



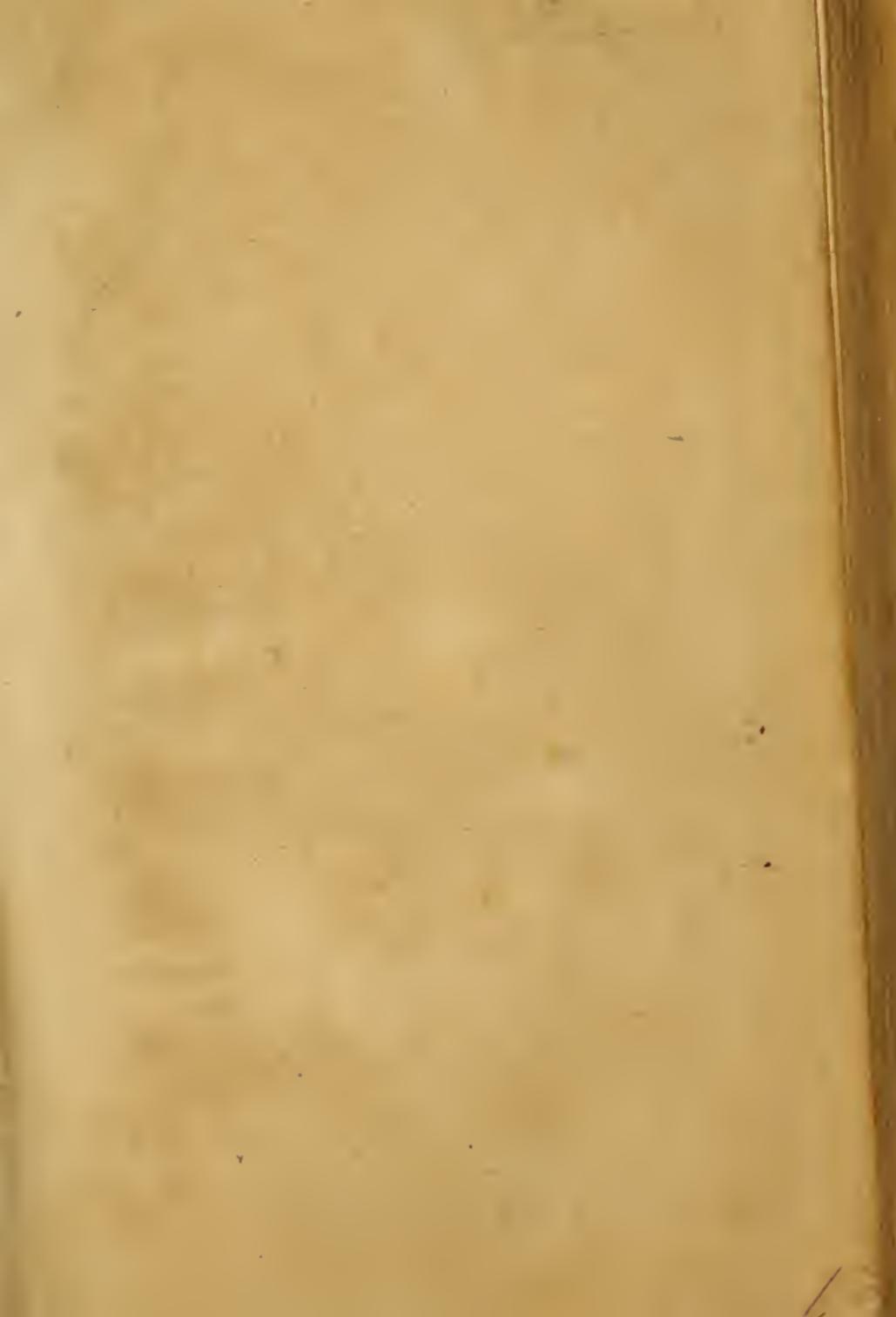
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THEOLOGICAL SEMIN

PSALMODY:

NEW COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

DIVINE WORSHIP.

*Seventh-day Baptists.
General Conference.*

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE B. UTTER,

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E. G. CHAMPLIN, STEREOTYPER,  
No. 9 Spruce-street, N. Y.  
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PREFACE.

The following compilation was undertaken by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference, at a meeting held in Shiloh, N. J., in September, 1846. The Committee, having completed the task assigned them, would, in placing it before their brethren, simply remark, that they have aimed at combining variety of subject and metre, lyrical excellence, and sound doctrinal sentiment. It is believed that, in these respects, the work is not surpassed by any other Hymn Book extant. It has not, however, been the object of the Committee to impart instruction in doctrine, so much as to provide a suitable medium for the expression of holy emotions. Important as it is to be instructed in doctrine, and although there should be nothing contrary

PREFACE.

to scriptural truth in the praises of the church, poetry does not seem to be the appropriate channel for conveying such kind of knowledge. This will account for the absence of many hymns from this book which are found in the ordinary collections in use, as well as for the principle of classification which has been adopted. A regard to chasteness and purity of style has also led to the rejection of many pieces, which, however popular, are unworthy of that solemnity which should always characterize the songs of those who worship One "fearful in praises." It is hoped that a candid examination of the contents of this volume will result in the conviction, that it is suited to the wants of our denomination.

THE COMMITTEE.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 1, 1847.

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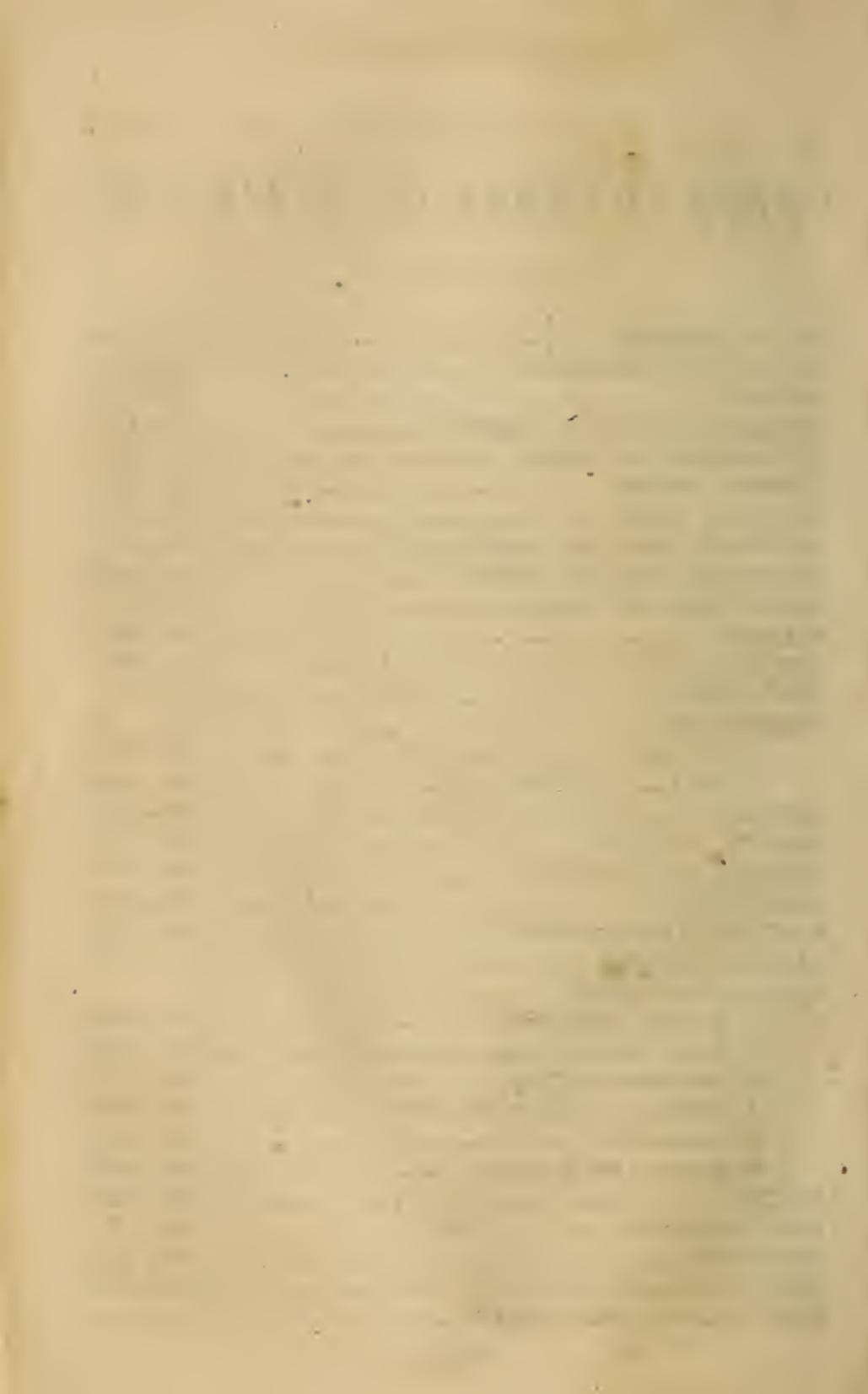
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CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

THE SCRIPTURES.

1. L. M. WATTS.
Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
The Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

2. S. M. WATTS.
The Books of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

- 3 In every different land
 Their general voice is known;
 They shew the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye christian lands, rejoice!
 Here he reveals his word;
 We are not left to nature's voice
 To bid us know the Lord.

3.

C. M.

WATTS

Imperfection of Nature, and perfection of Scripture

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book;
 Great God, if once compared with thine,
 How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go!
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

4.

S. M.

BEDDOME

Superiority of the Scriptures.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy perfect word
 Directs our steps aright;
 Nor can all other books afford
 Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
 To cheer this vale below ;
 To distant lands its glory spreads,
 And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts ;
 Commands our hope and fear ;
 O, may we hide it in our hearts,
 And feel its influence there

5.

C. M.

WATTS

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
 Here my best comfort lies ;
 Here my desires are satisfied ;
 And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law ;
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 The pardon of my sin.

6.

L. M.

WATTS.

The excellency of the Christian Religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands

- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

7.

C. M.

EVAN. MAG.

Revelation welcomed.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night,
 Diffusing o'er the mental world
 The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
 Restores our wandering feet,
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
 In all their radiant blaze,
 And bid the admiring world adore
 The glories of thy grace.

8.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Preciousness of the Bible.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

9.

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Scripture.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law.
 'T is daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop.
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

10.

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM

A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrow cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

11.

C. M.

WATTS.

The excellency and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 'T is here the tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast;
 Here purer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there!

12.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

- 1 **I** LOVE the volume of thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distressed!
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

13.

C. M.

WATTS.

The holy Scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my Lord;
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my grief assuage;
 Here I behold my Saviour's face
 Almost in every page.
- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise,
 Who makes this pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
 To quench my thirst of sin;
 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows;
 No danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
 Where wit and reason fail;
 My guide to everlasting life,
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command!
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 Which leads to thy right hand.

14.

L. M.

KELLY.

The Book of God.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God;
 No other can its place supply,
 It points me to the saints' abode,
 Where Christ the Saviour reigns on high.

THE SCRIPTURES.

- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern,
 The image of my absent Lord;
 From thine instructive page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
 To mansions that will ne'er decay;
 My Lord! O when will he appear,
 And bear his pris'ner far away.
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For thine to clearer light will yield;
 When I have reached the heavenly shore,
 The Lord himself will stand revealed.
- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial placed,
 The bright original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was traced,
 Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.

15.

C. M.

WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove,
 With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

16.

C. M.

COWPER.

The Bible the Light of the World.

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 Its truths upon the nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

17.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL

The Glory of the Word.

- 1 **A** GLORY in the word we find,
 When grace restores our sight ;
 But sin has darkened all the mind,
 And veiled the heavenly light.
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
 How bright the doctrines shine !
 Their holy fruits and sweetness show
 The Author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we, with open face
 To view thy glory, Lord,
 And all thy image here to trace
 Reflected in thy word !
- 4 O, teach us, as we look, to grow
 In holiness and love,
 That we may long to see and know
 Thy glorious face above.

18.

L. M.

WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run.
 And life and light convey.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure, thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given;
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!
-

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

19.

L. M.

ADERSON.

God declared by the starry Heavens.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

20.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Song to creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
 Thee the creation sings!
 With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,
 How glorious to behold!
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground.
 With terror and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
 Shine through the worlds abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the Builder, God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
 Our softer passions move;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love.

21.

C. M.

WALLACE

God seen in his Works.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But goodness gave it birth.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 There's not a cloud whose dew's distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is every where.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above, -
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

22.

L. M. 6 L.

MOORE.

All Things are of God.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where're we turn, thy glories shine.
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven —
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

23.

C. M.

WATTS

God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee, there's nothing old appears,
 Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares;
 While thine eternal thoughts move on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow.
 And pay their praise to thee.

24.

C. M.

MARTINEAU'S COL

Omnipotence of God.

- 1 'T WAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
 And stretched the boundless skies,
 Who formed the plan of endless years,
 And bade the ages rise.
- 2 From everlasting is his might,
 Immense and unconfined;
 He pierces through the realms of light,
 And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning sky;
 Loud thunders round him roar;
 Through worlds above his terrors fly
 While worlds below adore.

- 4 He speaks—great nature's wheels stand still,
 And leave their wonted round;
 The mountains melt; each trembling hill
 Forsakes its ancient bound.
- 5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
 Fulfill his high command;
 Pay grateful homage to your King,
 And own his ruling hand.

25.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

God over All.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is Lord of all;
 His station who can find?
 I hear him in the waterfall;
 I hear him in the wind.
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
 His face I cannot fly;
 I see him in the evening cloud,
 And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
 From winter's polar snows,
 To where across the burning sand,
 The blasting meteor glows.
- 4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
 We hang upon his word;
 He rears his mighty arm on high,
 We fall before his sword.
- 5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
 Then, when his thunders cease,
 He paints his rainbow on the storm,
 And lulls the wind to peace.

26.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might,
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks—and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar!
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In distant peals it dies;
 He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod.
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate our God.

27.

L. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Omnipresence of God.

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, nature's God,
 Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
 Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
 And every private action see.
- 2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
 Pursue our flight through trackless air,
 Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
 Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
 Concealed beneath the pall of night;
 One glance from thy all-piercing eye
 Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
 Each evil thought, each secret sin,
 And fit us for those realms of joy,
 Where naught impure shall enter in.

28.

C. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

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

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord.
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill
Secured by sovereign love.

29.

L. M.

WATTS.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there

30.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY

God unchangeable.

- 1 **T**HROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

31.

C. M.

WATTS.

God searching the Heart.

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Whate'er the guise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

32.

L. M.

WATTS

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability of God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
 Arrayed with majesty and might;
 The world, created by his hands,
 Still on its firm foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundation laid,
 His throne eternal ages stood,
 Himself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
 And aim their rage against the skies;
 Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
 At his rebuke, the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall his throne endure;
 His promise stands forever sure;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

33.

H. M.

WATTS.

Perfections of God's Government.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns;
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty;
 His glories shine | No mortal eye
 With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep all the world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law;
 And where his love | His truth confirms
 Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their fell designs;
 Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
 And shall fulfill | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name
 My Father and my Friend?
 I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
 I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

34.

S. P. M.

WATTS

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned;
 Arrayed in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands;
 And skies and stars obey thy word;
 Thy throne was fixed on high,
 Before the starry sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain, with angry spite,
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their powers engage;
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new;
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove,
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

35.

10s & 11s.

BARBAULD

God the eternal Sovereign.

- 1 **T**HIS earthly globe, the creature of a day,
 Though built by God's right hand, must pass away,
 And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
 The fate of empires and the pride of kings;
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
 And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 2 The sun himself, with gathering clouds opprest,
 Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
 His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky;
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
 And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.
- 3 But fixed, O God! forever stands thy throne;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected, or diffused, is still the same;
 He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.
- 4 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise;
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight control,
 Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

36.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 The obscure abyss of Providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile,
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace.
 Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
 Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolves to scourge us here below,
 Still let us lean upon our God;
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through

37.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
 Attempts to look thy nature through;
 Our laboring powers with reverence own
 Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
 Who countless years his God has sought,
 Such wondrous height or depth can find,
 Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
 All that we mortals need to know;
 While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
 Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
 Thy works of nature and of grace;
 Adore thy sacred name, and still
 Press on to know and do thy will.

38.

C. M.

COWPER.

The Mysteries of Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

39.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail ;
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

40.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Truth and Goodness of God.

- 1 **F**AITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are.
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.
- 4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

41.

C. M.

WATTS

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

42.

C. M.

ENG. BAP. COL

Providence kind and bountiful.

1 **T**HY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

43.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

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

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

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

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

44.

S. M.

WATTS.

Mercy of God to Soul and Body.

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name.
Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'T is he forgives thy sins ;
'T is he relieves thy pain ;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

45.

L. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

God of all Goodness.

- 1 **G**OD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven, with rays divine :
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.
- 2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start,
Throbs on, obedient to thy will.
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

- 3 God of eternal life! thy love
 Doth every stain of sin remove;
 The cross, the cross—its hallowed light
 Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.
- 4 God of all goodness! to the skies
 Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
 And to thy service shall be given
 The rest of life—the whole of heaven.

46.

C. M.

NEEDHAM

Holiness of God.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King;
 "Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
 "Thrice holy," let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul, to God;
 Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A contrite heart shall please him more
 Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
 From all pollution free;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

47.

C. M.

STEELE.

Condescension of God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, Almighty God,
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Accessless light is thine abode,
 To angel eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
 The heavens no longer shine;
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below ?
 To this dark world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe ?
- 4 How strange, how wondrous is thy love !
 With trembling we adore ;
 Not all th' exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
 Resound immortal lays,
 Great God, permit our humble songs
 To rise and speak thy praise.

48.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **T**HE truth of God shall still endure,
 And firm his promise stand ;
 Believing souls may rest secure
 In his almighty hand.
- 2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
 He would contemn their rage,
 And render fruitless their design
 Against his heritage.
- 3 The rainbow round about his throne
 Proclaims his faithfulness ;
 He will his purposes perform,
 His promises of grace.
- 4 The hills and mountains melt away ;
 But he is still the same ;
 Let saints to him their homage pay,
 And magnify his name.

49.

L. M.

DODDGE

God's Goodness to Men.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his power and goodness sound
 Through all your tribes, the earth around.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love ;
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There, in the land of praise, adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

50.

S. M.

WATTS.

Abounding Compassion of God.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

51.

S. M.

WATTS

Kindness to our Frailty.

- 1 **T**HE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

52.

H. M.

WATTS.

Wonders of Creation and Grace.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his name adored;
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise.
- 3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe;
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same, | Have endless praise.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God —
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing;
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

53.

C. M.

WATTS

Condescension of God.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let every tongue proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?
- 3 That thy beloved Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?
- 4 Let him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

54.

S. M.

WATTS

Divine Condescension.

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies;
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

55.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY

God's Condescension.

1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,—
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebl' light,—

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

56.

L. M.

WATTS.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

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

- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort spring'
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of thy house
 We still shall find a sweet repast;
 There mercy, like a river, flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord,
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

57.

C. M.

STEELE.

Wonders of God's Love.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, supremely good,
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his well-beloved Son
 To save our souls from sin;
 'T is here he makes his goodness known
 And proves it all divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
 And here our hope relies;
 A safe defense, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hopes thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
 What honors shall we raise?
 Not all the raptured songs above
 Can render equal praise.

58.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 **G**OD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

59.

C. M.

G. BURDER

God is Love.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.
- 3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

60.

L. M.

NEEDHAM

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
 A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
 The stars he numbers, and their names
 He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
 Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
 To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, O, what grace!
 Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
 Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

61.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Daily Mercies.

