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A
C H O I

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

H Y M N S,

F R O M

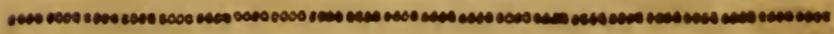
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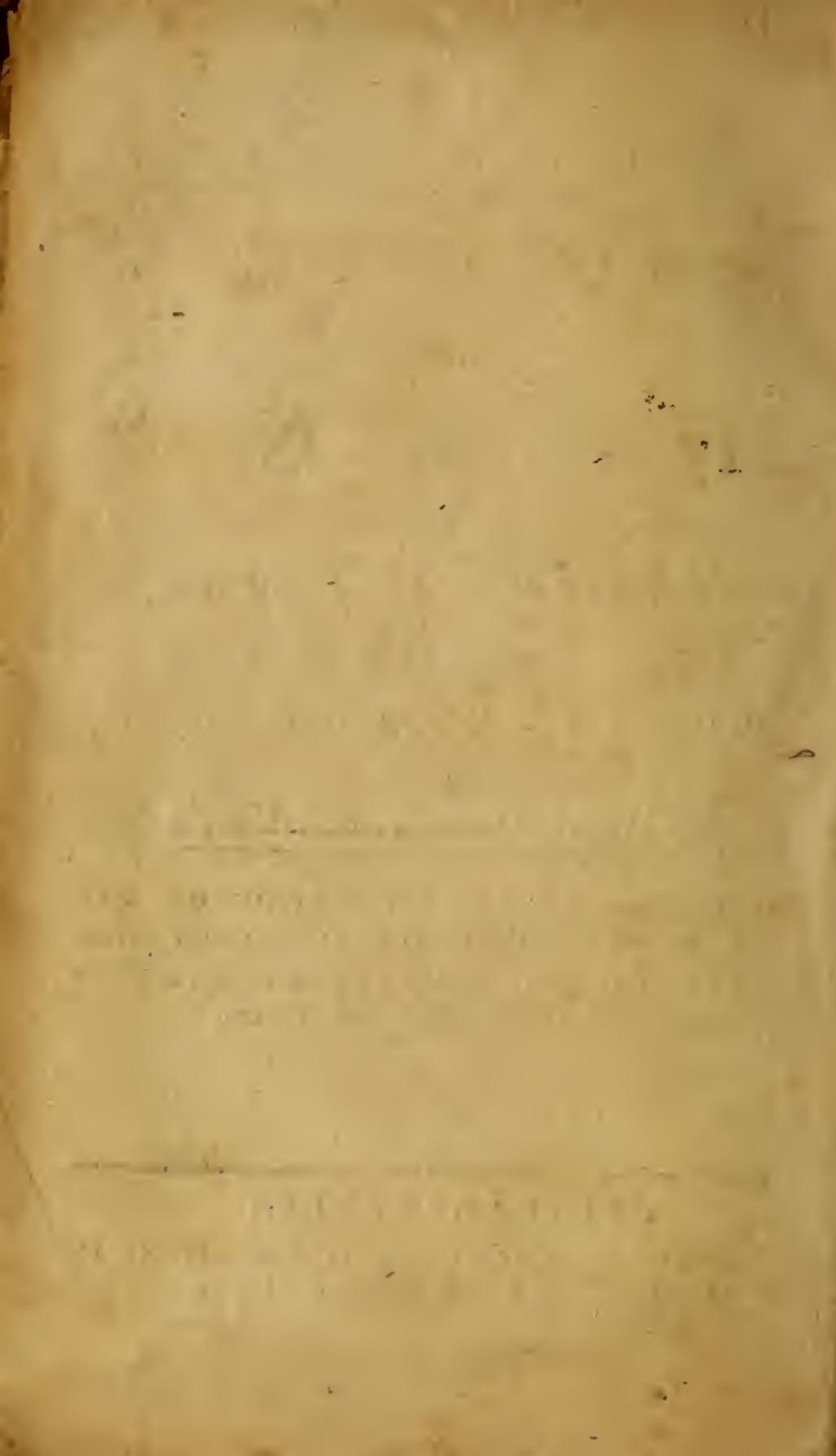
William Dickinson

DESIGNED FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE
PIOUS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS; BUT MORE
PARTICULARLY FOR THE USE OF THE BAP-
TIST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.



PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY ENOCH STORY, Jun. LIVING IN
STRAWBERRY-ALLEY. 1784.





A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
H Y M N S.

H Y M N I. *Gratitude to God.*

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4. To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
5. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
7. Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
8. When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
9. (Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.)
10. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
11. Thro'

11. Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

12. When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

13. Thro' all Eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For oh! Eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise.

H Y M N II.

1. **D**EAR Lord, how wond'rous is thy love
 To such unworthy worms as we!
 Thou hast sent down the heav'nly Dove,
 To set our souls at liberty.

2. We that were doom'd to woe and pain,
 Expos'd to death of ev'ry kind,
 Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,
 Do life, and peace, and pardon find.

3. Shall we forget our Saviour's grace,
 Who dy'd to save our guilty souls,
 And bring us to his Father's face,
 Where endless peace and pleasure rolls?

4. Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought,
 May Christ be all in our esteem;

Let earthly things be all forgot,
And counted loss, compar'd with him.

5. Lord Jesus, make us bear in mind
Thy rich thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be for ever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above:

6. Then shall we stand before thy face,
And shout with all the ransom'd throng;
Our cry shall be, "Free Grace, Free Grace,"
While endless ages roll along.

H Y M N III. *For the last day of the year.*

1. **O** Praise the Lord of Heav'n,
Whose mercy never fails;
Six troubles come, and also sev'n,
But still his grace prevails.

2. The year that's almost past
His goodness did proclaim;
His love doth now and always last,
Give glory to his name.

3. How wond'rous are his ways
Which he to us makes known!
We join to sing our Maker's praise,
And worship him alone.

4. When we the year begun
We rais'd our chearful songs;
And surely when its course is run
To God our praise belongs.

5. His

For rest they need
Do follow them.

2. Death's but a sleep, why show
For those in Christ who die?
Since this we know, to peace they go,
And joys possess on high.

3. Altho' to dust their bodies must
Be turn'd beneath the clod,
Yet they shall rise above the skies,
And ever live with God.

4. Christ will stand before the croud
Compos'd of Adam's race,
Confess them dear, who own'd him here,
And bore for him disgrace.

5. Robes they shall have that will outbrave
The whiteness of the snow;
Most pure and bright, like shining light;
Such Jesus will bestow.

6. Then why need we dejected be?
Our loss is their great gain;

For

oy :

they've been there ten million years,
And millions more are done,
They've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when they first begun.

H Y M N V. *The Lord will provide*

1. **T**HO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
" The Lord will provide."

2. The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :

His

His faints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written
" The Lord will provide."

3. We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
" The Lord will provide."

4. His call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
" The Lord will provide."

5. When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft' he has try'd,
This heart cheering promise,
" The Lord will provide."

6. He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,

The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain ;
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have ply'd,
 This answers all questions,
 " The Lord will provide."

7. No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim,
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 " The Lord will provide."

8. When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us thro' :
 No fearing or doubting
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 " The Lord will provide."

H Y M N VI. *Eſau.*

1. **P**OOOR Eſau repented too late,
 That once he his birth-right deſpis'd ;
 And ſold, for a morſel of meat,
 What could not too highly be priz'd :
 How great was his anguiſh when told
 The *bleſſing* he ſought to obtain,
 Was gone with the *birth-right* he ſold,
 And none could recall it again!

2. He

2. He stands as a warning to all,
Wherever the gospel shall come ;
O hasten and yield to the call,
While yet for repentance there's room !
Your season will quickly be past,
Then hear, and obey it to-day ;
Lest when you seek mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

3. What is it the world can propose ?
A morsel of meat at the best !
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the joys of the blest ? -
Its pleasures will speedily end,
Its favour and praise are but breath ;
And what can its profits befriend
Your soul in the moment of death ?

4. If Jesus for these you despise,
And sin to the Saviour prefer,
In vain your entreaties and cries,
When summon'd to stand at his bar :
How will you his presence abide ?
What anguish will torture your heart ?
The saints all enthron'd by his side,
And you be compell'd to depart !

5. Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd some poor trifle to thee ;
How is it thou dost not deny
The blessing and birth right to me ?
No better than Esau I am,
Tho' pardon and heaven be mine ;
To me belongs nothing but shame,
The praise and the glory be thine.

H Y M N VII.

What think ye of Christ?

1. **W**HAT think you of Christ? is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme;
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As he is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you
 And mercy or wrath are your lot.

2. Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most;
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
 So guilty, so helpless, am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.

3. Some stile him The Pearl of great Price,
 And say, " He's the Fountain of Joys;"
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world, and its toys:
 Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him betray;
 Ah! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day?

4. If ask'd, what of Jesus I think?
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor;

I say, He's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store:
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

H Y M N VIII.

1. **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook:
2. 'Twas Israel's God and King,
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble faints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
3. Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invaders camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
4. Oh! I have seen the day
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say
 "My trust is in the Lord;"

My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that would oppose.

5. But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride;
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

H Y M N IX.

Faith, is a comprehensive sense.

1. **S**IGHT, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But faith does singly each excel,
And all the five comprize,

2. More piercing than the eagle's sight
It views the world unknown;
Surveys the glorious realms of light
And Jesus on the throne.

3. It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he saith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4. It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,
And from that boundless source,
Derives fresh vigor ev'ry hour,
To run its daily course.

5. The

5. The truth and goodness of the Lord,
Are suited to its taste;
Mean is the worldlings pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feast.

6. It smells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment poured forth;
Faith only knows or can proclaim,
Its favor or its worth.

7. Till saving faith possess the mind,
In vain of sense we boast;
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

H Y M N X.

Joseph made known to his brethren.

1. **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear:
A while his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hastened to shew himself kind.

2. How little they thought it was^h he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!
I'm Joseph, your brother (he said)
" And still to my heart you are dear,

“ You sold me, and thought I was dead,
“ But God, for your sakes, sent me here.

3. Tho' greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.

“ Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
“ Forgive us the evil we did ?

“ And will he our households maintain ?
“ O this is a brother indeed !”

4. Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came
And laden with guilt, to the Lord ;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.

At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart !
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, “ Thou cursed depart !”

5. But oh ! What surprize when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face,
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded with grace :

“ Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
“ By thee I was sold and was slain ;

“ I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

6. I'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
“ And crucify'd often afresh ;
“ But let me henceforth be esteem'd

“ Thy

2. Thy glory shall forever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure;
Our souls we venture in thine hand,
And there we know we are secure.

3. Tho' troubles come and sorrows rise,
We will not fear for God's our aid;
Ill tidings cannot these surprize
Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.

4. Glory to Christ our faithful friend;
(He is the Lord whom Angels fear)
On him we always would depend,
And in his righteousness appear.

5. We love the Lord our God most high,
His grace demands our noblest song;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To him all glory doth belong.

H Y M N X V.

1. **T**HE faints appear to tread the courts
Of their dear God below;
Behold the multitude resorts
To hear the trumpet blow.

2. Lord God, appear for our relief,
What can we do alone?
Come Saviour, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.

3. Our eyes O Lord, are unto thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray ;
O may thy spirit present be !
O Lord, thy power display.
4. Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice ;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy faints rejoice.
5. Come Lord, nor let us be dismay'd ;
Lord, hear thy^r people pray ;
And let thy mercy be display'd
Amongst us here this day.
6. May sinners hear thy pow'rful call,
And thy Salvation see ;
So shall our hearts, both one and all,
Sing songs of praise to thee.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 'TIS pleasure, Lord, on thee to wait ;
We come to seek our God again ;
We now stand watching at thy gate ;
To serve the Lord is ne'er in vain.
2. Afford us Lord thy special grace,
That we may praise thy name aright,
And run with joy the heav'nly race,
Thro' faith and patience with delight.
3. O may we trust in thee alone,
For thou hast help'd us hitherto ;

And

And since thy name to us is known,
 May we thy ways with zeal pursue.

H Y M N X V I I .

Hannah: Or the Throne of Grace.

1. **W**HEN *Hannah* press'd with grief,
 Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r;
 She quickly found relief,
 And left her burthen there:
 Like her sin ev'ry trying case,
 Let us approach the throne of grace.

2. When she began to pray
 Her heart was pain'd and sad;
 But ere she went away,
 Was comforted and glad:
 In trouble, what a resting place,
 Have they who know the throne of grace.

3. Tho' men and Devils rage,
 And threaten to devour;
 The saints from age to age,
 Are safe from all their pow'r:
 Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
 By waiting at the throne of grace.

