
 Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chace all your fears away:
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.

2
Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3
A moment give a loose to grief,—
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

5
High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And, thro' unnumber'd years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

6
With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

145. L. M. *Wesley's Collection*.

Cheshunt New 160, Coombs's 45.

Christ's Ascension, Psalm xxiv. 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers 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 heavenly gates!
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

3
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.

4
'Who is the King of Glory, who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5
Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

6
'Who is the King of Glory, who?'—
The Lord, of boundless power possest;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

146. 148th. Dr. *Doddridge*.

Darwell's 82, Swinburn's 44.

Jesus seen of Angels, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

OH ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known:

On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2
Ye saw the heaven-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3
Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,—
Well-known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his trown.

4
Around the bloody tree
Ye press'd, with strong desire,
That wond'rous sight to see,—
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5
Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

6
When all array'd in light
The shining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7
The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

147. L. M. *Steele*.

Portugal 97, Redemption 213.

The exalted Saviour.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wond'rous love.

2

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

3

Jesus, who once upon the tree
On agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4

Jesus, who dy'd that we might live,—
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;—
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!

5

Vere universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor!

6

'Tis thou, tho' for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise;—
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

148. L.M. *Dr. Watts's Miscellany.*

Ayliffe Street 241, Langdon 217.

*The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs
of Christ*, Phil. ii. 8, 9, Col ii. 15.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

2

Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,—
A burden for an angels tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3

Proclaim inimitable love!—
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4

He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
The Prince of life resigns his breath;
The King of Glory bows to death.

5

But see the wonders of his power!—
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6

Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesu's blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

7

Who shall fulfil this boundless song!
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

149. 148th.

Greenwich New 62, Portsmouth New 14L

The Kingdom of Christ, Phil. iv. 4.

REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2

Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,—
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5

Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,—
The trump of God shall sound *rejoice*.

150. 104th. *Farwell's.*

Hanover 130, Old Hundred and Fourth 148

The Fulness of Christ, John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

AFULNESS resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

2

Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.

3

The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress;
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundancy
For all that believe.

4
 Whatever distress
 Awaits us below,
 Such plentiful grace
 Will Jesus bestow
 As still shall support us,
 And silence our fear;
 For nothing can hurt us
 While Jesus is near.

5
 When troubles attend,
 Or danger or strife,
 His love will defend
 And guard us thro' life:
 And when we are fainting,
 And ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting
 His hand will supply.

151. 8s.

New Jerusalem 230, Uxbridge 161.

The unsearchable Riches of Christ, Eph. iii. 8.

HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?
 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace:—
 Not this is a myst'ry unknown.

2
 In him, all the fulness of God
 For ever transcendently shines;
 Tho' once like a mortal he stood
 To finish his gracious designs:
 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 His glory sustained no loss,—
 Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3
 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
 Seem'd then with each other to vie,
 When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—
 Poor sinners condemned to die!
 He laid all his grandeur aside,
 And dwelt in a cottage of clay—
 Poor sinners he lov'd till he dy'd—
 To wash their pollutions away.

4
 O sinners, believe and adore,
 This Saviour so rich to redeem!
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him:
 Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
 And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
 Draw near, while with terror you're tow'd,
 Believe, and your peace shall begin.

5
 Now, sinners, attend to his call,
 'Whoso hath an ear let him hear,'
 He promises mercy to all
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near:
 He riches has ever in store,
 And treasures that never can waste:
 Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
 Here's glory eternal at last.

152. L. M. Steele.

Kingsbridge 58, Portugal 97.

The Intercession of Christ, Heb. vii. 25.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives:
 (What joy the blest assurance gives
 And now, before his father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2
 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3
 Hence, then, ye black despairing thought
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rue;
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4
 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5
 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
 On him our humble hopes depend:
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

153. C. M. Toplady.

Newbury 132, Charleston 195.

Christ's Intercession prevalent, John xvii. 24.

A WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing
 Th' ascended Saviour's love;
 Sing how he lives to carry on
 His people's cause above.

2
 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
 His humble suit below;
 But with authority he asks,
 Enthron'd in glory now.

3
 For all that come to God by him,
 Salvation he demands;
 Points to their names upon his breast,
 And spreads his wounded hands.

4
 His sweet atoning sacrifice
 Gives sanction to his claim:
 'Father, I will that all my saints
 'Be with me where I am:

5
 'By their salvation, recompense
 'The sorrows I endur'd;
 'Just to the merits of thy son,
 'And faithful to thy word.'

6
 Eternal life, at his request,
 To every saint is given;
 Safety below, and, after death,
 The plenitude of heaven

7
 Founded on right, thy prayer avails;
 The Father smiles on thee,
 And now, thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

8

et the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never never end.]

154. C.M. Dr. Doddridge.

Michael's 119, Elim 151.

Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate, Exodus xxviii 29.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2

ho' rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3

he names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Or shall the meanest christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4

hose characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

5

o, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,—
Sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne!

155. C.M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bedford 91, Ann's 58.

Christ's Admonition to Peter under approaching Trials, and Intercession for him, Luke xxii. 31, 32.

HOW keen the tempter's malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Who' not one grain shall be destroy'd,
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2

ut God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.

3

here is a shepherd kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep;
Or shall th' infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4

lest Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
Raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.

5

hy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
That amidst whole showers of fiery darts,
That temper'd shield prevail.

6

ecur'd ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

CHARACTERS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF CHRIST*.

156. L.M.

Mark's 65, Ulverston 179.

Advocate, 1 John ii. 1.

WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2

No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

3

Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!

4

He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5

Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

157. L.M.

Lebanon 79, Lewton 30.

Brazen Serpent, Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

WHEN Israel's grieving tribes com-
plain'd,
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
A serpent strait the prophets made
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

2

Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heaven their mournful sighs ascend;
They hope, they look, while from the pole
Descends a power that makes them whole.

3

But, Oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive!
What pleasures do his sorrows give.

4

Still, may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!

5

Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free!—
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

* These characters of Christ follow one another alphabetically. Others, which it was necessary to place under different heads, may be found in the Index.

158. L. M. Fawcett.

Islington 49, New Sabbath 122.

Bread of Life, John vi. 35, 48.

DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2

Jesus! thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

3

Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4

'Tis this relieves the hungry poor
Who ask for bread at mercy's door:
This living food descends from heaven,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.

5

This precious food my heart revives;
What strength what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

159. L. M. Fawcett.

Leeds 19, Madan's 107.

*Bridegroom and Husband; or, the Marriage
between Christ and the Soul.*

JESU'S, the heavenly lover, gave
His life my wretched soul to save:
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
He kindly claims me for his own.

2

Rebellious, I against him strove
Till melted and constrain'd by love;
With sin and self I freely part,
The heavenly bridegroom wins my heart.

3

My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;
My debts he pays, and sets me free,
And make his riches o'er to me.

4

My filthy rags are laid aside,
He clothes me as becomes his bride;
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,—
The robe of perfect righteousness.

5

Lost in astonishment, I see
Jesus! thy boundless love to me:
With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

6

Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,
O Saviour, keep me near thy side!
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

160. L. M. Beddome.

Kimbolton 251, Chard 175.

Bright and morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss
O tell, how mean your glories are,—
How faint and few, compar'd with his!

2

We sing the bright and morning star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3

Its cheering beams spread wide abroad;
Point out the puzzled christian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4

Thus, when the eastern magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears;
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.

5

When shall we reach the heav'nly place
Where this bright star shall brightest shine
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine!

161. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Bath Chapel 26, Evans's 190.

*Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies
of Christ*, Cant. v. 10—16.

TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing!

2

Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair,
That fill the heavenly train.

5

He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6

His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gives my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7

To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.]

8

To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shews me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

162. 8, 7. *Madan's Collection.*

Welsh 210, Trowbridge 21.

Consolation of Israel, Luke ii. 25.

COME, thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,—
Joy of every longing heart.

2

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

163. L.M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Wareham 117, Wells 102.

Corner-Stone, 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

LORD, dost thou shew a corner-stone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may rise
Sublime in light beyond the skies?

2

We own the work of sov'reign love;
Nor death nor hell the hopes shall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation stand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.

3

Thy people long this stone have try'd,
And all the powers of hell defy'd;
Floods of temptation beat in vain,
Well doth this rock the house sustain.

4

When storms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
And here securely they abide:

5

While they, that scorn this precious stone,
Fond of some quicksand of their own,
Borne down by weighty vengeance die,
And buried deep in ruin lie.

164. C.M.

New York 33, Stillman 66.

Desire of all Nations, Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely 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 vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3

Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.

4

Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5

Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glorie will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

165. C.M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stamford 9, Huddersfield 202.

The Door, John x. 9. Hosea ii. 15.

A WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achors gloomy vale.

2

Behold the portal wide display'd,
The building's strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

3

Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door:
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.

4

Oh, may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous gate,
To one eternal home!

166. L.M. *Steele.*

Portugal 97, New Sabbath 122.

Our Example, John xiii. 15.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

3

Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright!

5

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love,
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

6

But, ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

167. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Bramscote 8, Antigua 120.

Forerunner and Foundation of our Hope,
Heb. vi. 19, 20.

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 raptur'd sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus, thy own forerunner, see
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5

I could let the howling tempest yell,
And flaming waves to mountains swell;
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

168. 104th. Hart.

Stockwell 140, Hanover 130.

Fountain opened for Sinners, Zech. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of Christ,
Lord, help us to sing,—
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucified King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2

This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water;
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, even as felt,
Infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

4

This fountain, unseal'd,
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led,
Here's health for the sickly,
And life for the dead.

5

This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6

This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

169. C. M. Cowper.

Tunbridge 103, Evans's 190.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2

The dying thief rejoin'd to see
That fountain to his day,
O may I there, tho' 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 sav'd to sin no more.

4

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

But when this lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

170. L. M. Newton.

Kingsbridge 88, Magdalene 214.

Friend.

POOR, weak, and worthless, tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy Kindness to thy Friend?

2 Sam. xvi. 17.

But, ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns:—
I've been a faithless friend to him.

Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.

He bids me always freely come,
And promises what'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throb'd with
Loth to forego the world's applause, [shame;
hardly dare avow his name.]

ure, were not I most vile and base,
could not thus my friend requite!
and were not he the God of grace,
he'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

171. L. M. Beddome.

Portugal 97, Bramcoate 8.

Gift of God, John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Mid the shadows of the night,
Mid the bus'ness of the day!

When shall I see thy smiling face,—
That face which I have often seen?
O rise, thou sun of righteousness!
O scatter the clouds that intervene.

Thou art the glorious gift of God
To sinners weary and distress;
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

Could I but say this gift is mine,
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
No more at poverty repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart!

172. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Oxford 177, Newbury 132.

Head of the Church, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

Oh, may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disfigure.

173. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Liverpool 83, Irish 171.

Jesus—precious to them that believe,
1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul!
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed 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, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.

174. 7s.

Turin 244, Feversham 220.

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite —
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2

God with us! Amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3

God with us! But tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did he our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4

[God with us! Oh, blissful theme!
Let the impious not blaspheme;
Jesus shall in judgment sit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5

God with us! Oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

175. C. M. Steele.

Charleston 195, Milbourn Port 183,
America 265.*King of Saints.*

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2

Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3

Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6

Oh, happy period, glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

176. C. M. W.—

Miles's Lane 32, Condescension 116.

Crown him.

BACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal:
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

2

Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

3

Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

4

Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Altho' your faith be small:
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

177. C. M.

Miles's Lane 32, Foster 96.

The spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 11.*Angels.*

ALL-HAIL the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Marys.

[Crown him, ye Marys of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Converted Jews.

[Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Believing Gentiles.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every Age.

[Babes, men, and wretches, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Sinners of every Nation.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Our Union.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

178. 112th. C. Wesley.

Uffculm 93, Hoxton 121.

Kinsman, Ruth iii. 2—9.

JESUS, we claim thee for our own,
Our kinsman near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of Man, the Son of God;
And, lo! we lay us at thy feet
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,
To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know;
Thou never canst thyself deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need,
I trust my faithful friend to prove;
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love;
Under thy wings of mercy take,
And save me for thy merit's sake.

Last thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied;
Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride,
And let my soul, betroth'd to thee,
Thine, wholly thine, for ever be!

179. L. M. Fawcett.

Babylon Streams 23, Kingsbridge 88,
Gould's 272.

Lamb of God, &c. John i. 29.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

Pardon, and peace, thro' him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

O Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—
Where else can helpless sinners go?
By boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

180. S. M. J. C. W.

New Eagle Street 55, Enfield 5.

Leader.

THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd people lead.

Angel of Gospel-grace!
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by thy light;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

181. L. M. Steele.

Virginia 234, Rippon's 188.

Life of the Soul, John xiv. 19.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope—my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Nor death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

182. 8, 7.

Carlisle 95, Welsh 210.

Light, Isa. ix. 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and, thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering 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 poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3

Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sin:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

183. 7s. W.—

Scotland 194, Steel 164, Alcester 213.

Melchizedek a Type of Christ,
Gen. xiv. 18, 19.

KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole:
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet virtues cease!

2

Come! refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3

Hail, Melchizedek divine!
Thou great High-Priest shalt be mine:
All my powers before thee fall,—
Take not thythe, but take them all.

184. C. M.

New York 33, Providence College 10.

Messenger of the Covenant, Mal. iii. 1.

JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shews from whence the springs of love
In endless currents flow.

2

He, whom the boundless heaven adores,
Whom angels long to see,
Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
Ambassador to me!

3

To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
A rebel all forlorn;
A foe, a traitor to my God,
And of a traitor born:

4

To me, who never sought his grace,
Who mock'd his sacred word,
Who never knew or lov'd his face,
And all his will abhor'd.

5

To me, who could not even praise
When his kind heart I knew,
But sought a thousand devious ways
Rather than keep the true.

6

Yet this redeeming angel came
So vile a worm to ~~love~~;
He took with gladness all my blame,
And gave his righteousness.

7

Oh that my languid heart might glow
With ardour all divine!
And, for more love than seraphs know,
Like burning seraphs ~~shine~~!

185. L. M. *Neidham.*

New Sabbath 122, Mark's 65.

Messiah, Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26.
Hag. ii. 9.

GLORY to God! who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love!
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man.

2

Oh what can more his love commend,
His dear, his only Son to send!
That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!

3

Messiah's come—with joy behold
The days by prophets long foretold:
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke;
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

4

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
The time prophetic seals requir'd;
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
Thy Prince Messiah did atone.

5

Thy famous temple, Solomon,
Is by the latter far out-shone:
It wanted not thy glittering store,
Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

6

We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.

7

Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
A blessing to these favoured lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

186. 7, 6, 8. C. *Wesley.*

Clark's 131, Tottenham Court 111.

Pasover, Exod. xii. 7. 1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

CHRISt our pasover is slain
To set his people free,—
Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
And Pharaoh's tyranny.
Laud, that we may now depart
And truly serve our pardoning God,
Sprinkle every house and heart
With thine atoning blood.

2

Let the angel of the Lord
His awful charge fulfil,
Let his presidential sword
The first-born victims kill;

Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
Protected, by that crimson sign,
From the rage of earth and hell,
And from the wrath divine.

3

Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe,
Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
And grace to Israel shew?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the paschal Lamb rely?—
See us cover'd with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

187. C. M. Steele.

Stillman 66, Condescension 116.

Pearl of great Price, Matt. xiii. 46.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2

Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.

4

Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,—
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6

Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

188. L. M. Steele.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97, Gould's 272.

Physician of Souls, Jer. viii. 22.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2

Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3

And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4

There is a great physician near:
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!

5

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

6

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart;
For here a sovereign cure is found,
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

189. C. M.

Great Milton 212, Ludlow 84.

Physician; or, the Miracles of Christ

JESUS, since thou art still to-day
As yesterday the same;
Present to heal—in me display
The virtue of thy name.

2

Since still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good;
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.

Leper.

Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eye behold me fall,
A leper at thy feet.

4

Loathsome, and vile, and self abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Deaf and Dumb.

Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in prayer.

6

Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long)
My voice I cannot raise;
But Oh! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

Lame.

Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

8

Now speak my mind, my conscience, sound,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart, my soul shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.

Blind.

If thou, my God, art passing by,
Oh! let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

10

See, I am waiting, in the way,
For thee the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'

D 3

Passion.

Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit:
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12

From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt relieve my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

190. 148th. *Cennick.*

Bethesda 112, Eagle Street 16.

High Priest.

A GOOD High-priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And, taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2

My Lord a priest is made,
Asware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed;
Orlain'd to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3

He once temptations knew
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour shew
To every tempted mind:
In every point, the Lamb was try'd
Like us, and then for us he dy'd.

4

He dies; but lives again,
And by the altar stands:
There shews how he was slain,
Op'ning his pierced hands:
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgress'd his laws.

5

I ether priests disclaim,
And laws, and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath liv'd, and liv'd, and dy'd, for me.

191. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Leeds 19, Langdon 217.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

'MONG all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands:
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2

Not Aaron or Melchizedek
Could claim such high descent as he;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3

Descended from th' eternal God,
He bears the name of his own Son;
And, dropp'd in human flesh and blood,
He puts his priestly garments on.

4

The mitred crown, th' embros'd vest,
With graceful dignity he wears;
And, in full splendour, on his breast
The sacred oracle appears.

5

So he presents his sacrifice,—
An offering most divinely sweet;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy-seat.

6

The father with approving smile
Accepts the offering of his Son;
New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

7

The welcome news their lips repeat
Gives sacred pleasure to my breast:
Henceforth, my soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

192. 112th. *President Davies.*

Carey's 11, New Haven 248, Pearce 269.

Prophet, Priest, and King, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
Oh, let me catch th' immortal name,
With which angelic bosoms glow:
Since 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 sinners' cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would 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:
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

193. L. M.

Redemption 213, Wells Row 98.

The Kingdom, Isa. lxi. 2.

'I COME,' the great Redeemer cries,
'A year of freedom to declare,
'From debts and bondage to discharge;
'And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share.
A day of vengeance I proclaim,
'But not on man the sword shall fall;
'On me its thunders shall descend,
'My strength, my love sustain them all.'

3

Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has dy'd, that we might live:
Not worlds below, nor worlds above,
Could so divine a ransom give.

4

To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race,
And for our lives laid down his own,
Let songs of joyful praises rise
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

194. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Oxford 177, Sprague 166.

Our Righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6.

SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3

The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4

That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

5

Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

6

With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

195. 7s. Toplady.

Depford 124, Firth's 146.

Rock smitten; or, the Rock of Ages, Isa. xxvi. 4.

ROCK of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws' 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;
Black, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

196. L. M. Steele.

Lebanon 72, Manning 245.

Saviour—the only One, Acts iv. 12.

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:
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5

Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

197. S. M. Steele.

Finsbury 155, Mansfield 154.

Shepherd, Ps. xxiii. 1—3.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

2

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3

Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4

Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest,
Beneficence divine!

5

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

D 4

6

Unwearied as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy precious name,
For all my hopes are there.

198. 104th.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148, Hanover Co.

Strong-hold, Zech. ix. 12. Nah. i. 7.

YE prisoners of hope
O'erwhelm'd with grief,
To Jesus look up
For certain relief!
There's no condemnation
In Jesus the Lord,
But strong consolation
His grace hath afforded.

2

Should justice appear
A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And soon shall you know
That sinners, confessing
Their wickedness past,
A plentiful blessing
Of pardon shall taste.

3

Then dry up your tears,
Ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears
To give you relief.
If you are returning
To Jesus, your friend,
Your sighing and mourning
In singing shall end.

4

'None will I cast out
'Who come,' saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his word:
Ye mourners of sin,
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your Saviour, and live.

199. (L. M.) Dr. S. Stennett.

New Sabbath 122, Martin's Lane 67.

Sun, Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

GREAT God! amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon and stars of gold.

2

But, when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.

3

Thou Sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tins and confounds an angel's sight!
How shall I glance mine eye at thee
In all thy vast immensity!

4

Yet I may be allow'd to trace
The distant shadows of thy face,
As, in the pale and sickly moon,
We trace the image of the sun.

5

In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd;
But, O! what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour mine!

6

He is my Sun! beneath his wings
My soul securely lay and hugs;
And there enjoys, like dew above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

7

Oh, may the vital strength and heat,
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run
With the same vigour as the sun!

200. C. M. Toplady.

New York 33, Concordenau 116.

Fine and the Branches, John xv. 1-5.

JESUS, immutably the same!
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2

Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3

I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine:
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.

4

Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant, which thy right-hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5

Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

201. L. M. Cennick.

Leeds 19, Lewton 30.

Way to Canaan.

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, till him I view.

2

The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's high-way 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, my burden, long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.

4

The more I strive against its power,
I sin'd and struggl'd but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, sinner, I am the way.'

5

Lot glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
 shalt take me to thee as I am!
 My sinful self to thee I give:
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6

Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found:
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say—*Behold the way to God!*

202. 8, 8, 6.

Broadmead 150, Chatham 59.

Way, Truth, and Life, John xiv. 6.

THERE is no path to heav'nly 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—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—
 Eternal life is mine.

203. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bramcoate 8, Langdon 217.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption, 1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

MY God! assist me while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise:
 My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in thy name.

2

In Christ I view a store divine:
 My Father, all that store is thine!
 By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
 Hail to the Saviour and the God!

3

When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
 'Let there be light,' th' almighty said!
 And Christ, my sun, his beams displays,
 And scatters round celestial rays.

4

Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
 And awful justice ask'd my blood:
 That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.