- 1 **G**OD is the fountain whence
 Ten thousand blessings flow;
 To him my life, my health, and friends,
 And every good, I owe.
- 2 The comforts he affords
 Are neither few nor small;
 He is the source of fresh delights,
 My portion and my all.
- 3 He fills my heart with joy,
 My lips attunes for praise;
 And to his glory I'll devote
 The remnant of my days.

62.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod;
 My soul stands trembling while she sings
 The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 Before his throne a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men;
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
 Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown;
 And there, the following page he turns.
 And casts the monarch down.
- 6 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

63.

L. M.

WATTS

God the Refuge of his People.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES

- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love ;
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

64.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY

God our Defense.

- 1 **N**O change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defense to me.
- 2 Thou our deliverer art, O God ;
Our trust is in thy power ;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.
- 3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe ;
O, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.
- 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend ;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend ?

65.

L. M.

ANON.

God a Rock.

- 1 **W**HEN thickly beat the storms of life,
And heavy is the chastening rod,
The soul, beyond the waves of strife,
Views the eternal rock — her God.
- 2 What hope dispels the spirit's gloom,
When sinking 'neath affliction's shock ?
Faith, through the vista of the tomb,
Points to the everlasting Rock.
- 3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above ?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chastening love.

- 4 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand,
 Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock,
 And show them, in the promised land,
 The shelter of th' eternal Rock.

66.

L. M.

WATTS.

Recognizing God as a Father.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God!
 And I am thine by sacred ties;
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

67.

C. M.

DRENNAN.

God present with his People.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer.
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms and worlds unknown;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

68.

C. M.

WATTS.

God our Keeper.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.
- 4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

69.

C. M.

PITT.

God our Guardian.

- 1 **O**N God we build our sure defense;
In God our hopes repose;
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our foes.
- 2 Our mind shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.
- 3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely will resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succor and support.

70.

H. M.

WATTS

God our Preserver.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid,—
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

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

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

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

71.

C. M.

BEDFORD.

God our Support.

1 'T IS faith supports my feeble soul
 In times of deep distress ;
 When storms arise and billows roll,
 Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
 Whatever griefs befall ;
 Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
 And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
 With dangers all around,
 To thee I all my fears disclose ;
 In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
 To thee alone I fly ;
 When other comforters depart,
 Thou art forever nigh.

72.

C. M.

WATTS.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73.

C. M.

ANON

God our Safety.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.
- 2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower,
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

- 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 We give Jehovah praise ;
 Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
 To our deliverer raise.
- 4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
 From fear, distress, and harm ;
 Makes every soul in safety dwell,
 For mighty is his arm.

74.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Security in God.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliverance he affords to all
 Who make his name their trust.
- 3 O, make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

75.

C. M.

STEELE.

God our Father.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father — blissful name —
 O, may I call thee mine ?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control ;
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What harm can ever reach my soul,
 Beneath my Father's eye ?

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I cheerfully resign;
Lord, thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh! bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

76.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God our All.

1 **H**OW firm the saint's foundation stands!
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

77.

C. M.

DOANE.

None but God.

1 **L**ORD, should we leave thy hallowed feet,
To whom should we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there?

2 Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure, perennial stream;
And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
Obscure life's brightest beam.

3 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For thou canst teach us so to live.
That life shall never cease.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 Thou only caust the cheering words
Of endless life supply,
Anointed of the Lord of lords,
The Son of God most high.

78.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

79.

C. M.

HERVEY

God our Wisdom.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways ?
- 2 Good when he gives — supremely good —
Nor less when he denies ;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind ?
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name;
 There, let it fill some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

80.

7s & 6s.

MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **G**OD is my strong salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near;
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affianced,
 When faint and desolate;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

81.

L. M. 6 L.

ADDISON.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply.
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

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

82.

11s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Care of the good Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured, my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

83.

S. M.

WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

84.

H. M.

CONDER.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep;
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.
- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.
- 3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take;
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

CHRIST.

- 4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.
-

CHRIST.

85.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Advent of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

86.

6s & 10s.

MILTON

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.

- 1 **N**O war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran,
 But peaceful was the night,
 In which the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
 Before the point of dawn,
 In social circle sat, while all around
 The gentle, fleecy brood
 Or cropped the flowery food,
 Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When, lo, with ravished ears,
 Each swain delighted hears
 Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand;
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answering the stringed noise,
 With blissful rapture charmed the listening band.
- 4 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While God disposed in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.
- 5 Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
 The Saviour Christ is born;
 [Such was the immortal seraph's song sublime]
 Glory to God in heaven!
 To man sweet peace be given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time!

87.

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD.

The Song of Angels.

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

CHRIST.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story ;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy.
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing ;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."
- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

88.

H. M.

REED'S COL

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known ;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh:
The joyful hosts descend ;
The Lord forsakes the sky ;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race ;
He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round ;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim:
 Angels and men, wake every string;
 'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing.

89.

11s & 10s.

HEBER.

The Infant Saviour.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

90.

C. M.

E. H. SEARS.

A joyous Event.

- 1 **C**ALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The joyous hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The dayspring from on high.

CHRIST.

- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Aloud with anthems ring;
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"

91.

8s, 7s, & 4.

MONTGOMERY.

Call to worship the new-born Saviour.

- 1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing;
 Yonder shines the heavenly light:
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear!
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence;
 Mercy calls you; break your chains:
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

92.

H. M.

SALISBURY COL.

The Song of Angels.

- 1 **H**ARK! what celestial sounds!
 What music fills the air!
 Soft warbling to the morn,
 It strikes the ravished ear:
 Now all is still; | In tuneful notes,
 Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

CHRIST.

2 Th' angelic host descend,
 With harmony divine ;
 See how from heaven they bend,
 And in full chorus join :
 "Fear not," say they ; | Jesus, your King,
 "Great joy we bring ; | Is born to-day."

3 He comes, your souls to save
 From death's eternal gloom ;
 To realms of bliss and light
 He lifts you from the tomb :
 Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
 With sons of light | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high !
 Ye mortals, spread the sound,
 And let your raptures fly
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 For peace on earth, | To man is given,
 From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

93.

S. M.

WATTS

The Nativity of Christ.

1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,
 The blessing promised long ;
 Angels announce the Saviour near,
 In this triumphant song :—

2 "Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
 Let men employ their tongues ;
 With the celestial host we join,
 And loud repeat their songs :—

4 "Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth ;
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth."

94.

7s.

RIPPON'S COL.

Song of the Angels.

1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."

CHRIST.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 See, he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."

95.

8s & 7s.

MADAN'S COL.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free !
 From our sins and fears release us ;
 Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints, thou art ;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, yet God our King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

96.

C. M.

WATTS

Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

CHRIST.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

97.

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

The Birth of Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill;
 When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice of more than mortal sound,
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
 The glorious hosts of Zion came;
 High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
 While thus they struck their harps, and sang:—
- 4 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh,
 The joys of nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
 Bid Satan and his host depart;
 Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
- 6 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh,
 The joys of nature rise again,
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

CHRIST.

98.

L. M.

WATTS

Object of Christ's Advent.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

99.

S. M.

NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfills
The sure, prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness;
And meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 He is the Light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

100.

C. M.

STEELE.

Humiliation of Christ.

- 1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

CHRIST.

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—O, wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.
- 4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

101.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

CHRIST.

102.

C. M.

HAWES.

Agony in the Garden.

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed,—
- 2 “Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father’s will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

103.

L. M.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Christ in Gethsemane.

- 1 **T**IS midnight; and on Olive’s brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
’T is midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 ’T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E’en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master’s grief and tears.
- 3 ’T is midnight; and for others’ guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 ’T is midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour’s woe.

104.

8s & 6.

S. F. SMITH.

The Prayer of Agony.

- 1 **B**EYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
- 2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father, can this cup remove?"
- 3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."
- 4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.
- 5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

105.

C. H. M.

HEMANS.

The Agony in Gethsemane.

- 1 **H**E knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe

CHRIST.

- 3 He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread ;
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All darkened round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread ;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead ;
 But there was sent him, from on high,
 A gift of strength, for man to die.
- 5 And was his mortal hour beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet
 In the dark, narrow way ?
 How, but through him that path who trod ?
 "Save, or we perish, Son of God."

106.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ suffering for our Sins.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God,
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once his vengeance pour,
 Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When Christ sustained the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And let him see a numerous seed,
 To recompense his pain.
- 5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
 "A portion with the strong ;
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold his honors long."

107.

L. M.

STEELE.

A dying Saviour.

- 1 **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.
- 2 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow.
And yet my heart so hard remain,—
Unmoved by either love or pain!
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

108.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

Christ expiring on the Cross.

- 1 “**’T** IS finished!”—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
’T is finished!—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 ’T is finished!—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus’ last, expiring breath.
- 3 ’T is finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
’T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round
’T is finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

109.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power,
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

110.

C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree:
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!
- 2 "My God!" he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 "'T is finished; now the ransom's paid;
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

CHRIST.

- 4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
 And in full glory shine;
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine?

111.

8s & 7s. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 Lo, he dies upon the tree:
 'T is the Christ by man rejected;
 Yes, believers — yes, 'tis he.
- 2 'T is the long-expected Saviour,
 David's Son and David's Lord,
 Sacrificed to bring us favor;
 'T is a true and faithful word.
- 3 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning —
 Was there ever grief like his?
 Friends through fear his cause disowning
 Foes insulting his distress.
- 4 Many hands conspired to wound him;
 None would interpose to save;
 But the heaviest stroke that found him
 Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 5 Mark the sacrifice appointed;
 See — who bears the awful load?
 'T is the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man and Son of God.
- 6 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
 Sacrifice which cancels guilt,
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on thee their hopes have built.

112.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HE dies! — the Friend of sinners dies;
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 And sudden trembling shakes the ground.

CHRIST.

- 2 Ye saints, approach!— the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He feels the pangs of death for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave!"

113.

7s.

COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

CHRIST.

114.

C. M.

WATTS.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain :
Behold, the tomb its prey restores !
Behold, he lives again !
- 2 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

115.

7s.

GIBBONS.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See ! he rises from the tomb —
Rises with immortal bloom.
- 2 'T is the Saviour ; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see him rise ;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres ;
Praise him in your noblest songs ;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

116.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head :
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground.
The guards around | And sink away.

CHRIST.

- 2 Behold, th' angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 With joy they come, | From realms of day
 And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear:
 Hark! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air!
 Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
 "The Lord, who bled, | He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell,
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell:
 Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
 "The Lord, who bled, | No more to die.

117.

7s.

CUDWORTH

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your songs of triumph high;
 Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise;
 Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where thy victory, boasting Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

118.

S. M.

KELLY.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed ;"
 He lives to die no more ;
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
 Then hell has lost his prey ;
 With him is risen the ransomed seed,
 To reign in endless day.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed ;"
 Attending angels, hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

119.

C. M.

KELLY

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HARK, how the angels sweetly sing !
 Their voices fill the sky ;
 They hail their great, victorious King,
 And welcome him on high.
- 2 We'll catch the note of lofty praise ;
 Their joys, O, may we feel ;
 Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
 And emulate their zeal.
- 3 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
 Of Christ, our risen Lord ;
 Of Christ, the everlasting King ;
 Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.
- 4 Hail, mighty Saviour ! thee we hail,
 High on thy throne above ;
 Till heart and flesh together fail,
 We'll sing thy matchless love.

"The Lord is risen."

- 1 **H**OW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
O, weep no more the Saviour slain ;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
"Behold the place—he is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain ;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend :
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
- 4 How tranquil now each passing day !
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears.
O, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall—
When life's last hour draws nigh—
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die !
Since he has risen, that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

CHRIST.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose :
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And fills the highest throne,
 And on the world, his power sustains,
 He pours his blessings down.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blessed abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heaven, and all created things,
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

122.

L. M.

WATTS.

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's only Son ;
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 And tell the wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And those bright robes he wore above ;
 How swift and joyful was the flight,
 On wings of everlasting love !
- 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay ;
 Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains

CHRIST.

123.

H. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

Captivity led captive.

1 **T**H' appointed morn is come ;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
 For whom their ransom died ?
 Who now shall those condemn,
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
 The glorious work is done ;
 On him our help is laid,
 By him our victory won :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

124.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Conqueror's Welcome.

1 **“**WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
 Closed no more by death and sin ;
 Lo! the conquering Lord behold ;
 Let the King of glory in.”

2 Hark ! th' angelic host inquire,
 “ Who is he, th' almighty King ? ”
 Hark again ! the answering choir
 Thus in strains of triumph sing :—

3 “ He whose powerful arm, alone,
 On his foes destruction hurled ;
 He who hath the victory won ;
 He who saved a ruined world ;—

4 “ He who God's pure law fulfilled ;
 Jesus, the incarnate Word ;
 He whose truth with blood was sealed ;—
 He is heaven's all-glorious Lord.”

CHRIST.

- 5 "Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain;—
- 6 "They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love;—
They shall dwell forever here."

125.

C. M.

WATTS

Ascension and Reign of Christ.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout, and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

126.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Triumphant Ascension.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory;—see, he comes
With his celestial train.
- 2 "Who is this King of glory?—who?"
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

CHRIST.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold, to entertain
 The King of glory;—see, he comes
 With all his shining train.

4 “ Who is this King of glory?—who?”
 The Lord of hosts renowned;
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crowned.

127.

L. M.

W. A. P. C.

Christ's Triumph.

1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounced his holy law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When all the rebel powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains, like captives led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne.
 He sent his promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

128.

H. M.

DODDRIOTT

Christ seen of Angels.

1 **O** YE immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known;

On earth ye knew | His beauteous face
 His wondrous grace; | In heaven ye view.

CHRIST.

- 2 Ye saw the holy Child
 In human flesh arrayed,
 Supremely meek and mild,
 While in the manger laid;
 And praise to God, | For such a birth,
 And peace on earth, | Proclaimed aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness
 Beheld the tempter spoiled,
 Well known in every dress,
 In every combat foiled,
 And joyed to crown | When Satan fled
 The Victor's head, | Before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree
 Ye pressed with strong desire,
 That wondrous sight to see,
 The Lord of life expire;
 And, could your eyes | Had dropped it there
 Have known a tear, | In sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep;
 Then rolled the stone, | Your rising Lord
 And all adored | With joy unknown.
- 6 When all arrayed in light
 The shining Conqueror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God,
 And waved around | And struck your strings
 Your golden wings, | Of sweetest sound.

129.

C. M. FANCH & TURNER.

Sympathy of Angels.

- 1 **B**YOND the glittering, starry sky,
 Which God's right hand sustains,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 The host of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine;
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.

CHRIST.

- 3 And when he stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 4 In all his toils and conflicts here
Their Sovereign they attend,
Oft pause, and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end.
- 5 When all the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wondering eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.
- 6 As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.
- 7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.
- 8 They brought his chariot from the skies,
To bear him to his throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

130.

S. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.
-

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST

131.

L. M.

ENG. BAP. COL.

Salvation known only by the Gospel.

- 1 **C**REATION'S works in all their forms,
From rolling stars to creeping worms,
In never ceasing concord join
To sing thy name, thy power divine.
- 2 But when the dawn of heaven we view
In ruined sinners formed anew;—
When in the gospel's brighter skies
We see the Sun of glory rise;—
- 3 No more we ask the stars to tell
What Jesus only could reveal;
In him at once our eyes behold
More than creation ever told.

132.

S. M.

BEDDOME

Hope from the Gospel only.

- 1 **G**OD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found.
In Jesus' precious blood;
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

133.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal,
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express,
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

134.

L. M.

S. STENNETT

Atoning Blood.

- 1 **H**OW shall the souls of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

135.

L. M.

WATTS.

Salvation through Christ only.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given ;
He saves from hell — we bless his name —
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

136.

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atonng Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;
He meekly bore the mighty load ;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world he dies ;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb ;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

137.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what pity touched the heart
Of God's beloved Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 2 His living power, and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

138.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

139.

C. M.

S. STENNETT

Indebtedness to Christ.

- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

140.

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

Justification by Faith.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."
- 3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

141.

L. M.

ANON.

Christ our Salvation.

- 1 COME, guilty sinners, come and see
Your great atoning Sacrifice:
Behold, on yonder gory tree,
The King of kings for rebels dies.
- 2 How gracious, how severe thou art,
Just God, in thy redeeming plan!
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart
Revealed the fount of life for man.
- 3 Hail, hallowed cross, accursed no more;
Rich tree of life to all our race;
Blest tree of Paradise, which bore
The choicest fruit—the gift of grace.
- 4 Lord, shall our grief or joy prevail?
Our heart is rent amidst their strife;
Shall we the Victim's death bewail,
Or hail it as our way to life?
- 5 Thy dying, living, boundless love,
While here below, shall tune our tongue,
And, when we join the choir above,
Thy love be our triumphant song.

142.

C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

- 1 **I**N vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning Sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

143.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Commission.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, blest Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

144.

L. M.

WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven:
By his atonement, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

145.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Cleansing Blood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.
- 2 Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

146.

7s.

RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

147.

C. M.

WATTS

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'T is not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 'T is from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'T is by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'T is through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

148.

L. M.

ANON.

The Cross.

- 1 **I**NSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.
- 2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—
- 3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

149.

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

150.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Mediation.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

151.

7s.

LANGFORD

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation 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 bless redeeming love.

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

152.

C. M.

COWPER

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

153.

S. M.

ANON.

Christ precious.

- 1 **O** CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.
- 5 One blissful anthem then
Around the earth shall roll,
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

154.

C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

155.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Christ a living and almighty Saviour.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.
- 4 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

156.

L. M.

STEELE.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

157.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

158.

L. M.

CENNICK

Way to Canaan.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven has gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief, my burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the Way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 My self, my all, to thee I give,—
 Wilt thou the sacrifice receive?
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood.
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

159.

L. M.

STEELE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is Nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow :
'T is only that dear, sacred flood,
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

160.

C. M.

DOANE.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

- 1 **T**HOU art the way ; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life ; the rearing tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

161.

S. M.

STEELE.

Shepherd.

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest,
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine.
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And to thy pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

162.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christ a Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give ;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 "This tried, almighty hand,
Is raised for their defense ;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence ?"
- 6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry ;
"My heart can on this promise live,—
Can with this promise die."

163.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to the Shepherd.

- 1 **T**O thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise ;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.
- 2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine ?—
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine ?
- 3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.
- 4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

164.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above :
His heart is full of tenderness ;
His bosom glows with love

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

165.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,—
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

166.

H. M.

C. WESLEY

Christ our King.

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King;
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud,
 Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to the Saviour given:
 Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud,
 Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 He every foe shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure, seraphic joy:
 Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud,
 Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear | The trump of God
 Th'archangel's voice; | Shall sound; rejoice.

167.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit:
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
 To plead for us above;
 Jesus, our King, forever gives
 The blessings of his love

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain;
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

168.

L. M. 6 L.

PRES. DAVIES.

Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!
 Jehovah's well-beloved thou!
 Oh, let me catch th' immortal flame,
 With which angelic bosoms glow!
 Since angels love thee, I would love,
 And imitate the blessed above.
- 2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear!
 The words, that from thy lips proceed,
 O how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
 And imitate the blessed above.
- 3 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
 Did once atone upon the cross;
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
 In thee I trust; thee I would love,
 And imitate the blessed above.
- 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
 A willing subject at thy feet;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to thy government submit;
 My Saviour King this heart would love,
 And imitate the blessed above.

169.

7s.

TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

170.

S. M.

HOSKINS.

Christ the Bread of Life.

1 **B**EHOLD the gift of God;
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste; this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

171.