4. *Eli* her case mistook,
 How was her spirit mov'd
 By his unkind rebuke?
 But God her cause approv'd.

We

We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at the throne of grace.

5. She was not fill'd with wine,
(As *Eli* rashly thought)
But with a faith divine,
And found the help she sought:
Tho' men despise and call us base,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6. Men have not pow'r or skill,
With troubled souls to bear;
Tho' they express good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7. Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor one been yet deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

8. As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air,
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our sorrows chase,
By shining from the throne of grace.

H Y M N XVIII.

Travelling in birth for souls.

1. **W**HAT contradictions meet
In ministers employ!

It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy:
No other post affords a place
For equal honor, or disgrace!

2. Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel;
Constrain'd to speak, in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3. The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in finners hearts.

4. If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But, with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then, how their inmost souls are griev'd!

5. But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

6. On what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

H Y M N X I X.

Praise to the Creator.

1. **E**TERNAL Majesty on high,
Thou God of pow'r and love,
Thy hands have spread the starry sky,
And form'd the worlds above.

2. This globe below shews forth thy might,
Thy goodness and thy skill;
The sun, the moon, the day, and night,
Thy pleasure do fulfil.

3. Beasts, birds, fish, insects all declare
Thou art the mighty God;
Fire, hail, and storms, earth, water, air,
Declare thy name abroad.

4. Trees, mountains, rivers, rocks, and plains,
Gardens, and fruitful lands. Pro-

Proclaim " The God of goodness reigns ;"
And will while nature stands.

5. All things below, and all above,
God, wise, good, great proclaim ;
Then let the children of his love
Delight to bless his name.

6. The heav'nly Father, and the Son,
And Spirit we adore ;
'Tis now as 'twas when time begun,
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N XX.

1. **O** Lord, thou know'st my soul's desires,
And thou canst give me perfect ease ;
Thou art the good my heart admires,
There's nothing but thy love can please.

2. Give me, O Lord, the happiness
To sit and hear thy gracious voice ;
Come, Saviour, come, my soul possess,
And make my mourning heart rejoice.

3. Lord, I would praise thy holy name,
Thou art my everlasting friend ;
Thou hast not put my soul to shame ;
Preserve me safe unto the end.

4. Thou art my strength, and my support,
My hope, my everlasting aid ;
To thee I always would resort,
And trust in thee when I'm afraid.

5. Thy name affords my soul relief,
When I with sorrows am oppress'd;
When I am full of woe and grief,
Thy word doth give my spirit rest.
6. Teach me to do thy holy will,
Unite my heart to fear thy name;
O lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
Where stands the new Jerusalem.
7. Were not the Lord of hosts my strength,
I should have sunk in deep despair;
But now I trust I shall at length
Arrive at Canaan's harbour fair:
8. There shall I rest for evermore,
Fearless of storms, and raging seas,
And sit upon the heav'nly shore,
And dwell at everlasting ease.

H Y M N XXI.

1. **E**TERNAL God, thy pow'r make known,
Make the whole earth confess
That thou art God, and thou alone
Dost rule in righteousnes.
2. May the whole earth thy glory see,
And thy salvation know;
And to thy saints, who wait for thee,
Thy works and wonders show.
3. Lord Jesus, come, and take thy pow'r,
And rule us by thy grace;

We

We wait for that expected hour
When we shall see thy face.

4. Our souls are longing for the day
When Jesus shall be king;
When he our stubborn sins shall slay,
And we his praise shall sing.

5. Our hearts rejoice in Jesu's name,
His word forbids our fear;
We love his gospel to proclaim
That all mankind may hear :

6. But dearest Lord, let us enjoy
That everlasting peace,
That nothing ever shall destroy,
Nor cause it to decrease.

7. Lord here we wait to know thy will,
And to obey the same;
May we our course on earth fulfil,
In honor to thy name.

H Y M N XXII.

Jericho; or the waters healed.

1. **T**H O' Jericho pleasantly stood,
And look'd like a promising soil;
The harvest produc'd little food,
To answer the husbandman's toil:
The water some property had,
Which poisonous prov'd to the ground;

The springs were corrupted and bad,
The streams spread a barrenness round.

2. But soon by the cruise and the salt,
Prepar'd by Elisha's command,
The water was cur'd of its fault,
And plenty enriched the land:
An emblem sure this of the grace
On fruitless dead sinners bestow'd;
For man is in Jericho's case,
'Till cur'd by the mercy of God.

3. How noble a creature he seems!
What knowledge, invention, and skill!
How large and extensive his schemes!
How much can he do if he will!
His zeal to be learned and wise,
Will yield to no limits or bars;
He measures the earth and the skies,
And numbers and marshals the stars.

4. Yet still he is barren of good;
In vain are his talents and art;
For sin has infected his blood,
And poison'd the streams of his heart:
The Cockatrice eggs he can hatch,
Or, spider-like, cobwebs can weave;
'Tis madness to labour and watch
For what will destroy or deceive.

5. But grace, like the salt in the cruise,
When cast in the spring of the soul,
A wonderful change will produce,
Diffusing new life thro' the whole:

The wilderness blooms like a rose,
 The heart which was vile and abhorr'd,
 Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
 The garden and joy of the Lord.

H Y M N XXIII.

1. **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, 'till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.
2. But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known;
 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.
3. A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.
4. To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine;
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakably divine.
5. These are the joys that satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

6. No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

H Y M N XXIV.

Queen of Sheba,

1. **F**ROM Sheba a distant report
 Of Solomon's glory and fame,
 Invited the Queen to his court,
 But all was outdone when she came;
 She cry'd with a pleasing surprize,
 When first she before him appear'd,
 "How much, what I see with my eyes,
 "Surpasses the rumor I heard."

2. When once to Jerufalem come,
 The treasure and train she had brought,
 The wealth she possessed at home,
 No longer had place in her thought;
His house, *his* attendants, *his* throne,
 All struck her with wonder and awe;
 The glory of Solomon shone,
 In every object she saw.

3. But Solomon most she admir'd,
 Whose spirit conducted the whole;
 His wisdom, which God had inspir'd,
 His bounty and greatness of soul;

Of all the hard questions she put,
A ready solution he shew'd;
Exceeded her wish and her suit,
And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

4. Thus I when the gospel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to sinners he bears;
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his presence might bow;
I saw, and transported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

5. My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions oppos'd;
But he restor'd peace to my mind,
And answer'd each doubt I propos'd!
Beholding me poor and distress'd,
His bounty supply'd all my wants;
My pray'r could have never express'd
So much as this Solomon grants.

6. I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold,
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

H Y M N XXV.

The pool of Bethesda.

1. **B**ESIDE the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor ;
From year to year, my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move !
And others, round me, stepping in
Their efficacy prove !
3. But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same :
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came,
4. O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal !
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
5. How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie ?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
6. But whether can I go ?
There is no other pool

Where

Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7. Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8. No: He is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

H Y M N XXVI.

1. **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchsafe to hear;
Sore distressed with guilt am I,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2. Wealth and honour I disdain,
Earthly comforts all are vain;
They can never satisfy,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3. Lord deny me what thou wilt,
Only take away my guilt;
Mourning at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4. All unholy and unclean,
I am sinful, vile and mean;

But

But to thee for mercy fly,
Give me Christ or else I die.

5. Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust:
Unto thee I lift my cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

'6. O my God, what shall I say?
Take, oh take my sins away!
Jesu's blood to me apply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

H Y M N XXVII

The Disciples at sea.

1. **C**onstrain'd by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to sea;
The season tempestuous and dark,
How griev'd the disciples must be!
But tho' he remain'd on the shore,
He spent the night for them in pray'r;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his care.

2. They strove, tho' in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withstand;
But when they were weary'd with toil,
They saw their dear Saviour at hand;
They gladly receiv'd him on board,
His presence their spirits reviv'd;

The

The sea became calm at his word,
And soon at their port they arriv'd.

3. Believers now like them are tost
By storms, on a perilous deep;
But cannot be possibly lost
While Jesus has charge of the ship:
Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make them their sport;
This Pilot hath firmly engag'd
To bring them, in safety, to port.

4. If sometimes we struggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view,
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing, without him, can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But Jesus is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time, and does all.

5. Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink
Unless we thy presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we sink,
We would, but we cannot believe:
The night has been long and severe,
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I!"

H Y M N XXVIII.

The foolish Virgins.

1. **W**HEN descending from the sky
 The Bridegroom shall appear;
 And the solemn midnight cry,
 Shall call professors near;
 How the sound our hearts will damp!
 How will shame o'erspread each face!
 If we only have a lamp,
 Without the oil of grace.

2. Foolish virgins then will wake,
 And seek for a supply;
 But in vain the pains they take
 To borrow or to buy:
 Then with those they now despise,
 Earnestly they'll wish to share;
 But the best among the wise,
 Will have no oil to spare.

3. Wise are they, and truly blest,
 Who then shall ready be!
 But despair will seize the rest,
 And dreadful misery:
 "Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,
 "Tho' in lies our trust we put;
 "Now our lamp of hope is out,
 "The door of mercy shut."

4. If they then presume to plead,
“ Lord, open to us now ;
“ We on earth have heard and pray’d,
“ And with thy faints did bow :”
He will answer from his throne,
“ Tho’ you with my people mix’d,
“ Yet to me you ne’er were known,
“ Depart, your doom is fix’d.”

5. O that none who worship here
May hear that word, Depart !
Lord impress a godly fear
On each professor’s heart :
Help us, Lord, to search the camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile ;
Trusting to a dying lamp
Without a stock of oil.

H Y M N . XXIX.

The two Debtors.

1. **O**NCE a woman silent stood
While Jesus sat at meat ;
From her eyes she pour’d a flood
To wash his sacred feet :
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess’d her mind,
That she ere so vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveness find.

2. “ How came this vile woman here ?
“ Will Jesus notice such ?

D 2

“ Sure,

" Sure, if he a prophet were,
 " He would disdain her touch!"
 Simon thus, with scornful heart,
 Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd;
 But her Saviour took her part,
 And thus his pride reprov'd:

3. " If two men in debt were bound,
 " One less, the other more;
 " Fifty, or five hundred pound,
 " And both alike were poor;
 " Should the lender both forgive,
 " When he saw them both distress'd;
 " Which of them would you believe
 " Engag'd to love him best?

4. " Surely he who most did owe,"
 The Pharisee reply'd;
 Then our Lord, " By judging so,
 " Thou dost for aër decide:
 " Simon, if like her you knew
 " How much you forgiveness need;
 " You like her had acted too,
 " And welcom'd me indeed!

5. " When the load of sin is felt,
 " And much forgiveness known;
 " Then the heart of course will melt,
 " Tho' hard before as stone:
 " Blame not then her love and tears,
 " Greatly she in debt has been;
 " But I have remov'd her fears,
 " And pardon'd all her sin."

6. Where

6. When I read this woman's case,
 Her love and humble zeal;
 I confess, with shame of face,
 My heart is made of steel:
 Much has been forgiv'n to me,
 Jesus paid my heavy score;
 What a creature must I be,
 That I can love no more!

H Y M N XXX.

The Believer's Safety.

1. **T**HAT man no guard or weapon needs,
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
 But safe may pass, if duty leads,
 Thro' burning sands or mountain-snows.
2. Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear,
 Redemption is his shield and tow'r;
 He sees his Saviour always near
 To help, in ev'ry trying hour.
3. Tho' I am weak, and Satan strong,
 And often to assault me tries;
 When Jesus is my shield and song,
 Abash'd the wolf before me flies.
4. His love possessing, I am blest,
 Secure whatever change may come;
 Whither I go to East or West,
 With him I still shall be at home.

5. If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Tho' winter reigns with vigor there;
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.
6. Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil,
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

H Y M N XXXI:

On one stone shall be seven eyes.

1. **J**ESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for sinners spilt;
Is the stone by God appointed,
And the church is on him built:
He delivers
All who trust him from their guilt.
2. Many eyes at once are fixed
On a person so divine;
Love, with awful justice mixed,
In his great redemption shine:
Mighty Jesus!
Give me leave to call thee mine.
3. By the Father's eye approved,
Lo, a voice is heard from Heav'n;
Sinners, this is my Beloved,
"For your ransom freely giv'n:
"All offences,
"For his sake shall be forgiv'n."

4. An-

4. Angels with their eyes pursu'd him,
 When he left his glorious throne ;
 With astonishment they view'd him,
 Put the form of servant on :
 Angels worshipp'd
 Him who was on earth unknown.

5. Satan and his host amazed,
 Saw his stone in Zion laid ;
 Jesus, tho' to death abas'd,
 Bruis'd the subtil serpent's head :
 When to save us,
 On the cross his blood he shed.