5

My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
 And lo! his grace hath made me clean!
 He rescues from th' infernal foe,
 And full redemption will bestow.

6

Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue!
 Ye angels, wattle back my song!
 For love like this demands the praise
 Of heavenly harps and endless days.

204. C. M. Toplady.

Bedford 91, Brightelmstone 208.

All in all.

COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
 No comeliness I see;
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.

2

The sense of thy expiring love
 Into my soul convey:
 Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
 My *all in all*, I pray.

3

Less than thyself will not suffice
 My comfort to restore:
 More than thyself I cannot crave;
 And thou canst give no more.

4

Lov'd of my God, for him again
 With love intense I'd burn:
 Chosen of thee, e'er time began,
 I'd choose thee in return.

5

Whate'er consists not with thy love,
 O teach me to resign;
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 If thou, O God, art mine.

205. 8s. K——

New Jerusalem 230, Lock 49.

All in all; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy, Rev. xix. 13.

THE Bible is justly esteem'd
 The glory supreme of the land,
 Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
 And brought to Jehovah's right-hand:
 With pleasure we freely confess
 The Bible all books doth outshine;
 But Jesus, his person and grace,
 Affords it that lustre divine.

2

In every *prophetical* book,
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold, as we look,
 The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:
 His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

3

The *first gracious promise* to man
 A blessed prediction appears;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears:
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That Jesus, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!

D 5

4
The ancient Levitical Law
 Was prophecy, after its kind:
 In types, there, the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.

5
 Review each prophetic song
 Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetest to Jesus belong,
 And point out his sufferings and reign:

sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung:—
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

6
 May Jesus more precious become!
 His word be a lamp to our feet,
 While we in this wilderness roam,
 Till brought in his presence to meet!
 Then, then we will gaze on thy face,—
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

THE INFLUENCES AND GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

206. (1st Part.) 112th.

Carey's 11, Hoxton 121.

The promised Comforter, John xiv. 16—18.

JESUS, we hang upon the word
 Our longing souls have heard from thee,
 Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,—
 Thy promise made to such as me;
 To such as Zion's paths pursue,
 And would believe that God is true.

2
 Thou say'st, 'I will the Father pray,
 'And he the Comforter shall give,
 'Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
 'And never more his temples leave;
 'Myself will to my orphans come,
 'And make you mine eternal home.'

3
 Come then, dear Lord! thyself reveal,
 And let the promise now take place;
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to the word of grace!
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
 And send us down the Comforter.

4
 He visits oft the troubled breast,
 And oft relieves our sad complaint;
 But soon we lose the transient guest,
 But soon we droop again and faint,—
 Repeat the melancholy moan,
 'Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!'

5
 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
 Our sure inseparable guide:
 Oh may we meet and never part!
 Oh may he in our hearts abide!
 And keep his house of praise and prayer,
 And rest and reign for ever there!

206. (2d Part.) 8a.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit, Rom. xv. 30.

THE love of the Spirit I sing,
 By whom is redemption apply'd;
 Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
 And make them his mystical bride.

2
 'Tis he circumcises their hearts,
 Their callousness kindly removes;
 Light, life, and affection imparts
 To them that so freely he loves.

3
 He opens the eyes of the blind,
 The beauty of Jesus to view,
 He changes the bent of the mind,
 The glory of God to pursue.

4
 The stubbornest will he can bow,
 The foes that dwell in us restrain;
 And none can be trodden so low
 But he can revive them again.

5
 His blest renovation begun,
 He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
 Abandons his temple to none,
 Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6
 Imprest with the image divine,
 The soul to redemption he seals;
 And each with the Saviour shall shine,
 When glory complete he reveals.

7
 How constant thy love I believe,
 Which stedfast endures to the end;
 Then never, my soul, may I grieve
 So loving—so holy a friend.

207. (1st Part.) L. M. B—.

Allie Street 241, Ulverston 179.

The Landings of the Spirit, Rom. viii. 14.

COME, 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
 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare;
 Lead to thy word that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.

3
 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.

4
Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ,—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5
Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

207. (2d Part.) C. M.
Follett 181, Braintree 25.

*The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind;
or, sovereign saving Grace, John iii. 8.*

THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.

2
He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin.
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3
He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4
Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy!
None can thy mighty power control,—
Thy glorious work destroy.

208. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Magdalene 214, Rowles 73.

*The Spirit's Influences compared to living
Water.*

BLESS'D Jesus! source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2
No traveller thro' desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.

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,
Thro' all the desert, gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

209. L. M.

Kimbolton 251, Martin's Lane 67.

*Divine Influences compared to Rain,
Psalm lxxvii. 6.*

AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2
Lands, that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3
The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4
As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5
That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6
Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

210. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Wareham 117, Fawcett 181, Gould's 272.
*Seeking to God for the Communication of his
Spirit.*

HEAR, gracious Sovereign! from thy
throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2
Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy god-like power be known.

3
Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4
Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate!
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

5
In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

211. (1st Part.) 112th. Pres. Davies.

Hoxton 121, Francis 200.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

ETERNAL Spirit! source of light!
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume!
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

2
In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
Come, *crucifying Spirit*! come
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3
Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heavenly fire;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room:
Come, *purifying Spirit*! come!

4
Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
Oh! let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, *condescending Spirit*! come
And make our souls thy constant home.

211. (2d Part.) S. M.
Stoke 207, New Eagle-Street 55.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

COME, holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2
From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3
Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4
Mine will the prize be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

212. (1st Part.) L. M.
Mark's 65, Chard 175.

*Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring
the Work of the Spirit.*

EMPTY'D of earth, I fain would be
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Ferv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,—
Surrender'd to the crucify'd—

2
Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepar'd for heaven, my noblest care,—
And have my conversation there.

3
Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

4
Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get!
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword.

5
Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self-righteousness, subdue;
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.

6
Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

7
Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love:
But, oh! for this no power have I;
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

212. (2d Part.) L. M.

Denbigh 54, Rowles 73.

A propitious Gale longed for.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Tolling, I cry, '*Sweet 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 th' auspicious gale

213. L. M. Steele.

Portugal 97, Ulverston 179.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced,
John xiv. 16, 17.

DEAR Lord! and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine!
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2
When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light!

3
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4
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?

5
When'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6
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!

7
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?

8

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.

214. 8s.

Uxbridge 161, New Jerusalem 230.

The Holy Spirit addressed under Darkness.

DESCEND, Holy Spirit—the dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:
Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,—
The sense of redemption to give,
And sprinkle his conscience with blood.

2

With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolv'd, by the strength of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3

If, when I have put thee to grief
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd;
Oh, Spirit of pity and grace!
Relieve me again, and restore,
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to grieve thee no more.

4

If now I lament after God,
And pant for a drop of his love,—
If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,—
And seal me eternally thine.

215. (1st Part.) L. M.

Bredby 165, Horsley 205, Gould's 272.

The grieved Spirit intreated not to depart,
Ps. li. 11.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:—

3

But 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.

4

If yet thou canst my sins forgive,—
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5

E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

215. (2nd Part.) C. M.

Workshop 31, Walsal 237.

The grieved Spirit desired to return.

MY grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bless'd Spirit, art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd?

2

Tell me—Oh, tell me what will please
And cause thee to return;
As doves the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

3

Come, then, Celestial Helper! come
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

4

Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
Oh, guard and save me too.

215. (3d Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246, Portugal 97.

Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

I'M in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill and glories cheat.

2

Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.

3

Teach me the flatt'ring path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4

Each sacred principle impart;—
The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires;
And love, that warms with holy fires.

5

Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue—
That may I love and practise too.

6

Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.—

7

There glories shine and pleasures roll
That charm, delight, transport—the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in Thee.

216. (1st Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
New York 33, Sprague 166.

Divine Drawings celebrated, Hosea xi 4.

MY God, what ulken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love, combine
To draw our souls along.

2
Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3
The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

4
Comfort, thro' all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

5
Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the throne of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

216. (2nd Part.) L. M.
Portugal New 263, Rothwell 174, Chard 175.
*The Time of Love; or Praise for the Work of
the Spirit, Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.*

LORD, 'twas a time of wondrous love,
When thou didst first draw near my
And, by thy Spirit from above, (soul,
My raging passions didst control.

2
Guilty and self condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But he my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3
He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways;
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

THE GRACES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

217. (1st Part.) 8, 9, 6. 3. Pearce.
Baltimore 167, Hinton 266.

*Contentment encouraged by the divine
Promise, Heb. xiii. 5.*

LET Ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then disappointed backward roll;
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars.

* The Christian Graces and Tempers are
placed alphabetically, for the sake of finding
them at once, by looking at the head of the
page.

2
Let Rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the dread Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God;
Then headlong from the ethereal height
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.

3
[Let murmur'ng mortals too repine,
Arraign the providence divine,
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;
While passions strong, without control,
Disturb the agitated soul,
Entrag'd at what is giv'n.]

4
But shall the Christian's nobler mind—
By Grace renew'd, by Heaven refin'd—
Indulge a murmur'ng thought?
Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,
Who shall be brought to Heav'n at length,
Bemoan his present lot?

5
Forbid it, gracious God! he cries,
Nor let th' ungenerous thought arise,
Offspring of discontent:
No! while my God, my saviour lives,
Thankful I'll take whatever he gives,
And prize the blessings sent.

6
Since he has said, 'I'll ne'er depart;
I'll bind his promise to my heart,
Rejoicing in his care;
This shall support, while here I live;
And, when in glory I arrive,
I'll praise him for it there.

217. (2nd Part.) S. M. Beddome.
Gosport 53, Enfield 5.

Faith its Author and Preciousness, Eph. ii. 8.

FAITH — 'tis 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 a 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 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me!

218. C. M.

Abingdon 42, Condescension 116.

The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares!

2

Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3

The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:—

5

Shews me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6

There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

219. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Rochford 22, Rothwell 174.

The struggle between Faith and Unbelief,
Mark ix. 24.

JESUS, our souls 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

O 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 dispers'd by opening light.

220. 8s.

Lambeth 57, Uxbridge 161.

Faith fainting.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2

Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,—
The rock that is higher than I:

Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that cannot be told.

3

If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,—
'The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
'Thy God will be gracious no more.'

4

Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Al! tell me how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come succour and gladden my heart,—
Let this be the day of thy power.

221. 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59, Westbury Leigh 278.

Faith Reviving.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?—
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And wilt the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord! was charg'd on thee?

2

Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness
And sprinkled with thy blood?

3

[If thou hast my discharge procur'd,
And freely, in my room, endur'd
The whole of wrath divine;
Payment God cannot twice demand—
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.]

4

Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest!
The merits of thy great high-priest
Speak liberty and peace:
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

222. 8s.

New Jerusalem 230, Lambeth 57.

Faith conquering.

THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,—
Redemption in full through his blood:
Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he, thro' Christ, can oppose—
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2

The faith that unites to the lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere notion or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is,
A principle, active and young,
That lives under pressure and lead;
That makes out of weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

3

It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And Oh! let us wonder to tell,
It overcomes heaven by prayer,—
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

4

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

223. 8s. *Toplady.*

New Jerusalem 230, Lock 49.

Faith Triumphant.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,—
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,—
Not all things below nor above
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3

My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

224. 5 M.

Mount Ephraim 185, Salem New 99.

Weak Believer encouraged.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord
Bid every string awake.

2

Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3

His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4

The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say, 'for me.'

5

Tarry his leisure, then;
Wait, the appointed hour;
Wait, till the bridegroom of your soul
Reveal his love with power.

6

Elest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

225. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Kingbridge 88, Magdalene 214.

Faith connected with Salvation, Rom. i. 16.
11eb. i. 20.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sins arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven;

2

Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole:
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3

Lord, I believe thy heavenly word;
Fain would I have my soul renew'd;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4

Oh, may thy grace its power display;
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

226 C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Bedford 91, Brighthelmston 208.

Being in the Fear of God all the day long.
Proverbs xxiii. 17.

THREE happy souls, who born from
While yet they mourn here, heav'n's,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2

So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name, and pray.

3

'Might hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne—
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4
As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought!

5
When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

6
As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,—
In solitude with thee.

7
At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our pow'rs to rest.

8
In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

227. C. M. Needham.

Stamford 9, Hammond 226, Bath Chapel 26.

Fear of God, Prov. xiv. 26.

HAPPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2
Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3
Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4
Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

228. C. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Michael's 119, Follett 181.

Holy Fortitude, 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,—
Or blush to speak his name?

2
Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?

3
Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5
Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

229. L. M. Dr. Watts's Sermons.

Chard 175, Ailie-Street 241.

Gravity and Decency.

BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2
Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play—
To wear out time, and waste the day?

3
Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4
What if we wear the richest vest;
Peacocks and ties are better drest;
This flesh with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5
Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6
We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

230. L. M.

Kingsbridge 88, Virginia 234, Gould's 272.

Hope set before us.

AND be it so—that, till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And, slaves to sin and Satan's power,
Have never felt these hearts relent.

2
What shall we do?—shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?
And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3
Forbidden it, Saviour! to thy grace
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,—
For in thy mercy there is room.

4
Lord, we believe! Oh, chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief;
Lord, we repent! Oh, let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief!

5
Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine;
Cheer us with blessings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine!

231. (1st Part.) L. M.
Chard 175, New Court 173.

Hope in Darkness.

O GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays [heart;
Can warm, rejoice, and guide my
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!

7
Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise!

3
Oh, let me not despairing mourn!
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads 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!
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

231. (2nd Part.) 148th *Beddome*.
Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell? or, hoping against Hope,
Jonah iii. 9.

G R I A T God! to thee I'll make
My grief and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne:
Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair, — for, who can tell?

2
To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I'll daily seek, — for, who can tell!

3
Endanger'd or distressed,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footstool lie,
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait, — for, who can tell?

4
My heart mingles me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene;
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames, but, who can tell!

5
Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly swift away;
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've an heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so,—and, who can tell!

212. 8, 8, 6.
Baltimore 167, Broomfield 150, West
Leigh 178.

Hoping and longing. Num. xiii. 30.
Deut. iii. 25.

C O M E, Lord, and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice;
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the Word of Life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.

2
Let us not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints delight,
The length and breadth, the depth
Of thy redeeming love.

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

4
A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest,
There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

5
Oh, when shall we at once go up!
Nor this little Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess;
When shall we end our long tiring years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness!

6
O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,
Our unbelief remove,
The heavenly Canaan, Lord! divide;
And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,
Give us a lot of love!

213. L. M. *Stanhope*.
Portugal 97, Wareham 117.

*Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine
Perfections.* 1 Sam. xiv. 6.

W H Y unks my weak depending mind
Why heaves my heart the anxious
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?—
Am I not safe, if God be nigh!

2
He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious land on which I live
Doth life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3

'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name, [shine!
How wide they spread! how bright they

4

Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

234. L. M. Steele.

New Sabbath 122, Langdon 217.

Happy Poverty; or, the Poor in Spirit blessed,
Matthew v. 3.

YE humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.

2

When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.

3

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores:
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*!—

4

A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite;
Where undecaying pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies:

5

A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state which power and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.

6

There shall your eyes with raptures view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

7

Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer!
Reveal, confirm my interest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this, my soul desires to know!

8

Oh let me hear that voice divine
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

235. C. M.

Bangor 231, Wantage 204.

Humble pleadings for Mercy.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2

[On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3

We sink—with all this weight oppress'd,
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears dispel.]

4

'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5

Oh, for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.

6

Thus melt us down; thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

236. L. M. Beddome.

Ulverston 179, Rippon's 188, Babylon Streams 23.

The humble Publican, Luke xviii. 13.

LORD! with a griev'd and aching heart,
To thee I look—to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart:
Oh, help me soon, or else I die.

2

Here, on my soul, a burden lies!
No human power can it remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise:
Do thou reveal thy pardoning love.

3

Break off these adamantine chains;
From cruel bondage set me free;
Rescue from everlasting pains;
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

237. 7s. Madan's Collection.

Alcester 213, Cookham 36.

A Prayer for Humility.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my master, be
Rooted in humility.

2

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

3
 Father, fix my soul on thee;
 Every evil let me flee;
 Nothing want, beneath, above,—
 Happy in thy precious 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.

238. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Old Hundred 100, Chard 175.

Rejoicing in God, Jer. ix. 23, 24.

THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
 Maintains his universal state;
 O'er all the earth his power extends,
 All heaven before his footstool bends.

2
 Yet justice still with power presides,
 And mercy all his empire guides,
 Mercy and truth are his delight,
 And saints are lovely in his sight.

3
 No more, ye wise! your wisdom boast;
 No more, ye strong! your valour trust;
 No more, ye rich! survey your store,—
 Late with heaps of shining ore;

4
 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,—
 That God, your God, to you is known;
 That you have own'd his sovereign sway,—
 That you have felt his cheering ray.

5
 Our wisdom, wealth, and power, we find
 In one Jehovah all combin'd;
 On him we fix our roving eyes,
 And all our souls in raptures tie.

6
 All else, which we our treasure call,
 May in one fatal moment fall;
 But what their happiness can move,
 Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love!

239. S. M. Dr. Doddridge
 Salem New 99, Mansfield 154.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God,
 Ps. cxxxviii. 5

NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.

2
 How strait the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t'entrap our feet;
 No fierce destroyer there.

3
 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

4
 See Salem's golden spires
 In beautiful prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle thro' the skies.

5
 All honour to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
 To him who leads the wanderers on
 To realms of endless day!

240. 7s. Cennick.

Bath Abbey 117, Hart's 221.

Rejoicing in Hope, Isaiah xxxv. 10
 Luke xii. 32

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2
 Ye are travelling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3
 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
 Christ our advocate is made;—
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4
 Sit out, ye little flock, and blest!
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,—
 There your kingdom and reward.

5
 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Christ, your Father's darling son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

6
 Lord! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

241. L. M. Couper.
 Rochford 22, Mark's 65.

Return of Joy.

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
 I chide my unbelieving 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 try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unnatural, weak, and apt to slide.

5
 But, O 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.

242. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

New Sabbath 122, Portugal 97.

Justice and Equity, Matt. vii. 12.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
'Never to deal with others worse
'Than we would have them deal with us!'

2

This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3

'Tis written in each mortal breast
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4

Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.

5

How bless'd would every nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

6

Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

243. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Chard 175, Truro 105.

God shining in the Heart, 2 Cor. iv. 6.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might!
With uncreated glories bright,
His presence gilds the world above,—
Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2

Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veil'd,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in the horrid gloom.

3

'Let there be light,' Jehovah said!
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4

He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice:
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5

Shine, mighty God! with vigor shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6

My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

244. L. M.

Kingsbridge 58, Lewton 30.

One Thing I know, John ix. 25. Isa. liv. 13.

DEAR Saviour! make me wise to see
My sin, and guilt, and remedy;
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,
'They shall of Israel's God be taught.'

2

Their plague of heart thy people know;
They know thy name, and trust thee too;
They know the gospel's blissful sound,
The paths where endless joys abound.

3

They know the Father and the Son;—
Theirs is eternal life begun:
Unto salvation they are wise,—
Their grace shall into glory rise.

4

But—ignorance itself am I;
Born blind—estrang'd from thee I lie;
O Lord! to thee I humbly own
I *nothing* know as should be known.

5

I scarce know God, or Christ, or sin,—
My foes without, or plague within;
Know not my interest, Lord, in thee,
In pardon, peace, or liberty!

6

But help me to declare to-day,
If *many* things I cannot say,
'One thing I know,' all praise to thee,
'Tho' *blind* I was—yet now I *see*.'

245. C. M. *Fawcett.*

Bedford 91, Charmouth 28.

Knowledge at present imperfect,
1 Cor. xiii. 9.

THY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2

Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.

3

When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy;—
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why?

4

As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5

'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I less thee for the sight;—
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

6

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

246. L. M.

Bramcoate 8, Portugal 97.

*Liberality; or, the Duty and Pleasures of
Benevolence.*

Oh, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,—
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.

Go, imitate the grace divine,—
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
Thro' all your lives let mercy run!

Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.

Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful happy life, his way.

Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

When all is done, renounce your deeds—
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the christian name adorn.

247. L. M. D. Turner.

Lebanon 79, Manning 245.

*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c.
Deut. vi. 5.*

YES. I would love thee, blessed God;
Paternal goodness marks thy name;
Thy praises, thro' thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son
For man to suffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

In him, thy reconciled face
With joy unspeakable I see;
And feel thy powerful wondrous grace
Draw, and unite my soul to thee.

When'er my foolish wand'ring heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this lawful centre start,
Lord, fix it there to stray no more!

248. C. M. Dr. Ryland.

New York 33, Condensation 116.

Delight in God, Ps. xxxviii. 4.

O LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,—
My best, my only friend

When all-created streams are dry'd,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with thee be satisfy'd,
And glory in thy name!

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh, that I had a stranger faith,
To look within the veil,—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor,
What can I want beside?

O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore!
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

249. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Martin's Lane 67, Langdon 217.

Love to Christ present or absent.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love excures the rest!—
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image in the best.

While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to leave,
Each smile upon thy beautiful face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

While of thy absence we complain,
And long or weep in all we do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round thy courts by day we rove;
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tokens of our love,
Thy very name creates delight.

Jesus, our God, yet rather come!
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face:—
Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

250. 7s. *Newton.*

Cookham 36, Alcester 213.

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.

THIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2
If I love, why am I thus?—
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Harshly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3
Could my heart so hard remain,—
Prayer a task and burden prove,—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4
When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild:
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,—
Can I deem myself a child?