L. M. 6 L. . . ENG. BAP. COL.

A Support in Temptation.

1 **S**TILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defense;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

- 2 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness be thy love my power ;
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 O Saviour, in that trying hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

172.

7s.

C. WESLEY

A Refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Helpless, Lord, I fly to thee ;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sins—
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

173.

7s, 6s, & 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
 O, Son of man, I fly!
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For, O! the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A covert from the tempest be'
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry, barren place;
 O, descend on me, and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing grace!
 O'er a parched and weary land,
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succor been,
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin;
 O, how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour!
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy power.
- 4 First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun:
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun:
 Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
 Every moment, Lord, I want
 The merit of thy death.

174.

C. M.

SWAIN.

Christ a Friend.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is — your voices join,
 Ye saints, to praise his name,
 Whose truth and kindness are divine,
 Whose love 's a constant flame

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
 This Friend is always near;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.
- 4 And, if our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sovereign will,
 He never takes away our all;
 Himself he gives us still.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains;
 The wildest storm his word obeys;
 His word its rage restrains.

175.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Fountain of Life.

- 1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow;
 God has opened there a fountain
 That supplies the plains below:
 They are blessed
 Who its sovereign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way;
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Making all around look gay:
 O ye nations,
 Hail the long-expected day.
- 3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose:
 Every object
 Sings for joy, where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
 Yield their fruit to all around;
 Those who eat are saved from mourning;
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
 Fair their portion —
 Endless life with glory crowned.

176.

L. M.

STEELE.

Christ our Life.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes ;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort, die ?
'T is fixed on thine almighty word —
That word which built the earth and sky.
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here I may build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
Forever sure the promise stands ;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself — that last of foes —
Shall break a union so divine.

177.

S. M.

URWICK'S COL.

The Grace of Christ.

- 1 **W**E sing the Father's love,
Who pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thought of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.
- 2 We see its smiling beams,
Shining at Jesus' birth,
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourned on earth.
- 3 But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace,
When, bowed beneath the curse, he died,
To save the chosen race !

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With high, seraphic flame,
Fall far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

178.

L. M. 6 L.

URWICK'S COL.

Christ All and in All.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust, and portion, evermore.
- 2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;—
- 3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

179.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Christ precious.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend ;
 My Prophet, Priest, and King :
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest though ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

180.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'T was he who cleansed us from our sins,
 And washed us in his precious blood ;
 'T is he who makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our eternal King,
 Be everlasting power confessed ;
 Let every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move ;
 Though with our sins we pierced him once,
 Now he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day :
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

181.

C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 **O** COULD we speak the matchless worth,
 O could we sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine,
 We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine;
 We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
 We shall forever shine.
- 3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 We would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
 When our dear Lord will bring us home,
 And we shall see his face;
 Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity we'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

182.

7s, 6s, & 8s.

C. WESLEY

Passover.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST, our Passover, is slain,
 To set his people free,
 Free from sin's Egyptian chain,
 And Pharaoh's tyranny.
 Lord, that we may now depart,
 And truly serve our pardoning God,
 Sprinkle every house and heart
 With thine atoning blood,

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Let the angel of the Lord
 His awful charge fulfill,
 Let his pestilential sword
 The first-born victims kill;
 Safe in snares and deaths we dwell,
 Protected by that crimson sign,
 From the rage of earth and hell,
 And from the wrath divine.
- 3 Wilt thou not a difference make
 Betwixt thy friend and foe,
 Vengeance on the Egyptians take,
 And grace to Israel show?
 Knowest thou not, most righteous God,
 We on the paschal Lamb rely?
 See us covered with the blood,
 And pass thy people by.

183.

C. M.

STEELE.

King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can raise our humble strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.
- 4 O, happy period! glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, their raptured lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

184.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Christ precious.

- 1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
 It spreads a fragrance round;
 Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
 In union here are found.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength ;
 In him all glories meet ;
 He is a shade above our heads,
 A light to guide our feet.
- 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
 If Jesus shows his face ;
 To weary, heavy-laden souls,
 He is the resting-place.
- 4 When storms arise, and tempests blow,
 He speaks the stilling word ;
 The threatening billows cease to flow,
 The winds obey their Lord.
- 5 Through every age he 's still the same ;
 But we ungrateful prove,
 Forget the savor of his name,
 The sweetness of his love.

185.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name ;
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust :
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there,—
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last, laboring breath,
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

GENERAL PRAISE.

186.

H. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Safety.

- 1 **M**Y dear almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King,
 Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, I sing.
 Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
 Behold I sit | Before thy feet.
- 2 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint | Though death and hell
 Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.
- 3 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe; | Superior power
 For Christ displays | And guardian grace.
-

GENERAL PRAISE.

187.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

- 1 **A**LL ye nations, praise the Lord;
 All ye lands, your voices raise;
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be,
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
 Praise him from the depths beneath;
 Praise him in the heights above;
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

188.

7s.

WRANGHAM.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord; his glory bless;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.
- 3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord our Righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

189.

6s & 4s.

W. GOODE.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jêhovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord.

190.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

Praise to the great Jehovah.

- 1 **B**E thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
- 2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

191.

C. M.

HEMANS

Invitation to offer Praise.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; on every height
 Songs to his glory raise;
 Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
 Join in immortal praise.
- 2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
 Ye servants of his will;
 O stormy winds, that only blow
 His mandates to fulfill;—
- 3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
 Fair cedars of the wood;
 Creatures of life, that wing the skies,
 Or track the plains for food;—
- 4 Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
 Waves the proud sceptre high;
 O youths and virgins of the land;
 O age and infancy;—

GENERAL PRAISE.

5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
 All homage should be given,
 Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
 Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

192.

H. M.

WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join-
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise:
 Ye holy throug | In worlds of light
 Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word, | From nothing came
 And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

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

193.

11s & 8s.

CH. PSALMODY.

The Lord is great.

THE Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
 And ye who tread this earthly ball;
 In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
 And shout his praise who made you all.

The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious!
 Resound his praise from shore to shore;
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
 He rules and reigns forevermore.

The Lord is great; his mercy how abounding!
 Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
 O, praise your God, with voice and harp resounding,
 The King of kings and Lord of lords.

194.

H. M.

DWIGHT

God's Goodness and Truth.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
 S Let every land adore;
 With grateful voice make known
 His goodness and his power;
 With cheerful songs | And let his praise
 Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
 With fear address the Lord;
 He formed us with his hand,
 And quickened by his word;
 With wide command, | O'er every sea
 He spreads his sway | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
 And every blessing give;
 We feed upon his care,
 And in his pastures live:
 With cheerful songs | And let his praise
 Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

195.

7s.

MONTGOMERY

Praise.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 S Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
 Songs of praise shall crown that day:
 God will make new heavens and earth,
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No:—the church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

196.

10s & 11s.

GRANT.

God glorious.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- 5 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

197.

L. M.

MRS. OPIE.

The Voice of Creation.

- 1 **T**HERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general anthem raise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
 Be mute 'midst Nature's loud acclaim,
 Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth in praise thy holy name?
 All Nature's debt is small to mine,
 For Nature shall soon cease to be;
 But—matchless proof of love divine—
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

198.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Praise at all Times.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God! He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth forever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures.

199.

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
 Make the Creator's name be known;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.

GENERAL PRAISE.

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

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

200.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights, and days, thy power confess;
 But that blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Around the earth, and never stand;
 So, when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
 O, bless the world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven

201.

8s & 7s.

DUBLIN COL.

Praise the Lord.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

202.

C. M.

BARLOW.

A Morning Offering.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise;
Awake, my harp, to sing;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

GENERAL PRAISE.

203.

S. M.

WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

204.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.
- 4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
“Ye shall not see my rest.”

205.

H. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

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

206.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord in joyful strains;
 Let earth his praise resound;
 Let all the cheerful nations join
 To spread his glory round.
- 2 Thou city of the Lord, begin
 The universal song;
 And let the scattered villages
 The cheerful notes prolong;—
- 3 Till, 'midst the strains of distant lands,
 The islands sound his praise;
 And all, combined, with one accord,
 Jehovah's glories raise.

207.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise from Jews and Gentiles.

- 1 **A**LL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new;
 Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
 His later wonders show.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing;
 And Gentile nations join the praise,
 While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
 Whom sinners treat with scorn;
 The meek, who lie despised in dust,
 Salvation shall adorn.

208.

C. P. M.

OGILVIE.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise th' almighty name ;
 Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring themé.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
 Ye thunders, speak his power ;
 Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
 In triumph rides th' eternal King ;
 Th' astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
 To join the thunders of the skies ;
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing ;
 Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who decked your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man — by nobler passions swayed —
 Let man — in God's own image made —
 His breath in praise employ,
 Spread wide his Maker's name around,
 Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
 In songs of holy joy.

209.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 **N**ATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
 Her great Creator and her King ;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound
- 3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosannas from ten thousand tongues.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

210.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise and Gratitude.

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

211.

C. M. WARDLAW.

Praise to God.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows,
 Who sent his Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
 To realms of endless day.

212.

C. M.

ROWE.

Praise from all Nature.

- 1 **B**EGIN the high, celestial strain,
 My raptured soul, and sing
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty King.
- 2 Ye purling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Repeat to all your verdant shores
 The subject of the song.
- 3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Take up the burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as ye arise,
 To deck with gold the opening morn,
 Or shade the evening skies.
- 5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
 And echo through the sky;
 Let angels, with immortal skill,
 Improve the harmony;—
- 6 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
 The blest Creator sing,
 And chant our consecrated lays
 To heaven's eternal King.

213.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise for Mercies.

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul;
 His grace to thee proclaim;
 And all that is within me, join
 To bless his holy name.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days,
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

214.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 **A**RISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 Arise, and bless the Lord ;
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Arise, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth, forevermore.

215.

H. M.

STEELE.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To bless Jehovah's name,
 And every power unite
 To swell th' exalted theme ;
 Let nature raise | A general song
 From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.
- 2 But, O, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow,
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow ;
 Your voices raise, | Above the rest
 Ye highly blest ; | Declare his praise.
- 3 Assist me, gracious God ;
 My heart, my voice inspire
 Then shall I humbly join
 The universal choir ;
 Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
 My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

216.

L. M.

STEELE.

Mercies acknowledged.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul — awake, my tongue ;
 My God demands the grateful song ;
 Let all my inmost powers record
 The wondrous mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
 Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
 And bids approaching death remove,
 And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
 Forever shines, while time decays ;
 And children's children shall record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend, and join the blissful song.

217.

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame ?
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

218.

C. P. M.

H. MORE.

The Love of God.

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright, on high, its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast ;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

219.

C. M.

WATTS.

A faithful God.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing—
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men ;"
His hand inscribed the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Recorded by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines ;
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His word of grace is sure and strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 O, might I hear his heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
The gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

220.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

221.

L. M.

WATTS

Praise for divine Protection.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

GENERAL PRAISE.

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

222.

L. M.

WATTS

All Praise due to God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

223.

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

224.

C. M. *

LUTH. COL.

Goodness of God seen in his Works.

- 1 **H**AIL, great Creator, wise and good ;
To thee our songs we raise ;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the solemn shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see,
O, may our hearts, great God, be led,
Through all thy works, to thee.

225.

C. M.

WRANGHAM

Constant Praise.

- 1 **T**O thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise ;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.
- 3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.
- 4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.
- 5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.
- 6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
And thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

226.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise at all Times.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise-refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise.
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then, to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

227.

L. M.

WATTS

God worthy of all Praise.

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

228.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Hosanna of Children.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

229.

7s.

SALISBURY COL

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored ;
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.
- 2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.
- 4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

230.

H. M.

GEMS.

Invocation to Praise.

- 1 **A**NGELS, assist to sing
The honors of your God ;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad :
Come, pour the trembling notes along,
And swell the grand, immortal song,
- 2 And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise ;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Redeemer's praise :
Let your hosannas joyful rise,
And shake the earth, and pierce the skies.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Let day and dusky night,
 In solemn order, join,
 His praises to recite,
 And speak his power divine:
 Let every hill and every vale
 Re-echo with the sacred tale.
- 4 Ye winds and raging seas,
 With wild, tempestuous roar,
 Resound, in mightier lays,
 His name from shore to shore:
 Ye thunders, spread his name abroad;
 Ye lightnings, flash before your God.
- 5 Let every creature sing
 The honors of our God;
 Touch every tuneful string,
 And spread his praise abroad:
 Come, pour the trembling notes along,
 And swell the universal song.

231.

S. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

Solemn Praise.

- 1 **F**ATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are and move,
 All glory, power, and praise, receive,
 For thy creating love.
- 2 O thou incarnate Word,
 Let all thy ransomed race
 Unite in thanks, with one accord,
 For thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
 Let all thy saints adore
 Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
 Thy heart-renewing power.
- 4 The grace on man bestowed,
 Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
 And cry, "Salvation to our God!
 Salvation to the Lamb!"

232.

C. M.

WATTS

Solemn Praise.

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace;
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne;
 All glory to Jehovah be,
 The undivided One.
- 3 'T was he — and we'll adore his name —
 That formed us by a word;
 'T is he restores our ruined frame;
 Salvation to the Lord.
- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound;
 Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
 In one eternal round.

233.

C. M.

WATTS

Access to God by a Mediator.

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord;
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
 Are opened by the Son;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high,
 And glory to th' eternal King,
 Who lays his anger by.

GENERAL PRAISE.

234.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Mediation.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace ;
I bless my Saviour's name ;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has raised us high ;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.
- 3 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.
- 4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise ;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

235.

L. M.

WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul — awake, my tongue :
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
Mercy, and truth, and justice shine
In Christ the Lord — O love divine !
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But grace, how charming is the theme !
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 O, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face,
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

236.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and — O, amazing love! —
 He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, 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.

237.

C. M.

STEELE.

Condescension of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour! O, what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads delight around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
 In rich profusion flow,
 For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 The mighty Former of the skies
 Descends to our abode,
 While angels view with wondering eyes,
 And hail th' incarnate God.
- 4 How rich the depths of love divine !
 Of bliss a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

238.

C. M.

STEELE.

Love of Christ celebrated.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song !
 O, may his love — immortal flame —
 Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach !
 What mortal tongue display !
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."
- 4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

239.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Wonders of Redemption.

- 1 **H**OW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
 Which in redemption shine !
 The heavenly host with joy confess
 The work is all divine.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,—
 Those crowns which Jesus gave,—
 And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
 The sufferings which he bore,—
 How low he stooped, how high he rose,
 And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 O, let them still their voices raise,
 And still their songs renew;
 Salvation well deserves the praise
 Of men and angels too.

240.

C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 **O** SING to Him who loved and bled,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 'T was Jesus suffered in your stead;
 Own him your God and King.
- 2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
 From every guilty stain;
 He made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall with him reign.
- 3 Sing of his everlasting love,
 From whence salvation flows;
 Sing to him here, then sing above,
 Of all that he bestows.
- 4 To him that loved us when depraved,
 When guilty, blind, and poor;
 To him that loved, and died, and saved,
 Be glory evermore.

241.

6s & 4s.

KINGSBURY.

Christ's final Triumph.

- 1 **L** ET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing;
 Angels, begin the song;
 Mortals, the strain prolong,
 In accents sweet and strong,
 "Jesus is King."

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Proclaim abroad his name ;
 Tell of his matchless fame ;
 What wonders done ;
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,
 " Vict'ry is won."
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell ;
 Mourners, rejoice ;
 His dying love adore ;
 Praise him, now raised in power ;
 Praise him forevermore,
 With joyful voice.
- 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, he shall come,
 While they who pierced him wail ;
 His promise shall not fail ;
 Saints, see your King prevail :
 Great Saviour, come.

242.

H. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Christ's Humiliation and Triumph.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
 And feel his quickening power,
 Unite, with one accord,
 His goodness to adore :
 To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
 Your great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left his throne above,
 His glory laid aside,
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died :
 The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; he rose
 Victorious from the dead ;
 And thence his vanquished foes
 In glorious triumph led :
 Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
 Triumphant to the throne of God.

GENERAL PRAISE.

4 Soon he again will come —
 His chariot will not stay —
 To take his children home
 To realms of endless day ;
 There shall we see him face to face,
 And sing the triumphs of his grace.

243.

L. M.

WATTS.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King ;
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands ;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 But truth and mercy thy delight.
- 3 Let endless honors crown thy head ;
 Let every age thy praises spread ;
 Let all the nations know thy word,
 And every tongue confess thee Lord.

244.

8s & 7s.

PRATT'S COL

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

- 1 **C**ROWN his head with endless blessings,
 Who, in God the Father's name,
 With compassion never ceasing,
 Comes, salvation to proclaim.
- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee, —
 Thee, our Saviour, — thee, our God ;
 From thy throne let beams of glory
 Shine through all the world abroad.
- 3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
 Thee our God in praise we own ;
 Highest honors, never failing,
 Rise eternal round thy throne.
- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
 In your grateful strains adore ;
 For his mercy, never ceasing,
 Flows, and flows forevermore.

GENERAL PRAISE.

245.

S. M.

HAMMOND.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes, above,
For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Chirst, th' eternal King.

246.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 **Y**E angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.
- 2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And ye surround his throne.
- 3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high;
To him you owe your power and might;
At his command you fly.
- 4 Ye winged seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.
- 5 The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew;
While we in sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

247.

6s & 4s.

PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye saints of God ;
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame :
 Tell what his love has done ;
 Trust in his name alone ;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 " Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme ;
 Praise ye our gracious King ;
 Strike each melodious string ;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name !
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 " Worthy the Lamb."

248.

6s, 8s, & 4s.

URWICK'S COL.

Praise to Christ.

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM the lofty praise
 Of Him who once was slain,
 But now is risen, through endless days
 To live and reign :
 He lives and reigns on high,
 Who bought us with his blood,
 Enthroned above the farthest sky,
 Our Saviour God.
- 2 The Son of God adore ;
 Ye ransomed, spread his fame ;
 With joy and gladness, evermore
 Laud his great name ;
 Let every tongue confess
 That Jesus Christ is Lord,
 And every creature join to bless
 Th' incarnate Word.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 All honor, power, and praise,
 To Jesus' name belong;
 With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
 The sacred song:
 "Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
 "That on the cross was slain;
 But now, ascended up on high,
 He lives to reign."
- 4 He lives to bless and save
 The souls redeemed by grace
 And rescue from the dreary grave
 His chosen race;
 And soon we hope, above,
 A louder strain to sing,
 With all our powers to praise and love
 Our Saviour King.

249.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God the Saviour.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
 Thy goodness I adore;
 And since I knew thy graces first,
 I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King!
 My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.

250.

8s & 7s, [peculiar.]

KELLY.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshiped.

- 1 **H**ARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

251.

8s & 7s.

KELLY.

Universal Adoration.

- 1 **H**ARK! the notes of angels, singing,
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,
 Sacred themes to you belong:
 Come, assist the choir of heaven;
 Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above;
 Sweet the theme — a free salvation;
 Fruit of everlasting love.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name,
 Glory, honor, power and blessing,
 Be forever to the Lamb.

252.

6s & 4s.

SAC. LYRICS.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply;
 Praise ye his name;
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And sing forevermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
 Join cheerfully in one,
 Praising his name:
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name;
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 4 Soon must we change our place;
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him our songs we'll bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And through all ages sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

253.

L. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

- 1 **W**HAT are those soul-reviving strains,
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
- 2 Lo! 't is an infant chorus sings
 Hosanna to the King of kings:
 The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
 Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 For we will join this song of praise;
 Still Israel's children forward press
 To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
 He bled for us, he bled for you,
 And we will sing hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
 See David's Son and Lord appear!
 All praise on earth to him be given,
 And glory shout through highest heaven.