6. When a guilty sinner sees him,
 While he looks his soul is heal'd ;
 Soon this sight from anguish frees him,
 And imparts a pardon seal'd :
 May this Saviour
 Be to all our hearts reveal'd !

7. With desire and admiration,
 All his blood bought flock behold
 Him, who wrought out their salvation,
 And enclos'd them in his fold :
 Yet their warmest
 Love and praises are too cold.

8. By the eye of carnal reason
 Many view him with disdain ;
 How will they abide the season
 When he'll come with all his train ?
 To escape him
 Then they'll wish, but wish in vain.

9. How

9. How their hearts will melt and tremble
 When they hear his awful voice!
 But his faints he'll then adore,
 As his portion, and his choice:
 And receive them
 To his everlasting joys.

H Y M N XXXII.

New year's day.

1. **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone!
2. Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
3. From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
4. Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That faints may love thee more;
 And sinners now may learn to love
 Who never lov'd before.
5. And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home;
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIII.

1. **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
2. Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
4. True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
5. For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!
6. We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

H Y M N XXXIV.

1. **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends
 It was a weeping day;
 But Jesus made them all amends,
 And wip'd their tears away.
2. Ere long they met again with joy,
 (Secure no more to part.)
 Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,
 And pleasure fills 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;
 Oh! hear their pray'r, thy message own,
 And save their hearers too.

H Y M N XXXV. *Paul's voyage.*

1. **I**F Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
 He need not fear the sea;
 Secur'd from harm, on ev'ry hand,
 By the divine decree.

2. Altho' the ship wherein he sail'd,
 By dreadful storms was tofs'd;
 The promise over all prevail'd,
 And not a life was lost.

3. Jesus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
 Who saves in time of need;
 Was then confess'd by all on board,
 A present help indeed!

4. Tho' neither sun nor stars were seen
 Paul knew the Lord was near;
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
 When others shook with fear.

5. Believers thus are tofs'd about
 On life's tempestuous main;
 But grace assures beyond a doubt
 They shall their port attain.

6. They must, they shall appear one day,
 Before their Saviour's throne;
 The storms they meet with by the way,
 But make his power known.

7. Their

7. Their passage lies across the brink
 Of many a threat'ning wave ;
 The world expects to see them sink,
 But Jesus lives to save.
8. Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,
 Yet since thy word is past ;
 We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,
 To see thy face at last.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The day of judgment.

1. **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
2. See the judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !
3. At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his look, prepare to flee :

Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4. Horrors past imagination,
Will surprize your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
“ Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
“ Thou with Satan
“ And his Angels, have thy part!”

5. Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake!

6. But to those who have confessed,
~~Lov'd and serv'd the~~ Lord below;
He will say, “ Come near ye blessed,
“ See the kingdom I bestow:
“ You for ever
“ Shall my love and glory know.”

7. Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

H Y M N XXXVII.

The Good that I would I do not.

1. **I** Would but cannot sing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice ;
The Serpent sin's envenom'd sting
Has poison'd all my joys.
2. I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot pray ;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
3. I would, but can't repent
Tho' I endeavour oft ;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
'Till Jesus makes it soft.
4. I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love Divine ;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A soul so base as mine.
5. I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
I know what He appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.
6. Oh could I but believe !
Then all would easy be ;
I would, but cannot ; Lord relieve,
My help must come from thee !
7. But

7. But if indeed I *wou'd*,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.
8. By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.
9. Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun?
And with a will, afford me strength
In all thy ways to run.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

1. I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy:
And sing I must, a Christ I have;
O what a Christ have I?
2. Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The Way to God on high,
Life to the dead, the Truth of Types,
The Truth of Prophecy.
3. Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:
A Prophet full of light,
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
A King that rules with might.

4. Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where
The Altar God doth rest ;
My Christ, he is the Sacrifice,
My Christ he is the Priest.

5. My Christ he is the Lord of Lords;
He is the King of Kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With Healing in his Wings.

6. My Christ, he is the Tree of life,
Which in God's garden grows ;
Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal ;
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

7. Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physick and my Health,
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory and my Wealth.

8. Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love ;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

9. My Christ, he is the Heav'n of Heav'ns,
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is First, my Christ is last,
My Christ is All in All.

H Y M N XXXIX.

1. **B** Right burning beams of gospel grace
 Haste Lord, for to display;
 For to burn up in all thy fainst
 Their stubble, wood, and hay.

2. Break forth O Sun of Righteousness
 Unto the perfect day :
 Haste Holy One unto thy throne,
 Our Jesus, haste away!

3. But O, who may abide the day
 When Zion's King shall reign?
 Who may abide, when he the pride
 Of all proud flesh shall stain?

4. Tremble ye careless ones, that are
 At ease in Zion, and
 Wonder and stay, because that day
 Is very nigh at hand:

5. It now doth dawn; the glorious morn
 Begins for to appear;
 What else do mean these lowings, and
 These bleatings we do hear?

6. The fainst do sing to Christ their King,
 Whilst others rage in pain,
 Because His bright and dazzling Light
 Shines thro' the world amain.

7. Redeemed ones, sing praises, for
 This fire's but sent to try,
 And purge your dross, that by its loss
 Christ may you purify.

H Y M N XL.

1. **L**ORD, thou hast planted me a vine
 In fertile soil and air;
 Now tend and water me as thine,
 And make me still thy care.
2. My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct
 My goings, for I'm dark;
 O may my constant aims be right!
 Thine honor be my mark!
3. Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,
 And other saints be free?
 Each saint of thine shall find his own:
 And there is one for me:
4. Whene'er it falls unto my lot,
 Let it not frighten me;
 Nor drive me from my gracious God,
 But bring me home to thee.
5. O happy Christians, be not loth
 To have a coarser fare;
 Saints that have had no table-cloth
 Had Christ at dinner there.

6. To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Christ stands by;
Support me with thy constant aid,
Lest all thy graces die.

7. Thy way is to the upright strength;
Lord, make it so to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My soul may reach to thee.

H Y M N XLI

Lamenting the Loss of First Love.

1. **O** That my soul were now as fair,
As it hath sometimes been!
Devoid of that distracting care
Without, and fear within!

2. There was a time when I could tread,
No circle but of love:
That joyous morning now is fled,
How heavily I move!

3. Unhappy soul, that thou should'st force
Thy Saviour to depart,
When he was pleas'd with so coarse
A lodging in thy heart!

4. How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!
With how divine a frame!
I thought, on ev'ry plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's name;

5. I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
 So sweetly we agreed,
 And thou no stranger wast to me
 Till I became a weed.
6. The tempter robb'd me, and I must
 I fear be ever poor;
 May this suffice, to roll in dust
 Before thy temple door!
7. My dearest Lord, my heart flames not
 With love, that sacred fire;
 But since my love has wore that blot
 Repentance runs the high'r.
8. O might those days return again,
 How welcome they should be!
 Shall my petition be in vain,
 Since grace is ever free?
9. Lord of my soul, return, return;
 To chase away this night;
 Let not thine anger ever burn;
 God once was my delight.

H Y M N XLII.

1. **M**Y Lord, my God, I once could sing;
 But now I fear to say
 My God; I only cry my King,
 Of force I must obey.

2. I've

2. I've forfeited that blessed Guest,
That joy that sometimes shone
Within this dark unhallow'd breast;
O whither is it gone?
3. In infinite compassion Lord,
To my complaint give ear;
Whole troops of sorrows bear me down;
O when wilt thou appear?
4. Remember, Lord, what I am stil'd,
Tho' under darkness great;
Tho' under darkness, still thy child,
My heart is still thy seat.
5. My King, thou dost possess that throne,
Thou dost that sceptre sway;
'Tis thine, still, Lord, 'tis thine alone,
I hate the sinner's way:
6. Lord, when thou seest me come to pray,
Bow down a gracious ear
To answer; if my Lord delay,
One darksome day's a year.
7. To shine upon a soul so vile,
Would magnify thy grace;
I long for nothing but a smile
From my dear Saviour's face.
8. I will no more my Lord provoke,
Or cause thee to withdraw,

Thy

Thy former frowns have made me wise,
To fear, and stand in awe.

9. My restless soul will ne'er give o'er,
Until thy bowels move ;
I'll not be driven from thy door
Till thou shalt say, " I love."

H Y M N XLIII.

1. **A**LAS, my God, that thou should be
To me so much unknown !
I long to walk and talk with Thee,
And dwell before thy throne.

2. Thou know'st, my soul does dearly love
The place of thine abode ;
No music gives so sweet a sound,
As these two words, *My God.*

3. I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here ;
I find no sweetness in their rose
When Jesus is not near.

4. Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,
Can make a Paradise ;
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls,
Unto this Pearl of price ?

5. Give me that sweet communion, Lord,
Thy people have with thee ;

Thy

Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me.

6. Like Enoch let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heav'nly guards,
Upon the King's high way.

7. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
O come, my Lord, most dear;
Come near, come nearer, nearer still;
I'm well when thou art near.

8. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
I languish for thy sight;
Ten thousand Suns, if thou art strange,
Are shades instead of light.

9. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
For till thou dost appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.

10. Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This world's a darksome place;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy face.

11. There's no such thing as pleasure here,
My Jesus is my all;
As thou dost shine, or disappear,
My pleasures rise and fall.

12. Come

12. Come spread thy Saviour on my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet;
Till I get up to sing thy name,
Where all thy fingers meet.

H Y M N XLIV.

1. **O**, Was I first born from beneath;
And then born from above!
Am I a child of man and God?
O rich and endless love!

2. Earth is my mother, earth my nurse,
And earth must be my tomb:
Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth,
My Father is become.

3. Hell enter'd me, and into hell
I quickly should have run;
But O! kind Heav'n laid hold on me;
Heav'n is in me begun.

4. This spark will rise into a flame,
This seed into a tree;
My songs shall rise, my praises shall
Loud Hallelujah's be.

H Y M N XLV.

1. **I** That am drawn out of the depth,
Will sing upon the shore:
I that in hell's dark suburbs lay,
Pure mercy will adore.

2. The

2. The terrors of the living God
My soul did so affright;
I fear'd lest I should be condemn'd
To an eternal night.
3. Kind was the pity of my friends,
But could not ease my smart;
Their words indeed did reach my case,
But could not reach my heart.
4. Ah, what was then this world to me,
To whom God's word was dark?
Who in my dungeon could not see
One beam or shining spark!
5. What then were all the creatures smiles,
When the Creator frown'd?
My days were nights, my life was death,
My being was my wound.
6. Tortur'd and rack'd, with hellish fears,
Lest God the blow should give;
Mine eyes did fail, my heart did sink
Then mercy bid me live.

H Y M N XLVI.

1. **L**ORD of my life, length of my days,
Thy hand hath rescu'd me;
Who lying at the gates of death
Among the dead was free.

F

2. My

2. My dearest friends I had resign'd
Unto their Maker's care ;
Methought I only time had left
For a concluding pray'r.
3. Methought death laid his hand on me,
And did his pris'ner bind ;
And by the sound, methought I heard
His Master's feet behind.
4. Methought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see,
But the vast Ocean with my eyes,
A vast Eternity.
5. Methought I heard the midnight cry,
Behold the Bridegroom comes :
Methought he call'd me to his bar,
Where souls receive their dooms.
6. The world was at an end to me,
As if it all did burn ;
But lo ! there came a voice of pow'r,
Which order'd my return.
7. Lord, I return'd at thy command,
What wilt thou have me do ?
O let me wholly live to thee,
To whom my life I owe.
8. Fain would I dedicate to thee
The remnant of my days :

Lord,

Lord, with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise.

H Y M N XLVII.

Christ the Beloved described.

1. **F**AIR Salem's daughters ask to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
*What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of another's 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 blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The Fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A Sun among 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 heav'nly 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 *sorrow* roll,
 Thro' those dear windows of his soul.
9. His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
 Now smiles, and cheers his fainting faints:
 His countenance more graceful is
 Than Lebanon with all its trees.
10. All over glorious is my Lord,
 Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
 His worth if all the nations knew,
 Sure ev'ry one would love him too.

H Y M N XLVIII.

1. **W**HILE thus my dearest Love I prais'd,
 As I could do no less,
 They heard, they look'd, they stood amaz'd
 At my great happiness.

2. And

2. And when I ceas'd, they thus reply'd,
" O fairest, we must needs
" Congratulate thy blest estate,
" Which ours so far exceeds.
3. " O that we were in such a case
" As we perceive thou art!
" O that our souls might find a place
" In thy Beloved's heart!
4. " Whither is thy Beloved gone?
" Pray let us go with thee,
" To seek thy well beloved one,
" Whose face we fain would see."
5. If you my dearest Lord would see,
Then go into his court;
Look where his saints assembled be,
Thither you must resort.
6. For they his pleasure gardens are,
Where he delights to be;
They are his comfort and his care,
There you my Lord may see.
7. Some souls he breeds, and some he feeds,
Others he doth remove
Hence from his lower gardens, to
His paradise above.
8. I am my well Beloved's own,
My well Beloved's mine:

To me his love a feast doth prove
Beyond the richest wine.