5
If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6
Yet, I mourn my stubborn will,—
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7
Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhor'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet;—
If I did not love the Lord?

8
Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9
Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

251. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79, Manning 245, Gould's 272.

Desiring to love Christ.

COME, let me love! or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

2
Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3
I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains!

4

Infinite grace! almighty charms!—
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,—
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6

Again he lives! and spreads his hands,—
Hands, that were nail'd to torturing smart;
' By these dear wounds!' says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7

Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?
Lord! melt this flinty heart to tears;—
This heart shall yield to death or love.

252. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Sprague 166, Brighthelmstone 208.

Profession of Love to Christ.

AND have I, Christ, no love to thee,—
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?

2

Is there no spark of gratitude,
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glow'd
With friendship all divine?

3

Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?

4

Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.

5

A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
Had I no love to thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be!

253. 8s. *B. Francis.*

New Jerusalem 230, Lock 49, Uxbridge 161.

Supreme Love to Christ.

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2

He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;

To shine with the angels of light;
With saints, and with seraphs to sing;
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God:
Oh, when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Thro' realms of ineffable day!

My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amidst the bright numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy prais above,
To gaze on thee world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love!

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again;
Perfection of glory reigns there:
Thy soul and thy body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise,
And banquet on pleasures divine
Where God his full beauty displays.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomp are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown, that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

254. S. M. Farwell.

Vermont 134, Stoke 207, Harborough 142.

Love to the Brethren.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While earth in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And on, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.

255. S. M. Ardmore.

Eagle Street New St, Enfield 5.

Christian Love, Gal. iii. 28.

LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

256. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

New Court 173, Antigua 120.

The Heart purified to unfeigned Love of Brethren by the Spirit, 1 Peter i. 22.

GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.

Still let the heavenly fire endure,
Fervent and vigorous, true and pure—
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

Celestial dove! descend, and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing,
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansion grow.

257. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Ludlow 84, Charnmouth 28.

Love to our Neighbours, or the good Samaritan, Luke x. 29—37.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly in duty to others joy,
And weep for others woe!

When the most helpful tears 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 man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise:

5
On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

258. C. M.
Workshop 31, Ann's 58.

*Love to our Enemies from the Example of
Christ, Luke xxiii. 34. Matt v. 44.*

A LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace
Christ to his murderers bare;
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2
'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3
Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing!
And, whilst we sing, admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4
Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings—will repay.

259. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Providence College 10, New York 33.

*All Attainments vain without Love,
1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.*

SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2
Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3
Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace;
My loudest words—my loliest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

4
Tho' thou shouldst give me heavenly skill,
Each myst'ry to explain;
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5
Had I so strong a faith, my God!
As mountains to remove;
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6
What tho', to gratify my pride
And make my heaven secure,
All my possessions I divide
Among the hungry poor;

7
What tho' my body I consign
To the devouring flame,
In hope the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame!

8
These splendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.]

9
Oh, grant me, then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied,—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

260. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Mansfield 154, Mount Ephraim 185.

*The Meek beautified with Salvation,
Psalm cxlix. 4.*

YE humble souls, rejoice,
An I cheerful praises sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For Jesus is your King!

2
That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
To avow you for his own.

3
He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4
Sing! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.

5
Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy Saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

261. C. M. Needham.
Crowle 3, Miall 240.

Moderation; or, the Saint indeed, Phil. iv. 5.

HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.

2
Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3
Not in base scandal's arts he deals;
For truth dwells in his breast:
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4
What blessings bounteous heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart:
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

To seek or party his large will
Declares to be unfin'd;
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love;
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

His business is to keep his heart,
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

262. L.M.

Portugal 97, Magdalene 214.

Agur's Wish, Proverbs xxx. 7, 8, 9.

THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire—
My God, two favours I require;
In neither my request deny,
Vouchsafe them both before I die:

Far from my heart and tents exclude
Those enemies to all that's good;
Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
And Falshood's pestifential breath.

Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
Below the dome, above the cot,
Let me my life unanxious lead;
And know not luxury nor need.

Those wishes, Lord, we make our own
Oh, shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till the mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Thy exultation—till our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

Or, should we feel the pangs of want—
Submission, resignation grant;
Till thou shalt send the want's supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

263. L.M.

Bramonate 8, New Sabbath 122.

Christian Patience, Luke xxi. 19.

PATIENCE!—Oh, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to its father's hand,
As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.

By patience we serenely bear
The tribulations of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

Tho' we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordain;
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

Oh, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,—
We reach the shore of eternal rest!

Faith into vision shall reign,
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end
In the bright world of bliss on high.

264. L.M. *Reddome.*

Kingsbridge 88, Ulverston 179, Gould's 2

Patience.

DEAR Lord! thy bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand dash out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That cannot hurt which comes from thee:

Dash it with thy unchanging love:
Let not a drop of wrath be there—
The saints, for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
When the severest strokes I feel.

265. C.M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Stillman 66, Hammond 220, Mather's 1

God speaking Peace to his People,
Psalms lxxiv. 8.

UNITE, my rising thoughts! unite
In sweetest will and sweetest love:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great sovereign's feet.

Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

Harmless as angels to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word is hush'd,
And winds and seas obey.

By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charm'd by melody divine,
To give its praises o'er.

266. Hymn *R. Hall.*
Horton 121, Union 93.*A Prayer for the promised Rest, Isa. xxi.*

DEAR 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 oppress'd,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

2
With holy fear and reverend 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 promis'd rest.

3
Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord! on thee:
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest.

4
Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws:
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

5
Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful tury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
Oh, may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

267. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bedford 91, Ann's 58.

God hath commanded all Men every where
to repent, Acts xvii. 30.

* **REPENT!** the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch, that scorns the mandate, dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2
No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3
The summons reach thro' all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!

4
Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

5
Now, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6
Amazing love! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

268. (1st Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Walsal 237, Bangor 231.

*Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus turned
into prayer, Acts viii. 21—24.*

SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face,
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.

2
If lurking in its inmost folds
I any sin conceal,
Oh, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal!

3
If tinctur'd with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out th' accursed stain.

4
If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5
To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given:
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

268. (2nd Part.) L. M.

Rothwell 174, Portugal 97.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

LORD! shed a beam of heavenly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now 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 shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3
To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4
But One can yet perform the deed;
That *One* in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5
Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

269. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Coombs's 45, Bromley 104, Gloucester 12.

Christ exalted to give Repentance, Acts v. 31.

EXALTED Prince of Life! we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2

Exalted Saviour! we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3

Wide thy resolute sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4

Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

270. 7s. Dr. S. Stennett.

Cookham 36, Steel 264.

Penitential Sighs.

FATHER! at thy call I come:
In thy bosom there is room
For a guilty soul to hide,—
Press'd with grief on every side.

2

Here I'll make my piteous moan—
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3

Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin—
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4

Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll:
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hopes alone in thee.

5

But may such a wretch as I,—
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die,—
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be sav'd upon by heaven?

6

May I round thee cling and twine,
Call myself a child of thine,
And presume to claim a part
In a tender Father's heart?

7

Yes, I may! for I spy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
Tis a father's bowels move,—
Move with pardon and with love.

8

Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath design'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my failings to atone.

9

Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why—oh, why—should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

271 C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Charmouth 28, Ann's 58.

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2

Oh let not justice frown on hence!
Stay, stay the vengeful storm.
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble 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 thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5

Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the ward
That bids the sinner live.

272. C. M. Steele.

Ludlow 84, Crowle 3.

Penitence and Hope.

DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet adum'd 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

From Jesus,—who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

4

But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5

Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

6

Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind—how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

273. L. M. *Beddome.*

Ulverstone 179, Paul's 246, Gould's 272.

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted, Luke xv. 32.

THE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne.

2

He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray;
And mercy bears their sins away.

3

When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with
shame,

He, pitying, heals their broken frame;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

4

Thus what a rapt'rous joy possess
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spend-thrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

2. 4. C. M. *Beddome.*

Walsal 237, Bangor 231.

Why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

WHY, O my soul! why weepest thou?
Tell me from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.

2

Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou an evil heart lament*,
And mourn an absent God?

3

Lord, let me weep for nought but sin!
And after none but thee!
And then I would—Oh, that I might!—
A constant weeper be!

275. C. M. *Cowper.*

Elenborough 170, Brighthelmstone 208.

The contrite Heart, Isa. lviii. 15

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, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

* Or—Dost thou departed friends lament?

4

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, 'My strength renew',
Seem weaker than before.

5

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6

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.

276. C. M. *Beddome.*

Abridge 201, Wantage 204.

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2

If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3

Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4

What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall:
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

277. C. M. *Cowper.*

Bedford 91, Crowle 3.

Submission.

O LORD! my best desires 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,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4

Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

E 3

5
 Wisdom and merry guide my way
 Whom I trust them both;
 A peerless creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the morn!

6
 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy way;
 Fly the next cloud, that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

278. C. M. Steele

James's 163, Tunbridge Hill

Fatal Submission, Heb. ix. 7.

AND can my heart aspire so high
 To say, 'My Father, God'
 Lord! at thy feet I soon would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.

2
 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor e'er faint 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!—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And all the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

279. C. M. T. Grane.

Grove-House 143, *Condescension* 116.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.
 1 Sam. iii. 18.

IT is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine,
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

2
 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still!

3
 It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And, if his bounties, may recal
 Whatever part he please.

4
 It is the Lord—who can restrain
 Beneath the heaviest load—
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.

5
 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can, from afflictions, raise
 Matter eternity in fit
 With ever-growing praise.

6
 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name!
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.

7
 His covenant will my soul defend
 Should nature's will oppose,
 And the great Judge of All descend
 In awful flames of fire!

8
 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be still, or repine?
 No, gracious God! take what thou please,
 To thee I all resign.

280. C. M. Needham.

Bramtree 28, *Huddersfield* 107.

Self-Denial; or, *Taking up the Cross*,
 Mark viii. 35. Luke ix. 26.

ASHAM'D of Christ—my soul, restrain
 The mean ungen'rous thought!
 Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
 To man salvation brought!

2
 With the glad news of love and grace,
 From heaven to earth he came:
 For us, enter'd the painful race—
 For us, despoil'd the shame.

3
 At his command we must take up
 Our cross without delay,
 Our lives—and thousand joys of ours—
 Can ne'er His love repay.

4
 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
 With infinite delight:
 Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
 Are precious in his sight.

5
 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
 Our highest honour that
 Who nobly suffers now for him
 Shall reign with him in bliss.

6
 But should we, in the evil day,
 From our persecution fly,—
 Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
 The traitor will deny.

281. C. M.

Grove-House 143, *Brightonstone* 108.

Self-Denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

AND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee—
 It is but right: 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 sorrows, ten thousand woes—
 How wretched they appear
 Compared with thee, Supreme Good!
 Divinely Bright and Fair!

4
 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Tho' doubtful of all things else,
 I'd glory in my pain.

282. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Sermons.*

Crowle 3, Gainsborough 29.

Sincerity and Truth, Phil. iv. 8.

LET those who bear the Christian name
 Their holy vows fulfil:
 The saints—the followers of the Lamb—
 Are men of honour still.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Tho' to their hurt they swear:
 Constant and just to all they speak—
 For God and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flattering words devise;
 They know the God of truth can see
 Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,
 In all the shapes it wears,
 Firm to the truth: and, when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.

Lo! from afar the Lord descends,
 And brings the judgment down;
 He bids his saints—his faithful friends,
 Rise, and possess their crown.

While Satan trembles at the sight,
 And devils wish to die,
 Where will the faithless hypocrite
 And guilty liar fly?

283. S. M. *Beddome.*

Stoke 207, Harborough 142.

Sincerity desired.

IF secret fraud should dwell
 Within this heart of mine;
 Purge out, O God! that cursed leaven,
 And make me wholly thine.

If any rival there
 Dares to usurp the throne,
 Oh, tear the infernal traitor thence,
 And reign thyself alone.

Is any lust conceal'd?
 Bring it to open view;
 Search, search, dear Lord! my inmost soul,
 And all its powers renew.

284. (1st Part.) C. M. *Fawcett.*

Ann's 58, Stulman 66.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, Inward Religion.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know!

More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows;
 Not reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.

Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.

Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own!

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

Preserve me from the snares of sin,
 Thro' my remaining days;
 And in me let each virtue shine
 To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire;
 Let warm affections rise;
 And may I wait, with strong desire,
 To mount above the skies!

284. (2d Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion, 1 Tim. iv. 8.

HOW vast the blessings, how divine,
 From godliness which flow!
 Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
 Can half its value shew.

Ten thousand comforts it procures
 To christians, while on earth;
 It endles happiness secures,
 And frees from endless death.

God, for himself, hath set apart
 The godly, whom he loves:
 They have a place within his heart;
 Their conduct he approves.

[There is a rich and free reward,
 The eye of faith descries,
 Reserv'd for all, who serve the Lord,
 Above the starry skies.]

A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
 Christ will on such bestow;
 For them the seeds of bliss are sown,—
 The fruits of glory grow.

285. C. M. *Tate.*

Exeter 4, Michael's 119.

Encouragement to trust and love God, Psalm XXXIV.

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

Of his deliverance I will boast,
 Till all, who are distrust,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4

Oh, make but trial of his love —
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth console

5

Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

6

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

286. (1st Part.) L. M.

Bowden 78, Rowles 73.

*Trust and Confidence; or, looking beyond
present Appearances, Hab. iii. 17, 18.*

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Let fear in me no more 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

Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' 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 feeding 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 shew the brightness of his face:
Tho' now my prospects all be crowd—
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4

In hope—believing against hope—
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name:
Show, my dear 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.

286. (2d Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97, Paul's 246.

*All Things working for Good, &c.
Rom. viii. 28.*

TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
Will, thro' the grace of God, our freedom,
In everlasting triumphs end.

2

To those who him sincerely love,
All penal evils blessings prove;
Whom grace hath call'd and made his own
Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3

Lord, let this thought in deep distress
Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise;
Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
We still are safe if thou art ours.

287. (1st Part.) L. M.

Ulverston 179, Dresden 178.

Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

LORD, dost thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pard'ns, rich and free?
And grace, an overwhelming flood?

2

Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3

Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found—
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.

4

I own my guilt; my uns confess
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already number'd,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.

5

Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
I would only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.

6

Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

287. (2d Part.) C. M.

Grove House 143, Bedford 91

*Trust encouraged by the Promise,—I will
be their God.*

IF God is mine, then present things,
And things to come, are mine;
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,
And glory all divine.

2

If he is mine, then, from his love,
His every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3

If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4

If he is mine, let friends forsake,—
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

5
If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6
Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dry'd.

288. C. M. Beddome.

Oxford 177.

Fear not.

YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

2
Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3
Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside

4
Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,—
And faithful to his Son.

5
Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.

6
You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards, the just.

288. (2d Part.) C. M.

Workshop 31, Ludlow 84.

*Trust in God promoted by grateful
Recollection.*

DEAR Lord! why should I doubt thy
Or disbelieve thy grace? [love,
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.

2
Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again
Where thou hast once appear'd?

3
Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?

4
Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?

5
Lord! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possess'd:
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

289. 8, 8, 6. Jesse.

Chatham 59, Hinton 276.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid,
John vi. 20.

UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

2
When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,—
Ungratefully delay'd:
At length his voice more powerful came,
'Tis I,' he cried, 'I, still the same;
'Thou need'st not be afraid.'

3
My heart was chang'd; in that same hour
My soul confess'd his mighty power;
Out flow'd the briny tear:
I listen'd still to hear his voice;
Again he said, 'In me rejoice;
'Tis I;—thou need'st not fear.'

4
'Unworthy of thy love!' I cry'd:
'Freely I love,' he soon reply'd,
'On me thy faith be staid:
'On me for every thing depend;
'I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,—
'Thou need'st not be afraid.'

290. 10th. Newton.

Old Hundred and Fourth 148, Sussex 70.

I will trust and not be afraid, Isaiah xii. 2.

BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will per-
form:

2
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

3
Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,

'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,

The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.

4
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'.

5
Determin'd 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?

5
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,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their
Lord.

6
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 Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I re-
pine?

7
Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Tho' painful at present 'twill cease before
long,
And then, Oh, how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

291]. L. M.

New Sabbath 122, Langdon 217.

True Wisdom, Prov. iii. 13—18.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace—
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!

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

3
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her thowey paths are peace:
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd with her.

4
He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

5
Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

292. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Lewton 30, Rowles 73.

*Zeal for Christ; or, Peter and John follow-
ing their Master*, John xxi. 18—20.

BEST men, who stretch their willing
hands
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their souls in death!

2
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, unfeigning, to expire.

3
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.

4
While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,—
'I'll boldly tread the bleeding way!'
Yet, in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

293. (1st Part.) C. M. *Beddome*.

Bedford 91, Grove House 143.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

2
Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God! my love inflame;
Religion without zeal and love
Is but an empty name.

3
To gain the top of Zion's hill
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee
Which I from thee derive!

293. (2d Part.) C. M.

Great Milton 212, *Cordeacion* 116.

*Zeal for God; or, longing for the Blood of
Christ*.

IF duty calls, and suffering, too,
My Lord! I'll follow thee;
As thou hast done, so would I do;
As thou art, would I be.

2
With zeal inflam'd, '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,
Did through thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4
Depending on thy sov'reign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

PAUSE.
Oh, let me run the christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's Word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6
Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell—
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7
Those who to Christ for refuge flee
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

294. (1st Part.) L. M. *Fawcett*.

Fawcett 184, Ulverston 179, Gould's 272.

The Christian awakened.—*'What must I do to be saved?'* Acts ix. 6.

WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T'escape that vengeance due to me?

Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
'I shall have peace, at last,' I cry'd.

But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die!'

294. (2d Part.) C. M.

Abridge 201, Ann's 58, Elenborough 170.

The great Question answered.

IS there, in heav'n or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor leprous sinner clean!—
Redeem an helpless slave?—

Who can appease an angry God?
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
May ease and safety find?

Yes! there is One, who dwells on high,
That can do this and more;—
A being of unbounded love
And uncontrolled power—

Immanuel is his name: who once,
Upon th' accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.

But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son

6

Jesus! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
And I shall never die.

295. 8, 7. D. *Turner*.

Trowbridge 21, Welsh 210, Tabernacle 239.

Supplicating—*Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy on me*, Mark x. 47.

JESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation
See! I languish, faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repeating,
Send, Oh send me, quick relief!

[Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?—
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]

[While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'd'st thus for me.

With thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.

Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone; [ing,
Search through heaven,—the land of bless-
Seeking good, and finding none.]

Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.

On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall!

In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
'Here's a soul that perish'd suing
'For the boasted Saviour's aid!'

Say'd!—the deed shall spread new glory
Thro' the shining realms above!
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptur'd with thy love!

E 6

296. 74.

[Steel 164, (First Part.) Cookham 36.]

*Longing for an Interest in the Redeemer; or,
venturing on the Mercy of God, in Christ.*

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear;
My requests vouchsafe to hear;
Hear my never-ceasing cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2

Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3

Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4

All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5

Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust;
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6

Thou dost promise to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie:
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7

Father, dost thou seem to frown?
Let me shelter in thy Son;
Jesus! to thine arms I fly:
Come and save me, or I die.

296. (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91, Abridge 201.

*The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.**Help me, my God—Oh save me, Ps. cix. 26.*

HELP and salvation, Lord! I crave;
For both I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

2

*Help me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see:
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which shuns the deity.*

3

*[Help me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize:
Save from impotence; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]*

4

*Help me to cleave to Christ alone!
Where else can likeness fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol nigh.*

5

*Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian's daily food!
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.*

6

*Help me to do thy holy will;
Let duty bless dispense:
Save from a disobedient heart,
From sloth and negligence.*

7

*Help me to persevere in grace,
Still gladly following on;
Save me from each misleading path
To which my heart is prone.*

8

*[Help, in prosperity, that I
True gratitude may find:
Save me from pride and carnal ease,
And from an earthly mind.*

9

*Help, in adversity, to bow
My neck to bear the yoke:
Save me from wrath and discontent,
Which would my God provoke.]*

10

*Help me to conquer all my foes,
Satan, the world, and sin:
Save from temptation's snares without,
And this base heart within.*

11

*Help me to wait the time decreed,
And then meet death with joy:
Save me from all the terrors of life,—
The dread of death destroy.*

297. (First Part.) L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Mark's 65, Rowles 73.

Choosing the better Part, Luke x. 42.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2

*Engage this roving treach'rous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.*

3

*Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.*

4

*If thou, my Jesus! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die,
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousands worlds in thee.*

297. (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Westbury Leigh 278, Broadmead 150.

Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

MY God! thy boundless love we praise
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2
 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
 Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
 Perfumes the breathing gale:
 'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
 With blushing fruits and golden grain,
 And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3
 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
 In sweeter fairer characters,
 And charms the ravish'd breast;
 There, Love immortal leaves the sky
 To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
 And give the weary rest.

4
 There smiles a kind propitious God—
 There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
 The pledge of sins forgiv'n:
 There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And opens all her heav'n.

5
 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
 My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
 That calls thee to the skies:
 Above life's empty scenes aspire—
 Its sordid cares and mean desire—
 And seize th' eternal prize.

298. (First Part.) S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Kibworth 249, Eagle Street New 55.

Devoting himself to God, Rom. xii. 1.

AND will th' eternal king
 So mean a gift reward?
 That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2
 We own thy various claim;
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.

3
 Descend, celestial fire!
 The sacrifice inflame:
 So shall a grateful odour rise,
 Thro' our Redeemer's name.

298. (Second Part.) S. M.