254.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints — the sight is glorious;
 See the Man of sorrows now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the heavenly concave rings:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

255.

7s, 6 L.

KELLY.

Glory to the King.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreath his head :
 Jesus is the name we sing —
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Now behold him high enthroned,
 Glory beaming from his face,
 By adoring angels owned,
 God of holiness and grace:
 O for hearts and tongues to sing,
 Glory, glory to our King!
- 3 Jesus, on thy people shine ;
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss, and swell their songs :
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Lord, be thine forevermore.

256.

C. M.

WALLIS.

The Victories of Christ.

- 1 **H**AIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
 Is thy victorious sword!
 The stoutest rebel must resign
 At thy commanding word.
- 2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give '
 They pierce the hardest heart ;
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
 Ride with majestic sway ;
 Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And, when thy victories are complete,--
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet
 To sing thy conquering grace,—

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng;
And I with them his praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

257.

C. M.

DUNCAN

The spiritual Coronation.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem.
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

258.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY

Glory to the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory,
While the soul with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded;
 'T is too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour;
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we, "Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb!"
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to his name.

259.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise,—
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'T is music in the sinner's ears;
 'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

260.

L. M.

WATTS

Blessing and Honor to the Lamb.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O God, and to 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 life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.
- 4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

261.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON

Praise to God the Saviour.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought,—
For the wonders of creation,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought,—
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,—
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die;—

- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Came to ransom guilty captives;—
 Flow, my praise, forever flow:
 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return and reign forever;
 Be the kingdom all thy own.

262.

8s & 7s. LOCK HOSP. COL.

Jesus exalted to the Throne.

- 1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
- 2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
- 4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

263.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Christ supremely exalted.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
 Thy wondrous love reveal;
 Let angels spread thy name abroad,
 And men thy glories tell.
- 2 Let all, with sweet and cheerful voice
 Harmonious anthems raise;
 Be thou the spring of all their joys,
 The life of all their praise.
- 3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,
 And o'er this earthly ball;
 Let creatures into nothing sink,
 And Christ be all in all.

264.

C. M.

WATTS.

A new Song to the Lamb.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

265.

10s & 11s. WINCHELL'S SEL.

God's Servants should praise Him.

- 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; he rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

266.

C. M.

WATTS

The Lamb of God worshiped.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels' round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thy endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

267.

L. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

The Song of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HE countless multitude on high,
 Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
 All merit of their own deny,
 And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace,
 They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
 The only song in that blest place
 Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—
- 4 “Salvation’s glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed;
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone.”
-

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

268.

8s, 6, & 4. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince; subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

269.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit invoked.

- 1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest heart with love;
 O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy sovereign power be known
- 2 O, let a holy flock await,
 In crowds, around thy temple gate,
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to thee.

270.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

The indwelling Spirit.

- 1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
 From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place:
 O, make my sinful heart thy home,
 And consecrate it by thy grace.
- 2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
 And drive thy foes forever thence;
 There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
 And light, and life, and joy, dispense.
- 3 My wants supply; my fears suppress;
 Direct my way, and hold me up;
 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
 To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

271.

S. M.

HART.

Sanctifying influence.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The mercies of our God.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

272.

C. M.

WATTS

Breathing after the Holy Spirit

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate,—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers.
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

273.

C. M.

BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Spirit's Power.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

274.

L. M.

BURDER'S COL

Quickening Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

275.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

- 4 O, fill thou every heart
 With love to all our race;
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 These blessings of thy grace.

276.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit desired.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of our feeble race,
 Behold, thy servants wait;
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven,
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

277.

H. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

- 1 **O** THOU that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word;
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,—
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their varied wants supply,—
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
 We, children of thy grace:
 O, let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place:
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O, may that sacred fire,
 Descending from above,
 Our languid hearts inspire
 With fervent zeal and love:
 Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
 And teach our groveling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word,
 Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.

278.

7s.

REED.

Sanctifying influences.

1 **H**OLY Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine;
 Chase the shades of night away;
 Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
 Long has sin, without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart;
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol throne;
 Reign supreme, and reign alone.

279.

L. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 **A**S in soft silence, vernal showers
 Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
 So in the secrecy of love,
 Falls the sweet influence from above.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 May we this heavenly influence find,
 In holy silence of the mind,
 And every grace maintain its bloom,
 Diffusing wide the rich perfume:
- 3 Nor let these blessings be confined
 To us, but poured on all mankind,
 Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
 And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

280.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Sanctifying influence.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine,
 And on this poor, benighted soul,
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
 This stubborn will subdue;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.
- 3 Mine will the profit be,
 But thine shall be the praise;
 And unto thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

281.

S. M.

ANON.

Seal of Truth.

- 1 **T**HOU, Holy Spirit, art
 Of truth the promised seal,
 Convincing power thou dost impart,
 And Jesus' grace reveal.
- 2 O, breathe thy quickening breath,
 And light and life afford;
 Instruct us how to live by faith,
 And glorify the Lord.

282.

7s.

BATHURST

The teaching of the Spirit.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, from on high,
 Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
 Now refresh the drooping heart;
 Bid the power of sin depart.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

283.

3s & 7s.

JAY.

Solemn Invocation.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Loving Spirit, source of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, Oh, hear our supplication!
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O, thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation!
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation!
Make our hearts thy habitation!

284.

C. M.

HAWEIS.

Source of Life and Light.

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise;
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting, then, we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

285.

8s & 7s.

NOEL'S COL

Source of Blessings.

- 1 **H**OLY Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.
- 2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.
- 3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.
- 4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise

286.

7s & 6s, [peculiar.]

TOPLADY.

The Witness.

1. SAVIOUR, I thy word believe ;
 My unbelief remove ;
 Now thy quickening Spirit give.
 The unction from above ;
 Show me, Lord, how good thou art ;
 Now thy gracious word fulfill ;
 Send the Witness to my heart ;
 The Holy Ghost reveal.
- 2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
 And live and move in me ;
 Make my every deed thine own,
 In all things led by thee ;
 Bid my sin and fear depart,
 And within, O, deign to dwell ;
 Faithful Witness, in my heart
 Thy perfect light reveal.
- 3 Whom the world cannot receive,
 O Lord, reveal in me ;
 Son of God, I cease to live,
 Unless I live to thee :
 Make me choose the better part ;
 O, do thou my pardon seal ;
 Send the Witness to my heart ;
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

287.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for Edification.

- 1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
 On all assembled here ;
 Let us receive th' ingrafted word
 With meekness and with fear.
- 2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
 New life, though dead before ;
 And he who in thy name believes
 Shall live, to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
 In those who love thy name ;
 For sin and Satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.
- 5 To thee we look; to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

288.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Sovereignty of the Spirit's influences.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fears remove,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy:
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

289.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Holy Spirit grieved.

- 1 **T**HE God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.
- 2 If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove:
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

- 3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.
- 4 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

290.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite:
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,—
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:—
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

291.

L. M.

T. SCOTT.

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

- 1 **O** LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?
- 2 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess our longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.
- 3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

292.

C. M.

WATTS

The Earnest of Heaven.

- 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 thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
 - 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness, with my heart,
That I am born of God.
 - 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.
-

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

293.

C. M.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

294.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
 Lord, give me life divine ;
 From vain desires, and every lust,
 Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road ?
- 4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face ?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace !
- 5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

295.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for Direction.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'T is a delightful road,—
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

296.

C. M.

EPIS. COL.

Prayer for Supplies of Grace.

- 1 **T**HOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be:
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 To thee our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

- 4 For more we ask ; we open, Lord,
 Our hearts t' embrace thy will :
 Renew us by thy quickening word,
 And from thy fullness fill.

297.

C. M.

WATTS.

Seeking 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 woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise ;
 What sorrows I sustain ;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God ;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And heal my broken bones ;
 He takes the meaning of his saints,
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear ;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

298.

L. M.

STEELE.

Breathing after God.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God ? does he retire
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
 Are these weak breathings of desire
 Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 He hears the breathings of desire ;
 The weak petition, if sincere,
 Is not forbidden to aspire,
 And hope to reach his gracious ear.

- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
 See where the great Redeemer stands,
 The glorious Advocate on high,
 With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan;
 He recommends each broken prayer;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.

299.

S. M.

WATTS

Dependence upon Christ.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ, with his reviving light,
 O'er our dark souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of Heaven;
 But, in his righteousness arrayed,
 We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways;
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cruel chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
 To bring us near to God,
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

300.

L. M.

WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night
 We lie, till Christ restores the light—
 Till he descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

301.

L. M.

MERRICK.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 **O** TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapped in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.
- 3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

302.

L. M.

WATTS.

Waiting at the Mercy-Seat.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Dispensing pardons freely there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;
 When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 His love is great, and large his grace,
 Through the redemption of his Son ;
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

303.

L. M. 6 L.

COLLYER.

Pleading in the Name of Christ.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,
 O, hear an humble suppliant's cry ;
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty :
 O, deign to listen to my voice,
 And bid my drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,
 No worth, to claim thy gracious smile ;
 And when I bow before the throne,
 Dare to converse with God awhile,
 Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea —
 Dearest and sweetest name to me.
- 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
 Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty ;
 One pardoning word can make me whole,
 And soothe the anguish of my soul.

304.

L. M.

COLLYER

Genuine Contrition.

- 1 **S**OFT be the gently-breathing notes
 That sing the Saviour's dying love ;
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
 And soft as tuneful lyres above ;
 Soft as the morning dews descend,
 While warbling birds exulting soar,
 So soft to our almighty Friend
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

- 2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
 That scatters life and joy abroad;
 Pure as the lucid orb of day,
 That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
 Pure as the breath of vernal skies, ●
 So pure let our contrition be;
 And purely let our sorrows rise
 To Him who bled upon the tree.

305.

8s & 7s.

GRANT.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate and friends disown me;
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me;
 'T will but drive me to thy breast:
 Life with trials hard may press me;
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
 O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

306.

L. M.

WATTS

Security in the Cross.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,—
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,—
 Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.
- 2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Unmoved and firm this heart should lie;
 Resolved,—for that's my last defense,—
 If I must perish, there to die.
- 3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
 Thy justice will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

- 4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim;
 Hosanna to my Saviour God,
 And my best honors to his name.

307.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound—
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies, each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

308.

C. M.

COTTERILL'S COL.

Trusting in the Mercy of God.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps, O Lord, we call,
 While guilty fears oppress;
 Do thou, with ear attentive, hear
 The voice of our distress.
- 2 If thou our sins severely mark,
 And strict account demand,
 O, who, of all the sons of men,
 Before thy face shall stand?
- 3 But, Lord, 't is thine to spare and save—
 With mercy souls to win;
 For mercy binds the grateful heart,
 And makes it fear to sin

- 4 We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
Is full redemption found;
Thy mercy pardons every sin,
And closes every wound.

309.

C. M.

STEELE.

Dependence upon the Spirit.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.
- 5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

310.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Pleading the Promise.

- 1 **L**ORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him thou hast djed.
- 5 O, wondrous love! — to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

311.

C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Dependence upon Mercy.

- 1 GREAT God, wert thou severe to mark
 The deeds we do amiss,
 Before thy presence who could stand?
 Who claim thy promised bliss?
 But, O, thou merciful and just,
 Thy love surpasseth thought;
 A gracious Saviour has appeared,
 And peace and pardon brought.
- 2 Thy servants in the temple watched
 The dawning of the day,
 Impatient with its earliest beams
 Their holy vows to pay;
 And chosen saints far off beheld
 That great and glorious morn,
 When the glad dayspring from on high
 Auspiciously should dawn.
- 3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
 Its brightest beams hath poured;
 With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
 Lord, be thy love adored;
 And let us look with joyful hope
 To that more glorious day,
 Before whose brightness sin, and death,
 And grief shall flee away.

312.

L. M.

T. SCOTT.

Relying upon Grace.

- 1 **W**HY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
 Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?
 No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies:
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
- 3 Blest Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
 Here to receive a cure or die;
 But grace forbids that painful fear—
 Almighty grace, which triumphs here.
- 4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
 Bind up and heal the wounded heart,
 With blooming health my face adorn,
 And change the gloomy night to morn.

313.

S. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,
 A broken heart I bring;
 And wilt thou graciously accept
 Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
 My faith directs its eyes;
 Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up his life,
 The law was satisfied;
 And now, to its severer claims,
 I answer, "Jesus died."

314.

7s.

ANON

Sufficiency of Grace in Christ.

- 1 **W**EEPING saint, no longer mourn;
 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
 Jesus, best of friends, for thee,
 Numbered with transgressors, see!

- 2 He the wine-press trod alone ;
 Hear the Man of sorrows groan ;
 Mocked, and bruised, and crowned with thorns,
 He his Father's absence mourns.
- 3 All thy sins, when Jesus bled,
 Met on his devoted head ;
 All thy hope on Jesus place ;
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.
- 4 At his feet thy burden lay ;
 Christ shall smile thy fears away ;
 He thy guilt and sorrow bore ;
 Weeping saint, lament no more.

315.

C. M.

BODEN'S COL.

Forgiveness of Enemies.

- 1 "FATHER, forgive," the Saviour cried,
 With his expiring breath,
 And drew eternal blessings down
 On those who wrought his death.
- 2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
 And whilst we sing, admire ;
 Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
 The same celestial fire.
- 3 By thine example ever swayed,
 We for our foes will pray ;
 With love their hatred, and their curse
 With blessings, will repay.

316.

8s & 6s.

C. S. WILKS.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

- 1 PLACE me where winds and tempests reign,
 Where frowning winter binds the plain
 In chains of ice and snow ;
 Where never summer's tepid breeze
 Invigorates the dying trees,
 Or bids the waters flow.
- 2 Or place me where the arid soil
 Mocks human skill and human toil ;
 Where ceaseless thunders roll ;
 Where not a leaf of verdure grows,
 Nor dews descend, nor fountain flows,
 To cheer the fainting soul.

- 3 My Saviour's love, my Saviour's smile,
 The tedious moments shall beguile,
 And give the desert charms;
 What though the clime be winged with death?
 'T were heaven to yield this fleeting breath,
 And fly to Jesus' arms.

317.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

- 1 **W**HAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
 The labor of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply;—
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see;
 Though famine reign in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be;—
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love;
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy—
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

318.

C. M.

REL. SOUVENIR

Trust in God.

- 1 **O** FATHER, good or evil send,
 As seemeth best to thee,
 And teach my stubborn soul to bend
 In love to thy decree.
- 2 Whatever come, if thou wilt bless
 The brightness and the gloom,
 And temper joy, and soothe distress,
 I fear no earthly doom.
- 3 Life cannot give a cureless sting;
 Death can but crown my bliss,
 And waft me far, on angel's wing,
 To perfect happiness.

319.

C. M.

A. V. E. L. I. N. G.

Fear not.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
 And trials whelm the mind,—
 When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
 No joys on earth can find,—
 Then lift thy voice to God on high,
 Dry up the trembling tear,
 And hush the low, complaining sigh:
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.
- 2 When dark temptations spread their snares,
 And earth with charms allures,
 And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
 The world's assault endures,
 Then let thy Father's friendly voice
 Thy fainting spirit cheer,
 And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.
- 3 And when the final hour shall come,
 That calls thee to thy rest,
 To dwell within thy heavenly home,
 A welcome, joyful guest,
 Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,
 No ills shall meet thee there;
 Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
 "Fear not;" thy God is near.

320.

C. M.

P. R. A. T. T.'S C. O. L.

Casting all Care on God.

- 1 **S**TILL on the Lord thy burden roll.
 Nor let a care remain;
 His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
 And all thy griefs sustain.
- 2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
 To those who trust his love:
 The men who on his grace rely
 Nor earth nor hell shall move.

321.

L. M.

STEELE

Desiring Assurance of the divine Favor.

- 1 **I**N vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile:
Deluding world! its brightest day—
Dream of a moment—flits away.
- 2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these large desires
With power, and light, and love divine;
O, speak, and tell me thou art mine.
- 3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heavenly hope, serenely bright,
Illumine and cheer my darkest night.
- 4 So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Then dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thoughts unknown.

322.

C. M.

STEELE

Renunciation of the World for Christ.

- 1 **Y**E earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove;
For Christ alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.
- 2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.
- 3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?
- 4 Great God, forbid: O, bind this heart,
This roving heart of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

323.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 **B**E thou, O Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above;
Unveil thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.
- 2 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compared with thee, my Lord!
Its vain and fleeting joys how few!
How little they afford!
- 3 The goods of earth are empty things,
And pleasures soon decay;
Its honors are but noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.
- 4 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone;
Ye false delights, adieu;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

324.

C. M.

ANON.

Trust amid the Severities of God.

- 1 **T**HOU Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfill,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will.
- 2 Then all I want,—O do thou grant
This one request of mine,—
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

325.

C. M.

J. RYLAND.

Delight in God.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee ;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee ;
 I triumph and adore ;
 My great concern shall ever be
 To love and please thee more.

326.

L. M.

WATTS.

Parting with carnal Joys.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulf of dark despair ;
 And while I listened to your song,
 Your streams had nigh conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
 O, for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

327.

S. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Filial Confidence.

- 1 **L** ORD, I would come to thee,
 A sinner all defiled ;
 O, take the stain of guilt away,
 And own me as thy child.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

- 2 I cannot live in sin,
 And feel a Saviour's love;
 Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
 And write my name above.
- 3 Among thy little flock
 I need the Shepherd's care;
 Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
 And pastures green prepare.
- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
 Still keep me in thy fear;
 Now fill my heart with grace divine;
 Bring thy salvation near.

328.

C. M.

STEELE.

Seeking All in God:

- 1 SOURCE of eternal joys divine,
 To thee my soul aspires;
 O, could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 'T is all my soul desires.
- 2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love;
 O, speak the kind, transporting word,
 And bid my fears remove.
- 3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
 To spread thy praise abroad.

329.

H. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Repairing to Christ, the Fountain of Life:

- 1 HAIL, everlasting Spring!
 Celestial Fountain, hail!
 Thy streams salvation bring;
 The waters never fail;
- | | | |
|----------------------|--|-------------------|
| Still they endure, | | For all our woe |
| And still they flow, | | A sovereign cure. |

- 2 Blest be his wounded side,
 And blest his bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died,
 Such favors to impart;
 His sacred blood | From every sin,
 Shall make us clean | And fit for God.
- 3 To that dear source of love,
 Our souls this day would come;
 And thither, from above,
 Lord, call the nations home;
 That Jew and Greek, | On all their tongues,
 With rapturous songs | Thy praise may speak.

330.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Nearness to the Lord.

- 1 **W**HEN sorrows round us roll,
 And comforts we have none,
 Dear Saviour, say that thou art ours,
 And all our griefs are gone.
- 2 Is there no friend to cheer
 In times of deep distress,—
 A smile from thee will help to bear,
 Or make the burden less.
- 3 Though in the gloomy vale
 Of death, we fear no harm,
 Supported by thy powerful grace,
 Reclining on thine arm.
- 4 This is our utmost wish,
 O Lord, that thou wouldst be,
 Forever, ever near to us,
 And keep us near to thee.

331.

C. M.

DRUMMOND

God our only Hope.

- 1 **B**EREFT of all, when hopeless care
 Would sink us to the tomb,
 O, what can save us from despair?
 What dissipate the gloom?

- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
 Can soothe the mourner's smart ;
 No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
 Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But one alone, who reigns above,
 Our woe to joy can turn,
 And light the lamp of joy and love
 That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul, to Jesus flee ;
 To him thy woes reveal ;
 His eye alone thy wounds can see,
 His hand alone can heal.

332.

L. M. 6 L.

BOWRING.

Trust in God.