H Y M N XLIX.

1. **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
2. Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
3. Here mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread,
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
4. Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.
5. Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

H Y M N L.

1. **J**ESUS, the only thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on thy beauty feast.
2. No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame ;
No thoughts can reach, no words can say
The sweets of thy blest name.
3. Jesus, our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace ;
Sole comfort in our banishment,
O! what when face to face!
4. Jesus! that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light ;
More than I ask in thee I find,
And lavish in delight.
5. No art, or eloquence of man,
Can tell the joys of love ;
Only the faints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.
6. Thee then I'll seek retir'd apart,
From world and business free ;
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for thee.

7. Before the morning light I'll come,
 With Magdalene, to find,
 In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb,
 And there refresh my mind.
8. My tears upon his grave shall flow,
 My sighs the garden fill;
 Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
 And there I'll seek his will.
9. Jesus, in thy bless'd steps I'll tread,
 And walk in all thy ways;
 I'll never cease to weep and plead,
 Till I'm restor'd to grace.
10. O King of Love, thy blessed fire
 Does such sweet flames excite;
 That first it raises our desire
 Then fills us with delight.
11. Thy lovely presence shines so clear
 Thro' every sense and way,
 That souls which once have seen thee near,
 See all things else decay.
12. Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
 Chase thence the shades of night;
 Come pierce it with thy flaming dart,
 And ever-shining light.
13. Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,
 And with the saints rejoice;
 And both my heart and tongue shall bring
 Their tribute to my dearest King,
 In never-ending joys. Amen.

H Y M N L I.

1. **T**WO are better far than one
For counfel or for fight;

How can one be warm alone?

Or ferve his God aright?

Join we then our hearts and hands:

Each to love provoke his friend;

Run the way of his commands,

And keep it to the end.

2. Woe to him whose fpirits droop!

To him who falls alone!

He has none to lift him up,

To help his weakness on:

Happier we each other keep;

We each others burdens bear;

Never need our footfteps flipe,

Uphe'd by mutual pray'r.

3. Who of twain has made us one,

Maintains our unity:

Jesus is the corner ftone,

In whom we all agree:

Servants of one common Lord,

Sweetly of one heart and mind,

Who can break a threefold cord?

Or part whom God hath join'd?

4. Oh that all with us might prove

The fellowfhip of faints!

Find fupply'd in Jefu's love

What ev'ry member wants!

Grasp

Grasp we our high callings prize!
 Feel our sins on earth forgiv'n!
 Rise, in his whole image rise,
 And meet our head in heav'n!

H Y M N LII,

1. **L**ORD; I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone.
2. A rest where all our souls desire
 Is fixt on things above;
 Where fear and sin; and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
3. Oh that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in!
 Now Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
 And let me cease from sin!
4. Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.
5. I would be thine; thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all my own:
 Thee, Oh! my all-sufficient good,
 I want, and thee alone.

6. Thy

6. Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n:
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
7. Come, Oh my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end!
8. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

H Y M N LIII.

1. **M**ESSIAH, full of grace
Redeem'd by thee we plead
The promise made to Abr'ams race
To souls for ages dead.
2. Their bones as quite dry'd up
Throughout the vale appear;
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.
3. Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth to own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true anointed one.

4. To save the race forlorn
 Thy glorious arm display :
 And shew the world a nation born,
 A nation in a day !

H Y M N LIV.

1. **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear,
 Our earnest suit for Abra'ms seed;
 Justly they claim the softest pray'r
 From us, adopted in their stead :
 Who mercy through their fall obtain,
 And Christ by their rejection gain.

2. Outcasts from thee and scatter'd wide
 Through ev'ry nation under heav'n
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unfav'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,
 Forever cast thy own away ?
 Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers 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 deliv'rer come !
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove !
 Receive thy ancient people home ;
 That quicken'd by thy dying love,

The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

H Y M N LV.

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

2. Jesu, see my panting breast:
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

3. Fix, Oh! fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove:
Swallow up our souls in love.

4. Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood!

5. Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6. See ye sinners, see the flame
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

G

7. Jesu,

7. Jesu, when this light we see,
 All our soul's athirst for thee:
 When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.

8. Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
 Love unspeakable are thine!
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N LVI.

1. **L**ET Christ the glorious lover
 Have everlasting praise;
 He cometh to discover
 The riches of his grace:
 He courts the wretched sinner,
 To be his loving bride;
 Resolving for to win her,
 And will not be deny'd.

2. When first he calls upon her,
 Herself for to deny,
 To cast away her honour,
 And lay her pleasures by,
 To part with ev'ry notion
 That putt her up with pride,
 And take him for her portion,
 And be his loving bride;

3. The offers he makes to her
 Are what she can't endure,

She

She thinks it will undo her
To part with all her store ;
She readily refuses
To yield unto his will ;
And in her heart she chuses
Her former lovers still.

4. But when she is enlighten'd,
Her conscience being stirr'd,
Her guilty soul is frighten'd,
By his convincing word ;
Then to escape his fury
She now will take some pains,
And to obtain that glory
Which ev'ry conqu'ror gains

5: She'll leave her ways of sinning,
And read, and hear, and pray,
And think she is beginning
To walk the narrow way :
She does not yet discover
The filth of her inside,
But thinks the Lord will love her,
And she shall be his bride.

6. But he displays his power,
And shows the flaming sword,
With threat'nings to devour,
He makes her hear his word ;
She reads and seeks salvation,
But conscience doth engage
To shew her condemnation,
Almost in ev'ry page.

7. Her heart she doth discover;
 And cannot now expect
 That Jesus Christ will love her,
 Whom once she did reject.
 He strips her of her beauties,
 Of which before she brags,
 And shews her works and duties
 Are but like filthy rags.

8. And now she is bewailing
 Her sad benighted state;
 And ev'ry little failing
 Appears exceeding great;
 Her sins like to a mountain
 Before her do arise,
 And hide the cleansing fountain
 From her beclouded eyes.

9. Dark doleful apprehensions
 Now fill her heart within,
 And all her best inventions
 Can't cleanse her soul from sin.
 Her groans and bitter crying,
 Might be compar'd to one
 Just at the point of dying;
 She cries, "Undone! undone!"

10. Her thoughts are in confusion,
 And ev'ry hope of life
 Appears to her delusion;
 Thus she is fill'd with strife.
 For since Christ has convinc'd her,
 She thinks she knows full well

That

That all things are against her,
In heaven, earth, and hell.

11. She oftentimes is fearing
Her race is run too far,
And not one star appearing
By night to comfort her.
Both Priest and Levite by her
Do pass, which works her grief;
There's nothing yet comes nigh her,
To give her soul relief.

12. But Jesus has compassion
Still moving in his heart,
Intends to give salvation,
And ease her of her smart;
One glimpse of loving power
Makes her forget her pain;
She cries, " O happy hour!
Is Jesus come again ?

13. Will he whom I rejected
Come down to me so low ?
Good news, but unexpected!
This hardly can be so.
But now she cries more fervent,
" Lord don't thy mercy hide;
" Mayn't one become thy servant,
Unfit to be a bride ?"

14. But now her fears are double,
Lest he depart again,

And leave her still in trouble,
 For ever to remain.
 She cries, "O glorious Saviour!
 (And speaks with all her heart)
 " Let not my base behaviour
 " Provoke thee to depart."

15. The day of her espousals
 To Jesus now draws near;
 His terms and sweet proposals
 Her soul doth long to hear:
 Now the Almighty lover
 No longer doth forbear,
 But comes for to discover
 His glorious beauty fair.

16. And at the time appointed,
 Kind Jesus shews his face;
 His countenance is pleasing,
 Adorn'd with richest grace:
 With smiles, and sweet compassion;
 And blood to wash her white:
 He comes with free salvation;
 'Tis a reviving sight.

17. Let saints and holy angels
 Attend with list'ning ear.
 Unto the happy marriage
 Which we ere long shall hear,
 Betwixt the Prince of heaven
 And sinful heir of hell,
 A match that's more uneven
 Than tongues or pens can tell.

18. The

18. The guests that are invited,
 Are cloath'd in bright array,
 Exceedingly delighted,
 Upon this wedding day :
 With joy in all their faces,
 And harps to praise their King,
 Their shouts and hallelujahs
 In heav'n and earth do ring.

19. The terms are now propos'd,
 And Jesus takes his bride ;
 He gives himself unto her,
 And all things else beside :
 And she without repining,
 Consents unto his terms,
 Most joyfully resigning
 Herself into his arms.

20. Her husband is her Maker,
 Who doth her soul embrace ;
 And makes her a partaker
 Of ev'ry needful grace.
 The world which so bewitches
 All Adam's race beside,
 Can't imitate the riches
 Which Jesus gives his bride.

21. Her soul with admiration
 Can think what Jesus bore,
 To purchase her salvation,
 And make the blessing sure :
 She hears how he was wounded,
 And sacrific'd for sin,

Left she should be confounded
For evermore therein.

22. All sin, and earthly treasure,
All Satan's snares and lies,
And best of carnal pleasure
Are loathsome in her eyes:
Her longing soul desires,
With speed to be remov'd
To join the heav'nly choirs
And see her best Belov'd.

H Y M N L V I I .

Submission to Afflictive Providences.

1. **N**AKED 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,

4. Peace, all our angry passions then!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his Sov'reign Will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5. If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N LVIII.

Triumph over Death.

1. GREAT God, I own thy sentenee 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 graves,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3. The mighty conqu'ror 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

When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh :

5. Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprize.

H Y M N LIX.

The Blessedness of Gospel-Times.

1. **H**OW beauteous are their Feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
" 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 heav'nly Light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!

5. The

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N LX.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1. **L**O, what a glorious fight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies:

2. From the third Heav'n, 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,

“ Men, the dear objects of his Grace,
 “ And He the loving God.

5. “ His own soft Hand shall wipe the tears
 “ From ev’ry 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 swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

H Y M N LXI.

Assurances of Heaven: or, a Saint prepar’d to die.

[1. **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 heav’nly 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 Heav’n for me
 A crown which cannot fade;
 The Righteous Judge at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.

4. Nor

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 ev'ry ill Design ;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom take
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.*

H Y M N LXII.

GOD's tender Care of his Church.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise,
And burst into a Song ;
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
- 2 **G**OD on his thirsty Sion-Hill
Some Mercy-Drops has thrown,
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
To show'r 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

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- 4 Can a kind Woman e'er forget
 The Infant of her Womb;
 And' mongst a thousand tender Thoughts
 Her Suckling 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."

H Y M N LXIII.

CHRIST JESUS *the Lamb of GOD, worshipp'd*
by all the Creation.

- 1 C O M E let us join our chearful Songs
 With Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that 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 Pow'r Divine;

And

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.

H Y M N LXIV.

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

- 1 **W**HAT equal Honours 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 gron'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.
- 3 Pow'r 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 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.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the Curse for wretched Men:
 Let Angels sound his sacred Name'
 And ev'ry Creature say, *Amen.*

H Y M N LXV.

A Morning Hymn.

1 **G**OD of the Morning, at whose Voice
 The chearful 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 Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfil
 Th' appointed Duties of the Day,

With

With ready Mind and active Will
March on and keep my heav'nly 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 ev'ry wand'ring Star.]

5 LORD, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded Eyes;
Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure:
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

6 Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Blifs;
All my Desires and Hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

H Y M N LXVI.

An Evening Hymn.

1 **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days;
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

2 Much of my Time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my Home;
But he forgives my Follies past,
He gives me Strength for Days to come.

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- 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 or 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.]

H Y M N LXVII.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in.
CHRIST:

- 1 J E H O V A H speaks, let Isr'el hear,
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear,
While GOD's eternal Son proclaims
His Sov'reign Honours and his Names :
- 2 " I am the Last, and I the First,
" The SAVIOUR-GOD, and GOD the Just ;
" There's

“ There's none besides 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 Heav'n, 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 ev'ry 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 Iſr'el from their Sins be freed,
“ And by their ſhining Graces prove
“ Their Int'reſt in my pard'ning Love.”

H Y M N LXVIII.

GOD Holy, Juſt, and Sovereign.

1 **H**OW ſhould the Sons of Adam's Race
Be pure before their GOD!
If he contend in Righteouſneſs,
We fall beneath his Rod.

2 To

- 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 spreadsthe 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.]

H Y M N LXIX.