Broderip's 252, Aynhoe 108.

*Go forward; or, Difficulties the Occasion of
 Prayer and Pleading*, Exod. xiv. 15.

LIKE Israel, Lord, am I!
 My soul is at a stand;
 A sea before, an host behind,
 And rocks on either hand.

2
 O Lord! I cry to thee,
 And would thy word obey:
 Bid me advance; and, thro' the sea,
 Create a new-made way.

3
 Without Thee, I must sink
 Beneath the swelling flood;
 Or fall a prey to those who think
 To glut them with my blood.

4
 The time of greatest straits,
 Thy chosen time has been
 To manifest thy power is great,
 And make thy glory seen.

5
 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd
 A God in time of need:—
 Thou art *Jehovah-Jireh* found
 By all of Abra'm's seed.

6
 Thy power is still the same;
 On thee I would rely:
 Wilt Thou not answer to thy name
 To such a worm as I!

7
 Oh, send deliverance down!
 Display the arm divine!
 So shall the praise be all thy own,
 And I be doubly thine.

298. (3d Part.) L. M.

Lebanon 79, Paul's 246.

*Renouncing the moral Law as a Covenant of
 Life; but admiring it as a Rule of Conduct.*

WHEN Jesus for his people dy'd
 The holy law was satisfied:
 Its awful penalties he bore;
 It can command but curse no more.

2
 He having suffer'd in their stead,
 The law in cov'nant form is dead,
 But rules them with a gentle sway;
 And they, with sweet delight, obey.

3
 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
 That Christ should die for such as we!
 From hence, the holiest duties flow
 Of saints above and saints below.

299. (1st Part.) L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

New Court 173, Derby 169.

Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost,
 1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

AND will the offended God again
 Return, and dwell with sinful men?
 Will he within this bosom raise
 A living temple to his praise?

2
 The joyful news transports my breast:
 All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
 Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
 And let the King of Glory in.

3
 Enter with all thy heav'nly train!
 Here live, and here for ever reign!
 Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway;
 Let love command, and I'll obey.

4
 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.

5
 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.

299. (2nd Part.) C. M.

From 233, Psalm 126, Foster 66.

Imploving the Presence of God.

LORD! let me see thy beautiful face!
It yields a heav'n below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the while.

299. (3d Part.) L. M.

Rowles 73, Langdon 217.

Happy in the Salvation of God, Psal. xli. 4.

INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

Rivers descending, Lord! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me;
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.

And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share
I would remain enraptur'd there—

Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below,—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastizing woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

300. 8, 8, 6. J. C. W.

Chatham 59, Broadmead 150, Westbury-
Leigh 278.*The Spiritual Pilgrim.*

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and
From worldly hope and fear! (thought,
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul wanders on earth to dwell,
He only mourns here.

His happiness in part is mine:
Already sav'd from self-deceit,
From ev'ry creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good—
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3

The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

4

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods disdain!
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

5

There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay;
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

6

I come, thy servant, Lord! reprove,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now—Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend!—
Receive me to thy breast!

301. 7, 6.

Amsterdam 136.

The Pilgrim's Song.

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

2

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
Thus a soul, new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

3

Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize,
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet, a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below
And earth exchange'd for heaven.

302. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Camb. New 74, Furman 141, Moulton
Port 183.*Running the Christian Race, Phil. ii. 12—14*

AWAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on!
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2
 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

3
 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

4
 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

303. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Coombs's 45, Bromley 104, Derby 169.

This Christian Warfare, Eph. vi. 13—17.

MY Captain sounds th' alarm of war:
 'Awake! the powers of hell are near!
 'To arms! to arms!' I hear him cry,
 'Tis yours to conquer or to die!'

2
 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armour on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.

3
 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4
 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5
 In him I hope; in him I trust;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast:
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

304. 148th.

Eagle Street 16, Grove 125, Clapham 18.

The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.

JESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For thee I would the world 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 pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.

3
 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
 Thro' all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ will safely keep
 And guide me with his eye:
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And I each boist'rous storm outide.

4
 By faith I see the land,—
 The port of endless rest:
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!
 Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore
 Where winds and waves distress no more.

5
 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 treach'rous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6
 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace;
 Waft me from all below
 To heaven—my destin'd place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

305. 7s.

Hotham 224.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the Refuge.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,—
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide
 Till the storm of life is 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:
 All in All in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4
 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sins:
 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!

306. (1st Part.) L. M. Dr. D. Aldridge.
 Lewton 30, Rowles 73.

*The Christian's Temptations moderated, a
 Proof of God's Fidelity*, 1 Cor. x. 13.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
 And make Jehovah's arm their song:
 His shield is spread o'er every saint;—
 And thus supported who shall faint!

2
What tho' 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 shew a path of safe retreat.

4
Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wue, and just;
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

306. (2nd Part.) 7s. *Cowper.*

Bath Abbey 147, Alcester 231.

Welcoming the Cross.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

2
God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3
Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-a-way?
Bastards may escape the rod:
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not if he might.

307. L. M. *Dr. S. Stehnert.*

Chard 175, Derby 169.

The Ministry of Angels.

GREAT God! what hosts of angels stand,
In shining ranks at thy right hand,
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight!

2
Immortal fires! seraphic flames!
Who can recount their various names?
In strength and beauty they excel;
For near the throne of God they dwell.

3
How eagerly they wish to know
The duties he would have them do:
What joy their active spirits feel
To execute their sovereign's will!

• Heb. xii. 8.

4
Hither, at his command, they fly
To guard the beds on which we lie;
To shield our persons night and day,
And scatter all our fears away.

5
Aghast the hostile Syrian band
Around the helpless prophet stand,
While mighty Gabriel downward flies,
And with his chariot fills the skies.

6
Herod attempts, but all in vain,
To bind a Peter with his chain:
At one soft word an angel speaks,
The many chain asunder breaks.]

7
Send, O my God, some angel down,
(Tho' to a mortal eye unknown,)
To guide and guard my doubtful way
Up to the realms of endless day.

308. C. M. *Steele.*

Charmouth 28, Workup 31.

Walking in Darkness and trusting in God.
Isaiah i. 10.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

2
My God,—O could I make the claim—
My father and my friend—
And call thee mine, by ev'ry name,
On which thy saints depend!

3
By ev'ry name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat:
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4
Yet tho' my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5
Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6
Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And blemish healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

309. S. M.

Stoke 207, Hartborough 142.

Complaining—The Good that I would, I do not, Rom. vii. 19.

I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And fights my soul away.

2
I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft,
The stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus make it soft.

3

I would, but cannot love,
Tho' wou'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4

I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5

O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,
My help must come from thee!

6

But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7

By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8

Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run?

310. L. M. *Beddome.*

Virginia 234, Lewton 30.

Complaining of Inconstancy.

THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind:
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2

But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there anchor in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3

Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce thro' a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4

We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5

With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness:
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

311. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Marks 65, Ulverston 179.

Pride lamented.

OFT have I turn'd my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But Pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2

Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3

She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4

Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.

5

So shall Humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

312. C. M. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Crowle 3, Wantage 204.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

WHY should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh, and every pain,
Is but the fruit of sin?

2

No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel;
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,
My painful feelings tell.

3

Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,
And beat upon my soul:
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4

From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;
Till I am tempted in despair
To give up all for lost.

5

Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look
Once more to thee, my God:
O fix my feet upon a rock,
Beyond the gaping flood.

6

One look of mercy from thy face
Will set my heart at ease:
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

313. 7. 6. 8.

Clark's 131, Tottenham Court 111.

Backsliding and returning; or, the Backslider's Prayer.

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 restor'd,
On me be all its freeness shewn;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

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

8
See me, Saviour, from above,
Nur suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in 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.

4
Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
'Father (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd), forgive!'
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, 'Tis done!
O my loving, bleeding Lord,
This breaks my heart of stone.

314. C. M. *Fawcett.*

London 180, Bangor 231.

Peter's Fall and Recovery, Luke xxii.
54—62.

HOW did the powers of darkness rage
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To shed his precious blood.

2
His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began,
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

3
How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's power!
E'en *Peter's* flaming zeal and love
Are vanquish'd in an hour.

4
His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.

5
At length the suffering Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes!
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns
And loud for mercy cries.

6
So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble prayer:
If I am found in *Peter's* case,
I would not still despair.

7
Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wandering soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

315. C. M. *Newman.*

Crowley's Workshop 31

O that I were as in Month past!
Job xxx. 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2
Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3
In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4
In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5
Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6
Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7
My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8
Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

316. C. M. *Stear.*

Bedford 91, Charnmouth 138.

Troubled but waiting God a Refuge.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul;
On thee, when sorrow's rue,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2
To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3
But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine,
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4
Yet, gracious God where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.

5

‘Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?’

6

No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner’s prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

317. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Cambridge New 71, Hephzibah 77.

Persecution to be expected by every true Christian, 2 Tim. iii. 12.

GREAT Leader of thine Israel’s host,
We shout thy conquering name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions tied with shame.

2

A victory glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain!

3

By our illustrious General fir’d,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar’d to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.

4

We’ll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

318. 8, 7, 4. Farewell.

Westbury 51, Trevecca 37.

Cast down, yet hoping in God, Ps. xliii. 5.

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn’d to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2

What tho’ Satan’s strong temptations
Vex and tease thee, day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro’ the Lamb’s redeeming blood.

3

Tho’ ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
Jesus saith, he’ll ne’er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4

Tho’ distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread’st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he’ll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer’s name.

5

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

319. C. M.

Brightelmstone 208, Frome 255, Grove House 143.

The Regiment.

FATHER, whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;

2

‘Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
‘The blessings of thy grace impart,
‘And make me live to thee:

3

‘Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
‘My life and death attend;
‘Thy presence thro’ my journey shine,
‘And crown my journey’s end.’

320. C. M. Steele.

Bath Chapel 26, Salem 139.

Watchfulness and Prayer, Matt. xxvi. 41.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav’n, O let me lift my 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,
Tho’ 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

Whene’er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee

321. L. M. *Newton.*

Kingsbridge 88, Rippon's 188.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.

2

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5

Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6

'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cry'd;
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?'
'Tis in this way,' the Lord reply'd,
'I answer prayer for grace and faith:

7

'These inward trials I employ,
'From self and pride to set thee free;
'And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
'That thou may'st seek thy all in me.'

322. L. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Oliverston 179, Portugal 97.

Growing in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad;
For all thy influence from above
To warm our souls with sacred love.

2

Bless'd be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of paradise;
And gave its heavenly beauties birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

3

But why does that celestial flower
Open and thrive and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

4

Too plain, alas! the languor shews
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

5

Unchanging Sun, thy beams display
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

6

And thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

323. L. M. *G—.*

Lebanon 79, New Sabbath 122.

Rising to God.

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.

324. L. M. *Finnell.*

Maddalene 214, Lewton 30.

Remembering all the Way the Lord has led us, Deut. viii. 2.

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

Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home,
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3

Temptations every where annoy,
And snares and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4

My soul, with various tempests torn'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6

'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.

325. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Sutton 149, Stockport 47.

Waiting for the Coming of his Lord; or, the active Christian, Luke xii. 35—38.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Bird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

326. L. M.

Ulverston 179, Lewton 30.

Solicitous of finishing his Course with Joy, Acts xx. 24.

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.

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.

Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll survey,
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.

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!

327. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Martin's Lane 67, Portugal 97.

The Believer committing his departing Spirit to Jesus.

THOU, that hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought!
To thee our Spirit we commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.

Millions of blissful souls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With songs of endless praise proclaim
The honours of thy faithful name.

When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever constant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendship spoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

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.

O 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.

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!

328. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Evans's 190, Cambridge New 74.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned, Rev. ii. 10.

HARK! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice
From his triumphant seat;
'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

'Fight on, my faithful band,' he cries,
'Nor fear the mortal blow:
'Who first in such a warfare dies
'Shall speediest victory know.

'I have my days of combat known,
'And in the dust was laid;
'But thence I mounted to my throne,
'And glory crowns my head.

'That throne, that glory, you shall share;
'My hands the crown shall give;
'And you the sparkling honours wear,
'While God himself shall live.'

Lord, 'tis enough; our souls are fir'd
With courage and with love;
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
Our hopes are fix'd above.

WORSHIP.

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

329. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Paul's 246, Green's Hundred 89.

Retirement and Meditation, Psalm iv. 4.

RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no
Seek out some solitude to mourn, [more;
And thy forsaken God implore.

O thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

Thro' all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purify'd.

Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fix'd his dwelling there.

330. L. M. Beddome.

Ulverston 179, Portugal 97.

Reading the Scriptures.

GREAT God, oppress'd with grief and fear,
I take thy book, and hope to find
Some gracious word of promise there,
To sooth the sorrows of my mind:

I turn the sacred volume o'er,
And search with care from page to page;
Of threatenings find an ample store,
But nought that can my grief assuage.

And is there naught? Fortnd, dear Lord,
So base a thought should e'er arise:
I'll search again; and while I search,
O may the scales fall off mine eyes!

'Tis done! and, with transporting joy,
I read the heaven-inspired lines;
There mercy speaks in brightest beams,
And truth with dazzling lustre shines.

Here's heavenly food for hungry souls,
And mines of gold to enrich the poor;
Here's healing balm for every wound,
A salve for every festering sore.

331. L. M. President Davies.

Magdalene 214, Paul's 246.

Self-examination, Gal. iv. 19, 20.

WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!

And what am I—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action, shine?

Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.

May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ thro' all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

332. C. M.

Charmouth 28, Bedford 91.

Secret Prayer, Matt. vi. 6.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkened night,
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

O let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows in thee aspire,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

So shalt the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to bless.

PAUSE.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the vital name;
Mercy, Ours' Christ, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

333. C. M.

Great Milton 212, Matthew's 34.

Going to a new Habitation.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

334. L. M. Steele.

Magdalene 214, Horsley 205.

The Christian's noblest Resolution,
Joshua xxiv. 15.

AH, wretched souls who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

335. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Portugal 97, Ulverston 179.

Family Religion, Gen. xviii. 19.

FATHER of all, 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.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleas'd and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

336. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55, Simon's 250.

Prayer for Infants; or, Children, Day by Day, given to God.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed,
O bring the long'd-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Thro' the baptismal stream.

Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

337. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Condescension 116, New York 33.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children, Mark x. 14.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

[Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.]

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
It weeping o'er their dust.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

338. 149th. B. Francis.

Clapham 18, Dartmouth 46, Greenwich
New 62.*On opening a Place of Worship.*

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days;
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2

To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3

Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew
How God can dwell with men below.

4

Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

5

Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!

6

Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Thro' long succeeding days,
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

* Sung on opening the Meeting House at Hor-
slev, Gloucestershire, September 18, 1774; and
also at the opening of the New Meeting House at
Downend, near Bristol, October 4, 1786.

339. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Chard 175, Wareham 117.

On opening a Place of Worship.

GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace;
Nor date tumultuous foes invade
To fill our worshippers with dread.

2

These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, dew-dropping, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3

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.

4

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.

340. C. M. Newton.

Abridge 201, Bedford 91.

On opening a Place for social Prayer.

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

2

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

3

Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round
To come and fill the place.

341. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Kibworth 243, Vermont 154.

The Pleasure of social Worship.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3

Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4

To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5

To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

342. 7s. D. Turner.

Faversham 220, Bath Abbey 147.

The Excellency of Public Worship.

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 mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4

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

343. L. M. Steele.

Langdon 217, Chard 175.

The Happiness of humble Worship, Ps. lxxxiv.

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear?
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2

O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

3

Happy the men whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

4

One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

5

God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

6

He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy fav'rites of his care.

7

O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

344. L. M.

Bramcoate 8, Lewton 30.

Delight in God's House and Confidence in him, Psalm xxvii.

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!

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 dome I may attend;

3

There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he within his hallow'd shrine
My secret refuge shall assign.

4

When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.

5

Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6

Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God with sacred courage wait:
His hand shall live and strength afford;
O ever wait upon the Lord.

345. S. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Price's 187, Hopkins's 157.

Forms vain without Religion.

ALmighty Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame!

2

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

3

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

4

[But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

5

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

6

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

F

THE LORD'S DAY.

346. 8, 8, 6. *Merrick.*

Baltimore 107, Broadmead 150.

*Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in
Worship, Psalm cxviii.*

THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts amend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

Hither from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O Son, while with bended knee
To Jesus's God we pray:
How blest'd, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Son, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy guest to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God!

347. 7s. *D. Turner.*

Alcester 213, Fevenham 230.

A Song of Praise to the Redeemer, Ps. xl. 7, 8.

HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inspire our humble lays,
While the Saviour's love we sing,
Whence our hopes and comforts spring.

Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Taught his tender bosom so,
That when justice death demands,
Forth the great deliverer stands,

Cries to God, 'Thy mercy shew,
'Lo! I come thy will to do;
'I the sacrifice will be,
'Death shall plunge his dart in me.'

Thou' the form of God he bore,
Great in glory, great in power,
See him in our flesh array'd
Lower than his angels made.

He that heaven itself possess'd
Now an infant at the breast!
Angels from the world above,
See and sing th' amazing love!

Thro' the shining hours of day,
Trials and danger mark his way,
Lonely mountains, and chilling air,
Witness oft his midnight prayer.]

Now the heavenly lover dies!
Darkness veils the mid-day skies!
Angels round the bloody tree
Thriving, and gaze in ecstasy!

[Powers unseen earth's bosom heave,
Rocks and tombs wonder cleave,
While the Temple's smoking veil
Tells the priest the awful tale.]

But the third day dawning come,
Lo! the Saviour leaves the tomb!
Reascends his native sky,
Where he lives no more to die.

On his cross he built his throne,
Whence he makes his graces known,
Sends his Spirit down to give
Dying sinners grace to live.

348. L. M. *J. Stennett.*

Rowles 73, Magdalene 214.

The Sabbath.

ANOTHER six days work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

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.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven this sweet repose
Which none but he that knew it knows.

This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With thy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new,
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

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!

349. 148th.

Carter Lane 141, Dartmouth 46.

A Hymn for Lord's Day Morning.

AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts the God ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
'Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
'Thro' endless years to live and reign.'

Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

350. C. M. B—.

Salem 139, New York 33.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns:
How languid are its flames:

Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ:
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

351. C. M. Cennick.

Brighthelmstone 208, Providence College 10.

Lord's Day Evening.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

[Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

351. (2d Part.) L. M. Dr. Watts.

Portugal 97, New Sabbath 122.

Lord's Day Evening.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

352. L. M.

Gloucester 12, Lebanon 79.

The Eternal Sabbath, Heb. iv. 9.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

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.

3
No rude alarms of raging fires;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal, noon.

4
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above,
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

HYMNS BEFORE PRAYER.

353. L. M. Cooper.

Portugal 97, Langdon 217.

Exhortation to Prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2
Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exertive to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4
While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5
Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6
Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

354. 7s.

Cookham 36, Steel 164.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me,
Gen xxxii. 26.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
I'll a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pleading case.

2
Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3
Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Mourn thy glance, thy power defy,—
Thou just rebel, Lord, wast I.

4
Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5
Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6
Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7
No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

355. C. M. Edmund Jones.

Ludlow 24, Crowle 3.

The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King, Esther iv. 16.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2
'I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin
'Hath like a mountain rose;
'I know his courts, I'll enter in,
'Whatever may oppose:

3
'Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
'And there my guilt confess,
'I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
'Without his sovereign grace:

4
'I'll to the gracious King approach,
'Whose sceptre pardon gives;
'Perhaps he may command my touch,
'And then the suppliant lives.

5
'Perhaps he will admit my plea,
'Perhaps will hear my prayer;
'But if I perish I will pray,
'And perish only there.

6
'I can but perish if I go,
'I am resolv'd to try;
'For, if I stay away, I know
'I must for ever die.'

7
But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

356. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55, Broderip's 212.

A Broken Heart, and a bleeding Saviour.

UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring,
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2

To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3

When he gave up the ghost,
The law was satisfy'd;
And now to its most rigorous claims,
I answer, 'Jesus died.'

357. L. M. *Beddome*.

Rippon's 188, Ulverstone 179.

Holy Boldness.

SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2

Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3

Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray;
And, tho' myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance thro' thy Son—

4

Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
Expir'd to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

358. 8, 8, 6. *J. Straphan*.

Clitham 59.

The Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9—13.

OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear;
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.

2

Far may thy glorious reign extend,
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.

3

From thy kind hand each temporal 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! that rise
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
And malice harbour in that breast
That feels the love of heaven.

5

Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power
O! set our spirits free:
And if temptation should assail,
May 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
Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON.

359. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett*.

Portugal 97, Wareham 117.

To be sung between Prayer and Sermon.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign 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,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

360. C. M.

Great Milton 212, Condescension 116.

1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

IN vain Apollos' silver tongue,
And Paul's with strains profound,
Diffuse among the listening throng
The gospel's gladdening sound.

2

Jesus, the work is wholly thine
To form the heart anew;
Now let thy sovereign grace divine
Each stubborn soul subdue.

361. 112th. *Fawcett*.

Uffculm 93, Carey's 11, Hoxton 121.

Before Sermon.

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:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

F 3

2

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

Chor. Thus, &c.

3

To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

Chor. Thus, &c.

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:
Chor. Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

361. (2d Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188, Paul's 246, Gould's 272.

Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God,
1 Sam. vii. 2.

LOOK from on high, great God, and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee.
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2

To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Hind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3

Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word,
That sinners may their danger see
And now begin to mourn for thee.