- 1 **O** LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will :
 Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
 I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
 Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar —
 Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And, should I faint a moment, then
 I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on :
 What though some cherished joys are fled ;
 What though some flattering dreams are gone ;
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
 Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

333.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
 I hold my frail abode,
 Still would my spirit rest on thee,
 My Saviour and my God.

- 2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

334.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Entire Surrender.

- 1 **O** LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.
- 2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.
- 3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.
- 4 My soul to Jesus joined,
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.
- 5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

335.

L. M.

WATTS.

Deriving Strength from Christ.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day," —
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me;
 When I am weak, then am I strong;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

336.

S. M.

WATTS.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face;
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And, when we feel thy love,
 Diviner joys arise;
 On wings of faith we soar above,
 To mansions in the skies.

337.

C. M

STEELE.

Parting with All for Christ.

- 1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A heavenly prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown, —
 O name divinely sweet! —
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 True wealth and honor meet.
- 3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possessed,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever blest.

- 4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And let me call thee mine.

338.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Security and Comfort in God.

- 1 **T**HIS world would be a wilderness,
 If banished, Lord, from thee;
 And heaven, without thy smiling face,
 Would be no heaven to me.
- 2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
 The object of my love,
 My kind Protector here below,
 And my reward above.
- 3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
 Thou art my sure relief;
 To thee I make my sorrows known,
 And tell thee all my grief.
- 4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
 Reclining on thy breast,
 I find in thee a hiding-place,
 And there securely rest.

339.

6s & 10s. MARTINEAU'S COL.

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 **T**HOU, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality, —
 Thy blessed labors done, —
 Thy crown of victory won, —
 Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on high
- 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife ;
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

340.

S. M.

ANON

Longing for a View of Christ.

1 I LANGUISH for a sight
 Of Him who reigns on high, —
 Jesus, my soul's supreme delight ;
 For him alone I sigh.

2 O that I knew the place
 Where I might find my God,
 And make the arms of his embrace
 My soul's secure abode !

3 Near to his mercy-seat,
 Where grace triumphant reigns,
 I'd come and worship at his feet,
 And tell him all my pains.

4 The arguments I'd use
 My troubles shall suggest ;
 Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
 The cause of the distressed.

5 O Saviour, bring me near ;
 New life, new strength impart ;
 Cast out at once my slavish fear,
 And dwell within my heart.

341.

C. M.

WATTS.

Parting with earthly Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell ;
 On things of sense why fix my sight ?
 Why on its pleasures dwell ?

- 2 There 's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire ;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.
- 4 O, for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road :
There shall I share my Saviour's love ;
There shall I dwell with God.

342.

L. M.

STEELE.

Trusting Christ, the only Refuge.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives ;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

343.

8s, 6, & 4.

HEMANS.

Imploring Succor.

- 1 **F**ATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son, —

- 2 O, by the anguish of that night,
 Send us down blest relief;
 Or, to the chastened, let thy might
 Hallow this grief.
- 3 And thou, that when the starry sky
 Saw the dread strife begun,
 Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
 "Thy will be done,"—
- 4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned the chief,
 Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall.
 Hallow this grief.

344.

C. M.

WATTS.

Secret Communion with God.

- 1 'T WAS in the watches of the night
 I thought upon thy power;
 I kept thy lovely face in sight,
 Amid the darkest hour.
- 2 While I lay resting on my bed,
 My soul arose on high;
 My God, my life, my hope, I said,
 Bring thy salvation nigh.
- 3 I strive to mount thy holy hill;
 I walk the heavenly road;
 Thy glories all my spirit fill,
 While I commune with God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
 The shadow of thy wing;
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,
 And I thy praises sing.

345.

7s.

GRANT.

Prayer in the Name of Jesus.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,—
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes.—
 O, by all thy pain and woe
 Suffered once for man below.
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

- 2 By thine hour of dark despair ;
 By thine agony of prayer ;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Listen to our humble cry.
- 3 By the deep, expiring groan ;
 By the sad, sepulchral stone ;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God, —
 O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

346.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind ;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 But God can every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace ;
 He gives by promise, and by oath,
 The riches of his grace.
- 3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains,
 In that rich fountain which his Son
 Poured from his dying veins.
- 4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law,
 And every motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.
- 5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise ;
 We, the dear people of his love,
 And he, our God of grace.

347.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

348.

L. M.

GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

349.

C. M.

ANON

Behold the Lamb of God.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.
- 2 Behold him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.
- 3 Behold him till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.
- 4 Behold him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

350.

C. M.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

The guiding Star.

- 1 **B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led.
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

351.

C. M.

WATTS.

Beatific Vision of Christ.

- 1 FROM thee, O God, our joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where our blessed Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Blest Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 5 Haste, our beloved, bear our souls
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for our spirits long to see
Our Saviour and our God.

352.

S. M.

NEWTON.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace!
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day;
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promised land of peace
Faith keeps in constant view,
How different from the wilderness
We now are passing through!

- 4 Here often from our eyes
 Clouds hide the light divine ;
 There we shall have unclouded skies,
 Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
 And fears, distress us sore ;
 But there eternal pleasure reigns,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints ;
 We follow at thy call ;
 The joy prepared for suffering saints,
 Will make amends for all.

353.

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Pilgrimage.

- 1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
 Through this lonely vale of tears ;
 Through the changes still decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us ;
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near.
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
 And when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us on thy bosom rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.

354.

7s, 6 L.

MONTGOMERY

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel temptation's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from his griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

355.

S. M.

MASON.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

- 1 **B**LEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

356.

C. M.

ANON.

Longing for Heaven, our Home.

- 1 **O** LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moments come,
That I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know;
No peaceful, sheltering dome;—
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.

- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And fly for succor to his breast,
 And he 'd conduct me home.
- 4 I would, at once, have quit this field,
 Where foes with fury roam;
 But, ah! my passport was not sealed,
 I could not yet go home.
- 5 When, by afflictions sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb,
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wandering up and down
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

357.

L. M.

COWPER.

Temptation compared to a Storm.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell; the winds are high;
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
 Out of the depths to thee I call;
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threatening ill;
 Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."
- 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy rain
 Force back my shattered bark again.

358.

C. M.

WATTS.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!
- 2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.
- 3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

359.

C. M.

H. H. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

- 1 **T**HERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."
- 4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

360.

7s & 6s, [peculiar.]

CENNICK.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from all terrestrial things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove:
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

361.

C. M.

WATTS.

Following departed Worthies.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And bathed their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shows the same path to heav'n.

362.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Following Christ.

1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground;
 We seek that promised soil:
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.

2 We tread the path our Master trod;
 We bear the cross he bore;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet
 His temples pierced before.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstasies of love;
 And while our bodies wander here,
 Our souls are fixed above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run;
 But while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

363.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Following departed Worthies.

1 **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By ancient worthies trod;
 Aspiring, view those holy men
 Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live;
 Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
 Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
 They conquered every foe;
 To his almighty power and grace
 Their crowns of life they owe.

- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heaven.

364.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

Encouragement to Faithfulness.

- 1 **O**UR Captain leads us on;
 He beckons from the skies;
 He reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
 Partake my victory,
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shall reign with me."
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
 To every soldier saith;
 Eternal life is the reward
 Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might
 The victor's meed receive
 They claim a kingdom in his right,
 Which God will freely give.

365.

C. M.

STEELE

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 **T**O heaven my restless heart aspires;
 O for some quickening ray,
 To animate my faint desires,
 And cheer the tiresome way!
- 2 While sin and Satan join their art
 To keep me from the Lord,
 O Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
 And guide me by thy word.
- 3 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
 Or spreads the fatal snare,
 I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
 For safety must be there.
- 4 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
 On thee my soul would rest;
 On thee alone my hopes depend;
 In thee I'm ever blest.

366.

6s, 8s, & 4s.

OLIVER.

The holy Triumph of Assurance.

- 1 **Y**ES, God himself hath sworn,—
 I on his oath depend,—
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 Forevermore.
- 2 Though nature's strength decay,
 And death and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command:
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 3 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest,
 The land of sacred liberty
 And endless rest:
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life forever grow,
 With mercy crowned.
- 4 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin;
 The Prince of Peace,
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains,
 And, glorious with his saints in light,
 Forever reigns.
- 5 He keeps his own secure;
 He guards them by his side;
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless bride;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

- 6 Before the Holy One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders he hath done
 Through all their land;
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name.

367.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Promises our Security.

- 1 **A**H, why should doubts and fears arise?
 And sorrows fill my weeping eyes?
 Slowly, alas! the mind receives
 The comforts that the gospel gives.
- 2 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith!
 T' embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven my own.
- 3 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break,
 My steadfast soul would fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

368.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Self-Denial for Christ.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
 My dearest Lord, for thee?
 It is but right, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of honor, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 The loss of all things I could bear,
 And glory in my gain.

369.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Desiring Evidence of Adoption.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a child would raise its cry,
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my believing heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 By such a heavenly signal cheered,
Unwavering I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

370.

S. M.

WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

371.

L. M.

WATTS.

Security in God.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

372.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Praise and Hope.

- 1 **O** LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand.
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand, —
- 2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.
- 3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise:
But life 's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee

373.

C. M.

NOEL'S COL.

The Progress of the spiritual Temple.

- 1 **T**HE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 2 Jesus, the Herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.
- 3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

374.

L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

"It is I; be not afraid."

- 1 **W**HEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
- 2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.
- 4 And when the last, dread hour shall come,
While trembling Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead—
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

375.

7s.

ANON

Holy Contentment.

- 1 **L**ORD, my times are in thy hand:
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 2 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 3 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.
- 4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

376.

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

377.

L. M.

STEELE.

Sufficiency of Grace.

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart arise;
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours, are past.
- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

378.

7s.

NEWTON

Self-Distrust.

- 1 **'T**IS a point I long to know, —
Oft it causes anxious thought, —
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
 Thou who art thy people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

379.

C. M.

HUDSON.

Supporting Grace.

- 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 heaven.
- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
 He heaves the pensive sigh,
 Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
 Supporting grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
 He feels the chastening 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 will ascend
 To everlasting day.

380.

C. M.

T. GREEN.

Holy Resignation.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord, enthroned in light,
 Whose claims are all divine,
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.

- 2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- 3 It is the Lord, my faithful God, —
 Thrice blessed be his name, —
 Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- 4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be faithless, or repine?
 No, gracious God; take what thou please
 To thee I all resign.

381.

C. M.

WATTS.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face.
 O, let me never stray
 From thy commands, O God of grace,
 Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
 To keep my conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
 Who fear and love the Lord;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
 When men transgress thy word.
- 4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
 The threatenings of thy word;
 My flesh with holy trembling fears
 The judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
 For thy salvation still;
 Thy holy law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

382.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

An Afterthought of the Afflicted.

- 1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet
And yet 't was good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.
- 2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!
- 3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.
- 4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

383.

C. H. M.

CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress.
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.
- 3 O, blessed be the hand that gave, —
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save, —
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

384.

C. M.

STEELE.

Thirsting after God.

- 1 **W**HEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.
- 2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.
- 3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire ;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.
- 4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

385.

C. M.

WATTS.

Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints ;
When will my troubles end ?
- 2 Yet I have found 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
- 4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

386.

C. M.

WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires ;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

387.

C. M.

STEELE.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

- 1 **I**N vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest ;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.
- 2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.
- 3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want ;
Here would my spirit rest :
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

388.

C. M.

WATTS.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;—
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In each distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

389.

C. M.

ANON

The Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 **O** GOD, to thee my sinking soul
 In deep distress doth fly ;
 Thy love can all my griefs control,
 And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
 Around their victim stood,
 The seeming ill, at thy command,
 Hath changed to real good !
- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky
 Hath set my bosom free
 From earthly care and sensual joy,
 And turned my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
 To feel for others' woe,
 And humbly seek, with deep concern,
 My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ; ye billows, roar ;
 My heart defies your shock :
 Ye make me cling to God the more —
 To God, my sheltering Rock.

390.

8s.

SEARLE.

The Promises of God sure.

- 1 **H**OW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll
A refuge when tempests arise.
- 4 O Saviour, the promise fulfill;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

391.

C. M.

EDMESTON

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

- 1 **O** THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.
- 2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.
- 3 Then, though thou bow my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

392.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Submission in Trials.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

393.

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 **M**Y God, I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfill ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

394.

8s.

BATH COL.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

- 1 **O** THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'T is the hand of a Father that smites !

- 3 A tender physician thou art,
 Who woundest in order to heal,
 And comfort divine dost impart
 To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 O, let this correction be blest,
 And answer thy gracious design ;
 Then grant that my soul may find rest
 In comforts so healing as thine.

395.

S. M.

SAC. SONGS

Affliction blessed.

- 1 **H**OW tender is thy hand,
 O thou most gracious Lord !
 Afflictions come at thy command,
 And leave us at thy word.
- 2 How gentle was the rod
 That chastened us for sin !
 How soon we found a smiling God
 Where deep distress had been !
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
 A Father's heart we knew ;
 'Midst tears of penitence we knelt,
 And found his word was true.
- 4 Now we will bless the Lord,
 And in his strength confide ;
 Forever be his name adored,
 For there is none beside.

396.

S. M.

WATTS

Security and Comfort in God.

- 1 **W**HEN, overwhelmed with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tower of my defense.
 The refuge where I hide.

- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

397.

C. M.

B. W. NOV 18

Hope in Trouble.

- 1 **W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past
And mourns the present pain,
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-born Faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that troubled conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.
- 5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

398.

L. M.

V. RTS.

Trusting in God for Protection.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

399.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Divine Guidance.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace—
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With such a sinful race.
- 2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight ;
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Will soon convey me home.
- 4 With joy my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the messenger of death,
That bids it rise to God.

400.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Divine Favor.

- 1 **H**OW happy they who know the Lord, —
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He cheers and guides them by his word ;
His arm supports them well.
- 2 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light ;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

401.

8s, 7s, & 4.

OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

402.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man whose cautious feet
 Avoid the way that sinners go,
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do !
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light
 Among the statutes of the Lord,
 And spends the wakeful hours of night
 With pleasure pondering o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;
 And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
 On every work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed ;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies

403.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL

They shall walk and not faint.

- 1 **S**UPREME in wisdom, as in power,
 The Rock of Ages stands,
 Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
 The workings of his hands.

- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 Supports the sinking heart,
 And courage, in the evil hour,
 His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
 And youthful vigor cease;
 But they who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
 The path of life divine,
 With growing ardor onward move,
 With growing brightness shine.
- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
 Their wings are faith and love;
 Till, past the cloudy regions here,
 They rise to heaven above.

404.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pleading with God.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.
- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promised quickening grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.
- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O, bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 That dare reproach my hope.
- 4 Is not my faith thy gift, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

405.

S. M.

EPIS. COL.

Ark of Safety.

- 1 **O** CEASE, my wandering soul,
 On restless wings to roam;
 All this wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God;
 Behold the open door;
 O, haste to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There safe thou shalt abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

406.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON

Mercies gratefully acknowledged.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptured saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
 Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
 Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here 's my heart; O, take and seal it;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

407.

C. M.

BEDDOME

Fear not.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.
- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's relentless sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

408.

11s & 10s.

MRS. SAWYER.

Prayer of a desponding Heart.

- 1 **L**ORD, grant me stronger faith! My soul is turning
With weary pinion from the world away,
And in its depths there broods a deathless yearning
For clearer glimpses of the Lord of Day!
'T is dark around! Faith's starry beacons flee me,
Or, veiled in storms, no longer guidance give—
'T is dark within!—O God, I cannot see thee!
Show me thy face once more that I may live.
- 2 Give me more light! 't is fearful thus to wander
Amid the graves of lost and buried hopes;
Fearful thus lone and in the dark to ponder
Where all-dismayed my spirit blindly gropes.
O, for that ray, so steady and unclouded,
Which once upon my clearer vision smiled!
Where is it now? In darkness I am shrouded—
O Father, pity me, thine erring child?

- 3 Have pity, Father! lest the ray of reason
 Which thou hast kindled in my bosom fail,
 And my unconscious lips should murmur treason,
 Or boldly dare thy judgments to assail!
 Have pity! aid me! See me lowly kneeling,
 And hear the pleadings of my stricken heart;
 Through all its chambers pour thy precious healing —
 Give me but light, and let the gloom depart!
- 4 Thou hearest, Father! Lo! like doves descending,
 Peace softly enters in my bleeding breast;
 Faith by my side, above her anchor bending,
 Smiles on my soul and sweetly murmurs "Rest!"
 Darkness my spirit is no longer shrouding;
 Once more the radiance of thy face I see!
 O, for a tongue to breathe the rapture crowding,
 The thanks uprising, Father, now to thee!

409.

C. M.

STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

410.

C. M.

WATTS.

Divine Help.

- 1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

411.

C. M.

STEELE.

Comfort in God.

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 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

412.

C. M.

WATTS.

Protection and Safety.

1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be, —
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

413.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Safety in God.

- 1 **T**HEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Wide his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's caré;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

414.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

A propitious Gale longed for.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!"
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale."

415.

L. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Aspirations.

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high:
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!
- 3 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

416.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

A lively Hope.

- 1 'T IS sweet to rest in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 Then shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus, and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was laid ;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound,
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day, —
The Lord that died for me, —
And all my rising bones shall say,
“ Lord, who is like to thee ? ”
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is, below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know !
- 7 O, may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

417.

C. M.

BOWRING.

Holy Aspirations.

- 1 THE Saviour now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light :
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.
- 2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

- 3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy Spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

418.

L. M.

WATTS.

Holy Aspirations.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

419.

11s & 10s.

RAY.

The Prayer of Faith.

- 1 **O**H! for the wings of the bright early morning,
Swifter than light would they bear me away
Where those blest martyrs are both worlds adorning,
Fairer than beauty, and brighter than day.
- 2 Oh! for the death of the righteous and holy,
Oh! for the victory o'er hell and the grave;
Come, blessed moments, why travel so slowly?
God, is thine arm not almighty to save?
- 3 Save me from scenes of unparalleled sorrow,
Darker than night-clouds that shut out my soul
From the blest day-spring of hope on the morrow,—
Thunders of Sinai, how awful ye roll!
- 4 But from the regions of glory supernal,
Breaks a sweet voice, full of comfort and love,
God in his mercy, unchanged and eternal,
Wounds but to heal thee with raptures above.

420.

L. M.

WATTS

The heavenly Race.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint;—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

421.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

422.

S. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

423.

8s.

ANON.

Holy Longings.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

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

424.

C. M.

COTTON

Safety in God.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, O, why depressed ?
 And whence thine anxious fears ?
 Let former favors fix thy trust,
 And check thy rising tears.
- 2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
 Where wave succeeds to wave ;
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.
- 3 On him I trust and build my hope,
 Nor murmur at his rod :
 In vain the waves of trouble roll,
 While he is still my God.

425.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Prayer.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the breath of God in man,
 Returning whence it came ;
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
 And soothes the troubled breast ;
 Yields comfort to the mourners here,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray
 He hath an ear to hear ;
 To him there's music in a groan,
 And beauty in a tear.
- 4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
 To have his wants supplied,
 Since He for sinners intercedes
 Who once for sinners died.

426.

11s & 10s.

SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-Seat.

- 1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing ;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

427.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

Prayer.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

428.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

Prayer.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays."

- 2 The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.
- 3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.
- 4 O Thou, by whom we come to God,—
 The life, the truth, the way,—
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

429.

7s & 6s.

EDIN. LIT. REV.

Pray without ceasing.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy closet kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And blend with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing,
 Thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Where dwells eternal love.

- 4 O, not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare —
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer:
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, in thy gladness
 His love who gave thee all.