Joys in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

- 1 **W**H O 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

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.

H Y M N LXX.

The Beatitudes.

[1 **B**less'd are the humble Souls that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty :
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]

[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

[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 Pow'r 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 Blifs,
The Sons of GOD, the GOD of Peace.]

[8 Bless'd are the Suff'ers, who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jesus' sake;
Their Souls shall triumph in the LORD,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

H Y M N LXXI.

Death and immediate Glory,

1: **T** Here 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 heav'nly Father's Call.

- 3 'Tis he, by his Almighty Grace,
That forms thee fit for Heav'n;
And as an Earnest of the Place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 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.

H Y M N N LXXII.

The Brazen Serpent: or, Looking to Jesus.

- 1 **S**O 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 in the Heav'ns he reigns;
Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent stung,
Look and forget their Pains.
- 4 When

- 4 When GOD's own Son is lifted up
 A dying World revives ;
 The Jew beholds the glorious Hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

H. Y. M. N. LXXIII.

Believers buried with CHRIST in Baptism.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn Word,
 That we are bury'd with the LORD ;
 Baptiz'd into his Death, and then
 Put off the Body of our Sin ?
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

H. Y. M. N. LXXIV.

The repenting Prodigal.

- 1 **B**Ehold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine
 Had wasted his Estate,
 He begs a Share amongst the Swine,
 To taste the Husks they eat !

2 I die

- 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."

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXV.

CHRIST'S Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

- 1 **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His Heart is made of Tendernefs,
His Bowels melt with Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what fore 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 Flefh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.
- [5 He'll never quench the fmoking Flax,
But raife it to a Flame ;
The bruifed Reed he never breaks,
Nor fcorns the meanest Name.]
- 6 Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r,

We

We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Charity and Uncharitableness.

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Drefs,
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.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The Apostles Commission.

- 1 " **G**O preach my Gospel, saith the LORD,
" Bid the whole Earth my Grace
receive:
" He shall be sav'd that trusts my Word;
" He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2 “ 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.

3 “ 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-

4 “ Teach all the Nations my Commands ;
 “ I’m with you till the World shall end ;
 “ All Pow’r is trusted in my Hands,
 “ I can destroy, and can defend.”

5 He spake, and Light shone round his Head ;
 On a bright Cloud to Heav’n he rode :
 They to the farthest Nations spread
 The Grace of their ascended GOD.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Love and Hatred.

1 **N**OW 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 heav'nly Life ?

4 Tender and kind be all our Thoughts ;
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run :
So GOD forgives our num'rous Faults,
For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Holiness and Grace.

1 **S**O 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 Pow'r of Sin.

3 Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride ;
Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, 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.

H Y M N LXXX.

The Love of CHRIST shed abroad in the Hearts

- 1 **C**OME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The Joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Heighth, and Breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable Grace. (Length,
- 3 Now to the GOD whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts and Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

H Y M N LXXXI.

The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.

- 1 **W**HY should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days ?
Great Comforter ! descend and bring,
Some Tokens of thy Grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?
When wilt thou banish my Complaints,
And shew my Sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my Conscience of her Part
In the Redeemer's Blood ;
And bear thy Witness with my Heart,
That I am Lorn of GOD.

4 Thou

- 4 Thou art the Earnest of his Love;
The Pledge of Joys to come;
And thy soft Wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

H Y M N LXXXII.

CHRIST and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii and ix

- 1 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-offrings 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 Offring takes away
For ever all our Guilt.]
- [4 Their Priesthood ran thro' sev'ral 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 pow'ful Blood
Ascends above the Skies,

And

And in the Presence of our GOD
Shews his own Sacrifice.]

- 7 JESUS, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly 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.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Characters of CHRIST.

- 1 **G**O worship at IMMANUEL'S Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.
- [2 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 heav'nly 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

- [5 Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields:
Or if the Lilly he assume,
The Vallies blefs the rich Perfume.]
- [6 Is he a Vine? his heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit.
O let a lasting Union join
My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine!]
- [7 Is he a Head? Each Member lives,
And owns the vital Pow'r 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 fit,
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 Defart 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 Sion'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 the Corner-Stone,
For Men to build their Heav'n upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too,
Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

[14 Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;
And still to his most holy Place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll 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 Pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' Incarnate GOD.]

18 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears;
His Beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The same as the cxlviiiith Psalm.

- 1 **J**O I N all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,
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 heav'nly Grace!
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 PROPHE T of my GOD,
My Tongue would bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came :

The

The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd,
 And Peace with Heav'n.]

[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 wand'ring 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

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.]

9 My ADVOCATE appears
For my Defence on high;
The Father bows his Ears,
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 CONQU'ROR and my KING,
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I sing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing Bonds
Beneath thy Feet.

[11 Now let my Soul arife,
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 Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful Forms
 Of Rage and Mischief on,
 I shall be safe ;
 For Christ displays
 Superior Pow'r
 And guardian Grace.

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come 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.
- 3 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;

Salvation

Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the Comforter confess;
Unless thou'rt present here;
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless pray'r.

3 Wake heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch, with a living coal, the lip
That shall proclaim thy word;

And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

- 5 Hasten the restitution-day,
Which now corruption shrouds ;
New heavens, and new earth display,
With Jesus in the clouds.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow :
Oh ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend :
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord we know not how to go
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
'That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;

Those

Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope!

- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies!

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come ! and by thy love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :
 The new heav'n and earth's creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise !
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and clearing
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart :
 Come, and manifest the favour
 God hath for our ransom'd race ;
 Come, thou universal 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 sins !
 By thine all-restoring merit,
 Ev'ry burthen'd soul release,
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

H Y M N XC.

- 1 **O** Lord ! to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;

With.

With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

- 2 Loathsome, and foul, and self abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.
- 3 Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands,
Open O Lord! mine ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.
- 4 Silent (alas! thou know'st how long!)
My voice I cannot raise;
But, O! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 5 Lame at the pool I still am found,
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as an hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
Nor sinfulness of sin.
- 7 But thou, they say, art passing by,
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou son of David, hear!

2. Long have I waited in the way,
 For thee, the heav'nly light;
 Command me to be brought, and say,
 "Sinner, receive thy light."

H Y M N XCI.

1. **J**ESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend:
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 Bid my corruptions end.
2. Thou canst overcome this heart of mine,
 Thou canst victorious prove;
 For everlasting strength is thine,
 And everlasting love.
3. Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue
 Unconquerable sin;
 Cleanse my foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.
4. Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call;
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise and break thro' all.
5. Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
 The blind his sight receive,
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice,
 The heart of stone believe.

- 6 The Æthiop then shall change his skin,
The dead shall feel thy pow'r;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin abhor.

H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **O** For an heart to love my God!
An heart from sin set free;
An heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me!
- 2 An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lamb!
That I thy love may know.
- 6 Thy

- 6 Thy holy nature Lord ! impart
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of Love.

H Y M N X C I I I .

- 1 **O** Thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See ! low before the throne of grace
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

Thy

- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy ;
Be this my solace, here below,
And my eternal joy.

H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **O**N thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace ;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face :
In souls unholy, and unclean,
Thou never canst delight ;
Nor shall they, while unfav'd from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

- 2 But as for me, with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate ;
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait :
I trust in thine unbounded grace,
To all so freely giv'n ;
And worship t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heav'n.

- 3 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide ;
Point out the path before my face,
My God be thou my guide !
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the shield
Of thine Almighty love.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCV.

- 1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.
- 2 But, oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
The Spirit of the Lord I want;
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.
- 3 O Lord, my God, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know, and find the way
How I may have my sins forgiven,
And safe, and surely get to heav'n.
- 4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heav'n and thee.
- 5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ, there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeemed me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

H Y M N XCVI.

A Sinner's Prayer.

1 **O** My Lord, what must I do?
 Only thou the way canst shew;
 Thou canst save me in this hour,
 I have neither will nor pow'r:
 God if over all thou art,
 Greater than the sinful heart;
 Let it now on me be shown,
 Take away the heart of stone.

2 Take away my darling sin,
 Make me willing to be clean;
 Make me willing to receive
 What thy goodness waits to give:
 Force me, Lord, with all to part,
 Tear all idols from my heart;
 Let thy pow'r on me be shown,
 Take away the heart of stone.

3 Jesu, mighty to renew,
 Work in me, to will and do;
 Turn my nature's rapid tide,
 Stem the torrent of my pride,
 Stop the whirlwind of my will,
 Bid corruptions, Lord, be still;
 Now thy love almighty shew,
 Make e'en me a creature new.

- 4 Arm of God, thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down;
All mine unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay th' aspiring mountain low;
Conquer thy worst foe in me,
Get thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be fav'd by grace.

H Y M N XCVII.

To Jesus Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the son of man.
- 3 O Lord, we cannot silent be,
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee,----
Our Saviour, and our friend!
- 4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise;
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

- 5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And blefs thy sacred name!
- 6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below,---by hosts above---
By all in earth and heav'n!

H Y M N XCVIII.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and blefs redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop---and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome

- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress,
 Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
 His tremendous foes and ours,
 From their cursed empire drove,
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Mortals join the hosts above,
 Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N XCIX.

1 **Y**E servants of God,
 Your master proclaim;
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name:
 The name all-victorious
 Of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh,
 His presence we have:
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,

Ascribing

Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne ;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the son :
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right ;
All glory and pow'r,
And wisdom and might ;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

H Y M N C.

Te Deum.

1 **H**OW can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and pow'r,
Thou God of all grace !
With honour and blessing
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee Father of all,

Samuel Johnson
London

- 2 The heavens and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care ;
While angels are singing
Thy praises above.
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.
- 3 Thou Saviour, art one
With God the supreme ;
His eternal son,
And equal with him :
Invested with glory,
On high dost thou sit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.
- 4 How great was thy love !
How wondrous thy grace !
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost race ;
And man to deliver,
Of woman was born,
That ev'ry believer
To God might return.
- 5 How soon will thy seat
Of judgment appear !
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome thee there !
Thy witnessing Spirit

In us feel'd a roil;
 And bid us inherit
 The kingdom of God!

H Y M N C I.

Ch. i? our Righteousness.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness,
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 'Mid flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies;
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 "Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay?
 Fully thro' his love absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt 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 grace of Christ is ever new.

- 6 O Jesu Christ, all praise to Thee,
That thou a man vouchsaf'd to be ;
And for each Soul, which thou hast made,
Hast an eternal Ransom paid.
- 7 I do believe if sinners Race
Ten thousand times more num'rous was ;
Yet still the Devil had his full,
'Tis without right he keeps one soul.
- 8 Ah, give to all thy servants, Lord,
With pow'r to speak thy quick'ning word,
That all who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in Thee.
- 9 Thou God of might, thou God of love,
Let all the world thy mercy prove ;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail,
Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- 10 O let the dead now hear thy voice ;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H Y M N CII.

Striving to praise Christ.

- 1 **L**ET us, the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our shepherd's mercy bless ;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd
Shew forth our thankfulness.

2 Not

- 2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carry'd on in heav'n.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 4 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.
- 5 'Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise,

H Y M N C I I I .

Resting under the Cross.

- 1 **C**Hildren of *Israel* see what shade,
The cross does us afford;
It was for weary trav'lers made,
We thank thee for it, Lord.
- 2 Here let us sit, and all prepare
To sing his worthy fame;
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
Christ Jesus is his name.
- 3 We

- 3 We sing thy suff'rings, wounds and blood,
The virtue of thy pain:
We sing thy griefs, thou Son of God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 4 We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee;
Hail! very God, the promis'd child,
The prophets sang of thee.
- 5 While others praise an unknown God,
We each will sing of thee;
"Jesus has wash'd me in his blood,
And liv'd, and dy'd for me."

H Y M N C I V.

- 1 **O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of God;
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood!
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be thou heav'nly king,
That thou should man to glory bring!
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!
- 4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought;
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose

Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

- 5 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live !

H Y M N C V.

- 1 **D**isciples of Christ,
Ye friends of the Lamb ;
Attend, and assist
In singing his fame :
Eternal thanksgiving
The faithful should pay,
The living, the living,
As we do this day.

- 2 A body of clay
He humbly put on,
And then took away
The sin we had done ;
And in it endured
The wrath to us due,
The curse we incurred,
Our stripes and our woe.

- 3 Not only he dy'd,
But also arose ;
Laid weakness aside,
And over his foes,

(Sin

(Sin, death and the devil,)
 He triumph'd, and o'er
 This world, and all evil,
 Dominion and pow'r.

4 O merciful Lamb,
 Who sits on the throne,
 We bow at thy name,
 Thee Saviour we own,
 Deserving our blessing,
 And blessing we'll give,
 Without ever ceasing,
 So long as we live.