362. C. M. *Beddome.*

Bath Chapel 26, Michael's 119.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

HOW free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men in every blood!

2

The mightiest king, and meanest slave
May hoist rich men's exalted;
He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.

3

None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and the poor,
The ignorant and rude.

4

Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue,
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

363. 7s.

Stoel 184, Cockham 26.

A Blessing humbly requested.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2

In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3

Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

364. L. M.

Portugal 97, Horsley 224, Gould's 272.

The Pool of Bethesda, John v. 2—4.

NOW 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 ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3

Thou cov'nant 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;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

365. 8, 7, 4. *Topothy's Collection.*

Helmsley 223, Painswick 102.

Prayer for Minister and People.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy word's true love!
Pour thy grace upon the people,
That thy truth they may approve.
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

2

Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel-feast;
Let the Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O relieve us,
Let us find thy promise's rest.

366. L. M.

Islington 40, Lebanon 79.

Casting the Gospel-Net,
Luke v. 5. John xxi. 6.

NOW while the gospel-net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2

May this be a much-favour'd hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign power
To break the rocks and raise the dead!

3

To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4

[O hear our prayer and give us hope
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up
To love and praise thee in our room.]

367. S. M. *Beddome.*

Harborough 142, Wirksworth 158.

He beheld the City, and wept over it,
John xix. 41.

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,
Angels with wonder 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 heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

368. 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223, Lewes 63.

A Blessing requested.

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

O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's design'd to give:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live!

369. 148th.

Bethesda 112, Carmarthen New 35.

Blind Bartimeus, Luke xviii. 35—39.

SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face:
Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucify'd.

2

Jesus, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear;
If now thou passest by,
Stand still and call me near;
The darkness from my heart remove,
And shew me now thy pardoning love.

370. L. M. *Beddome.*

Coombs's 45, Islington 40.

Thy Kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2

Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3

O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

371. L. M.

Wareham 117, Green's Hundred 59.

Ezekiel's Vision of the dry Bones,
Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

LOOK 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 mouldering corpses 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 prophesy 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 thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5

So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

E 4

HYMNS AFTER SERMON.

372. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26, New York 33.

The Parable of the Sower, Matt. xiii. 3—23.

NOW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble fervent prayer.

In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine:
'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'

373. 148th. *Newton*.

Bethesda 112, Eagle Street 16.

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

374. L. M.

Denbigh 54, Rowles 73.

The Spread of the Gospel, Matt. vi. 10.

TO distant lands thy Gospel send,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
'Thou King of Grace' salvation shew.

Where'er thy sun, or light arise,
Thy name, O God, immortalize:
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

375. C. M.

Bedford 91, Abridge 201.

Duties and Privileges, Jude 20, 21.

WHILE sinners, who presume to bear
The merciful's sacred name,
Throw up the reins to every lust,
And glory in their shame;

Ye saints preserv'd in Christ and call'd,
Detest their impious ways,
And on the Cross at your faith
An heavenly temple raise.

Upon the Spirit's promis'd aid
Depend from day to day,
And, while he breathes his quickening gale,
Adore, and praise, and pray.

Preserve unquench'd your love to God,
And let the flame arise,
And higher and still higher blaze,
Till it ascend the skies.

With a transporting joy expect
The grace your Lord shall give,
When all his saints shall from his hands
Their crowns of life receive.

376. C. M. *Toplady's Collection*.

Grove House 143, Foster 96, Salem 139.

Now is the accepted Time.

COME, guilty souls, and flee away
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

God lov'd the church, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says he'll cast out none
That come to him by faith.

376. (2d Part.) L. M.

Paul's 246, Gould's 272.

The convicted Sinner encouraged.

WHO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,
Hear, Jesus speaks, Be of good cheer;
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

377. L. M. *Dr. S. Stennett*.

Angell's Hymn 60, Paul's 246.

Acceptance through Christ alone, John xiv. 6.

HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal Mind?

Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

This blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here we will rest our only plea
When we approach, great God, to thee.

377. (2d Part.) 7s.

Cookham 36, Steel 164, Hotham 224.

The Pleasures of Religion.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

378. L. M.

Rowles 73, Portugal 97.

Habbakuk iii. 17, 18.

IS Jesus mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought most hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like snow:
No blasted trees or failing crops
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same,
Then let me triumph in his name.

379. 7s.

Deptford 124, Turin 244.

Help, Hosea xiii. 9.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love;
Help to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

380. C. M.

Abridge 201, Grove House 143.

Felix trembling, Acts xxiv. 24, 25.

SEE Felix, cloth'd with pomp and power,
See his resplendent bride,
Attend to hear a prisoner preach
The Saviour crucify'd.

2
He well describes who Jesus was,
His glories and his love,
How he obey'd and bled below,
And reigns and pleads above.

3
Felix up starts, and trembling cries,
'Go for this time away,
'I'll hear thee on these points again
'On some convenient day.'

4
Attention to the words of life
Let Felix thus adjourn;
Lord, let us make these solemn truths
Our first and last concern.

381. S. M.

Eagle Street New 55, Vermont 134.

Jabez's Prayer, 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

'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.'

382. (1st Part.) C. M.

Brightelmstone 208, Ann's 382.

Desiring to walk in the Way of Holiness to Happiness, Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication bear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear:

2
If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!

3
Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thine heaven at length!

4
My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

382. (2d Part.) C. M.

Sprague 166, Bedford 91.

Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life
My worthless name doth stand;
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;

2
I am secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies.

3
To thee in sweet melodious strains
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To shew forth half thy praise.

4
[Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

383. 104th.

Surrex 70, Hanover 150.

Praise for Salvation.

OUR Saviour alone the Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne, the Prince
of our Peace;
Who evermore saves us by shedding his
blood;
All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God.

We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,
And say, Our dear Saviour redeems us from
hell.

Preserve us in love, while here we abide;
O never remove thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see
With joy the blest vision completed in
thee.

383. (2d Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97, Breda y 165.

Gratitude to Christ.

TO him who on the fatal tree
Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,
And in his service spend my days.

To listening multitudes I'll tell
How he redeem'd my soul from hell;
And how, reposing on his breast,
I lost my cares and found my rest.

Thro' him my sins are all forgiven,
He ever pleads my cause in heaven;
I'll build an altar to his name,
And to the world his grace proclaim.

384. (1st Part.) C. M.

Boston 159, Miall 240.

Not unto us, Psalm cxv. 1.

NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, let us
Our hallelujahs bring.

Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

384. (2d Part.) C. M.

Cambridge New 74, Oxford 106,
Missionary 277.*Joying and glorying in the Lord,*

YEAINTS, of every rank, with joy
To God your offerings bring;
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,
With loud Hosannas ring.

Let him receive the glory due
To his exalted name;
With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

Praise him in elevated strains,
And make the world to know,
How great the Master whom you serve,
And yet how gracious, too.

385. 8s.

Lock 49, Lambeth 57.

Our God for ever and ever. Psalm xlviii. 14.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large 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.

386. C. M. Cennick.

Newington 61, Great Milton 212.

Christ the Burden of the Song.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

387. 6. 4.

Bermondsey 52, Bridgewater 261

Worthy the Lamb.

GLORY to God on high
Let earth and skies reply:
Praise ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb

2

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3

While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4

Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

5

What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6

Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Thro' all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb.

388. L. M. Hart.

Lebanon 79, Horsley 205, Manning 215.

At Dismission.

DISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2

Tho' we are guilty thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

389. 8 7. 4.

Helmsley 223, Westbury 51.

At Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us!
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

2

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!

3

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day!

390. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26, Brighthelmstone 208.

Sanctification and Growth, Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

NOW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave,
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,

2

Thro' the rich merits of that blood,
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal cov'nant sure,
On which our hopes are built,

3

Perfect our souls in every grace
T' accomplish all his will,
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!

4

For the great Mediator's sake,
We every blessing pray:
With glory let his name be crown'd
Thro' heaven's eternal day!

391. L. M.

Islington 40, Lebanon 79.

The Peace of God shall keep, Eccl. Phil. iv. 7.

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 every soul assembled here!

392. 8, 7. Newton.

Welsh 210, Jewin Street 222.

May the Grace, Eccl. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

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

F 6

DOXOLOGIES.

393. C. M.

Grave House 143, Condescension 116

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who made the earth and heaven,
Of equal dignity possess,
Be equal honours giv'n.

394. S. M. *Beddome.*

Aynhoe 108, Price's 187.

TO the eternal three,
In will and essence one,
Be universal honours paid,
Co-equal honours done.

395. L. M. *Bp. Ken.*

Magdalene 214, Old Hundred 100.

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.

396. 101.

Sussex 70, Hanover 130.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
And publish abroad, again and again,
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free
grace,
The gifts of the Spirit, to Adam's lost race.

397. (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4.

Helmsley 223.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit:
To thine image us restore;
Vast eternal
Praises to thee evermore.

397. (2d Part.) 8. 8. 6.

Baltimore 167, Broadmead 150.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption blest'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow:

THE WORLD.

398. L. M. *Blackmore.*

Portugal 97, Green's Hundred 89.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

WHAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendour of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?

2

Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may despy;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply.

3

If, wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?

4

Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?

5

When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour when we need it most?

6

When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?

7

Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just, in joys immortal dwell?

8

Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant:
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

399. C. M. *Dr. S. Stearns.*

New York 33, Providence College 10.

Vanity of the World, Psalm iv. 6.

IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
' Who will supply our vast desires,
' Or shew us any good?'

2

Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3

But oft these shadowy joys elude
 Their most intense pursuit:
 Or, it they seize the fancied good,
 There's poison in the fruit.

4

Lord, from this world call off my love,
 Set my affections right;
 Bid me aspire to joys above,
 And walk no more by sight.

5

O let the glories of thy face
 Upon my bosom shine:
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
 My joys will be divine.

400. C. M. *Needham.*

Tunbridge 103, Abridge 201.

The rich Fool surprised, Luke xii. 16—22.

DELUDED souls! who think to find
 A solid bliss below:
 Bliss the fair flower of paradise,
 On earth can never grow.

2

See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
 To increase his worldly store;
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,
 And covets room for more.

3

'What shall I do?' distress'd he cries;
 'This scheme will I pursue;
 'My scanty barns shall now come down,
 'I'll build them large and new:

4

'Here will I lay my fruits and bid
 'My soul to take its ease:
 'Eat, drink, be glad; my lasting store
 'Shall give what joys I please.'

5

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! from heaven
 Th' Almighty made reply:
 'For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
 'This night thyself shalt die.'

6

Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream:
 And may I seek my bliss alone
 In thee the good supreme:

401. C. M.

Charmouth 28, Bangor 231.

The whole World no Compensation for the Loss of one Soul, Mark viii. 36.

LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
 With solid good for shew?
 Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss,
 In everlasting woe?

2

Let us not lose the living God,
 For one short dream of joy;
 With fond embrace cling to a clod,
 And fling all heaven away.

3

Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
 We all thy charms defy;
 And rate our precious souls too dear
 For all thy wealth to buy.

402. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Lebanon 79, Manning 245.

The Farewell.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares;
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,
 Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf my ears.

2

Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
 Their paradise shall never waste
 One thought of mine, but to despise.

3

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
 With mountains of vexatious care;
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare?

4

Be gone, for ever, mortal things!
 Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5

Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires;
 My soul pursues the sovereign good:
 She was all made of heavenly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

403. C. M.

New York 33, Maidstone 196.

The Church described; or, the Stability and Glory of Zion, Cant. vi. 10.

SAY who is she, that looks abroad
 Like the sweet-blushing dawn,
 When with her living light she paints
 The dew-drops of the lawn:

2

Fair as the moon, when in the skies
 Serene her throne she guides,
 And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
 In full orb'd glory rides:

3

Clear as the sun, when from the east
 Without a cloud he springs,
 And scatters boundless light and heat
 From his resplendent wings:

4
Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
All ardent for the foe!

5
This is the church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine,
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

404. L. M. Steele.
Derby 169, Wells Row 98.

The Presence of Christ the Joy of his People.

THE wond'ring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That shew'd the great Messiah born;

2
The Prince! the Saviour! long dear'd,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspir'd,
And raptur'd saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

3
Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:

4
But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return:
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

5
Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

6
Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

405. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Great Milton 221, Exeter 4.

Asking the Way to Zion, Jer. l. 5.

ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.

2
Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3
O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

4
O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands,
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

406. 148th. Dr. Doddridge.
Swilth's 44, Darwell's 82.

*At the Forming a Church, Isa. lvi. 6, 7.
Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. li. 13, 14.*

GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:

How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2
Tho' once estrang'd afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own—
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3
To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim,
Our Father-king.
Thy cov'nant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4
Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5
May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

407. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Portugal 57, Derby 109.

*The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from
Christ, Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12*

FATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2
The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3
Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4

From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live;
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5

So shall the bright succession run
Thro' the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6

Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

408. L. M.
Wareham 117.

On sending a Member into the Work of the Ministry—Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision, Isa. vi. 8.*

OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:

2

The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces, and their feet.

3

Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul!

4

Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Thro' all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, 'Thy servant's here.'

5

Nor let his willing soul complain,
Tho' every effort seem in vain;
It ample recompence shall be
But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

* If sung on any other Occasion, 'his,' in the three last Verses may be exchanged for 'my.'

409. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Paul's 246, Rippon's 188, Gould's 272.

Seeking Direction in the Choice of a Pastor.

SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.

2

Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3

Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

410. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Abridge 201, Bedford 91.

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn,
Heb. xiii. 17.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an Angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3

They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;—
For souls which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe.

4

All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear!

5

May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

411. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Allie Street 241, Portugal 97.

The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own Heart, Jer. iii. 15.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2

To all thy churches such impart,
Model'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3

Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!

4

Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5

Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

* See Hymn 407, and Association Hymns.

412. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Abingdon 42, Braintree 25.

Christ's Care of Ministers and Churches,
Rev. ii. 1.

WE bless th' eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And, through this dark beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.

2
We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love
To shine with radiance fair.

3
Still be our purity preserv'd,
Still fed with oil the flame,
And in deep characters describ'd
Our heavenly Master's name!

4
Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

413. L. M.

Babylon Streams 23, Paul's 246, Gould's 272.

On the dangerous illness of a Minister.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3
Tho' we have sinn'd, and justly dread
The vengeance hovering o'er our head,
Yet, power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

4
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,
Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

5
Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hope and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

6
Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor send him from each bleeding heart.

7
Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost;

8
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
Support him thro' the gloomy way,
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,
And guide him thro' the dreary shade.

9
Around him may thy angels wait,
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,
To teach his happy soul to rise,
And wait him to his native skies.

414. C. M.

Huddersfield 202, Matthew's 34.

*At a Minister's leaving his People.—Paul's
farewell Charge, Acts xx. 26, 27.*

WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day,
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2
In heaven they met again with joy
(Secure no more to part),
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fill each heart.

3
Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.

4
But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.

5
On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here;
The preachers who have told you all
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

6
Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view,
O! hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

415. L. M.

Bowden 78, Chard 175.

*The People's Prayer for their Minister; or,
Ministers and Missionaries* committed to
God.*

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee com-
mend,

His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2
Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3
Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4
Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him the mighty power exert
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

* See also Hymn 423, first, second, and third parts.

† The petitions in this Hymn, if necessary, may be read in the plural, them, &c. &c.

416. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Portugal 97, Magdalene 214.

The Pastor's Wish for his People, Phil. iv. 1.

MY brethren, from my heart below'd,
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,
 My present joy, my future crown,
 The word of exhortation hear.

2

Stand fast upon the solid rock
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness:
 Adorn the gospel with your lives,
 And practise what your lips profess.

3

With pleasure meditate the hour,
 When he, descending from the skies,
 Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
 In his all-glorious image rise.

4

Glory in his dear, honour'd name,
 To him inviolably cleave;
 Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
 Nor let him less than all receive.

5

Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
 Whose soul desires not your's, but you;
 O may he, at the Lord's right-hand,
 Himself and all his people view!

417. L. M.

Wareham 117, Mark's 65.

At a Choice of Deacons, 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

FAIR Zion's King, we suppliant bow,
 And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
 Her holy deacons are thine own,
 With all the gifts thy love employs.

2

Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
 For blessings to attend our choice*
 Of such whose generous prudent zeal
 Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.

3

Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,
 May they his sacred table spread,—
 The table of their pastor fill,
 And fill the holy poor with bread!

4

[When pastor, saints, and poor, they serve,
 May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
 While patience, sympathy, and joy,
 Adorn, and thro' their lives abound.]

5

By purest love to Christ, and truth,
 O may they win a good degree
 Of boldness in the christian faith,
 And meet the smile of thine and thee!

6

And when the work to them assign'd—
 The work of love, is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

* If this Hymn be sung *before* the Choice, then the second Line of the second Verse may stand thus:

'For Wisdom to direct our Choice.'

MONTHLY AND MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.

418. (1st Part.) 8, 7.

Carlisle 95, Welsh 210, Trowbridge 21.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion the City of God, Ps. lxxxvii. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2

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

3

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Shewing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.]

4

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God:
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5

Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show t'
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

418. (2d Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12, Chard 175.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel, animated by Prophecy.

EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
 Insulted, everlasting King!
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2

[We long to see that happy time,
 That dear, expected, blissful day,
 When countless myriads of our race
 The second Adam shall obey.]

3
Thy prophecies *must* be fulfill'd,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The *same* cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4
Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,)
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.

5
In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And infidelity, sham'd,
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6
Africa's emancipated sons
Shall join, with Europe's polish'd race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

7
From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
And *every man*, in *every place*,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418. (3d Part.) L. M.
Wareham 117, Portugal 97.

The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted,
Rev. xiv. 6, 8.

PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;
Nor can her *falling* palace rail,
Till some blest messenger arise,
The spacious heathen world to call.

2
And see the glorious time approach!
Behold the mighty angel fly,
The gospel tidings to convey
To every land beneath the sky!

3
O see, on both the India's coast,
And Africa's unhappy shore,
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
And hearing, wonder and adore:

4
[See, while the joyful truth is told,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
'And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
'That guilty souls might be forgiv'n;']

5
See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him ask, 'For wretched me,
'Did this divine Redeemer die?

6
'Ah! Why have ye so long forborne
'To tell such welcome news as this;
'Go now, let *every sinner* hear,
'And share in such exalted bliss.']

7
The islands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

8
Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,
Thy cur'd foundation shall give way,
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

418. (4th Part.) L. M.
Wells 107, Devotion 271.

*Invitation to propagate the Gospel throughout
the Earth.*

GO, favour'd Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wond'ring nations round.

2
Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—a *freedom bought with blood*,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3
And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a *refreshing stream*
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4
Go, tell on India's golden shores,
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan*,
That to *enrich their deathless mind*,
You come—the friends of God and man.

5
Tell *all* the distant isles afar
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a *glorious light to show*,
You come—their *souls to seek and save*.

6
Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love,
And, crown'd with energy divine,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

* *Tibet and Boutan*: parts of Asia, little known
to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist
Missionaries.

418. (5th Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12, Derby 169.

*Neglect in spreading the Gospel, reproved
and deplored.*

'GO,' said the voice of heavenly love,
'My gospel preach to every land;
'Lo! I am with you to the end;
'Observe and follow my command.'

2
With joy the first disciples heard,
And told the ever gracious news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:

3
Then to the Gentiles, far and near,
Publish'd salvation in his name,
And the glad tidings of his grace
To this distinguish'd island came.

4
But ah! to spread their sacred theme,
How few have *our* attempts been found!
What heathen lands from *us* have heard
The glorious heart-reviving sound!

5
To *us* their duty they bequeath'd,
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equal'd *theirs*,
The same had been our *best* reward.

6

[We too had multitudes beheld,
Forsake the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their yet benighted realms pervade.]

7

Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel!

419. (1st Part.) L. M.
Chard 175, Gloucester 12.

*Prospect of Success; or, Encouragement to
use Means.*

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 ripening fields, already white,
Present an *harvest* to our sight.

3

The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4

Come let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5

Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our hoisted sail.
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favor'd Britain, blest.

6

Invite the *globe* to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assu'd they shall acceptance meet.

7

[Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where sajan long has held his throne.]

8

Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
'And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew,'
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

419. (2d Part.) C. M.
Cambridge New 74, Evans's 190, Irish 171,
Missionary 257.

*The Increase of the Church promised and
pleaded.*

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That thro' the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2

'Ask, and I give the heathen lands
'For thine inheritance,
'And to the world's remotest shores
'Thine empire shall advance.'

3

Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4

When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5

Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?

6

From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannahs to thy Lord!

7

Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame:
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!

420. (1st Part.) C. M.
Otford 106, Michael's 119.

Prayer for Missionaries.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2

But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3

Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4

O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals long-enslav'd become
The freedmen of the Lord?

5

When shall the untutor'd Heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6

Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Softenthe tyger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7

* Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance,
were written off *Margate*, by Mr. William Ward,
one of the Baptist Missionaries, on their depar-
ture for India, May 28, 1799.

* Verse 7, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, may be
sung alone.

8
[O charge the waves to bear our friends
In safety o'er the deep,
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9
Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banian's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10
O let the heavenly Shaster* spread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;
And may all India's tribes become
One Cast to serve the Lord.

PAUSE.

Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

12
Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits array'd,
A blooming Paradise.

13
True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

14
Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore:
No trumpet shall rouse the rage of war,
No murd'rous cannon roar.

15
Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter sun, and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

16
Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriads cry;
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!

* The *Shasters* are the religious books of the Hindoos; the *Brahmans* are their Priests; and the *Casts* are the different classes of the people.