430.

L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'T is found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads —
 A place of all on earth most sweet;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

431.

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all his promises to plead
 Where none but God can hear.

- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

432.

C. M.

ANON.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
 In earnest pleading flows;
 Devotion dwells upon the theme,
 And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
 Hope points the upward gaze;
 And Love, celestial Love, inspires
 The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
 Unheard by human ear,
 When God has made the heart rejoice,
 And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
 All utterance faileth there;
 But sainted spirits comprehend,
 And God accepts the prayer.

433.

S. M.

SAC. LYRICS.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
 Which breaks upon the ear,
 When, at the hour of rising day,
 Christians unite in prayer!

- 2 The breezes waft their cries
 Up to Jehovah's throne;
 He listens to their humble sighs,
 And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
 Before the morning light, —
 Once on the chilling mount did stay,
 And wrestle all the night,
- 4 Glory to God on high,
 Who sends his blessings down
 To rescue souls condemned to die,
 And make his people one.

434.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Secret Devotion.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
 Sees through the darkest night;
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 May that observing eye survey
 My faithful homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.
- 3 O, let thy own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame,
 While fervent vows to thee aspire,
 Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bless;
 So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

435.

C. H. M.

ANON.

Come, let us pray.

- 1 COME, let us pray: 't is sweet to feel
 That God himself is near;
 That, while we at his footstool kneel,
 His mercy deigns to hear;
 Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
 This is our solace — let us pray.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

- 2 Come, let us pray; the burning brow,
 The heart oppressed with care,
 And all the woes that throng us now,
 Will be relieved by prayer:
 Jesus will smile our griefs away;
 O, glorious thought!—come, let us pray.
- 3 Come, let us pray; the sin-sick soul
 Her weight of guilt must feel;
 But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,
 Whilst here we humbly kneel;
 Jesus will wash that guilt away,
 And pardon grant; then let us pray
- 4 Come, let us pray; the mercy-seat
 Invites the fervent prayer,
 And Jesus ready stands to greet
 The contrite spirit there:
 O, loiter not, nor longer stay
 From him who loves us; let us pray.

436.

C. M.

CAPPE'S COL.

Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of life and light,
 Supremely good and wise,
 To thee we bring our grateful vows,
 To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
 With truth's celestial rays;
 Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
 And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Conduct us safely, by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road,
 And place us, when that journey's o'er,
 At thy right hand, O God.

437.

8s & 6, [peculiar.]

ANON.

"Thy Will be done."

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 And breathe the prayer divinly taught,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved no longer nigh;
 Submissive still would I reply,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
 I only yield thee what is thine;
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 In life or death teach me to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

438.

C. M. PERCY CHAPEL. COL

"Thy Will be done."

- 1 **F**ATHER, I know thy ways are just,
 Although to me unknown;
 O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
 And cry, "Thy will be done."
- 2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
 Should wealth and friends be gone,
 Still, with a firm and lively faith,
 I'll cry, "Thy will be done."
- 3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
 Thy sovereign right I'll own;
 And, as instructed by thy grace,
 I'll cry, "Thy will be done."
- 4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
 Before thy gracious throne,
 Concerning every thing to cry,
 "My Father's will be done."

439.

C. M.

MILMAN.

Help, Lord.

- 1 **O** HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

440.

C. M.

MOORE.

Light in Darkness.

- 1 **O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

441.

C. M.

JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **O**UR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
 In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 And till we rise from these low scenes
 To dwell with thee on high,
 Lord, let thy bounty day by day
 Our daily food supply.
- 3 As we forgive our enemies,
 Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
 Into temptation lead us not,
 But us from evil save.
- 4 For kingdom, power, and glory, all
 Belong, O Lord, to thee;
 Thine, from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.

442.

8s & 7s.

TOPLADY.

Prayer for Light.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and, by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for thy appearing;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
 To our ruined, guilty race;
 Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour,
 Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 5 By thine all-atoning merit
 Every burdened soul release;
 By the teachings of thy Spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

443.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Desires for Holiness.

- 1 **O** COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

444.

S. M.

WATTS.

Reliance on God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy — to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this, —
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

445.

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY

Desiring Sanctification.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all thy grace inherit;
 Let us find thy promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Take our load of guilt away;
 End the work of thy beginning;
 Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation;
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee;
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

446.

C. M.

WATTS.

Communion with God.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray;
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.
- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace
 Thy promise bears me up;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.
- 3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

447.

S. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Christ our All.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace;
Arise with healing in thy wings;
Bid sin and doubting cease.
- 2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.
- 3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.
- 4 O, come, and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace;
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling place.

448.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pious Resolutions.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

449.

C. M.

STEELE.

Filial Submission.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

450.

6s & 4s, [peculiar.]

HEMANS

Prayer for Help in Necessity.

- 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine, —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou!
- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God.

- 4 While trembling o'er the grave,
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine:
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
 Keep us, in life and death,
 Thine, only thine.

451

C. M.

WATTS

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his love is mine,
 And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 And run with joy the shining way,
 To meet my gracious Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I break through every foe:
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

452.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine,
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee!
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

453.

S. M.

WATTS.

Ingratitude deplored.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?
 Are these the thanks we owe?—
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!
 What strange, rebellious wretches we!
 And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh;
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

454.

L. M.

KELLY.

Backsliding and Returning.

- 1 **O** WHERE is now that glowing love
 That marked our union with the Lord?
 Our hearts were fixed on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make our Saviour's glory known?
 That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on him alone?

- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with him we loved?
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
 O, cast us not away, though vile:
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

455

S. M.

WATTS.

Backsliding and Repentance.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead his promised grace,
 And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
 Bring thy salvation near;
 When will thy hand release my feet
 From every deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 O, keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame;
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 "He sought the Lord in vain."

456.

H. M. · WINCHELL'S SEL.

Seeking Restoration.

- 1 **W**HERE is my Saviour now,
 Whose smiles I once possessed?
 Till he return, I bow,
 By heavy grief oppressed;
 My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.

- 2 Where can the mourner go,
 And tell his tale of grief?
 Ah, who can soothe his woe,
 And give him sweet relief?
 Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
 Or give the troubled sinner rest.
- 3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
 My gracious Lord, return,
 And ease my wounded heart,
 And bid me cease to mourn:
 Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
 And peace and heaven be found in thee.

457.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God speaking Peace to his People.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts! unite
 In silence soft and sweet;
 And thou, my soul, sit gently down
 At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
 Yet gladly I attend;
 For, lo! the everlasting God
 Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey;
 The tempest at his word subsides,
 And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
 To grieve his love no more;
 But, charmed by melody divine,
 To give its follies o'er.

458.

C. M.

ADDISON.

The Christian Safe.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defense!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we 'll adore;
 We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

459.

C. M.

ADDRESS

Gratitude.

- 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 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
 A grateful song I 'll raise:
 But, O, eternity 's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

460.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Road to Life and to Death.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new —
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

461.

8s & 6s.

WESLEY.

Love of Christ.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:
O, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord be mine,
Be mine this better part.

- 4 O, that I could forever sit
 With Mary, at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

462.

L. M.

WATTS.

Following the Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

463.

L. M.

WATTS

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait

- 4 There shall I wear a stary crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

464.

S. M.

HEATH.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

- 1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard;
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

465.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross —
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

466.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The watchful Servant.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch!—'t is your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near;
 Mark every signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

467.

6s, 8s, & 4s.

URWICK'S COL.

The Warning.

- 1 **T**HE awful message came;
 The Lord of spirits said,
 "I know thou hast a living name,
 But thou art dead:
 Thy dying gifts revive,
 And strengthen what remain;
 Repent, remember, watch, and strive
 To live again.

- 2 "But if thou wilt not hear
 This warning of my grace,
 Nor bow, with penitential fear,
 Before my face,
 Lo! as a thief I come, —
 The hour thou canst not tell, —
 To drive thee from thy peaceful home
 In flames to dwell.
- 3 "The undefiled shall see
 My promise fixed and sure;
 And he who conquers walk with me
 In garments pure:
 Recorded by my love,
 His name I will declare
 Before my Father's throne above,
 And angels there."

468.

C. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Watch and pray.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
 Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
 And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
 To those who seek his power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
 Maintain a warrior's strife;
 Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
 Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
 For soon the hour will come
 That calls us from the earth away,
 To our eternal home.
- 4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
 And hear thy sacred voice,
 And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
 To heaven's eternal joys.

469.

S. M.

C. WESLEY

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his almighty Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

470.

C. M.

STEELE.

Succor implored in spiritual Conflicts.

- 1 **A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain.
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain—
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

- 5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.
- 6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

471.

L. M.

WATTS

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

- 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 honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

472.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Self-Admonition.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
See how thy foes encamp around,
And treason lurks within.
- 2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These hostile powers assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail!

- 3 Then to the work of God awake ;
Behold thy Master near ;
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on ;
Th' account will surely come ;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes,
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

473.

C. M.

KIRKHAM.

Bearing Shame for Christ.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain ;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign ;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

474.

S. M.

WATTS.

Trusting in God.

- 1 **I**LIFT my soul to God ;
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

- 2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

475.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.
- 2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But, O, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.
- 5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

476.

S. M.

STEELE.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 **M**Y Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

- 2 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live;
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,
 When all is thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart—
 The gift, alas! how poor!
- 4 Shall I withhold thy due?
 And shall my passions rove?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew
 And fill it with thy love.
- 5 O, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

477.

C. M.

STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet
 Blest Saviour, I adore;
 O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

478.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Sitting at Jesus' Feet.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend:
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station —
 Low before his cross I'll lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye;
 Here I'll sit — forever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood:
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

479.

8s & 7s.

J. TAYLOR.

The Fount of Blessing.

- 1 **F**AR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
- 2 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 3 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

480.

C. M. SAB. RECREATIONS.

Resignation.

- 1 **I**N trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refuse;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

481.

L. M.

STEELE

Trust in God.

- 1 **T**HE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 3 Oh, let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'T is paradise, if thou art mine!

482.

7s.

COWPER.

"Lovest thou me?"

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'T is the Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

- 2 " I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound :
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bear ?
Yes ; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done :
Partner of my throne shall be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore—
O, for grace, to love thee more !

483.

L. M.

WATTS.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord ;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low ;
Why should my soul indulge in grief ?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy ;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill

484.

7s, 6s, & 3.

ANON

The Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep;
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give, what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

485.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.

- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
 O, make my soul thy care;
 I know thy mercy cannot fail;
 Let me that mercy share.

486.

C. M.

WATTS.

Support in God.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home, —
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or Earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust, —
 “Return, ye sons of men;”
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

487.

3s & 7s.

ANON.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 **H**OUR of prayer! full well I know it,
 Sweetest hour on earth to me;
 Never would my soul forego it
 While there need of prayer shall be.

- 2 Hour! in which the dews of heaven
Gently o'er my spirit fall:
Hour! when all my sins forgiven,
Lose their wormwood and their gall.
- 3 Like a streamlet from the fountain,
Like the gale when flowers are near,
Like a breeze upon the mountain,
Is to me the "hour of prayer."

488.

L. M.

WATTS.

Religion vain without Love.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell, —
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still! I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor, —
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

489.

G. M.

SWAIN

Brotherly Love.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word! —
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart! —

- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love!
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above;
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

490.

C. M.

WATTS

Christian Harmony.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
 Those friendly brethren prove,
 Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
 Of harmony and love!—
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole!
- 3 'T is pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shows,
 And makes his grace distil.

491.

H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christian Unity.

- 1 **H**OW beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree
 In friendship to unite,
 And bonds of charity!
- 'T is like the precious ointment, shed
 O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'T is like the dews that fill
 The cups of Hermon's fountains,
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of show'ers:
 When mingling odors breathe abroad,
 And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
 Blessings, a boundless store,
 From his unsparing hands,
 Yea, life forevermore :
 Thrice happy they who meet above
 To spend eternity in love.

492.

S. M.

WATTS.

Union and Peace.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs
 Such streams of pleasure flow,
 As no increase of riches brings,
 Nor honors can bestow.
- 4 Thus, when on Aaron's head
 They poured the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread,
 And fragrance filled the room.
- 5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

493.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Joined to God's People.

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
 Turns a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest.

- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my soul no more;
 Every idol I resign.

494.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

All one in Christ.

- 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 crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And every heart is love.

495.

C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
 How excellent thy praise!
 No richer gift than Christian love
 Thy gracious power displays.
- 2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
 That silently distils,
 At evening's soft and balmy hour,
 On Zion's fruitful hills, —
- 3 So, with mild influence from above,
 Shall promised grace descend,
 Till universal peace and love
 O'er all the earth extend.

496.

C. M.

WATTS.

Sustaining Grace in old Age implored.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my Strength, depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim.
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love.

497.

C. M.

WATTS

Trusting God in old Age.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

498.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Active Effort to do Good.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed ;
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
 Broadcast it o'er the land ;—
- 2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And Heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

499.

C. M.

WATTS.

Kindness to the Poor.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward.
 Or gives with liberal hands!
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need,
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.
- 3 In times of danger and distress,
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.
- 4 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

500.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Care of Widows and Orphans.

- 1 **T**HOU God of hope, to thee we bow ;
 Thou art our refuge in distress ;
 The husband of the widow thou,
 The father of the fatherless.
- 2 The poor are thy peculiar care ;
 To them thy promises are sure :
 Thy gifts the poor in spirit share ;
 O, may we always thus be poor.
- 3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
 To bear each other's burdens here,
 Endure and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 4 Thou God of hope, to thee we bow ;
 Thou art our refuge in distress ;
 The husband of the widow thou,
 The father of the fatherless.

501.

C. M.

BODEN.

Kindness to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Source of everlasting love,
 To thee our souls we raise,
 And to thy sovereign bounty rear
 A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
 With every cheering ray,
 And kindly checks the rising tear,
 Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
 For all the grace we see ?
 The goodness feeble man can yield
 Extendeth not to thee.
- 4 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
 We'll cheerfully repair,
 And with the gifts thy hand bestows,
 Relieve the sufferers there.
5. The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;
 The orphan shall be glad ;
 And hungering souls we'll gladly point
 To Christ, the living bread.

- 6 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
 Shall we as freely give;
 Thus copy him who lived to save,
 And died that we might live.

502.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never raised in vain;—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
 A brother's woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
 To every child of grief:
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.
- 5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—
 Free mercy from above;
 That mercy moves him to fulfill
 The perfect law of love.

503.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christian Kindness.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
 All-powerful, from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
 In deep distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
 When throned above the skies;
 And, in the Father's bosom blest,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground;
 For us he shed his precious blood—
 A balm for every wound.

504.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Kindness to Christ's Brethren.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties how complete!
 How shall we count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
 And visited, and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
 O, rather let us beg our bread,
 Than hold it back from thee.

505.

8s & 7s, [peculiar.]

ANON.

Leaving a Portion for the Poor.

- 1 **W**HEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
 Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
 To the poor belongs the treasure
 Of the scattered ears behind:
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

2 When thine olive-plants, increasing,
 Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
 Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
 But not search the boughs again :
 This thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

3 When thy favored vintage, flowing,
 Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
 But the vines the poor shall glean :
 So thy God ordains to bless
 The widow and the fatherless.

506.

C. M.

WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan :
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
 And chased my grief away :
 O, let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;
 He bade my pains remove ;
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

507.

L. M.

WATTS.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
 To see the wicked, placed on high,
 In pride and robes of honor shine !

2 But, O, their end, their dreadful end !
 Thy faithful word hath taught me so ;
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
 Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

508.

C. M.

WATTS.

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,—
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'T is there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

509.

S. M.

WATTS.

God's Favor preferred to the Prosperity of Sinners.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy holy rod.

- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

510.

3s & 4s.

ANON

Vanity of the World.

- 1 **A**LAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.
- 2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.
- 3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.
- 4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

511.

C. M.

STEELE.

The supreme Good.

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
 And wanders unconfined
 Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
 Which entertain the mind:—
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
 In search of sacred rest:
 The whole creation is too poor,
 Too mean to make us blessed.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
 Each flattering, specious wile;
 There's nought can yield a real joy,
 But our Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind;
 In God alone this restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.

512.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days;
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
 On thy dear, faithful breast,
 And waited for my Father's call
 To his eternal rest.
- 4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
 Did I my soul resign,
 In firm dependence on that truth
 Which made salvation mine.
- 5 Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command, I come;
 Nor will I ask a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.

- 6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee.

513.

C. M.

WATTS

The hidden Life of a Christian.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie groveling here !
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While peace and joy combine
 To form a life whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
 To raise his figure here ;
 Content and pleased to live unknown
 Till Christ, his Life, appear.
- 6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
 To meet that glorious day,
 But patient waits his Saviour's will
 To fetch his soul away.

514.

7s.

RIPPON'S COL.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **'T** IS religion that can give,
 Sweetest pleasures while we live :
 'T is religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity !
 Be the living God my Friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

515.

C. M.

WATTS.

The change effected by Grace.

- 1 **W**HEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

516.

6s & 4s.

R. PALMER

Christ our Confidence.

- 1 **M**Y faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream,
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove ;
 O, bear me safe above, —
 A ransomed soul.

517.

C. M.

HORÆ SOL.

Changed by Grace.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the true eternal Light,
 Brightness without a shade
 Hath o'er the wide chaotic night
 His lucid grace displayed.
- 2 Once in this night, by storms oppressed,
 My weary spirit tried
 To find on rolling billows rest,
 And firmness on the tide.
- 3 I joys pursued, where sorrows flow,
 I courted ease from pains ;
 I dreamed that heaven from earth might grow,
 And freedom sport in chains.
- 4 Cheated, — yet fond to dream, — my mind
 Urged on the mad career ;
 Blind as the moles — to wisdom blind ;
 As adders deaf to hear.
- 5 Then the great Sun, through all this cloud,
 With gracious splendor shone ;
 My heart with silent gladness bowed,
 And felt its horrors gone.

518.

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the star of Bethlehem!
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark:
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem!
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore, —
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

519.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 “**C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils.
And raise you to my heavenly home.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 "They shall find rest who learn of me :
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight :
My yoke is easy to the neck ;
My grace shall make the burden light.'
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

520.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

All Things are ready.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word !
Haste to the supper of the Lord !
Be wise to know your gracious day !
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And welcome his returning son :
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
E'en now the stony heart to move :
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

521.

L. M.

BOWRING.

The Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place !

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ;"
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust ;
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay ;
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

522.

S. M.

WATTS

God's Purpose of Mercy.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
 His Godhead from his throne ;
 Mercy and justice are the names
 By which he will be known.
- 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
 In darkness and distress,
 Look from the borders of the pit
 To his recovering grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
 Their thankful tongues shall own
 Their righteousness and strength are found
 In thee, O Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
 And see their guilt forgiven ;
 Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heaven.

523.

H. M.

RIPPON'S SEL.

Yet there is Room.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready, sinner, come,
 For every trembling soul there 's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name:
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Constrained by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will, now come,
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

524.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 't is mercy's voice;
 That gracious voice obey;
 'T is Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
 And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

525.

H. M.

TOPLADY.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

526.

7s.

BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.
- 2 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

527.

L. M.

STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

528.

C. M.

STEELE.

Yet there is Room.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls—he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 And enter while there's room.

529.

L. M. 6 L.

EPIS. COL

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow:
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
 Unburden here thy weighty load;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 And trust the mercy of thy God:
 Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
 Forever love and praise the Lord.

530.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,—
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

531.

8s, 7s, & 4.

HART.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come in mercy's gracious hour;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able—
 He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'T is the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
 "It is finished;"
 Heaven's atoning sacrifice.
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him—venture wholly;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

532.