H Y M N C V I.

An happy moment.

1 Saviour, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
 And my weary troubled spirit
 Now finds rest in thee, my God :
 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie ;
 Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
 When the Saviour is so nigh.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
 Tell the world of his dear name ;
 That if any want his Spirit,
 He is still the very same :
 He that asketh, soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find ;
 Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
 He will never cast behind.

3 Now

- 3 Now our advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding,
As the purchase of his blood :
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have dy'd ;
And the Father, answers, saying,
They are freely justify'd.

H Y M N C V I I .

Adoring Christ.

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

L

5 Hear

- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'n'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

H Y M N CXI.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**lung'd in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CXII.

Human Weakness owned.

1 **M**Y Lord, how great's the favour!
 That I a sinner poor,
 Can thro' thy blood's sweet favour
 Approach thy mercy's door:
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace;
 There wait the welcome message,
 That bids me go in peace.

2 Lord, I'm an helpless creature,
 Full of the deepest need,
 Throughout defil'd by nature
 Stupid, and inly dead:
 My strength is perfect weakness,
 And all I have is sin;
 My heart is all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford me aid?
 Where shall I find compassion
 But in the church's head?
 Jesus, thou art all pity,
 O take me to thine arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save me from all harms.

4 I'll

4 I'll never cease repeating
 My numberless complaints ;
 But ever be entreating
 The glorious king of saints,
 Till I attain the image
 Of him I inly love ;
 And pay my grateful homage
 With all the saints above.

5 Then I, with all in glory,
 Will thankfully relate
 Th'amazing, pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great ;
 In this blest contemplation
 I ever shall be well ;
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N CX.

Judgment.

PRESS'D my soul with future prospects,
 Sing creation's dismal end
 Long foretold by sacred prophets,
 Holy muse thy succours lend,
 Say what horror what confusion !
 Will each sinful heart dismay ;
 What distresses, tortures, anguish
 Reign in that tremendous day ?

Rumblings thunders, forky lightnings
 Ghastly glaring thwart the gloom ;

Nature

Nature, shaking to her center,
 Groans, prophetic of her doom.
 Clifly rocks and lofty mountains
 Oe'r their trembling bases rock ;
 While earth yawns in dreadful chafms,
 With each strong repeated shock.

Seas, with horrid palpitation,
 Ravage round their frighten'd shores ;
 Bluff'ring wind with frantic fury,
 Through each ruin'd fabric roars.
 The sun's bright orb is veil'd in sackloth,
 Stripp'd of all his sparkling beams ;
 The moon has drop'd her silver radiance,
 And dissolves in purple streams.

Stars, of late, divinely brilliant,
 Studying Night's cimmerician robe ;
 Hurl'd in darkness from their orbits,
 Each a darken'd, ruin'd globe.
 Hark! the martial trumpet sounding,
 Rends in twain the crystal sky ;
 Vengeance blazing lights the concave
 Of profound eternity.

See the sov'reign æther furling ;
 Nobler scenes salute mine eyes ;
 Heav'n in solemn pomp descending,
 Crimson banners dress the skies,
 On the arched, striped rainbow
 Sits enthron'd th' eternal God ;
 Myriads of celestial warriors
 Round him wait his awful nod.

Go

Go, he cries, ye winged heralds,
 Bring my faints from ev'ry wind;
 Those my blood from death hath ransom'd.
 Those in life's fair volume penn'd.
 Strait a holy troop obsequious,
 Swift as lightning skimm'd along;
 And from ev'ry grave collecting
 Jefus's dear redeemed throng.

Death no more with livid aspect,
 Spurs his fallow steed to slay;
 Now the rav'nous foe disgorges
 All his long imprison'd prey:
 Rous'd from tombs each wicked rises,
 By the trumpet's thrilling sound;
 Round they stare with wild amazement,
 Wond'ring at the scene profound.

Fill'd with horror, dread and anguish,
 Rocks and mountains they implore,
 To fall and crush them out of being;
 Wishing now to be no more.
 Hark! the herald calls to judgment;
 Justice draws the glitt'ring sword;
 Lightning glances from his aspect;
 Thunders clothe his awful word.

Go ye cursed fill'd with vengeance,
 Nor for peace my name invoke;
 Ye who once despis'd my mercy,
 And my fury dare provoke,
 Go to pits of burning Sulphur,

Ever

Ever banish'd from my rest ;
 Where the soul's eternal larum,
 Ceaseless beats your pulsive breast.

He spoke, he spoke ; and from his visage flash'd
 his ire,
 And wrapp'd the earth and seas in liquid fire ;
 Hell groan'd, hell groan'd, and heav'n ascended
 with a song,
 And the eternal ages roll'd along.
 Hell groan'd hell groan'd and heav'n ascended
 with a song,
 And the eternal ages roll'd along.

H Y M N CXI.

Another.

1 **L**O ! he cometh, countless trumpets
 Blow before the bloody sign ;
 Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See the crucified shine.
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Thro'th' eternal deep resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds :
 They who pierc'd him, they who
 pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
 Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him, must, ashamed,
Hear the trump proclaim the day :
Come to judgment, come to judg.
ment, come to judgment,
Stand before the Son of man.

4 Saints who love him, view his glory
Shining in his bruised face,
His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his peoples head shall raise :
Happy mourners, happy mourners,
happy mourners,
Lo! in clouds he comes, he comes!

5 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All his people once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air :
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

6 View him smiling, now determin'd;
Ev'ry evil to destroy ;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy :
O come quickly, O come quickly,
O come quickly,
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

H Y M N CXII.

God the only Refuge in Trouble.

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise ;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 While hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
And I can say, " My God,"
Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 4 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul wou'd cleave to thee,
Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 6 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?

And

And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

7 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

H Y M N CXIII.

Longing After Christ.

1 **T**HOU shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy, and desire of my heart ;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode ;
Where saints in an extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God :
Thy love for a sinner declare,

Thy

Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer, and triumph with thee.

- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest ;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
'Tis there I wou'd always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thine heart.

H Y M N CXIV.

Christ Withdrawn.

1 **O** What shall I do to retrieve
The love for a season bestow'd ;
'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the presence of God :
With sorrow distracted and doubt,
With palpable horror oppress'd,
The city I wander about,
And seek my repose in his breast.

2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
If ye my beloved have seen,
And point to that heav'nly fair,
Surpassing the children of men :
My lover and lord from above,

Who

Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languish to love,
O where shall I find him again ?

3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,
The end of my sorrow and woe;
My hope, and my heav'nly prize,
My height of ambition below :
Once more if he shew me his face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in my closest embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

H Y M N CXV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 **C**hildren of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon 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 Shout

4 Shout ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest,
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom, and reward.

5 Fear not brethren joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you joyfully come on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

H Y M N CXVI.

A blessed Gospel.

1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength, and salvation gives;

N

Israel

Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

H Y M N CXVII.

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps, that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days,
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise.

H Y M N CXVIII.

1 **C**OME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame,
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name

Whilst

Whilst hofannas we are finging,
May our hearts in rapture move,
Feel new grace in them ftill fpringing,
Breathe the air of pureft love.

2 Let us fail in grace's ocean
Float on that unbounded fea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe;
Love, O love for finners bleeding
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord ftill in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee;
Sinking in the sweeteft union
Of that heart-felt mystery:
Keep us fafe from each delufion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from fin and all confufion,
Circle us within thy arms.

H Y M N CXIX.

Rejoice evermore.

1 **R** E J O I C E evermore
With Angels above,
In Jefus's pow'r,
In Jefus's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,

Ascribing

Ascribing falvation
To God, and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble haft been,
Haf't fav'd us from grief,
Haf't sav'd us from fin,
The pow'r of thy fpirit
Can fet our hearts free ;
And we fhall inherit
All fulnefs in thee.

3 All fulnefs of peace,
All fulnefs of joy,
And fpiritual blifs
That never can cloy,
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
Where finners invite,
Nor envy the fwine
Their brutifh delight ;
Their joy is all fadnefs,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madnefs,
Their pleafure is pain.

5 O may

- 5 O may they at last
 With sorrow return,
 The pleasure to taste,
 For which they were born !
 Our Jesus receiving,
 Our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing,
 The heaven of love.

H Y M N CXX.

Redeeming love,

- 1 **C**OME heav'nly love, inspire my song,
 With thy immortal flame ;
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
 The Saviour's lovely name.
- 2 The Saviour ! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound !
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace !)
 Forsook his throne above ;
 And swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.

former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God,

6 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store :
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine.
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I falk,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

H Y M N CXXI.

Christian Love

1 **L**ET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,

Who

Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

H Y M N CXXII.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we, how mean our praise!
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
 'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from creature sight,
 Are hid in shades of awful night;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I would not ask to see,
 What in futurity shall be;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care;
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below;

“ That

“ That Christ is mine ! ” --- this great request
Grant, bounteous God --- and I am blest.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Winter.

- 1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript 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 lifeless 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;
Oh! 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 pray'r, and patient faith,
'Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repose on what his promise faith.
- 6 He, by whose all commanding words,
Seasons

Seasons their changing course maintain ;
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

H Y M N CXXIV.

True happiness.

1 **H**OW happy is the christian's state !
 His sins are all forgiven ;
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Tho' in the rugged path of life,
 He heaves the pensive sigh ;
 Yet trusting in his God he finds
 Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
 He feels the chast'ning rod ;
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
 To call his soul away ;
 His soul, in raptures shall ascend
 To everlasting day.

H Y M N CXXV.

1 **O** Let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, the crucify'd !

What

What hast thou done our hearts to gain?
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

- 2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesu's footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?
- 4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
" See how these christians love!"

H Y M N CXXVI.

Evening.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,
Whatever ills this day I've done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, 'ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close ;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CXXVII.

Lord's day morning.

- 1 **T**O-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he show'rs his grace ;
" Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said,
Lord, we will seek thy face.
- 2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's assembly join ;

Lo !

- Lo ! heav'n descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine !
- 3 We come, dear Saviour, lo ! we come,
Lord of our life and soul ;
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,
Be pleas'd to make us whole.
- 4 We thirst, and fly to thee, O Lord,
Thou fountain-head of good ;
Filthy we come, and all unclean,
O cleanse us in thy blood.
- 5 O may we please our God to day,
May that be all our care !
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our pray'r.
- 6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints,
Let us be faithful found ;
And let us join in humble pray'r,
And in thy praise abound.
- 7 Let thy good spirit help our souls,
With faith thy word to hear ;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Lord's day Evening.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ?
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;

Incline

Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs

- 3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul,
That gives it self to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy spirit, O my father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

H Y M N CXXIX.

Morning.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last ;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great-day thyself prepare.

O

3 Let

- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways,
 And ev'ry secret thought surveys.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 5 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men.
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll

- 3 We'll crow'd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with founding praise.
- 4 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.

H Y M N CXXXI.

For New Year's Day.

- 1 **A**ND now my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern!
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heav'n;

Seek

Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

H Y M N CXXXII.

Another.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise !
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet did he us in mercy spare,
Another, and another year.

- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd---“ Let it still alone:”

The

The father mild inclin'd his ear,
And spar'd us yet another year.

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

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

H Y M N CXXXIII.

It is finished.

1 " **T**IS finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquests of the Lord,
Compleat for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
Finish'd for sinners pard'ning peace ;
Their mighty debt is paid :

Accusing

Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can shew:
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 "Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 "'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.

5 His toil divinely finish'd stands,
 But ah! the praise his work demands,
 Careful may we attend!
 Conclusion to our souls be this,
 Because salvation finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

1 **C**HRISt the Lord is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, O grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall ;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection---thou !
- 8 King of glory ! soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this---

Thee

Thee to know---thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N CXXXV.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **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 Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom pow'r and goodness shine,
In their most glorious forms;
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
We love, and we adore;
The holy Angels never saw
So much of GOD before.

6 Here

- 6 Here GOD hath made his nature known,
 And thought can never trace,
 Which of his glories brightest shone,
 In our Redeemer's face.
- 7 O the sweet myſt'ries of that Croſs
 Where Jeſus lov'd and dy'd !
 Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
 From his dear wounded ſide.
- 8 Now the full glories of the LAMB
 Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
 Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choiceſt ſtrains.
- 9 O may I bear ſome humble part
 In that immortal ſong !
 Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Love on a Croſs, and a Throne.

- 1 **N**OW let my faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
 And view my 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 my ſins he groan'd and dy'd ;
 See where he ſits to plead my cauſe,
 By his Almighty Father's ſide.