420. (2d Part.) L. M.

Warcham 12, Wells 13, Lebanon 79.

*A Blessing on Missions, and Missionaries,
requested.*

WHERE'ER the blustering north-wind
blows,
And spreads its frost or fleecy snows;
Where'er the sun with quickening ray,
Shines all abroad and gives the day;

2
Where'er the lesser orbs of light
Dart forth their beams and gild the night,
There may his heralds loud proclaim
The Saviour's love, the Saviour's name.

3
For work so pleasing, so benign,
Lord, grant thy influence divine;
Till all 'the spacious globe around,'
* With raptur'd songs of praise resound.

420. (3d Part.) S. M.

Mount Ephraim 155, Lowell 210,
Mansfield 154.

*Missionaries addressed and encouraged.**

YE Messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey,
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2
The master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow,
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

3
Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4
Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5
We wish you in his name,
The most divine success,—
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

* See also Hymn 112.

420. (4th Part.) C. M.

Evans's 150, Cambridge New 74.

*The wonder-working God invoked for his
Church, Isaiah ii. 9.*

A WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

2
Art thou not it, which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head?
Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accustom'd bed.

3
Again thy wonted prowess show,
Be thou made bare again,
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

421. (1st Part.) L. M.

Althe Street 241, Rochford 22.

Longing for the Latter Day Glory.

HOW many years has man been driven
Far off from happiness and heaven?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wandering church to roam no more?

2
Six thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy light was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

3
When will the happy trumpet proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal jubilee?

4
Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels and command;
'Go, sound deliverance; loudly blow
'Salvation to the saints below.'

5
We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6
Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

421. (2d Part.) L. M.
Ailie Street 241, Portugal 97.

*Prayer to God for his special Interposition in
spreading the Gospel, Zec. ix. 13—16.*

'HOW' long, O God, 'has man been
driv'n.
'Far off from happiness and heav'n!
'When wilt thou,' graciously 'restore'
Thy banish'd sons to rove no more?

2
For near six thousand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompass'd round.

3
Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?

4
From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furnish trophies of his grace.

5
Exert that power which could subdue
The furious, slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become,
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6
Now, Lord, before thy servants go,
Let God himself the trumpet blow;
Hasten the Gospel jubilee
That bids a captive world be free.

421. (3d Part.) 10s.
Warsaw 211, Guestwick 274.

*The House must be of Fame and Glory
throughout all Countries, 1 Chron. xxii. 25.*

THE house now to be builded to the
Lord,
Whose firm foundation stone his hand hath
laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which King Solomon so glorious made.

2
Wide as the spacious globe on which we
tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend,
Its blessings, not to Abram's seed confin'd,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

3
See, in the torrid regions of the south,
The humble worshipper approach with joy:
And shivering natives of the frozen pole
In the same heavenly strains their lips em-
ploy.

4
With all simplicity of word and deed,
With zeal for God, and love to souls inspir'd,
See the successful missionaries teach;
Their ardour still by gathering converts fir'd.

5
Hark! they proclaim salvation by the cross;
And thousands press to accept the bound-
less grace:
Jesus his own almighty power displays,
His temple now is universal space!

421. (4th Part.) C. M. Sprague 166.
Staughton 264, Cambridge New 74.

*Saints longing to see their King with his
many Crowns, Rev. xix. 12.*

GO forth, ye saints, behold your King
With God-like honours crown'd,
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around.

2
Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there.

3
Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he hath won:
O may his conquests ever grow
While time its course shall run.

4
Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue,
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,
And *we* will crown thee too.

422. (1st part.) 112th
Carey's 11, Hoxton 121, Uffculm 93.

*Gentiles praying for Jews,
Rom. xi. 1, 2, 25, 26.*

FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2
Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Thro' every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3
But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thy own away!
Wilt thou not bid the murderers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past;
'All Israel shall be sav'd at last.'

4
Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
The vest from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

422. (2nd Part.) 148th.
Portsmouth New 144.

*Evangelical Philanthropy; or, the Song of a
Christian Universalist.*

R EJOICE, the Saviour reigns,
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2
The cause of righteousness,
And truth and holy peace,
Dwell'd our world to bless,
Still spread and never cease:
Gentile and Jew, their souls shall bow,
Alliance due with rapture vow.

3
The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4
He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

5
All power is in his hand
His people to defend,
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

6
This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed leaven
Diffus'd abroad must be:
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on. Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

RESURRECTION 72.

Ye who have known his name,
Survive his glorious plan,
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:
How happy ye was own his way!
Ye own shall be another day.

8
All hail, incarnate Lord,
Our souls triumphant cry,
Be thy blest name ador'd,
By all beneath the sky:
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

422. (2d Part.) L. M.

Horley 111, Magdalene 34.

The Fields white for Harvest.

L IFT up your joyful eyes, and see
A plentiful harvest all around,
Rip'ning for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground.

A harvest of immortal souls,
Secur'd by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And, like their great, their mystic head,
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

* The Hymns from the 422d to the 431st also
reside in the spirit of the Gospel, and the Supper
of the Church.

422. (4th Part.) L. M.

Gloucester 12, Lebanon 77, Kingston 40.

*He must reign; or, the Victory of Christ
the Triumph of Christianity.*

Y E S, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy heavenly foes submit,
Till hell and all her trembling train
Become like dust beneath 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
And when thro' brilliant gates of gold,
Thou leadest thy chosen to the skies,
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4
Then rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim:
While heav'n's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.

ASSOCIATIONS; OR, GENERAL MEET-
INGS OF CHURCHES AND MINIS-
TERS.

423. C. M. Dr Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 76, Mial 210.

*Spiritual Associations registered in Heaven;
or, God's glorious Appointment of active
Attempts to revive Religion, Mal. 16. 17.*

T HE Lord on mortal warriors looks down
From his celestial throne;
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

He sees the under-leaves that mourn
The scandals of the name,
And sees their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crime.

† See also Hymns 403—406, 419—422.

3

Low to the social band he bows
His still-attentive ear;
And while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4

The chronicles of Heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair,
In the Redeemer's book of life
Their names recorded are.

5

'Yes, saith the Lord', the world shall know
'These humble souls are mine:
'These, when my jewels I produce,
'Shall in full lustre shine.

6

'When deluges of fiery wrath
'My foes away shall bear,
'That hand, which strikes the wicked thro',
'Shall all my children spare.'

424. L. M. B. Francis.

Derby 107, Truro 165, Bramcoate 8.

Ministers abounding in the Work of the Lord.

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring,
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2

We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word:
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3

Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like Seraphim above.

4

Nor seraphs there can ever raise
With us, an equal song of praise:
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.

5

Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

6

Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, and crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

425. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Brighthelmstone 208, Condescension 116.

Lovest thou me, feed my Lambs, John xxi. 15.

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 every 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

[Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5

Would not my ardent spirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?]

7

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

426. L. M. Beddome.

Allie Street 241, Portugal 97.

Prayer for Ministers.

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

2

How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3

Clothe then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine:
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4

Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5

Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6

Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

427. (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. Altered by
Dr. Ryland.

Lewes 63, Painswick 162, Helmsley 223.

Prayer for a Revival.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

2
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:
Lord, &c.

3
Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen! Lord, &c.

4
[But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee: Lord, &c.

5
Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth! Lord, &c.

6
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show: Lord, &c.

7
Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!—
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Lord, &c.

8
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Or permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.]

9
Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Lord, &c.

10
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!

427. (2d. Part.) L. M.

Gould's 272, Babylon Streams 23.

For a Church in a low Condition, Psalm li. 18.

O God of Zion! from thy throne,
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—
Thy church the object of thy care.

2
We are a building thou hast rais'd,
How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;
Yet all to utter ruin fall,
If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.

3
We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,—
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heaven on earth.

4
But now the ways of Zion mourn,
Her gates neglected and forlorn;
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5
We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell should yet prevail,—
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6
Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
Oh pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our num'rous wants supply.

7
Oh show that in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great,
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

427. (3d Part.) 11s.

Geard 156, Broughton 172.

Comfort for the Church in Trouble.

O Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom
no man can save,
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

2
Loud roaring the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful'st the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thou
defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3
'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
My promise, my truth, are they light in
thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
to land.

4
Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain,
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I
see
The wounds I received when sailing for
thee.

5
I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones;

In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needed, not one is in vain.

6
Thou trust me and fear not; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, my power is my power,
In love I carry thee, thy land to come,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

7

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my
care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall
spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder
they'll sing.

428. 8. 7. 4.

Trevecca 37, Kentucky 114, Westbury 51.

Longing for the Spread of the Gospel.

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:
Blessed 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, the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd win the day.

4

[May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name;
All the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.]

5

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

429. L. M. Beddome.

Gloucester 12, Coombs's 45, Bromley 104.

The Increase of the Church.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread:
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2

His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3

Oppressors bow beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious power;
Princes in humble posture wait,
And proud blasphemers learn to adore.

4

Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5

O may his conquest still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.

6

Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

430. 148th.

Dartmouth 46, Carter Lane 141.

The Increase of the Messiah's Kingdom.

ALL hail, 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 thine tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3

O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

431. 149th.

Portsmouth New 144, Grove 125.

*The completing of the spiritual Temple,
Zech. iv. 7.*

SING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, thro' all its frame,
Harmonious sound the builder's name.

2

Beneath his eye and care
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polish'd stone
Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

COLLECTIONS FOR POOR CHURCHES
AND POOR BRETHREN.

432. B. 7. B. Francis.

Jewin Street 222, Northampton Chapel 126.

*At a Collection for poor Ministers, or
Missionaries.*

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love;
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2

See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's dandies,
And in works of love abound.

3

With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

433. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Braintree 25, New York 33.*Relieving Christ in his Members,*
Matt. xxv. 40.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy haunts how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt!

2

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3

But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt conceal their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4

In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5

Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

434. L. M.

Lebanon 77, Manning 243, Livingston 40.

Of thine own have we given thee,
1 Chron. xxix. 14.

THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2

And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my generous store?
No Lord! the friends of thine and thee
Shall always find a friend in me.

435. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Martin's Lane 67, Horsley 206.

The Beneficence of Christ for our Imitation.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation thro' our race?

2

Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let aims bestow'd, let kindness due,
Be witness'd by each rising sun.

3

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can live, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4

But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his constant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

436. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26, Miall 240, Staughton 264.

Providing Bags that wax not old,
Luke xii. 33.

YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2

The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above
To ample harvest grow.

3

The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And grace at large repay.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

437. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Wirksworth 158, Eagle Street New 55,
Broderip's 252.*Praise for Conversion, Psalm lxxvi 16.*

COME, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escap'd
The snares of death and hell.

2

The flattering joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3

I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4

Darkness and shame and grief
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
I look'd around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

5

At length to God I cry'd;
He heard my plaintive sigh,
He heard, and instantly he sent
Salvation from on high.

6

My drooping head he rais'd,
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7

O! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

438. C. M.

Bath Chapel 26, Miall 249

*The Conversion of Sinners a Matter for
Prayer and Praise.*

THIERE's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2

'Come saints and hear what God hath done'
Is a reviving sound:
O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around.

3

Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4

Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too,
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

439. C. M. Newton.

Brighthelmstone 208, Maidstone 196.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

2

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3

Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4

Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

5

The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find
But in thy boundless grace.

6

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

7

What anguish has that question stirr'd
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No?

440. L. M. Steele.

Paul's 246, Wareham 117, Gould's 272.

*To whom shall we go but unto thee? or, Life
and Safety in Christ alone, John vi. 67—69.*

THOU only sovereign 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 glimpse of happiness afford?

3

Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5

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.

6

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.

441. L. M. Dr. Gibbons.
Green's Hundred 89, Mark's 65.

Prayer for the whole Church.

IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

2

We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

3

Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

4

Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heavenly day,
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

BAPTISM.

442. 112th.

Carey's 11, Usselm 93.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,

A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3

But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they see the power divine
Around the Saviour's temples shune.

4

But hark! my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that toll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
'This is my well-beloved Son,
'I see well-pleas'd what he hath done.'

5

Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod;
Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear, all ye nations and obey!

443. L. M. J. Stennett.

Bramcoate 8, Portugal 97.

A Baptismal Hymn.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save;
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2

'Thus it becomes us to fulfil
'All righteousness,' he meekly said;
'Why should we then to do his will,
'Or be asham'd, or be afraid?'

3

With thee into thy watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4

Yet as the yielding waves give way
To let us see the light again;
So, on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5

Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

444. R. S. G. Norman.

Chatham 59, Broadmead 150.

Thus it becometh us, &c. Matt. iii-15.

THUS it became the Prince of Grace,
And thus should all the favour'd race
High heaven's command fulfil;
For that the condescending God
Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
Was heaven's eternal will.

2

'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favoured choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoin'd us thus to do.

3

And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will reveal'd has given?

4

Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
With one great choral day.

445. 8, 7. *Favocett.*

Welsh 210, Carlisle 95.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.

2

Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, 'Let each believer
'Be baptized in my name:'
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immers'd beneath the stream.

3

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

446. C. M.

Charmouth 28, Matthew's 34.

*The Believer constrained by the Love of
Christ to follow him.*

DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2

Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And all its shame despis'd?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
With thee to be baptiz'd.

3

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4

Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays:
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

447. C. M. *Dr. Ryland.*

Devizes 14, Otford 106.

*Difficulties in the Way of Duty surmounted—
Hinder me not, Gen. xxiv. 56*.*

[WHEN Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebekah—told his wish,—
Her parents gave consent.

2

Yet for ten days they urg'd the man
His journey to delay;
'Hinder me not,' he quick reply'd,
'Since God hath crown'd my way.'

3

'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord
My soul to him did wed:
'Hinder me not,' nor friends nor foes,
'Since God my way hath sped.'

4

'Stay,' says the world, 'and taste awhile
'My every pleasant sweet';
'Hinder me not, my soul replies,
'Because the way is great.'

5

'Stay, Satan my old master cries,
'Or force shall thee detain';
'Hinder me not, I will be gone,
'My God has broke thy chain.')

6

In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

7

Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

8

Thro' duty and thro' trials too
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

9

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

* This Hymn may begin at the 6th verse.

448. C. M. *J. Stennett.*

Bath Chapel 26, Huddersfield 202.

Immersion.

THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

G 3

That was his sacred body laid
 Within the yuthful wave;
 That was his sacred body laid
 Out of the liquid grave.

Lord, wail thy precious blood o'er,
 In thy own baptismal tread,
 Would'st thou be buried, run with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

449. 8; 7.

Northampton Chapel 126.

Buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

JESUS, mighty King in Zion;
 Thou alone our guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee.

As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy victory o'er the grave,
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

450. L. M. J. Stennett.

Chard 175, Rochford 22.

A Baptismal Hymn.

SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod;
 And follow thro' his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly Son of God.

Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire,
 Their rags for glorious robes exchange'd,
 They shine in clean and bright attire!

O sacred rite, by thee the name
 Of Jesus we to own begin:
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

Glory to God on high be given
 Who shew his grace to sinful men:
 Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud amen.

451. L. M. Cress, Altered by B. Francis.
Rippon's 188, Bristly 165, Horsley 205.*No. 2. Hymn of Christ.*

JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!
 A shame'd of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

Adam'd of Jesus! woe'er far
 Let evening blush to own a star;
 He she is the beam of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Adam'd of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul at last,
 Bright Morning-star! bid darkness flee.

Adam'd of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No, whate'er I think—be thou my name,
 That I no more seek to his name.

Adam'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No fear to wipe, no good to cease,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Till thou—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I trust a saviour slain!
 And O may this my glory be
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

[His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross—for shame despise,
 Dare to defend his noble name,
 And yield obedience to his law.]

452. L. M.

Bramcote 8, New Court 173.

The Candidates—they were baptiz'd both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
 With humble joy and holy fear,
 Thy wise injunctions to obey;
 Let saints and angels hail the day!

Great things, O everlasting Son,
 Great things for us thy grace hath done;
 Constrain'd by thy almighty love,
 Our willing feet to meet thee move.

In thy assembly here we stand,
 Obedient to thy great command;
 The sacred Word is full in view,
 And thy sweet voice invites us thus.

The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
 Must not invite and be deny'd;
 Was not the Lord, who came to save,
 Inter'd in such a liquid grave?

Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
 Receive us rising from the stream,
 Then to thy table let us come,
 And dwell in Zion as our home.

453. C. M. Beddome.

Bedford 1, Ann's 30.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the Water Side, Ps. cxix. 32.

HOW great, how solemn is the work
 Which we attend to-day!
 Now for a holy, solemn frame,
 O God, to thee we pray.

O may we feel, as hope we feel,
 When join'd and given to us art,
 Thy kind, forgiving, melting love,
 Relieve our every smart.

3

Let graces then in exercise
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4

Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5

Whilst thee our Saviour and our God
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

6

Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

454. L. M.

Ailie Street 241, Derby 169.

The Administrator.

'GO teach the nations and baptize,'
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.

2

Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.

3

Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

SINGLE VERSES ON BAPTISM*.

455—467. L. M.

Old Hundred 100, Portugal 97.

WHATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs
Is always worthy of our songs:
And all thy works, and all thy ways,
Demand our wonder and our praise.

Beddome.

Hosanna to the church's head,
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!

J. Stennett.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood!
How plain he mark'd the humble way
To sinners thro' the mystic flood!

* As it is now pretty common to sing by the water-side, and as some of our brethren in the country give out a verse or two, while they are administering the ordinance, it is hoped these single verses will be acceptable.

Beddome.

Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died, and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do!

Beddome.

We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe:
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path he trod before.

Beddome.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
That we, thro' energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light!
The Spirit and the bride invite.

H. F.—.

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.'

H. F.—.

Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
'Arise, my love, and come away.'

H. F.—.

Amazing grace! and shall I still
Prove disobedient to thy will?
Ah! no: dear Lord, the watery tomb
Belongs to thee, and there I come.

H.—.

Apostles trod this holy ground,
This is the road believers go;
My Jesus in this way was found,
I charge my soul to tread it too.

J. Stennett.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,
Till the great rising day reveal
Th' immortal glory of his face.

G.—.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We humbly dedicate our powers;
If with Jehovah's blessings crown'd,
Immortal happiness is ours.

468. 148th.

Bethesda 112, Swithlin's 44.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain,
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

2

When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

G 4

The day was never known,
 Since time began its race,
 On which such glory shone,
 On which was shewn such grace,
 As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
 On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire
 Till our lineage is thine,
 Do thou our souls inspire!
 Thou wilt attend on all thy sons
 'Till time shall end, thy promise runs.

469. C. M. James Newton.

Crowle 3, James's 163.

After Baptism, Mark xvi. 16.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, 'my word—
 'To all the sons of men; [rouse grace
 'He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
 'Salvation shall obtain.'

Let plentiful grace descend on *those*,
 Whom, hoping in thy word,
 This day have publicly declared
 That Jesus is *their* Lord.

With cheerful feet may *they* advance,
 And run the christian race,
 And thro' the troubles of the way
 Find all-sufficient grace.

* The words of this Hymn which are in italics
 may easily be put into the singular number.

470. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Charleston 195, Hammond 226.

A practical Improvement of Baptism, Col. iii. 1.

ATTEEND, ye children of your God;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear;
 For accents, so divine as these,
 Might charm the dulcist ear.

Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

There in his Father's side he sits,
 Enshon'd divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.

Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above your choicest treasure lift,
 And be your hearty above.

But earth and sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly,
 Lord, send thy strong attractive power
 To raise and fix us high.

471. C. M. Beddome.

New York 10, Sprague 106.

*The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went
 on his way rejoicing, Acts viii. 9.*

THE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
 Went on his way with joy,
 And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
 Did then his mind employ?

'Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
 'Of whom I lately read?
 'Who, bearing all my sins and guilt,
 'Was number'd with the dead?

'Is he who, bursting from the grave,
 'Now reigns above the sky,
 'My advocate before the throne,
 'My portion when I die?

'Have I profess'd his holy name?
 'Do his gospel bear
 'To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
 'And shall I spread it there?

'Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,
 'And left my fears behind,
 'What an unworthy wretch am I!
 'And God profusely kind.

'Bless'd emblem of that precious blood
 'Which satisfy'd for sin,
 'And of that renovating grace
 'Which makes the conscience clean.'

This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy
 Help us to keep in view,
 The same our work, the same, O make
 Our consolation too.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

472. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Allie Street 241, Bramcoate 8.

*A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper,
 in Imitation of Isaiah lvi. 1—3.*

WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God,
 Comes marching downward from the
 Array'd in garments mild in blood, (skies,
 With joy and pity in his eyes!

The Lord! the Saviour! Yes, 'tis he,
 I know him by the smiles he wears;
 Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
 Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
 I owe these wounds, and I adore:
 Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
 Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4

Whence flow these favours so divine:
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly wine, this sacred food?

5

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy guests as we.

6

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

473. C. M. Steele.

Irish 171, Braintree 25.

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast,
Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2

See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4

In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

474. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Yarmouth 128, Dresden 178, Rowles 73.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

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!
Come! saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home.
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains!
Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King,
'Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'
'And where's thy victory, boasting grave!'

475. C. M. J. Stennett.

Liverpool 83, Cambridge New 74.

A Sacramental Hymn.

JESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news! what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!

2

Our souls all guilty, and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.

3

Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

4

Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save,
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.

5

Jesus! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone

6

O captain of salvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

476. L. M. J. Stennett.

Chard 175, Bramcoate 8.

A Sacramental Hymn.

THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.

2

Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

G 5

3
Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Chariots and chariots, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her bounds.