7s.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

- 1 **Y**E who in his courts are found
 Listening to the joyful sound,
 Lost and helpless as ye are,
 Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
 Glorify the King of kings;
 Take the peace the gospel brings.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

533

S. M.

DOLDRIDGE.

Sinners called by Jehovah.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah calls;
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.
- 2 If he in thunder speak,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But milder accents here proclaim
The condescending God.
- 3 O, harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorers seek thy face.

534.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Fountain of living Waters.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose.
And drink with thankful hearts

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

535.

L. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Wanderer invited.

- 1 **W**ANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face :
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Wanderer from God, return, return ;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn ;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.
- 3 Wanderer from God, return, return :
Renounce thy fears ; thy Saviour lives ;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

536.

S. M.

EPIS. COL.

The Spirit inviting.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit of our God
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come :"
Lord, even so ; we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come.

537.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Returning to Christ.

- 1 **Y**E sons of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time — be bold — be wise,
And cast your bonds away
- 2 The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.
- 3 Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O, bid us turn and live.
- 4 Our former years misspent
Now let us deeply mourn,
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

538.

7s.

CONVERT'S COMP

Offered Peace.

- 1 **W**EEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.
- 2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

539.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 **Y**E trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.
- 2 'T is not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar:
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far, to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

540.

C. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

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

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

3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

541.

7s, 6L.

ANON.

Look to Christ.

1 **W**EARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree;
Pouring out his life for thee;
There the dreadful curse he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

542.

7s & 6s.

LYRICA

Conviction.

1 **D**YING souls, fast bound in sin,
 Trembling and repining,
 With no ray of light divine
 On your pathway shining,
 Why in darkness wander on,
 Filled with consternation?
 Jesus lives: in him alone
 Can you find salvation.

2 Worthless all your righteousness;
 You the law have broken:
 Flee you then to sovereign grace
 Mercy thus hath spoken:
 Why in deeds that you have done
 Seek for consolation?
 Jesus lives: in him alone
 Can you find salvation.

3 Linger not in all the plain,
 Vengeance is pursuing;
 'Mid the dying and the slain,
 Save your souls from ruin:
 Flee to him who can atone;
 Flee from condemnation!
 Jesus lives: in him alone
 Can you find salvation.

543.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

All Things ready.

1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board:
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
 In sin's dark mazes, come;
 Come from your most obscure retreats,
 And grace shall find you room.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready ; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame :
 Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
 And bless the Master's name.

544.

8s & 6s.

ANON.

Ye must be born again.

- 1 **A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go :
 One solemn truth increased my pain,
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 How did the law its thunders roll,
 While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast oppressive load !
 All human aid I saw was vain ;
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 To bring salvation near :
 Yet would the dreadful truth remain,
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink in black despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
 My bondage to remove :
 The sinner once by justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

545.

S. M.

DOBELL.

Now the accepted Time.

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time ;
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late ;
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time ;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love ;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

546.

S. M.

SELECT HYMNS

Now the Day of Grace.

- 1 **N**OW is the day of grace ;
Now to the Saviour come ;
The Lord is calling, " Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."
- 2 A Father bids you speed ;
O, wherefore then delay ?
He calls in love ; he sees your need ;
He bids you come to-day.
- 3 To-day the prize is won ;
The promise is to save ;
Then, O, be wise ; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

547.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

One Thing needful.

- 1 **W**HY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares ;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
 And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue;
 Not so will heaven and hell appear,
 When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which thy compassion spares.

548.

8s, 7s, & 4.

REED.

The Sinner invited and warned.

- 1 **H**EAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
 Now with sweetest voice she calls:
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of Justice falls:
 Trust in Jesus;
 'T is the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over;
 Soon your life will pass away:
 Haste to Jesus;
 You must perish if you stay.

549.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Come to-day.

- 1 **Y**E sinners, fear the Lord,
 While yet 't is called to-day;
 Soon will the awful voice of death
 Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close,
 The summer soon be o'er;
 O sinners, then your injured God
 Will heed your cries no more.
- 3 Then, while 't is called to-day,
 O, hear the gospel's sound;
 Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
 While pardon may be found.

550.

7s.

T. SCOTT

Danger of Delay.

- 1 **H**ASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

551.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

- 1 **T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new 'ustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

552.

L. M.

WATTS.

Expostulation.

- 1 **O** SINNER, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die? —
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of light unfold
The glories of his dying pains, —
Forever telling, yet untold.

553.

7s.

URWICK'S COL.

Expostulation.

- 1 **S**INNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
- 2 Doth a skillful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?
- 3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?
- 4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

554.

S. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Danger of Delay.

- 1 **A**LL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.
- 2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word — "Depart!"

555.

7s.

EPIS. COL.

The Sinner entreated to awake.

- 1 **S**INNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.
- 4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

556.

C. M.

HARBOTTLE.

The fruitless Fig-Tree.

- 1 **S**EE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.
- 2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.
- 3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."
- 4 Sinner, beware!—the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

557.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

- 1 **W**HEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear

558.

6s & 4s.

SAC. SONGS.

The Saviour calls.

- 1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

559.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

God reasoning with Men.

- 1 “**C**OME, sinners,” saith the mighty God,
 “Heinous as all your crimes have been,
 Lo! I descend from mine abode,
 To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 “No clouds of darkness veil my face,
 No vengeful lightnings flash around:
 I come with terms of life and peace;
 Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound.”
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
 And to thy gracious sceptre bow:
 O, make our crimson sins like wool,
 Our scarlet crimes as white as snow
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
 Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
 While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,
 We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

560.

7s.

J. WESLEY.

Sinners entreated.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 Christ, your Saviour, asks you why:
 Will ye not in him believe?
 He has died that ye might live.
- 3 Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, unpardoned sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 Lo! the Spirit asks you why;
 Often with you he has strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
- 5 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

561.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ALLEN.

Glad Tidings.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.
- 5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

562.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Exhortation to Repentance.

- 1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

563.

7s.

ANON.

The burdened Sinner pointed to his Remedy.

- 1 **P**ILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock, for Mercy lends an ear;
Weep, she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch, till heavenly light appear;
Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee
In this world can now remain!
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly,
Shame shall never enter there,
Tears be wiped from every eye,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

564.

11s.

SACRED SONGS.

Delay not.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near.
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

INVITATIONS AND WARNINGS.

- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be clean in his pardoning blood.
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

565.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.
- 3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

566.

C. M.

WATTS.

Conviction by the Law.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

567.

L. M.

WATTS.

Pardon penitently implored.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

568.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Burden of Guilt.

- 1 **L** ORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
 To thee I look, to thee I cry;
 Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
 O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.
- 2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
 No human power can ease the load;
 My numerous sins against me rise,
 And far remove me from my God.
- 3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
 And set the struggling captive free;
 Redeem from everlasting pains,
 And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

569.

L. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

Sin a Burden.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down —
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art;
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 I would, but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the happy hour.
 And fill my soul with heavenly peace.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let my Jesus long delay;
 Appear, in my poor heart appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

570.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Backslider's Supplication.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banished from thy sight;
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford,
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

571.

S. M.

COWPER.

Trembling Solitude.

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled;
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar:
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;
 But hark! a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

572.

C. M.

WATTS.

Self-righteous Hopes renounced.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

573.

L. M.

WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

- 1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
How keen the pangs of inward smart!
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
 When days grow dark and storms appear!
 And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from every snare.

574.

S. M.

WATTS

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

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

575.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

- 1 **T**HERE is a voice of sovereign love.
 Sounds from the sacred word—
 “Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.”
- 2 My soul obeys th’ almighty call
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 O, help my unbelief.
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From stains of deepest dye.
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour and my all.

576.

C. M.

WATTS.

Deliverance from deep Distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a gloomy pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

577.

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Pleading for recovering Grace.

- 1 **W**RETCHED, helpless, and distressed,
Ah, whither shall I fly?
Ever panting after rest,
Where shall I turn mine eye?
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Bound in sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in thee.
- 2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Oh! hear my sad complaint;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial for the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
Let me now thy presence find;
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 3 Fill my soul with heavenly grace,
 With pure humility;
 Clothe me with thy righteousness;
 Endue my heart with thee:
 Let thine image be restored,
 Let me thy forgiveness prove;
 Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
 For boundless is thy love.

578.

7s.

J. TAYLOR

Confession of Sin.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad repentant songs;
 O, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain,
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

579.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul;
 He shed those tears for thee.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there 's no weeping there.

580.

C. M.

STEELE.

Sense of Ingratitude.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
 Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !
 By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
 From Jesus to depart ;—
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest ;—
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores ;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye.
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face ;
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
 Is thy forgiving grace.

581.

S. M.

WATTS.

Renouncing Sin.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds ?
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God ;
 Nor let it e'er be said
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

582.

C. M.

ADDISON.

Solemn Apprehension.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face, —
 O. how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward terror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought, —
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul, —
 O, how shall I appear!
- 4 But there 's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
 Thy nature is benign;
 Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
 For mercy, Lord, is thine.

583.

S. M.

WATTS

Holy Fear of God.

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God!
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
 With strict, inquiring eyes,
 Could we for one of thousand faults
 A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God,
 Who can with thee contend?
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife
 Shall prosper in the end?

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake ;
 The trembling earth deserts her place :
 Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God ?
 None, none can meet him, and escape
 But through the Saviour's blood.

584.

S. M.

RIPPON & CO.

Prayer for Deliverance.

- 1 **L**IKE Israel, Lord, am I ;
 My soul is at a stand ;
 A sea before, a host behind,
 And rocks on either hand.
- 2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
 And would thy word obey ;
 Bid me advance ; and, through the sea,
 Create a new-made way.
- 3 The time of greatest straits
 Thy chosen time has been
 To manifest thy power is great,
 And make thy glory seen.
- 4 O, send deliverance down ;
 Display the arm divine ;
 So shall the praise be all thy own,
 And I be doubly thine.

585.

C. M.

HEGIBOTHAM

Repentance in View of the Cross.

- 1 **A**ND can mine eyes, without a tear,
 A weeping Saviour see ?
 Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
 Who groaned and died for me ?
- 2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
 Subdue each stubborn foe ;
 Come, fill my heart with love divine,
 And bid my sorrows flow.

586.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

587.

C. M.

WATTS

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'T is all that I can do.

588.

7s, 6 L.

C. WESLEY.

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

- 1 **H**EART of stone, relent, relent;
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body, mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Murdered God's beloved Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
 Driven the nails that fixed him there,
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Plunged into his side the spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man he dies.
- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all his wounds again?
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No; with all my sins I'll part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

589.

7s.

LUTH. COL.

The penitent Inquirer.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy!— can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 And the chief of sinners spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hear his gracious calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Jesus, answer from above :
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ? —
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 4 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my fall lament ;
 Deeply my revolt deplore ;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

590.

S. M.

TATE & BRADY

Pleading for Mercy.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
 Thy wanted pardon find.
- 2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgressed ; and, though condemned,
 Must own thy judgments right.
- 3 Blot out my crying sins,
 Nor me in anger view ;
 Create in me a heart that 's clean,
 An upright mind renew.
- 4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
 Nor cast me from thy sight,
 Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
 His everlasting flight.
- 5 The joy thy favor gives
 Let me again obtain,
 And thy free Spirit's firm support
 My fainting soul sustain.

591.

C. M.

STEELE.

Contrition.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A sinful wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said, "Return"?
- 3 O, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 4 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy;
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy.

592.

C. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Prodigal's Return.

- 1 **T**HE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
 From folly just awake,
 Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
 His heart begins to break.
- 2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
 The famine in this land,
 While servants of my Father share
 The bounty of his hand.
- 3 "With deep repentance I'll return,
 And seek my Father's face;
 Unworthy to be called a son,
 I'll ask a servant's place."
- 4 Far off the Father saw him move,
 In pensive silence mourn,
 And quickly ran, with arms of love,
 To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
 And spread the joy around;
 The angels tuned their harps anew;
 The long-lost son is found!

593.

L. M.

STEELE.

Sense of Sin.

- 1 **J**ESUS demands this heart of mine,
 Demands my love, my joy, my care;
 But, ah, how dead to things divine,
 How cold, my best affections are!

- 2 'T is sin, alas! with dreadful power,
 Divides my Saviour from my sight;
 O for one happy, shining hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!
- 3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
 My captive powers from sin and death,
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last, expiring breath.

594.

C. M.

WATTS.

Pleading the Death of Christ.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call;
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise;
 A broken and a contrite heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

595.

L. M.

WATTS.

Relying on the Atonement.

- 1 O LORD, I fall before thy face;
 My only refuge is thy grace;
 No outward forms can make me clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 3 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make me white as snow;
 No human power could cleanse me so.
- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
 Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

596.

H. M.

BEDDOME.

The efficacious Fountain.

1 FROM thy dear, pierced side,
 Unspotted Lamb of God,
 Came forth a mingled stream
 Of water and of blood:
 My sinful soul | Till every stain
 There I would lay, | Is washed away.

2 'T is from this sacred spring
 A sovereign virtue flows,
 To heal my painful wounds,
 And cure my deadly woes
 Here, then, I'll bathe, | Till not a wound
 And bathe again, | Or woe remain.

3 A fountain 't is, unsealed,
 Divinely rich and free,
 Open for all who come,
 And open, too, for me:
 To this pure fount | Come, sinners, come;
 Will I repair; | There's mercy there.

597.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Sufficiency of Grace.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
 To cheer the drooping saint:
 "My grace sufficient is for you,
 Though nature's powers may faint.

- 2 " My grace its glories shall display,
 And make your griefs remove;
 Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
 Of boundless power and love."
- 3 What though my griefs are not removed?
 Yet why should I despair?
 For, if my Saviour's arm support,
 I can the burden bear.
- 4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
 'Tis good to trust thy name:
 Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
 Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I all things can perform,
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name
 Amid the raging storm.

598.

C. M.

STEELE.

Surprising Grace.

- 1 **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms?
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
 In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
 Unmoved and cold remain?
 Has it no soft, no tender part?
 Must Mercy plead in vain?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
 His charming voice unheard?
 And shall my heart, his rightful due,
 Remain forever barred?
- 4 O Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
 Thy mighty power display;
 One beam of glory from thy face
 Can melt my sin away.

599.

L. M.

WATTS.

A Remedy for Sin found in the Gospel.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'T is there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.
- 3 Be this the pillar of our hope;
This bears the fainting spirit up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Then let his name, who shed his blood
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue.

600.

C. P. M.

TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from the second death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
 To everlasting day.

601.

L. M.

WATTS.

Returning to God.

- 1 **A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemned to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

602.

7s.

STOCKER.

Pardon implored.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
 Let thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove;
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God;
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Dwell thyself within my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 Let me from thee never stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

603.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Pardon implored.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed —
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord ;
Do thou my sins forgive :
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

604.

L. M.

COLLYER.

Returning to God.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.
- 2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.
- 3 Return, my wandering soul, return ;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live ;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

605.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Secret Self-Examination.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
 And life's vain shadows chase no more;
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,
 And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
 Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
 In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
 And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love
 My inmost soul be made to share,
 Till every grace combine to prove
 That God has fixed his dwelling there.

606.

C. M.

JERVIS.

Peace to the Penitent.

- 1 **S**WEET is the friendly voice which speaks
 The words of life and peace, —
 That bids the penitent rejoice,
 And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth, like this,
 Can cheer the contrite heart;
 No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
 Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
 Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
 The broken heart thy grace can bind
 The wounded spirit heal.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

607.

C. M.

PRESB. COL.

Confidence in atoning Blood.

- 1 **O** LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.
- 2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.
- 3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.
- 4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

608.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Office of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

609.

C. M.

TURNER.

Power of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood ;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

610.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Salvation by Faith.

- 1 **T**IS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame ;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.
- 2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done ;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.
- 3 It gives no title, but receives ;
No blessing it procures ;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness ;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.
- 5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored ;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

611.

L. M.

WATTS

Walking by Faith.

- 1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear :
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

612.

S. M.

NOEL'S COL.

Living by Faith.

- 1 IF on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail.
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control ;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

- 10 4 Teach us, in every state,
 To make thy will our own,
 And, when the joys of sense depart,
 To live by faith alone.

613.

C. M.

WATTS.

A living Faith.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead!
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'T is faith that purifies the heart;
 'T is faith that works by love;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 This faith shall every fear control
 By its celestial power,
 With holy triumph fill the soul
 In death's approaching hour.

614.

S. H. M.

ANON.

Excellence of Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH is the Christian's prop,
 Whereon his sorrows lean;
 It is the substance of his hope,
 His proof of things unseen;
 It is the anchor of his soul
 When tempests rage and billows roll.
- 2 Faith is the polar star
 That guides the Christian's way,
 Directs his wanderings from afar
 To realms of endless day;
 It points the course where'er he roam,
 And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
 Hung on the brow of heaven,
 The glory of the passing storm,
 The pledge of mercy given;
 It is the bright, triumphal arch,
 Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
 And purifies the heart,
 A foretaste of the joys above
 To mortals can impart;
 It bears us through this earthly strife,
 And triumphs in immortal life.

615.

C. M.

BATH COL.

Prayer for strong Faith.

- 1 **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WORSHIP.

WORSHIP.

616.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;—
- 2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.
- 3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;—
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

617.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sovereign Jehovah.

- 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 sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again,
- 3 We are his people; we his care;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

WORSHIP.

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

618.

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day"!
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

Solemn Invocation.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
 From all our foes defend,
 Nor let us fall;
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defense be made,
 Our souls on thee be stayed;
 Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and thy people bless;
 Come, give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour;
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great God, to thee,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

620.

C. M.

WATTS.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

- 1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
Send your admiring thoughts, by night,
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers your hearts
With rays of quickening grace:
'T is he that spreads the heavens abroad,
Whose presence fills the place.

621.

L. M.

WATTS.

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

622.

C. M.

JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

623.

C. M.

WATTS.

Anticipating Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

624.

C. M.

WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

625.

H. M.

WATTS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

- 1 **T**O spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door
I love it more | Than shine in courts.
- 2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defense;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.
- 3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves—
From pure and upright souls:
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

626.

C. M.

WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine,—forever thine,—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

627.

C. M.

NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.
- 2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 3 Help us, with holy fear and joy
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

628.

C. M.

SACRED POETRY.

Prayer for Sincerity.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

629.

L. M.

WATTS.

Joy of Public Worship.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

630.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Presence of God sought in his House.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

631.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Spiritual Improvement.

- 1 **I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,—
Hear with meekness,—
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, forevermore.

632.

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

- 1 **I** LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet;
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?
- 5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

633.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

- 1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment here ;
 He bids the saint be glad ;
 He makes the sinner sad ;
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest ;
 The man who seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 And here my friends and kindred dwell
 And, since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

634.

S. M.

E. TAYLOR

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 **C**OME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come ;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
 He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
 For ye have felt his love ;
 Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb.
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown
 Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all, —
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heaven on earth be won.

635.

H. M.

WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 **L** ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are!
 To thine abode | With warm desires
 My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O, happy men, who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still; | Who love the way
 And happy they | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O, glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
 When God, our King, | Our willing feet!

636.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Claiming the Promise.

1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
 Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

WORSHIP.

- 3 We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake.
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

637.

7s.

HAMMOND

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 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, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

638.

C. M.

WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

WORSHIP.

- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand;
 And they must drink, or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

639.

7s.

J. TAYLOR.

Elements of acceptable worship.

- 1 **F**ATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind,
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined:
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind.
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
 Love, embracing all our kind;
 Charity, with liberal store;
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus th' accepted offering bring—
 Love to thee and all mankind.

640.

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart shall rest on thee.

641.

C. M.

PRESB. COL.