3 If

- 3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
 And buys my pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if I climb th' eternal hills,
 Where the dear CONQU'ROUR sits enthron'd,
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,
 Near the memorials of his wound.
- 5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show
 How much I love my SAVIOUR GOD?
 LORD here I banish ev'ry foe,
 I hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 I hold no more commerce with hell,
 My dearest lusts shall all depart;
 But let thine image ever dwell
 Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

Desiring to love CHRIST.

- 1 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 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
 And make an heart of iron move,

That

That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal's love.

- 5 I was a traytor 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, O earth and skies !
JESUS the GOD with naked arms,
Hangs on a Cross of love and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever sloop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so
With groans of an expiring GOD ?
- 6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring 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 ;
Then let me melt this heart to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more !
Adore

Adore the scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore.

2 The faints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes ;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod ;
He dy'd, and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

1 **O** 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

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 ransom'd of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir ;
O 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.

H Y M N CXL.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee !
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart !
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king ;

P

Born

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.

H Y M N C X L I.

On the Death of a Believer.

1 'T I S finish'd, 'tis done !
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone,
 The christian is dead :
 The christian is living
 Thro' Jesus his love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.

2 All honour and praise
 Is 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

Our Captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain salvation,
 They all shall be led.

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

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

H Y M N CXLII.

Sins and sorrows laid before GOD.

1 O that I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God!

I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my wões abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my fins arife,
What sorrows I sustain,
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain:

3 I'd say how flesh and sense rebel,
What inward foes combine,
With this vain world and pow'rs of hell,
To vex this heart of mine.

4 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.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6 Arise my Soul from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

H Y M N CXLIII.

The presence of GOD worth dying for.

- 1 **L** O R D, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With raptures on his tongue;
Moses the faint enjoys the same,
And heav'n 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;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling GOD.
- 5 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,
- 6 Sweet was the journey to the Sky
The wondrous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount, (says GOD) and die;"
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7 Softly

- 7 Softly his fainting head he lay
 Upon his Maker's breast ;
 His Maker kifs'd his soul away,
 And laid his flesh to rest.
- 8 In GOD's own arms he left the breath
 That GOD's own spirit gave ;
 His was the noblest road to death,
 And his the sweetest grave.

H Y M N EXLIV.

A sight of heaven in sickness.

- 1 **O** FT have I sat in secret sighs,
 To feel my flesh decay,
 Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
 To view the tott'ring clay.
- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
 Nor dares the flesh complain ;
 Diseases bring their profit too ;
 The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My chearful soul now all the day
 Sits waiting here and sings ;
 Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
 And practises her wings.
- 4 Faith almost changes into sight,
 While from afar she spies,
 Her fair inheritance, in light
 Above created Skies.

- 5 Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw :
- 6 But now the everlasting hills
Thro' ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here :
- 7 The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen
And native air she draws.
- 8 O may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close !
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !
- 9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

H Y M N CXLV.

Ascending to Christ in heaven.

- 1 'TIS pure delight, without alloy,
JESUS, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My

- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign
 While love inspires my breast,
 Love the divinest of the train,
 The sov'reign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and fear shall cease,
 Must sound from ev'ry joyful string,
 Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.
- 4 Let life immortal seize my clay ;
 Let love refine my blood ;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my GOD.
- 5 Sink down ye separating hills,
 Let guilt and death remove,
 'Tis love that drives my Chariot wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

H Y M N CXLVI.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW 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 When shall the tedious night be gone ?
 When will our Lord appear ?
 Our fond desires would pray him down,
 Our love embrace him here.

3 Let

- 3 Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
 And from afar descry
 How distant are his Chariot wheels,
 And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
 The dawn of heav'n appears,
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 5 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around !
 The Skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 6 I hear the voice ! " Ye dead arise ;"
 And lo, the graves obey,
 And waking Saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.
- 7 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the middle air,
 In shining garments meet their king,
 And low adore him there.
- 8 O may my humble spirit stand
 Amongst them cloth'd in white !
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 9 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning king
 Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
 On love's triumphant wing !

H Y M N CXLVII.

An HYMN for the American States.

- 1 **G** I V E thanks to God, your King,
 And speak his worthy fame :
 Your highest honours bring
 To his almighty name :
 For God hath made his **MERCIES** known ;
 And call'd **AMERICA** his own :

- 2 Record the wonders wrought
 By his victorious hand,
 Which hath deliv'rance brought
 To our distress'd land ;
 For God hath made his **WONDERS** known ;
 And call'd this **WESTERN LAND** his own.

- 3 He brought our Fathers o'er
 The vast Atlantic Sea,
 To this delightful shore,
 The land of Liberty :
 For God hath made his **GOODNESS** known ;
 And call'd **COLUMBIA** his own.

- 4 He drove the heathen out,
 Before his people's face ;
 Put savage bands to rout,
 And gave to us their place :
 For God hath made his *Judgements* known ;
 And call'd this **NEW-FOUND-LAND** his own.

5 He

- 5 He made us to possess
 A country long conceal'd;
 And turn'd the wilderness
 Into a fruitful field:
 For God hath made his **KINDNESS** known;
 And call'd this **INFANT-LAND** his own.
- 6 He made us to increase
 In numbers, wealth, and strength;
 And gave a settled peace
 Unto the land at length;
 For God hath made his **POWER** known;
 And call'd this **FRUITFUL-LAND** his own.
- 7 His gospel forth he sent
 To teach the way to heav'n;
 His pow'r attending went,
 To shew our sins forgiv'n:
 For God hath made **SALVATION** known;
 And call'd the **SOULS OF MEN** his own.
- 8 Long time our land enjoy'd
 Peace, plenty, health, and gain;
 And when we were annoy'd,
 The Lord did us sustain;
 For God hath made **DELIV'RANCE** known;
 And call'd the **FEEBLE FOLK** his own.
- 9 When pow'rful foes oppress
 Us round on ev'ry side,
 The Lord this people blest
 With skilful men to guide;

For

For God hath made his WISDOM known ;
And call'd these RISING STATES his own.

10 Our foes our ruin fought,
Which they could not obtain ;
By providence they're taught
That pride of Man is vain :
For God hath made his JUSTICE known ;
And call'd the RIGHTEOUS CAUSE his own.

11 God made the feeble stand
Against their boasted pow'r ;
And gave them not our land,
To spoil and to devour.
For God hath made PROTECTION known ;
And call'd FAIR FREEDOM'S LAND his own.

12 JEHOVAH peace ordains,
The noise of battle's o'er,
No blood the vesture stains,
Nor thund'ring cannon roar ;
For God hath made his GLORY known ;
And call'd the FAVOUR'D STATES his own.

13 Now let our land enjoy
Peace, plenty, liberty ;
Let war no more annoy,
Amen, so let it be.
Lord, make thy LOVING FAVOUR known ;
And call this CONTINENT thine own.

F I N I S.

H Y M N XL.

1. **M**ourning, and drooping, here I lie
 Upon this earthly Clod,
 While heav'nly Things invite my Eye,
 And bring me to my God.
2. Transported with a glorious View
 Of God's eternal Love,
 Unto this World I bid adieu,
 And long to be above.
3. There all the Saints in Harmony
 Do stand forevermore,
 And to a vast Eternity
 Their glorious Lord adore.
4. Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear the Sound;
 Methinks the Angels sing;
 The glorious Melody goes round,
 Which makes the Heav'ns to ring.
5. The Saints above do sing a Song
 (In a melodious Strain)
 Which doth to God alone belong,
 And to the Lame once slain.
6. Wonder, and Love, and Joy, and Praise,
 And all our happy Souls,
 With our Redeem'd Blood of sov'reign Grace
 Through all the Region rolls.
7. The Saints in white Array,
 With us will ever declare;
 That we shall dwell in realms of endless Day,
 And never more shall ever there.

8. But oh, the Glory of the Place,
No mortal Tongue can tell!
Where they behold their Saviour's Face,
And in his Presence dwell.
9. Oh, how they each perform their Parts,
Thro' all the happy Train!
This glorious Song inspires their Hearts,
Worthy the Lamb, once slain!
10. Amen, they cry, amen, amen,
Thy Ways oh God are true;
Blessing, and Glory, Wisdom, and
Thanksgiving is thy Due.
11. Honor, and Pow'r, and endless Might,
Be giv'n to thee, oh Lord!
In this sweet Song they all unite,
And sing with one Accord.
12. Oh, how the bending Seraphs join
To praise the God above!
While all the Saints, in Notes divine,
Do sing redeeming Love.
13. Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou
To wear the glorious Crown;
So all the Saints in Glory bow,
And cast their Di'dems down.
14. The Song eternally goes round,
To him that made the Sky.
I'm lost, I'm lost, to view the Bound
Of vast Eternity.
15. When there have past more Million Years
Than Sands upon the Shore;
The Saints above will have no Fears
That the blest Space is o'er.

16. If all the Drops in Oceans wide
 Were to be number'd o'er,
 And then by Millions multiply'd,
 And twice as many more ;

17. And then as many Years should pass
 As Water Drops in all ;
 Or Grains of Sand, or Spires of Grass,
 Upon this earthly Ball.

18. Then add as many Millions more
 As Stars that fill the Sky ;
 Then all that number doubled o'er
 Can't mete Eternity.

19. Eternity will still remain ;
 'Twill be Eternity.
 The Song to God the THREE IN ONE
 Will last eternally.

20. Who can describe the Blessedness
 Of Pleasures ever new ?
 I long the Glory to possess,
 And bid all Sin adieu.

21. Farewell my Friends, I long to go ;
 Adieu Death, Sorrow, Pain,
 Adieu to Fears, adieu to Woe ;
 And Welcome endless Gain.

22. Oh, how my Soul doth long to quit
 This Earth, and soar away !
 Oh *Jesus*, if it is most fit,
 Let not thy Chariot stay.

23. Come take my longing Spirit up,
 To dwell with thee above ;
 I long with Thee, my Lord, to sup,
 On everlasting Love.

24. The Time seems long till Thou dost bring
 My Soul unto that Place,
 Where I thy Praise shall ever sing,
 And rest in thine Embrace.

H Y M N XLI.

1. **D**EAR Saviour here I panting lie,
 And long to see thy Face;
 Oh, *Lord* I pray, do not deny
 The Visits of thy Grace.

2. How long shall that bright Hour delay !
 When will my *Lord* appear ?
 I long to see the happy Day
 When *Jesus* will draw near.

3. Oh, how I stretch to take my Flight !
 My Soul is on the Wing ;
 I long to see my Heart's Delight ;
 And be with *Christ* my King.

4. Dear Saviour come, sweet *Jesus* come,
 I long to hear thy Voice ;
Jesus ride on, thy Power assume,
 And make thy Saints rejoice.

5. I long to hear the Trumpet sound,
 And see the Saints arise,
 I long to see my Saviour crown'd,
 And bow his Enemies.

6. Most glorious King I love thy Name,
 I long for to adore,
 I long to sound thy glorious Fame
 Upon the blissful Shore.

7. I can't

7. I can't my Heart's Desires express ;
Jesus thou art my all :
 My Soul desires no Happiness
 But at thy Feet to fall.

8. Oh let my Soul absorbed be,
 While God doth me surround,
 As a small Drop in the vast Sea
 Is lost, and can't be found,

9. I long thy coming to behold ;
 Then shall thy Saints adore.
 My ardent Longings can't be told ;
 So I can say no more.

H Y M N XLII.

1. **W**HEN *Christ* shall' rend from End to End
 The Regions of the Air,
 And split the Skies in twain likewise,
 Then he'll himself appear.

2. Then he'll appear a drawing near
 With Armies broad and long ;
 In Rank and File, ten thousand Mile,
 Then we shall see the Throng.

3. Then he will tell the Arch Angel,
 To blow the Trumpet loud,
 That all may hear, both far and near ;
 Oh, then you'll see the Crowd.

4. Then he will call, both great and small,
 The Beggar, Prince, and Drudge ;
 The high, the low, the poor also,
 To come before their Judge.

5. The Sheep shall stand at *Christ's* right Hand,
But Goats at his left Side;

All shall appear, from far and near,
To have their Causes try'd.

6. Then he will say, Depart away,
Ye Goats go down to dwell

With the Devil and his Angels,
In a prepared Hell.

7. But to the rest, " Come up ye blest,
(The Saviour he will say)

" Come dwell above, and rest in *Love*,
" To one eternal Day.

8. " When you've been there ten thousand Year,

" Bright shining like the Sun,

" You've no less Days to sing *God's* Praise
" Than when you first begun.

9. " Those Robes you wear, so bright, and fair,

" Which dazzle like the Sun,

" I've kept above, wrapt up in *Love* ;
" Angels ne'er had them on.