4
Come, Lord, and where thy cross our aid,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

477. L. M. *Baldane.*

Portugal 97, Ulverston 179, Gould's 272.

Holy Adoration and Joy.

JESU, when I look with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love risen to an silent flame,
And we all others false disclaim.

2
With cold affection who can see
The thorn, the scourge, the nail, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3
Look, saints, into his opening side,
The brash how large, how deep, how wide!
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, purifying blood.

4
Hence, O my soul, a balm flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

5
Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

478. L. M.

Wareham 117, Green's Hundred 80.

Meditating on the Cross of Christ.

COME see on bloody Calvary,
Suspended on th' accursed tree,
A harden sufferer cover'd o'er
With shame, and weltring in his gore.

2
Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?

3
To be, to be!—he kindly sheds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That woe might from their ruin rise,
And heal th' asperous skies.

4
See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt released,
Transcending his cross angels,
And find a full redemption there.

5
Jesus, what millions of our race
Have seen the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.

6
That tree, that curse-compelling tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
And in the noblest blessings shone,
And fill the nations with its fruit.

7
The sorrow, shame, and death were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and love;
What love can be compar'd to this!

479. L. M. *D. Turner.*

Old Hundred 100, Angel's Hymn 60.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers
—Worship is the Lamb that was slain to re-
ceive Glory and Blessing, Ephes. i. 21.
Rev. v. 12.

NOW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus sits in brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2
The countless hosts that round him stand,
The secrets of his sovereign power,
Fly thro' the world at his command,
Or prostrate at his feet adore.

3
Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down,
Crush'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4
His name above all creatures great,
He all sustains and all contrains;
Yet from his high exalted state
Looks kindly down on humble souls.]

5
Tho' in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere the world, or time, began,
He shines the Son of God exalt'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

6
Here were his agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy there pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

7
All hail thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our tongues feel the sacred flame.

8
Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal thrones raise,
The full salvation promptly bring,
Then every tongue shall sing thy praise!

480. L. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Alle Street 241, Redemption 240.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

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

If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains.

4

Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
Where the dear conqu'or sits enthron'd;
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5

How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
How much they love their dying God?
Lord, here we'd banish every foe,
We hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6

Commerce no more we hold with hell,
Our dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal on every heart.

481. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Portugal 97, Rippon's 188.

The Triumphs of the Cross.

NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause:
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.

2

In every feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly-mingled rays.

3

Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends:
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4

Yet, (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy Godhead veil'd in sable night;
And angels from the scene retire.

5

But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.

6

The indignation of a God
On him avenging justice hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly sav'd a falling world.

7

Those triumphs of stupendous grace
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart:
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart!

482. C. M. Dr. J. Stennett.

Wantage 201, Burford 198

A Sacramental Hymn.

LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place:—

2

I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3

What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4

'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
'For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
'And rose, and triumph'd too.'

5

With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6

Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7

Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

483. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Bangor 231, Workop 31.

My Flesh is Meat indeed, John vi. 53—55.

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2

He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us, thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3

The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the shameful cross,
For us, his welcome guests, procur'd
These heart-reviving joys.

4

His body torn with rudest hands
Becomes the finest bread:
And, with the blessing he commands,
Our noblest hopes are fed.

5

His blood, that from each op'ning vein
In purple torrents ran,
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,
That cheers both God and man.

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6

Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

7

Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all:
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at thy call.

484. L. M. Beddome.

Portugal 97, Ulverston 179, Gould's 272.

Jesus wept—he died—see how he loved us,
John xi. 35.

SO fair a face bedew'd with tears:
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?

2

Enthron'd above, with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And feels a sympathetic smart.

3

Still his companions are the same,
He knows the frailty of our frame:
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Shares in our sorrows and our pains.

485. C. M. Steele.

Wantage 204, Charmouth 28.

The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3

He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4

Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5

Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6

What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my ail—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

486. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Irish 171, Michael's 119.

Room at the Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 22.

THE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given;
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3

Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4

Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5

Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come,
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

6

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

487. L. M. Steele.

Wareham 117, Rochford 22.

Communion with Christ at his Table.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord, (ador'd!)
(Dear name, by heaven and earth
In vain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2

But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3

Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5

Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

488. C. M. *Steele.*

Liverpool 83, Oxford 177.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2

His love what mortal thought can reach!
 What mortal tongue display:
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

3

He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!—
 Was ever love like this?

4

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 'The Saviour died for me.'

5

O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill every heart and tongue:
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

489. 148th. *Dr. S. Stennett.*

Carmarthen New 35, Swithin's 44.

A Song of Praise to Christ.

COME, every pious heart
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.

2

Such was his zeal for God,
 And such his love for you,
 He nobly undertook
 What Gabriel could not do:
 His every deed of love and grace
 All words exceed, and thoughts surpass.

3

He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside:
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died.
 What he endur'd, O who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell?

4

From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansion of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

5

From thence he'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

6

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love:
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
 The gift, tho' small, thou wilt receive.

490. L. M. *President Davies.*

Portugal 97, Horsley 205, Rowles 73.

Self-Dedication at the Lord's Table.

LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
 With full consent thine I would be;
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

2

Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all:
 Lord let me live and die to thee,
 Be thine thro' all eternity.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

491. C. M.

Bedford 91, Foster 96.

A Morning Hymn.

TO thee, let my first offerings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.

2

This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
 So oft vouchsaf'd before!
 Still may it lead, protect, supply!
 And I that hand adore!

3

If bliss thy providence impart,
 For which resign'd I pray;
 Give me to feel the grateful heart!
 And without guilt be gay!

4
Affliction should thy love attend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!

5
Be this, and every future day
Still sower than the past;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

492. C. M. D. Turner.
Braintree 25, Hammond 226.

A Morning Hymn.

WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness, lie:
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2
And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3
Numbers, th' night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4
Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5
To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

493. 8. 9. 6 W.—.
Chatham 50, Broadmead 150.

Morning.

LORD, I am vile!—what shall I say?
I live to see another day,
O let me live to thee!
A thousand years to hope for this
Should be unutterable bliss;
What must fruition be!

2
Eye has not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Jesus hath for his prepar'd,
Nor can the heart conceive;
Thou hast commanded me, to-day,
To live by faith, and I'd obey;
Lord, help me to believe.

494. S. M. S.—.
Sutton 149, Price's 187.

A Morning Hymn.

SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2
Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing:
And in its great original
The boundless tribute bring.

3
Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.

4
Thus does thine arm support
The weak and feeble frame;
But whence these favours, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

5
O how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing painful load.

6
Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

7
My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

495. L. M.
Madan's 107, Uiverston 179.

An Evening Hymn.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2
My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle evening hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3
And yet th' ungrateful, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4
Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5
Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame,
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

496. L. M. Ep. An.
Magdalene 214, Aulsebrook 241.

An Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, th' night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wing.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill 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 awful day.

4

O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
Praise God, &c.

497. C. M. M—.

Irish 171, Great Milton 212.

An Evening Hymn.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2

Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3

New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4

Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

498. C. M. Needham.

Michael's 119, Evans's 190.

On the Spring.

THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolv'd and gone:
Wak'd by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.

2

Where awful desolation reign'd
Bless'd plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled.

3

Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.

4

In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies:
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.

5

My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power:
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.

6

Yet in his word, the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name:
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.

7

With warmest beams, thou God of grace
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine.

499. S. M.

Mansfield 154, Finsbury 155.

The Return of the Spring celebrated.

FROM winter's barren clods,
From winter's joyless waste,
The spring in sudden youth appears,
With blooming beauty grac'd.

2

How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3

Great God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise:
Thy power and love in concert reign
Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

4

With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
For men enrich the land.

5

But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Thro endless ages run.

500. C. M.

Braintree 25, Foster 96, Salem 139.

The Spring improved.

BEHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2

Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
Beauteous around us spring:
The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
Invite our hearts to sing.

3

But ah! in vain I strive to join,
Opprest with sin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter still within.
Tho' all is spring without.

4
O' would my Saviour from on high,
Break thro' these clouds and shine,
No creature then more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

5
Lord let thy word my hopes revive,
And overcome my foes;
O make my languid graces thrive,
And blow me like the rose!

501. C. M. Dr. Gibbons.

Abridge 201, Bangor 231.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

THE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
To adorn her reign, appear.

2
But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod
To bless or to destroy.

3
The sun, thy minister of love,
That from the naked ground
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round;

4
At the dread order of his God
Now darts destructive fires; [drought,
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with
And blooming life expires.

5
Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.

6
Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send!

502. C. M.

Ann's 58, Workshop 31.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

HOW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit and golden grain
Have spread their riches round.

2
But we thy mercies have abus'd
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!

3
Equal, tho' awful, is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain!

4
How just, that in the autumn's reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie an hideous heap!

5

But, Lord, have mercy on our land,
Those floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day!

6

To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

503. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Old Hundred 100, Dresden 178.

The God of Thunder.

THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

2

He speaks; and lo! all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows thro'.

3

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

4

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas thro'.

5

Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make his room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

504. C. M.

Devizes 14, Evans's 190.

Summer—an Harvest Hymn.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2

His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3

Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again to hope.

4

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

5

Then, in the last great harvest, I
 Shall reap a glorious crop:
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sown in hope.

505. C. M.

Abridge 201, Charmouth 28.

*Harvest—or, the accepted Time and Day of
 Salvation, Prov. x. 5.*

SEE how the little toiling ant
 Improves the harvest hours;
 While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
 The choicest stores she pours.

2

While life remains, our harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime;
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.

3

To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice;
 To-morrow, Folly cries:
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when, oh!
 To day the sinner dies.

4

When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour;
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
 And God will give the power.

506. C. M. Steele.

Workshop 31, Crowle 3.

Winter.

SERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart—

3

My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
 How desolate and sad!

4

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.

5

O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.

6

Great source of light thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

507. L. M. Newton.

New Sabbath 122, Rothwell 174.

Winter.

SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
 Has stripp'd the trees and seal'd the
 ground;

But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.

2

My soul a sharper winter mourns,
 Barren and fruitless I remain;
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid my graces grow again?

3

Jesus, my glorious sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 O! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love!

4

Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear:
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
 Must it be winter all the year?

5

Be still, my soul, and wait his hour
 With humble prayer and patient faith;
 Till he reveals his gracious power,
 Kepose on what his promise saith.

6

He, by whose all-commanding word
 Seasons their changing course maintain,
 In every change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

508. L. M.

Gloucester 12, Coomb's 45.

*The Seasons crowned with Goodness,
 Psalm lxx. 11.*

ETERNAL source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

3

The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
 Thro' all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.

5

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise:
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

6

Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

509. 8. 7. *Robinson.*

Jewin Street 221, Welch 210.

Grat'ful Reflection—Ebenezer,
1 Sam. vii. 17.

COME, 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 some melodious strain,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O let me sit on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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 Christ me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

O' to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

510. L. M.

New Sabbath 122, Antigua 120.

Help obtained of God, Acts xxvi. 22.
New Year's Day.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shews:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty led,
By his unerring counsel led.

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.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest.
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adorn thro' all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

511. L. M. 3—

Alcester Street 241, Langdon 217.

The barren Fig-Tree, Luke xiii. 6—9.

GOD of my life, to thee I bring
The thankful heart, the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each careless word
Resounds in the gardens of the Lord.

Thou hast press'd 'd my fleeting breath,
And crown'd the gloomy shades of death;
The vessel'd art we vainly fly,
When God our great deliverer sighs.

Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless chamberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are rear'd?

Still may the barren fig-tree stand;
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

So shall thy praise exalt my breath
Thro' life, and in the arms of death
My soul the pleasant throne pressing,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

512. 7s. *Forward.*

Alcester 213, Bath Abbey 147.

A Birth-Day Hymn, Acts xxvi. 22.

MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
Thou should'st set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.

I my all to thee resign:
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy doings prove
Fruit of thy paternal love.

Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unresisted care
Save me from the lurking snare.

Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene
Shall be tranquil and serene.

To thy will I leave me rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Bless in life and death to prove
Tours of thy special love.

513. C. M.

New York 33, Miall 240.

A Wedding Hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast:
O Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic hordens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

As Isaac an'! Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than richest food or wine.

514. L. M. Newton.

Bramcoate 8, Rowles 73.

A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.

May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6

Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

515. 7s.

Cookham 36, Hotham 221.

At Parting.

FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
In thy peace to meet again.

Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our souls shall praise the Lord
Who our poor petitions heard.

516. L. M. Dr. Dodtridge.

Magdalene 214, Portugal 97.

The Christian Farewell, 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

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.

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.

Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

517. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Ulverston 179, Lewton 30.

Early Piety, Matt. xii. 30.

HOW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown:
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3
When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossom into fruit.

4
With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.

5
He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6
Tho' press'd with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

518. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Salem 139, Foster 96, Evans 190.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek Christ, Prov. vii. 17.

YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2
He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3
'The soul that longs to see my face
'Is sure my love to gain;
'And those that early seek my grace
'Shall never seek in vain.'

4
What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5
Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

519. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.
Great Milton 212, Sprague 166.

Seek first the Kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breasts,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2
Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3
Away each groveling anxious care,
Beneath a christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

4
Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

520. L. M. Dr. Wattle's Sermons.
Green's Hundred 23, Olverton 179.
A lovely Youth falling short of Heaven
Mark i. 21.

MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?—

2
The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing now!

3
But mark the change: thus spake the Lord
'Come part with earth for heaven to-day
The youth, astonished at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4
Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace and glory go
To make his land and money sure.

5
Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear,
And life and heaven so cheaply sold?

6
In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion govern me;
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

521. S. M. Fawcett.
Eagle Street New 55, Harborough 142.
How shall a young Man cleanse his Way
Psalm cxix. 9.

WITII 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
Bestimes on me bestow.

3
Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care,
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4
My heart to fully prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

5
O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this task all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7

May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the pain discern
That leads to endless day.

522. 8, 8, 6. *D. Bradbery's altered,
For a Sunday School.*

Broadmead 150, Chatham 59.

*The Importance of educating Youth.
Congregation*

NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to his praise
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise
With grateful odours to the skies,
The work of joy and love.

Children.

Teach us to bow before thy face;
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
Or slight thy providence;
When lost in ignorance we lay,
To vice and death an easy prey,
Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

O what a num'rous race we see,
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they *continue* still to lie
In ignorance and misery?

We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
The joys of thine exhaustless love;
And while thy praise we sing,
May we the sacred scriptures know,
And like the blessed Jesus grow,
That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart;
To thee thine own we give:
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
O let these children live to thee,
O let these children live.

523. C. M. *J. Straphan.*

Bath Chapel 26, Crowle 3.

The Same.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2

Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

3

Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

4

Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to hsp his name,
And their Creator love.

5

Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6

Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

524. C. M.

Bangor 231, Wantage 204.

*Old Age approaching; or, Man frail and
mortal.*

ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high
Whom angel-hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
Thy presence I implore.

2

O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool:
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3

My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4

Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

5

Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

6

Then shall my soul, O gracious God,
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the bless'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay.—

7

Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim,
And join the choir of saints that sound
Their great Redeemer's name.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS.

525. C. M.

Carolina 13, Windsor 247.

For a Public Fast.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign 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 spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'

4

What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this apostate isle?
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?

5

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

6

Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

7

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy restless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8

Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God is near.

526. C. M. S——.

Abridge 201, Charnmouth 28.

A Hymn for a Fast-day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

WHEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued;

2

With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd?
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3

And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4

Britain, all guilty as she is,
Her numerous sins can boast,
And now their fervent prayers ascend,
And can those prayers be lost?

5

Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6

Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
Forake us not, O God.

527 L. M. 3-line.

Warcham 117, Portugal 97.

On a Day of Prayer for Success in War.

LORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer,
Before a just, a holy God?

2

Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3

O may our souls thy grace adore,
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4

With all the boasted pomp of war
In vain we dare the battle field;
In vain, unless the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

5

Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope, our trust revive!
Again attend our humble prayer:
Again be mercy thy design!

6

Our arms successful, our councils guide,
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;
Till war's destructive rage subside,
And peace resume her gentle reign.

7

O when shall time the period bring
When raging war shall waste no more;
When peace shall stretch her hallow'd wing
From Europe's coast to India's shore?

8

When shall the gospel's healing ray
(Kind source of amity divine)
Spread o'er the world eternal day?
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

528. L. M. *President Davies,*

Paul's 246, Dresden 178.

National Judgments denoted, and National Mercies pleaded for, Amos ix. 1—6.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword;
Oh! woe! shall the helpless cry,
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2

The helpless sinner's cry and tears
Are grown familiar to mine ears;
Oft hast thou mercy sent me forth,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3

O then, our guardian God we call,
Before thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance thou,
And must we perish in despair?

4

See, we repent we weep, we mourn,
To our broken God we turn;
O 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.

529. C. M.

Cambridge New 74, Irish 171.

Thanksgiving for Victory over our Enemies.

TO thee, who reign'st supreme above,
And reign'st supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.

2
The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without thine aid were vain ;
And victory flies at thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

3
Thy mighty arm unseen was nigh,
When we our foes assail'd ;
'Tis thou hast rais'd our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevail'd.

4
Their mounds, their camps, their lofty tow'rs
Into our hands are given,
Not from desert or strength of ours,
But thro' the grace of heaven.

5
What tho' no columns lifted high
Stand deep inscrib'd with praise,
Yet sounding honours to the sky
Our grateful tongues shall raise.

6
To our young race will we proclaim
The mercies God has shown ;
That they may learn to bless his name,
And choose him for their own.

7
Thus, while we sleep in silent dust,
When threatening dangers come,
Their fathers' God shall be their trust,
Their refuge, and their home.

530. L. M. *Beddome.*

Derby 163, Portugal 97.

Peace prayed for.

ON Britain long a favour'd isle, [shame,
Now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and
Deign, mighty God, once more to smile ;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

2
Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all its blessings round her shed ;
Her liberties be well secur'd,
And commerce lift its tainting head :

3
Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound ;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4
Let hostile troops drop from their hands
The useless sword, the glittering spear ;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5
Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land ;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honour of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

531. L. M.

Wareham 117, Redemption 243,
Old Hundred 100.

Praise for national Peace, Psalm xli. 9.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2
When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reigns,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ;

3
Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own, [pow'r :
And noise and war are heard no more.

4
Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vales sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5
Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will ;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6
To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

532. L. M.

Horsley 205, Bramcoate 8.

*Thanksgiving for national Deliverance, and
Improvement of it, Luke i. 74, 75.*

PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer,
And, tho' deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2
Salvation doth to God belong ;
His power and grace shall be our song ;
The tribute of our love we bring
To thee, our Saviour and our king !

3
Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name ;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4
Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight ;
Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
'Till life's last hour to persevere.

533. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Wells 102, Redemption 243.

*Delivering Goodness acknowledged, 2 Cant L. 10.
A Song for the 5th of November.*

PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath sav'd our land;
And, when united nations tune, [foes.
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our laughterst

2

When mighty navies from afar
To Britain wasted floating war,
His breath dispers'd them all with ease
And sunk their terrors in the seas*.

3

While for our princes they prepare
In caverns deep a burning snare;
He shot from heaven a piercing ray,
And the dark treachery brought to day+.

4

Princes and priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears, [snares.
And breaks their chains, and cuts their

5

Obedient winds at his command
Convey his hero: to our land;
The sons of Rome with terror view,
And speed their flight when none pursue.

6

Such great deliverance God hath wrought,
And down to us salvation brought;
And still the care of guardian heaven
Secures the bliss itself hath given.

7

In thee we trust, almighty Lord,
Continu'd rescue to afford:
Still be thy powerful arm made bare,
For all thy servants hopes are there.

* Spanish Armada, 1588. + Gunpowder Plot.
; King William, 1688.

534. L. M. Steele.

Ailie Street 211, Langdon 217.

For the 5th of November.

TO thee, almighty God we bring
The humble tribute of our songs;
O teach our thankful hearts to sing,
Or praise will languish on our tongues.

2

While Britain (favour'd of the skies)
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought;
Let grateful joy adoring rise,
And warm to rapture every thought.

3

When Hell and Rome combin'd their power,
And doom'd these isles their certain prey,
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,
Their impious plots in ruin lay.

4

Again our restless cruel foes
Resum'd, avow'd their black design;
Again to save us God arose,
And Britain own'd the hand divine.

5

Why, gracious God, is Britain sav'd?
Why bless'd with liberty and light?
Nor by fell tyranny enslav'd,
Nor lost in superstition's night?

6

Not for our sake, we conscious own;
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:
'Tis done to make thy glory known,
To shew the wonders of thy grace.

7

The wonders of thy grace complete;
Reform this wretched, guilty land!
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!

8

Let every age adore thy name,
While nature's circling wheel shall roll,
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

5 5. L. M.

New Court 173, Truro 105.

Deliverances, Numbers xxi. 23.

WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel
say,

When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their hands,
Safely to march across its sands.

2

What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of Pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3

What hath God wrought! let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4

What hath God wrought! in glad surprise,
Shall sound thro' all the earth and skies,
When, like a mill-stone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.

5

What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert thro'—
And safe arrive at glory too?

6

The news shall every harp employ,
Fill every tongue with rapturous joy;
When shall we join the heavenly throng
To swell the triumph and the song!

536. 8. 8. 6.

Chatham 59, Broadmead 150.

*Prayer for his Majesty King George, and the
Royal Family.*

LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy viceroy's reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers;
And, lo! we humbly pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

2

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his anointed head:
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
Thro' paths of righteousness and peace,
Our King, propitious lead.