10. " But know my Bride, had I not dy'd,

" You must have naked gone ;

" They're made for you, I know they'll do,
" For I have try'd them on.

11. " Now who are they that dare to say,

" I've been too kind to these ?

" A Right I have to damn or save,
" Or do just what I please."

12. *Jesus* I thirst, and go I must,
 I long to be above;
 I long to sing, and praise my King,
 Where Oceans flow with Love.

H Y M N XLIII.

1. **Z**ION rejoice, lift up your Voice;
 Your Saviour will appear;
 The Lamb, once slain, will come to reign
 With you, a thousand Years.
 2. Satan he'll bind, as you will find,
 And *Jesus* will be King;
 The Saints he'll raise to sing his Praise,
 And Death shall lose his Sting.
 3. He's blest indeed, that shall be freed
 From Sin, Hell, and the Grave;
 Over that Man Death never can
 The least Dominion have.
-

H Y M N XLIV.

A dying Saint's Farewel.

1. **D**EAR Friends farewel, I go to dwell
 With *Jesus Christ*, on high;
 There for to sing Praise to my King
 To all Eternity.

2. While

2. While I've been here you have been dear,
I've always found you kind ;
But now thro' Grace, I quit this Place,
And leave you all behind.
3. Weep not for me, for here you see
My Trials have been great ;
But now ('tis true) I bid adieu,
And change my mournful State.
4. 'Twill not be long before the Throng
Will all together be ;
And you that know the *Lord*, below,
Shall then your Saviour see.
5. There we shall join in Songs divine,
God's holy Name shall praise ;
And view *Christ's* Smiles, forget the Toils
Of these few evil Days.
6. There we shall stand at *his* right Hand,
And in *his* Presence dwell ;
And *him* adore, forevermore,
So Brethren, now farewell.

H Y M N XLV.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

1. **A** H! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair ;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.

2. With

2. With solemn Delight I survey
The Corps, when the Spirit is fled,
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in *his* stead.
3. How blest is our *Brother*, bereft
Of all that could burden *his* Mind;
How easy the Soul, that hath left
This wearisome Body behind!
4. Of Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicts with Envy I see;
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.
5. This Earth is affected no more
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
6. No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay:
Exinct is the animal Flame,
And Passion is vanish'd away.
7. This languishing Head is at rest,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more.
8. This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
9. The Lids *be* so seldom could close,
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

10. The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
 These Hollows from Waters are free!
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.

11. To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a Prison I breathe;
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the Issues of Death.

12. What now with my Tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become,
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

H Y M N XLVI.

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

1. **J**ESU, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high;
 Hide me, oh, my Sav'our, 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

3. Thou, oh *Christ*, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness!
 Vile and full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4. Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin;
 Let the healing Streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within;
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my Heart,
 Rise to all Eternity.

H Y M N XLVII.

Desiring to praise worshipfully.

1. COME thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!
 Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise;
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above;
 Praise the Mount—l'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love!

2. Here I raise mine *Ebenezer*,
 Hither by thy Help l'm come;
 And I hope by thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home;

Jesus fought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of *God*,
He to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

3. Oh, to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that Grace, *Lord*, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee!
Prone to wander, *Lord*, I feel it,
Prone to leave the *God* I love——
Here's my Heart—Oh take and seal it!
Seal it for thy Courts above!

4. Oh that Day when freed from sinning!
I shall see thy lovely Face!
Clothed in thy Blood-wash'd Linnen
How I'll sing thy sov'reign Grace!
Come, dear *Lord*, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels down to carry
Me to Realms of endless Day.

5. If thou ever didst discover
To my Faith the promis'd Land,
Bid me now the Stream pass over,
On the heav'nly Border stand;
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
And to thine Embrace I'll fly;
Speak the Word thou spake to *Moses*;
Bid me, "Get me up, and die."

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Great Supper. Luke xiv. 16, 24.

COME, finners, to the gospel feast;
 Let ev'ry soul be JESU's guest;
 You need not one be left behind,
 For GOD hath bidden all mankind.

2. Sent by my LOR D, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all,
 Come, all the world; come, finner, thou,
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3. JESUS to you his fulness brings,
 A feast of marrow and fat things.
 All, all, in CHRIST is freely giv'n,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.

4. Do not begin to make excuse,
 Ah, do not you his grace refuse;
 Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
 And take what JESUS hath to give.

5. Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
 Your ev'ry earthly thought forget;
 Seek not the comforts of this life,
 Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

6. "Have me excus'd," why will ye say?
 Why will ye for damnation pray?
 Have you excus'd——from joy and peace!
 Have you excus'd——from happiness!

7. Excus'd from coming to a feast!
 Excus'd from being JESU's guest!
 From knowing *now* your sins forgiv'n,
 From tasting *here* the joys of heav'n!

8. Excus'd, alas! why would you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From ent'ring into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast!

9. Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain,
The world hath made thy gospel vain;
Too busy or too happy they;
They will not, LORD, thy calls obey.

10. Go then, my angry master said,
Since these on all my mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach my gospel to the poor.

11. Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd;
Search ev'ry lane and ev'ry street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.

12. Come then, ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In CHRIST an hearty welcome find.

13. Sinners my gracious LORD receives,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you:

14. Come, and partake the gospel feast,
Besav'd from sin, in JESUS rest:
O taste the goodness of our GOD,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.

15. 'Tis done; my all redeeming LORD;
I have gone forth, and preach'd thy word,

The finners to thy feast are come,
And yet, Oh Saviour, there is room:

16. Go then, my LORD again enjoin'd,
And other wand'ring finners find ;
Go to the hedges and high ways,
And publish all my pard'ning grace.

17. The worst unto my supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness ;
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

18. Tell them their sins may be forgiv'n,
Tell ev'ry creature under Heav'n,
I dy'd to save them from all sin ;
Compel the vagrants to come in.

19. Ye vagrant souls to you I call,
(Oh that my voice could reach you all)
Ye may be freely justify'd,
Ye all may live, for CHRIST hath dy'd.

20. My message as from GOD receive,
Ye all may come to CHRIST, and live :
Oh let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

21. His love is mighty to compel,
His conqu'ring love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's subduing pow'r,
And fight against your GOD no more.

22. See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!

Make haste his mercy to embrace,
And freely now be fav'd by grace.

23. Ye who believe his record; true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you;
Come to the feast; be fav'd from sin,
For J E S U S waits to take you in.

24. This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious gospel day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him, who dy'd for A L L.

H Y M N XLIX.

1. **O**H for a closer walk with G O D,
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 L O R D?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of J E S U S and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of Rest!
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The

5. The dearest Idol I have known,
Whate'er that Idol be ;
Help me to bear 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.
-

[H Y M N L]

Grand Dieu tes jugemens, &c.

1. **T**H Y judgements, great GOD, are equal and
just,

Propitious thou art to mortals below ;

But for my transgressions and treasons I must
Be doomed to suffer in mis'ry and woe.

2. Yes, Oh my dear GOD, my sins are so high,
So loudly for wrath and punishment call,
Thine int'rest opposes my felicity,
And even thy mercy expects I should fall.

3. Content thy desire, if glorious to thee ;
Be angry with tears that flow from my eyes ;
Offend not thy justice in pardoning me,
No, rather let vengeance the guilty surprize.

4. For though I should die, the cause I'll adore,
My sins they deserve the threatening stroke ;
I'm justly expecting thy thunder to roar,
And punish a rebel who did thee provoke.

5. Bnt

5. But oh, with a turn surprizing I cry,
 LORD, where shall thy wrath and thunder now fall?
 For JESUS my Saviour did suffer and die,
 His blood covers over, and shields me from all.

H Y M N LI.

1. **M**Y Jesus he is ALL to me,
 Whate'er my soul can crave;
 A fountain free is Christ to me,
 That I no want can have.
2. My Jesus he is strength to me
 When I do fainting lie;
 He's health in sickness, life in death,
 In war he's victory.
3. In famine he is food to me,
 In thirst he's royal wine;
 No want can be attending me,
 Since Jesus he is mine.
4. My Jesus he is light to me
 When I in darkness go;
 Such fulness in my Jesus is
 That I no want can know.
5. My Jesus he is liberty,
 When bondage doth oppress;
 Though I in sin have reeking been,
 My Christ is righteousness.
6. When sorrows compass me about
 My Christ is peace and joy;
 When wrath and sin do rage within,
 My Christ is victory.
7. When

7. When Satan throws his flaming darts
 My Christ a hold is strong;
 A refuge he is then to me,
 And he shall be my song.
-

H Y M N LII.

1. **O** Tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store;
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.
2. A country I've found
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
3. The souls that believe
 In Paradise live;
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
4. My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away;
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day!
5. No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort; go after him, go.
6. Lo onward I move,
 And (but Christ above)
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
7. Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell and sin;
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within.
8. Per-

8. Perhaps for his name,
 (Poor dust as I am)
 Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.

9. I still (which is best)
 Shall in his dear breast,
 (As at the beginning) find pardon and rest.

10. And when I'm to die,
 "Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot say why.

11. But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

12. Lo this is the race
 I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth 'till admitted to see my Lord's face.

13. And now I'm in care,
 My neighbours may share;
 These blessings to seek them, will none of you dare?

14. In bondage, oh why,
 And death will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

H Y M N LIII.

1. **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erprest with guilt and fear,
 I meet my maker face to face,
 Oh, how shall I appear?

2. If

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrieks,
And trembles at the thought!
 3. When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, - how shall I appear!
 4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,
That doth her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall future woes prevent.
 5. Then hear the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.
 6. For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only son has dy'd
To seal that pardon sure.
-

H Y M N LIV. *Heaven desirable.*

1. **I** Long to share the happiness
Of that triumphant throng,
That swim in seas of boundless bliss,
Eternity along.
2. When but in drops here by the way
Free love distils itself,
I pour contempt on hills of prey,
And heaps of worldly pelf.

3. To

3. To me amidst my little joys,
Thrones, sceptres, crowns, and kings,
Are nothing else but little toys,
And despicable things.
4. Down with disdain earth's pomp I thrust,
Bid tempting wealth, *Away*;
Heav'n is not made of yellow dust,
Nor bliss of glitt'ring clay.
5. Sweet was the hour I freedom felt
To call my JESUS mine,
To see his smiling face, and melt
In pleasures all divine.
6. Let fools an heav'n of shades pursue,
But I for substance am ;
The heav'n I seek, is likeness to
And vision of the Lamb :
7. The Worthy Lamb, with glory crown'd,
In his august abode,
Enthron'd sublime, and deck'd around
With all the pomp of God.
8. I long to join the saints above,
Who, crown'd with glorious bays,
Through radiant files of angels move,
And rival them in praise :
9. In praise to JAH the GOD of love,
The fair INCARNATE SON,
The holy CO-ETERNAL DOVE,
The good, the great, THREE ONE.
10. In hope to sing without a sob,
The anthem ever new,
I gladly bid this dusty globe,
And vain delights, *Adieu*.

H Y M N LV.

At the parting of Christian friends.

1. **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
2. Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in JESU's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
3. O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
4. Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
5. While thus we walk with CHRIST in
What shall our souls disjoin?
Souls which himself vouchsafes t' unite
In fellowship divine.
6. We all are one who him receive,
And each with each agree;
In him the one, the truth, we live,
Blest point of unity.
7. Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.
8. But

8. But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

H Y M N LVI.

1. **D** ID our IMMANUEL die for us,
To save such poor rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus,
That we might come to GOD again?
2. All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous love:
'This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang *only* from the GOD above.
3. What can we add? Our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD?
4. O'erwhelm'd with this abyss of love,
We stand astonish'd at the grace,
That brought the Saviour from above,
To die for all the fallen race!
5. Did our IMMANUEL die for us?
What more can be by sounds express'd?
For sinners CHRIST was made a curse;
Eternity must tell the rest.

Imperfect.

The Newport book was followed by two at Philadelphia: *A choice Collection of Hymns, in which are some never before printed. Philadelphia: Printed in the year 1782,*²¹¹ and *A choice Collection of Hymns, from various authors, adapted to publick worship: designed for the edification of the pious of all denominations; but more particularly for the use of the Baptist Church in Philadelphia (Enoch Story, 1784).* Both of these appear to have been prepared for his following of "Universal Baptists" by Elhanan Winchester, after his exclusion from the pulpit of the First Baptist Church. The latter is said to have been used in the Church of the German Baptist Brethren (Dunkers). already formed at Germantown.²¹² It certainly furnished much of the materials of the Brethren's first English hymn book, *The Christians Duty, exhibited, in a series of Hymns . . . Recommended to the serious of all Denominations. By the Fraternity of Baptist's. The first edition. Germantown, printed by Peter Leibert, 1791.*²¹³