3

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preserve him, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

4

Upon him shower thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys;
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise the globe employs.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

537. C. M. Steele.

Charmouth 28, Ludlow 84.

Desiring the Presence of God in Affliction.

THOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

2

Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

3

This can my every care controul,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

4

My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!

5

O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Uncclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

6

Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

7

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
I shall for ever be.

8

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

538. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Abridged 201, David's 186.

Complaint and Hope under great Pain.

LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2

Dark are thy ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3

Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4

These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.

5

[How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd?
Damp'd is my vigour while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

6

Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

539. C. M. Leech.

Windsor 247, London 180.

For a Time of general Sickness.

DEATH, with his dread commission
Now hastens to his arms; [seal'd
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2

Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3

With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4

Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail;
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5

What tho' his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6

The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were given him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And teather'd all with love.

7

These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conquerors thro'.

8

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise
To the fair palace of their God,
And mansions in the skies.

H

540. (1st Part.) S. M. *Reddome*.

Harborough 142, Stoke 207.

Submission under Affliction.

DOST thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God, I'll kiss the smiting rod,
There's honey at the end.

2

Dost thou thro' death's dark vale
Conduct to heaven at last?
The future good will make amends
For all the evil past.

3

Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in mercy sent,
If the chastisement comes in love,
My soul shall be content.

540. (2nd Part.) 8s. S. *Pearce*.

Limefield 94, New Jerusalem 230.

For a Sick Chamber.

Written when deprived by sickness of attending
Public Worship.

THE fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace;
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth,
The most glorious and beautiful place.

2

To this temple I once did resort,
With crowns of the people of God;
Enraptur'd we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

3

The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us and made us his own.

4

Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky;
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us—once rebels on high.

5

Faith gave to the crucified Lamb,
Hope, smiling, exalted its head,
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

6

What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around?
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

7

Sweet moments, if aught upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is when the hearts of the flock
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd arise.

8

But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale unknown comforters to stay,
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hasting away.

9

My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise;
O help me submissive to wait,
Till thou biddest thy servant arise.—

10

If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

11

Or should'st thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!

12

Where Jesus, the Sun of the place,
Returgent incessantly shines,
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

13

There—there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight;
There—there the day never is clos'd,
With shadows, or darkness, or night!

14

There myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

15

Enough then—my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since e'er long I to heav'n shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.

541. (1st Part.) 8. 7. 4. S. *Pearce*.

Lewes 63, Helmsley 223, Painswick 102.

Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.

IN the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation
And supports my fainting soul,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

2

Thus, the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given,
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven,—
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

3

Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With encrescing brightness play,
Mid the thorn-bushes beauteous flowers
Look more beautiful and gay
Hallelujah, &c.

4

So in darkest dispensations,
Dost my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To reanimate and cheer
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

5

Floods of tribulation heighten,
 Billows still around me roar,
 Those that know not Christ—ye frighten;
 But *my soul* defies your power.
 Hallelujah, &c.

6

In the sacred page recorded
 Thus his word securely stands,
 'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 'Nought shall pluck you from my hands.'
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Every word my love demands.

7

All I meet I find assists me
 In my path to heavenly joy,
 Where, tho' trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy;
 Hallelujah, &c.

8

Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
 But, exulting, cry, it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's seat—
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
 Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

541. (2nd Part.) L. M.

Portugal 97, Rippon's 188.

Sickness and Recovery.

A WHILE remain'd the doubtful strife,
 Till Jesus gave me back my life:
 My life?—my soul, recal the word,
 'Tis life to see thy gracious Lord.

2

Why inconvenient *now* to die?
 Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
 When can it inconvenient be,
 My loving Lord, to come to thee?

3

He saw me made the sport of hell,
 He knew the tempter's malice well;
 And when my soul had all to fear,
 Then did the glorious Sun appear!

4

O bless him!—bless, ye dying saints,
 The God of grace when nature faints!
 He shew'd my flesh the gaping grave,
 To shew me he had power to save.

542. (1st Part.) C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

David's 186, Newbury 132.

Praise for Recovery from Sickness,
 Ps. cxviii. 18, 19.

SOVEREIGN of life I own thy hand
 In every chastening stroke;
 And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
 Thy presence I invoke.

2

To thee in my distress I cried,
 And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
 Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
 And brought salvation near.

3

Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
 That, with the pious throng,
 I may record my solemn vows,
 And tune my grateful song.

4

Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
 Renews our labouring breath:
 Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
 Triumphant e'en in death.

5

My God, in thine appointed hour
 Those heavenly gates display,
 Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
 For ever flee away.

6

There, while the nations of the bless'd
 With raptures bow around,
 My anthems to delivering grace
 In sweeter strains shall sound.

542. (2d Part.) S. M.

Harborough 142, Stoke 207.

*The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God
 bringing his People into the Covenant under
 the Rod, Ezek. xx. 37.*

HOW gracious, and how wise
 Is our chastising God!
 And O! how rich the blessings are
 Which blossom from his rod!

2

He lifts it up on high
 With pity in his heart,
 That every stroke his children feel
 May grace and peace impart.

3

Instructed thus they bow,
 And own his sov'reign sway;
 They turn their erring footsteps back
 To his forsaken way.

4

His cov'nant love they seek,
 And seek the happy bands
 That closer still engage their hearts
 To honour his commands.

5

Dear Father, we consent
 To discipline divine;
 And bless the pain that make our souls
 Still more completely thine.

6

Supported by thy love,
 We tend to realms of peace;
 Where every pain shall far remove,
 And every frailty cease.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

543. L. M. Steele.

Kingsbridge 86, Ulverstone 179.

The Shortness of Time and Frailty of Man,
Psalm xxxix.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2

My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3

Vain his ambition, now, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4

Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

544. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Paul's 246, Babylon Streams 23.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time,
Eph. v. 15, 16.

GOD of Eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2

Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulph from whence it rose.

3

With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid streams are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4

Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5

Great Source of Wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

545. 7s. Dr. Ryland.

Steel 164, Cookham 36.

The Saint happy in being entirely at the Dis-
posal of his God.—My Times are in thy
hand. Psalm xxxi. 15, xxxiv. 1.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the Skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,—
All events at thy command.

2

His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,—
All appointed were by him.

3

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

4

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

7

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?—
I resign it to thy will.

8

May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9

Thee, at all times, will I bless:
Having thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

546. C. M. Steele.

Workup 31, Crowle 3.

Time and Eternity; or, longing after unseen
Pleasures, 2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2

These transient scenes will soon decay:
They fade upon the sight,
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
O'er shade the smiling noon.

4

Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6
Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7
Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. (spring

547 S. M. Dr S. Stennett.
Gosport 53, Henley 38.

Divine Mercies in constant Succession,
Lam. iii 22, 23.

HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,—
Each night thy truth record.

2
Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3
Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4
But pleasures more refin'd
Awaited that bless'd day
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.

5
How new thy mercies then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.
Now we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

7
There rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.

8
Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

9
Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

10
How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall shew,
And all thy truth record.

548. L. M.

Wareham 117, Horsley 205.

Eternity joyful and tremendous.

ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2
Eternity!—tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3
Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;—
An interest in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

4
But should my brightest hopes be vain!
The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God! remove;—
Speak me an object of thy love.

5
Search, Lord! Oh search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

549. 8, 8, 6.

Chatham 59.

*A Prayer for Seriousness in Prospect of
Eternity.*

THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee,—against myself,—to thee,
A sinful worm, I cry,
An 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;
Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

3
O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;—
Wake me to righteousness.

4
Before me place, in bright 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 bus'ness here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,—
To make my calling sure!
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.

DEATH.

550. (1st Part.) C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*
Canterbury 199, London 180.

Death and Eternity.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign—death.

2
The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

3
These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
There are the heads we lately knew,
So beautiful and so wise.

4
But where the souls,—those deathless things,
That left their dying clay!
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

5
Oh, that unfathomable sea!—
Those deeps, without a shore,
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar!

6
There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7
‘Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand!
‘Then come the joyful day;
‘Come, death, and some celestial band,
‘To bear our souls away.’
• *Bankside Fields.*

550. (2d Part.) 7, 6.
Grange Road 281, Cullinstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

AH! I shall soon be dying;
Time swiftly glides away;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hast the happy day—

2
The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown,
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

3
He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.

4
Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am.
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atonement Lamb.

5
To him, by grace, united,
I joy in him alone,
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.

6
There he is interceding
For all who on him rest;
The grace, from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breast.

7
Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I raise,
And chaunt my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

8
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
Shall charm the courts above.

550. (3d Part.) C. M.
Grove House 143.

The safe and happy Exit.

LORD, must I die! Oh, let me die
Trusting in thee alone—
My living testimony given,
Then leave my dying one!

2
If I must die.—Oh, let me die
In peace with all mankind;
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

3
If I must die—as 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 Pharaoh's lap,
May I but have a view!
Though Jordan should enclose its bank,
I'll boldly venture through.

551. (1st Part.) 148th. *Toplady's Collec.*

Eagle Street 16, Clapham 18.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

YE virgin souls, arise!
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to the bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your free reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—

Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend:
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

Ye,—that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit liv'd,
 And thirsted for his love;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne;—
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive
 Above those angel powers
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound:—
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found,
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

551. (Second Part.) L. M.
 Old Hundred 100, Wareham 117.

Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

O GOD of Love! with cheering ray
 Gild my expiring streak of day;
 Thy love, through each revolving year,
 Has wip'd away affliction's tear.

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!

Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r—
 The *latest* in my latest hour;
 Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
 Where fears and death are known no more.

552. C. M.

Windsor 247, Charnmouth 28.

Victory over Death through Christ,
 1 Cor. xv. 57.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

But see my glorious leader nigh!
 My Lord,—my Saviour—lives;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

He left his dazzling throne above;
 He met the tyrant's dart;
 And (Oh, amazing power of love!)
 Receiv'd it in his heart.

No more, O grim destroyer! boast
 Thy universal sway;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost;—
 Thy night, the gate of day.

Lord, I commit my soul to thee!
 Accept the sacred trust;
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust.

Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With glory to the Lamb;

Oh, let me join the raptur'd lays!
 And with the blissful throng
 Resound salvation, power, and praise,
 In everlasting song.

553. C. M. *Dr. Watts's Lyrics.*

Newbury 132, Carolina 13.

The welcome Messenger.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,
 with longing eyes, and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could e'en contend to lay
 Our limbs upon that bed!
 We ask thine envoy to convey
 Our spirits in his stead.

3
Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place,
For, when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4
Jesus! then purge my crimes away,
Thy guilt creates my fears;
Thy guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5
Oh! if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6
Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7
I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amid those heavenly charms.

8
Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch, and soar away.

554. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Portugal 97, Bramcoate 8.

Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ,
Phil. i. 23.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2
Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart!
For 'tis far better to depart.

3
Come, ye angelic envoys! come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home!
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4
That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace!

5
As with a seraph's voice to sing:
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

6
Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

555. C. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

James's 163, Elm 151.

*The Presence of God worth dying for; or, the
Death of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 49, 50. xxxiv. 5.*

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight,
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2
Thou Gabriel know'st, and sing'st thy name,
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3
While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill;
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4
Thy love,—a sea without a shore,—
Spreads life and joy abroad;
Oh, 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God!

5
Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
'Climb up the mount,' says God, 'and die,'
The prophet climb'd—and died.

6
Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

7
Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord! and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

556. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Exeter 4, Stillman 66.

*Children dying in their Infancy in the Arms
of Jesus, Matt. xix. 14.*

THY life I read, my dearest Lord!
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2
Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3
'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast:
'Protection they shall find in me,—
'In me be ever blest.

4
'Death may the bands of life unloose,
'But can't dissolve my love:
'Millions of infant-souls compose
'The family above.

5
'Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
'And mould with heavenly skill:
'I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
'And hands to do my will.'

6
His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

557. C. M. Steele.

Canterbury 199, Carolina 13.

At the Funeral of a young Person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2
While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3
Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4
The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5
Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6
Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

558. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Bath Chapel 26, Crowle 3.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their Children, Isa. lvi. 4.

YE mourning saints, whose streaming
Flow o'er your children dead, [tears
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2
While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3
Tho', your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand!
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4
'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
'In my own house a place;
'No names of daughters and of sons
'Could yield so high a grace.

5
'Transient and vain is every hope
'A rising race can give;
'In endless honour and delight
'My children all shall live.'

6
We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Thro' which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which thro' our
Prepare a way for thee. [hearts

559. L. M. Fawcett

Angel's Hymn 60, Dresden 178.

The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the Sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2
His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise:
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3
Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest:
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

4
Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss;—
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear!
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5
His mind is tranquil and serene;
No terrors in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.

6
Lord! make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear:
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

560. 104th.

Hanover 130, Old Hundred and Fourth 148.

On the Death of a Believer.

['TIS finish'd, 'tis done' the spirit is fled,
Our brother is gone, the christian is
dead;

The christian is living in Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

2
All honour and praise are Jesus's due!—
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro':
Triumphantly glorious, thro' Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death,
and hell.]

3
• Then let us record the conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord with shoutings pro-
claim:
Who trust in his passion, and follow their
head,
To certain salvation shall surely be led.

• If the three last verses of this hymn be sung
alone, then begin verse the third thus—

'Now let us record the conquering name.'

4

O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,
And give us the crown of righteousness there,
Where dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

5

With us display thy love, when we die,
And bear us away to mansions on high:
The kingdom be given of glory divine,
And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

561. S. M. *Trinity's Collection.*

Broderip's 232 Ryland 48.

Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

PREPARE me, gracious God!
To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2

In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3

Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love inake known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4

Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

562. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Carolina 13, Workshop 31.

Departed Saints asleep,
Mark v. 39, 1 Thess. iv. 13.

WHY flow these torrents of distress?
(The gentle saviour cries;)
Why are my sleeping saints survey'd
With unbelieving eyes?

2

'Death's feeble arm shall never boast
'A friend of Christ is slain,
'Nor o'er their meaner part in dust
'A lasting power retain.

3

'I come, on wings of love,—I come
'The slumberers to awake;
'My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,
'And all its bonds shall break.

4

'Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise,—
'They rise, to sleep no more;
'But, reb'd with light and crown'd with joy,
'To endless day they soar.'

5

Jesus! our faith receives thy word;
And, tho' fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6

Our willing soul thy summons wait
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

563. C. M. *Dr. Doddridge.*

Abridge 201, Charmouth 29.

Submission under bereaving Providence,
Psalm xli. 10.

PEA^CE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blunts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2

'Tis he,—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady council wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3

'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4

Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5

Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for ev'ry brow:
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6

Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

564. L. M.

Ulverson 179, Foxcroft 181.

Satisfaction in God under the Loss of dear Friends.

THE God of Love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2

Yet not one anxious murmur'g thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3

Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fall;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4

Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one:
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5

Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And in thy covenant love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

565. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Windsor 247, Elenborough 170.

Death and Judgment appointed for all,
Heb. ix. 27.

HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2

Ye living men, the tomb survey
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.

3

Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.

4

Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see,
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5

Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

566. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Ann's 58, Charmouth 28.

Comfort under the Loss of Ministers.

NOW let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry:
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2

What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade;
What tho' the prophet and the priest
Be number'd with the dead?

3

Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4

Th' eternal shepherd still survives
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5

'Lo! I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
'For I will ne'er forsake my own,
'Whose souls in me confide.'

6

Thro' every scene of life and death,
Th'is promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

567. 8. 7. 4.

Jordan 81, Painswick 162.

*The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through
Death to Glory.*

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

568. C. M.

Carolina 13, Windsor 247.

*The Bodies of the Saints quickened and raised
by the Spirit, Rom. viii. 11.*

WHY should our mourning thoughts
To grovel in the dust? [delight
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around the expiring just?

2

Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?

3

Doth not the sacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4

Awake, my soul, and like the sun
Burst thro' each sable cloud:
And thou, my voice, tho' broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5

The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

116

6
Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of victory sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

569. C. M. Dr. Watt's Lyrics.

Canterbury 199, Evans's 190.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

HOW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2
Lo, I behold the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3
I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4
I hear the voice, 'Ye dead arise!'
And, lo, the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5
They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6
O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white;
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7
How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward, thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

570. (1st Part.) L. M. President Davies.

Angell's Hymn 60, Warcham 117.

Sinners and Saints in the Wreck of Nature,
Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

HOW great, how terrible, that God
Who shakes creation with his nod
He frowns—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame.

2
Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down.

3
In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie,
There on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever lost.

4
But, saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your saviour lives, the world's expiate,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5
Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

570. (2d Part.) L. M.

Faulstich 246, Horsley 295.

The Second Appearance of Christ,
2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2
Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole,
Fare sun, no more thy lustre boast:
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

3
This wreck of nature all around—
The angels shout, the trumpets sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4
Children of Adam, all appear
With reverence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless war!

5
Lord, to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day,
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

571. L. M.

Paul's 246, Angels' Hymn 60.

The Books opened, Rev. xx. 12.

METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

2

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd 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 th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4

To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward:
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the judge will here regard.

5

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.

572. S. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Whitefield 168, Aynhoe 108.

The final Sentence and Mercy of the Wicked,
Matt. xxv. 41.

AND will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2

And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And, thro' the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3

'Depart from me, accurs'd,
'To everlasting flame,
'For rebel-angels first prepar'd,
'Where mercy never came.'

4

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

5

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6

Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7

So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

573. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Canterbury 199, Windsor 247.

The final Sentence and Happiness of the
Righteous, Matt. xxv. 34.

ATTEEND, my ear; my heart, rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2

When sinners, curs'd from his face,
To raging flames are driven;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heaven;

3

'Bless'd of my Father, all draw near,
'Receive the great reward;
'And rise, with raptures, to possess
'The kingdom love piepar'd.

4

'Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
'His sov'reign purpose wrought,
'And rear'd those palaces divine,
'To which you now are brought.

5

'There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
'Protected by my pow'r;
'While sin and death, and pains and cares,
'Shall vex your souls no more.'

6

Come, dear majestic Saviour! come,
This jubilee proclaim!
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

574. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyrics.

Portugal 97, Rippon's 188.

Com', Lord Jesus.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt! A heavy load!

2

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly ev'ry minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years!

3

Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains!
Let th' eternal pillars bow
Blest Saviour! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow!

4

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come thou, the soul of all our joys!
Thou, the desire of nations, come!

5

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs!

6

Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

581. L. M.

Sheffield 39, Paul's 246.

Mind Sinners re-awakened with.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die!
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly;

2

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3

Stay, sinner! on the Gospel plains
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet unfold.

582. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Green's Hundred 89, Wareham 117.

The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

IN what confusion earth appears—
God's dearest children bath'd in tears:
While they, who heav'n itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2

But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how different! who can tell
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell!

3

See, the red flames around him twine
Who did in gold and purple shine:
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4

While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow;
On Abram's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5

Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servants' fare:
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage-feast.

583. C. M. Steele.

Oxford 106, Follett 181, Evans's 190.

The Joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; (heart,
And let the joys of heav'n 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 pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5

There shall the follow'rs of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

584. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Cambridge New 74, Hephzibah 77.
Staughton 264.

The promised Land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2

Oh the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3

There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4

All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day,
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7

Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay!
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

585. 50th. J. Straphan.

Cherriton 76, Old Fiftieth 233.

Heaven.

ON wings of faith mount up, my soul,
and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue
can tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions
dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and
glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell he reigns vic-
torious.

2

No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending
pain,
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear.
For God's own hand shall wipe the fall-
ing tear:

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3

Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
its blooming head, and sovereign virtue
bears:

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4

No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,
Th'exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5

One distant glimpse my eager passion
fires!—

Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires:
When shall I at my heavenly home ar-
rive,—

When leave this earth, and when begin
to live?

For here my Saviour is all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns vic-
torious.

586. C. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Elim 151, Stamford 9, Otford 106.

Happiness approaching, Rom. xiii. 11.

A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes—
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love
That shews salvation nigh.

2

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

3

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

587. L. M. Steele.

Martin's Lane 67, Coomb's 45, Bromley 104.

The Worship of Heaven, John xvii. 24.

FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!

2

There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

3

Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' assemblies of the skies.

4

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5

There all the favourites of the Lamb
shall join at last the heav'nly choir:
Oh may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

6

Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our int'rest in that blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

588. C. M.

Elim 151, Cambridge New 74.

The everlasting Song.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

2

There the blest man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circie the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

5

[Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run;
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!

6

And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's Equal down
To dwell in humble clay.

7

O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within.)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

8

But, when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide;
Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

9

Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord,
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.]

10

Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—
Here's joyful work for you.

11

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

12

There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

The 6th, 7th and 8th verses of this hymn should
be sung softer than the rest.

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S. M.	6	6	8	6							Aynhoe, &c.	200
50th	10	10	10	10	11	11					Cherriton, &c.	585
104th	10	10	10	11	11						The Old 104th, &c.	188
112th	8	8	8	8	8	8					Carey's, &c.	203
148th	6	6	6	6	8	8					Portsmouth New, &c.	421
5 6	5	6	11	5	6	11					Haughton, &c.	62
6 4	6	6	4	6	6	6	4				Bermondsey, &c.	287
6 8 4	6	6	8	4	6	6	8	4			Leoni, &c.	66
7s	7	7	7	7	7	7					Cookham, &c.	270
7s.	7	7	7	7	7	7					Firth's	16
7s. Double	7	7	7	7	7	7	7				Hatham, &c.	305
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8s	8	8	8	8	8	8	8				New Jerusalem, &c.	131
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