Prayer for special Favor.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
 In glory now appear;
 Make this a place of thine abode,
 And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
 And let thy gospel's joyful sound
 With power reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
 Here give the mourners rest;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthroned in every breast.
- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
 And humble prayer arise,
 Till higher strains our tongues employ
 In realms beyond the skies.

642.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

A Blessing sought.

- 1 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair;
 Again, with joyful feet, we come
 To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord, dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind, bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers,
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

- 5 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise,
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise

643.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for a Blessing on Public Worship.

- 1 **T**O thy temple we repair;
 Lord, we love to worship there;
 There, within the veil, we meet
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
 Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend;
 Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
 While we tremble at thy law,
 Let thy gospel's wondrous love
 Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 From thy house when we return,
 Let our hearts within us burn;
 Then, at evening, we may say,
 "We have walked with God to-day."

644.

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in whom, alone,
 We live, and move, and breathe,
 One bright, celestial ray send down,
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,
 O, fill our souls with awe;
 Thy light impart, that we may see
 The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here, by faith, we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

645.

L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH

Devout Worship of God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy Spirit gave;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?
Who, but our God, has power to save?

3 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie—the love of thee.

5 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

646.

S. M.

URWICK'S COL

Pleasures of spiritual Worship.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine'
- 2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.
- 3 O, blest assurance this;
Bright morn of heavenly day;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.
- 4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.
- 5 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime,
Where all thy servants meet!
- 6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

647.

L. M.

WATTS.

The In-dwelling of God desired.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

THE SABBATH.

648.

L. M. 6 L.

PRATT'S SEL.

Eve of the Sabbath.

- 1 SWEET to the soul the parting ray,
Which ushers placid evening in,
When with the still expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest!
- 2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares, and business cease.
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace;
O season blest! O moments given,
To turn the vagrant thoughts to-heaven!
- 3 What though involved in lurid sight,
The loveliest forms in nature fade,
Yet 'mid the gloom shall heavenly light
With joy the contrite heart pervade;
O thou, great Source of light divine,
With beams ethereal gladden mine.
- 4 Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
O, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On living faith's immortal wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath day!

649.

C. M. EDMESTON, [altered.]

The Sabbath commencing.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the hours that close
The labors of the week!
- 2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath day—
The day of holy rest;—
From earth's wild cares to soar away,
To regions pure and blest.

- 3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease:
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er,
 That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
 That day, which fades no more?

650.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
 The earnest of that glorious rest
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
 In various scenes, both old and new:
 With praise, we think on mercies past;
 With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

651.

8s & 6s.

ENG. BAP. COL.

The Sabbath anticipated.

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest, for thee I wait.
 Emblem and earnest of a state
 Where saints are fully blest!
 For thee I look, for thee I sigh,
 And count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of sacred rest!

- 2 O that it might be always so;
 My songs no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue;
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from every thing but praise,
 My heaven an endless song.

652.

10s.

W. MASON.

The Sabbath a Day of holy Rest.

- 1 **A** GAIN returns the day of holy rest,
 Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
 When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
 So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
 Our supplications and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

653.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath welcomed.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest;
 The day believers prize;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
 Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till called to rise and soar away
 To everlasting bliss.

654.

C. M.

BROWNE.

A Hymn for the Evening of the Sabbath.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above.
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

655.

C. M.

DE COURCY'S COL.

The Sabbath a Type of Heaven.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our blessed Lord
Hath made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest.
The brightest of the seven—
A type of that eternal rest
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

656.

8s & 6s.

MERRICK.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship.

- 1 **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honored dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

- 2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implored by each on thee.
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray;
How blessed, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labors shall attend,
And safety guard his way.
- 4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waste deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store!
- 5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

657.

C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Joy of Worship.

- 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own:
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer.
And pour the choral song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
 Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
 Which thou hast called thine own;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at thy throne.

658.

L. M.

EPIS. COL

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

- 1 **M**Y opening eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest:
 Eternal King, erect thy throne,
 And reign sole Monarch in my breast.
- 3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

659.

10s.

BROWNE.

Spiritual Longings.

- 1 **H**AIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
 What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast
 When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
 And kindly holds communion with his friends!
- 2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
 Move from my sight and leave my soul alone;
 Its flattering, fading glories, I despise,
 And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.
- 3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
 And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
 O, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
 And waft it to the blissful realms above.

660.

L. M.

EDMESTON.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
 For these blest hours the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 The time how lovely, and how still!
 Peace shines and smiles on all below;
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
 All fair with evening's setting glow.
- 3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
 And, while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 4 Nor will our days of toil be long,
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

661.

H. M.

HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
 Sweet day of sacred rest,
 I hail thy kind return;
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From low desires | I soar to reach
 And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel | And learn to know
 Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
 New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

662.

L. M.

DR. H. CLARKE.

And God blessed the Seventh Day, and sanctified it.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day which God has blest,
His holy day of sacred rest—
A type of heavenly rest to come,
When wearied saints arrive at home.
- 2 When on his throne th' Almighty stood,
And viewed his works, and called them good,
He named the day, and called it blest,
And sanctified his day of rest.
- 3 The heavenly host their harps employ;
The sons of God gave shouts of joy;
Through heaven and earth his praises rang;
The morning stars together sang!
- 4 Come, then, ye weary souls, opprest,
Come, and enjoy this holy rest;
Let humble songs, like incense, rise,
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

663.

C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN

Love of Sabbath Service.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven"!
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 't is given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!
- 4 And if to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.
- 5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven!

664.

S. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring;—
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell;—
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

665.

L. M.

HARRISON.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!
This is the day believers prize;
Improve this Sabbath, then, with care;
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought!—Lord, give me power,
Wisely to fill up every hour;
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above.
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil!
To glorify thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command thy word to fall, like dew,
Refreshing, quickening all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love;
O, let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

666.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

Delight in the Sabbath.

- 1 **B**LEST day of God! and, therefore, blest —
 The type of everlasting rest:
 Blest day! thou to the world art given,
 To guide our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Our God, to make our worship rise,
 With pure devotion to the skies,
 And cause our praises to ascend,
 Of weekly times made thee the end.
- 3 How welcome are thy hours so sweet! —
 Those hours, which I with rapture greet;
 Glad that the six days' work is done,
 Their toil and vanity are gone.
- 4 Then to thy house will I repair,
 And learn thy will, and worship there,
 Till I remove from earth, to be
 Where I my Saviour's face shall see.

667.

8s & 4.

ANON.

The sacred Season.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred season! — peaceful day!
 By God himself ordained and blessed
 A foretaste in a weary way,
 Of endless rest.
- 2 Spirit of heavenly grace, descend;
 Breathe on this sinful heart of mine:
 And, as I trust thee for my Friend,
 Give life divine.
- 3 Devoted day of calm repose,
 Close of creation, sweetly blessed,
 A pause to labor — balm of woes —
 An hour of rest.
- 4 Great Spirit, who ordained and blessed,
 Shed on this heart its tranquil powers;
 And teach my bosom how to rest
 In sacred hours.

668.

7s, 6 L.

NEWTON

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest, this day, in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

669.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

Sabbath Worship.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Sabbath day!—
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.

- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of you unmeasured sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

670.

C. M.

ANON

Sabbath Worship.

- 1 **A** GAIN thy holy Sabbath, Lord,
We hail with solemn joy ;
And while we wait to hear thy word,
Let praise our hearts employ.
- 2 With sweet delight we hail the day
That thou hast called thine own ;
With sweet delight our homage pay
To thy exalted throne.
- 3 Dear Saviour, may thy saints be blest !
Assist us while we pray :
May we enjoy a holy rest,
And keep the solemn day.
- 4 When we our Sabbaths here shall end,
And from these courts remove,
May we an endless Sabbath spend,
In heavenly courts above.

671.

L. M.

WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing :
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word .
His works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep his counsels, how divine !

- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below,
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

672.

L. M.

BARBAULD

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 **W**HEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?
 How spread his sovereign name abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
- 4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
 From earth and sin's allurements free,
 To feel thy love, to own thy power,
 And raise each raptured thought to thee!

673.

C. M.

BARBAULD

The World banished.

- 1 **O** FATHER, though the anxious fear
 May cloud to-morrow's way,
 Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
 All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
 To worship at thy shrine;
 But each unholy thought departs,
 And leaves the temple thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.

- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control ;
 Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
 The Sabbath of the soul.

674.

L. M. MOTHERS' H. BOOK

Sabbath.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, thee we praise
 For all these holy, happy days
 To dying man in mercy given,
 As foretastes of the bliss of heaven.
- 2 We thank thee for that blest abode,
 The temple of the living God ;
 We thank thee for the precious word,
 And ordinances of the Lord.
- 3 But oh ! what praise to thee is due,
 That we are taught by faith to view
 A Saviour "crucified and slain,"
 Waking from death, on high to reign.
- 4 O Saviour God, to whom are given
 The realms of earth, the hosts of heaven,
 Before thy glorious throne we fall,
 And worship thee as Lord of all.

675.

L. M.

BATHURST.

Improvement of the Sabbath.

- 1 **T**HIS day the Lord hath called his own,
 O, let us, then, his praise declare,
 Fix our desires on him alone,
 And seek his face with fervent prayer.
- 2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
 Which bids the burdened soul be free,
 And, with united heart and voice,
 Devote these sacred hours to thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things
 No more our groveling thoughts employ,
 But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
 In search of heaven's unfailing joy.
- 4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
 Be to our lasting welfare blest ;
 The purest comfort here afford,
 And fit us for eternal rest.

676.

L. M.

RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 **B**LEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

677.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;—
- 3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

678.

H. M.

BREVIARY.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

- 1 **H**ERE, gracious God, do thou
 In mercy now draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful prayer,
 And mark each suppliant sigh;
 In copious shower, | This holy day,
 On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.
- 2 Here may we find from heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore, —
 Until that day | To endless rest
 When all the blest | Are called away.

679.

C. M.

MASON.

A Blessing sought.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
 On this sweet day of rest;
 O, bless this flock, and make this fold
 Enjoy an heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul
 Are these sweet days of love;
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
 When I shall rest above!
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
 Here, in thine own appointed way,
 I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days
 On which my Lord I've seen;
 And oft, when feasting on his word,
 In raptures I have been.
- 5 O, if my soul, when death appears,
 In this sweet frame be found,
 I'd clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
 And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 I long for that delightful hour,
 When from this clay undrest,
 I shall be clothed in robes divine,
 And made forever blest.

680.

7s.

S. F. SMITH

Sabbath closing.

- 1 **S**OFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

681.

7s.

SANDYS

A Song for the Sabbath Day.

- 1 **S**WEET the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise,
And with solemn hymns proclaim,
Great Jehovah's awful name.
- 2 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can declare?
How profound thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervors still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

682.

7s.

ANON.

Praise to God in the Sanctuary.

- 1 SABBATH'S Lord, to thee we raise
Our transported, joyful lays,
While in concert with the blest
We employ this day of rest.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here, within thy temple, Lord,
See—we wait to hear thy word;
King immortal! Prince divine!
Let thy glory round us shine.
- 4 Bare thine arm—thy power display;
O'er our minds thy sceptre sway;
Let thy grace be freely given;
May we dwell at last in heaven.

683.

7s.

S. SONGS.

The House of God.

- 1 SOFT and holy is the place,
Where the light that beams from heaven,
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.
- 2 There with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear,
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.
- 3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.
- 4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above,
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tuned to love.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

- 1 SEASON of rest! to mortals given,
 Who—tossed upon life's stormy wave—
 Lift their aspiring thoughts to heaven,
 That world of peace beyond the grave.
- 2 Delightful season! gleam of bliss
 Amid our earth-born woes and cares!
 Sweet foretaste of that world of peace,
 Which every child of glory shares!
- 3 I hail thy hours so kindly given,
 Thy radiance scatters all my fears;
 And, brighter than the hues of even,
 The opening of thy face appears.
- 4 Thy hours begun, what stillness reigns!
 But, hark! from heaven the choral song
 Now sinks, now swells, in grandest strains,
 Thus echoed by th' angelic throng:—
- 5 "O Thou, whose voice from chaos made
 The worlds to beauteous order rise,
 And in their deep foundations laid
 The archives of thy counsels wise;—
- 6 "Thou art our Sovereign! Thee we praise;
 And, while upon the rolling spheres
 Our eyes with vast amazement gaze,
 Thy hand divine in all appears."
- 7 The hours are ended:—yet the strains
 Linger upon my ravished ears:
 Come, heavenly powers, strike off my chains,
 And lift me from this vale of tears.
- 8 O, let me seize a seraph's lyre!—
 I'll sweep with ravished hand the strings,
 And praise, and glow with heavenly fire,
 And lose all thought of earthly things.

THE CHURCH.

685.

C. M.

WATTS

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'T is thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

686.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

The Church God's chosen Residence.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

- 4 See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply her sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
- 5 Round her habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
- 6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word can ne'er be broken
 Chose thee for his own abode.

687.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Church the Palace of God.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace:
 Thine holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
 Against thy throne in vain they rage,
 Like rising waves with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace;
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

688.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

- 1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

689.

S. M.

WATTS

Safety of the Church.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!
- 3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair;
 We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

690.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Saints on Earth and in Heaven.

- 1 **I**N one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind,
 The saints below and saints above
 Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
 Thy statutes are their song;
 There, through one bright, eternal age,
 Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part
 Of that thrice happy whole,
 Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
 Its life from thee, the soul.

691.

S. M.

WATTS.

Gospel Order.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
 The world declares thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
 Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy the people stand
 On Zion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Survey with care thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well,—
- 4 The order of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 And make a fair report.

- 5 How decent, and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die —
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

692.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest;
 Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
 Waits to be owned 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 power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
 And, as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

693.

L. M.

COWPER

God the Defense of Zion.

- 1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect.
 And spread their wings to shelter them.
 Thus, saith the Lord, to his elect,
 "So will I guard Jerusalem."

- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,
 This object of his tender care?
 Where is its worth in God's esteem?
 Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son;
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
 The people whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieged on every side,
 Yet much beloved, and guarded well,
 From age to age they have defied
 The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
 This city has a sure defense;
 Her name is called, "the Lord is there!"
 And who has power to drive them thence?

694.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Saints above and below.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone:
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know:
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace:
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
 From thence our spirits rise;
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

695.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

God the Defense of Zion.

- 1 **Z**ION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

696.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

At the Constitution of a Church.

- 1 **P**LANTED in Christ, the living vine,
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be;
 One inward life partake;
 One be our heart; one heavenly hope
 In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In thee may we abide.
- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called.
 Thy glorious work begun,
 O Thou, in whom the church on earth
 And church in heaven are one.

- 5 Around this feeble, trusting band,
 Thy sheltering pinions spread,
 Nor let the storms of trial beat
 Too fiercely on our head.
- 6 Then, when, among the saints in light,
 Our joyful spirits shine,
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,
 O Lamb of God, be thine.

697.

11s.

ANON.

The Church comforted.

- 1 **O** ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
 But skillful 's the pilot, who sits at the helm;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
 "My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?—
 Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;
 Through tempests and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.
- 4 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot;— thy name
 Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;
 The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
 The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.
- 5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
 For thou art most near me, my flesh, and my bones:
 In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,
 Yet all are most needful—not one is in vain.
- 6 "Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure,
 My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
 In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
 To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

698.

11s, [peculiar.]

ANON.

The Church victorious.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
 Bright o'er the hills dawns thy daystar of gladness;
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
 Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

699.

S. M.

STENNETT.

Praise for Conversion.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,
 And listen while I tell,
 How narrowly my feet escaped
 The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flattering joys of sense
 Assailed my foolish heart,
 While Satan, with malicious skill,
 Guided the poisonous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
 But fell to rise again;
 My anguish roused me into life,
 And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
 Oppressed my gloomy mind;
 I looked around me for relief,
 But no relief could find.
5. At length to God I cried;
 He heard my plaintive sigh;
 He heard, and instantly he sent
 Salvation from on high.

THE CHURCH.

6 O, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

700.

L. M.

STENNETT.

Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell the joys above the skies.
- 2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heavenly sound:
This soul was dead, but now 's alive;
This sheep was lost, but now is found.
- 3 Glory to God on high be given,
For his unbounded love to men:
Let saints below, and saints above,
In concert join their loud amen.

701.

H. M.

PRATT'S COL.

God's Love to Zion.

- 1 **F**IXED on the sacred hills,
Its firm foundations rest;
The Lord his temple fills,
With all his glory blest:
He waits where'er | But loves the gates
His saints adore, | Of Zion more.
- 2 O Zion, sacred place!
Thy name shall spread around;
The city of his grace,
His wonders there abound:
Thy glories will | And earth thy fame
Thy God declare, | Resound afar.

702.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Welcome to Fellowship.

- 1 **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee ;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break —
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness —
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours ;
Christians their mutual burdens bear ;
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us ; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

703.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

- 1 **Y**E men and angels, witness now —
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow —
A vow we dare not break, —
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

- 4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways;
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

704.

L. M.

WATTS

The Church the Garden of God.

- 1 **L** ORD, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thy hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen,
 Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
 The Lord is holy, just, and true;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

705.

C. M.

BEL-DOME.

The Church triumphant.

- 1 **A** HOST of spirits round the throne
 In humble posture stand;
 On every head a starry crown,
 A palm in every hand.
- 2 From different regions of the globe
 These happy spirits came;
 In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
 And triumphed in his name.
- 3 One glorious body now they make—
 More glorious far their Head;
 Their souls to rapturous joys awake;
 Their sorrows all are fled.
- 4 Without a jarring note, they join
 In ceaseless songs of praise,
 And to the holy, holy One,
 Loud hallelujahs raise.

ORDINANCES.

I.—BAPTISM.

706.

L. M. 6 L.

RIPPON'S SEL.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews;
 The Son of God the rite demands,
 Nor dares the holy man refuse;
 Jesus descends beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
 In deeps concealed from human view;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example thus for you;
 The sacred record, while ye read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!
 Dove-like, th' eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;
 Amazed, they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But, hark, my soul! hark and adore!
 What sounds are those that roll along?
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song:
 "This is my well-beloved Son;
 I see, well pleased, what he hath done."
- 5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God:
 O, hear the awful word to-day;
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

707.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

708.

L. M.

WATTS

Baptism an Emblem.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised 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
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

709.

L. M.

JUDSON.

Christ's Example.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

710.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

- 1 **W**HILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

711.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH

The emblematic Dove.

- 1 **M**EETLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

ORDINANCES.

- 2 Thus God descended to approve
 The deed that Christ had done ;
 Thus came the emblematic Dove,
 And hovered o'er the Son.
- 3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
 To our baptismal scene :
 Let thoughts of earth be far away,
 And every mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy ;
 This day to heaven belongs :
 Raised to new life, we will employ
 In melody our tongues.

712.

H. M.

FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, celestial Dove,
 And make thy presence known ;
 Reveal our Saviour's love,
 And seal us for thine own :
 Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
 Our works are vain ; | Acceptance gain.
- 2 When our incarnate God,
 The sovereign Prince of light,
 In Jordan's swelling flood
 Received the holy rite,
 In open view | And, dove-like, flew
 Thy form came down, | The King to crown.
- 3 Continue still to shine,
 And fill us with thy fire :
 This ordinance is thine ;
 Do thou our souls inspire :
 Thou wilt attend | "Till time shall end,"
 On all thy sons : | Thy promise runs.

713.

L. M.

JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
 On these baptismal waters shine,
 And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
 To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
 And joyfully embrace thy cause;
 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
 O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
 We die to sin, and seek a grave,
 With thee, beneath the yielding wave.
- 4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
 O, let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love.

714.

S. M.

ENG. BAP. COL.

Obeying Christ.

- 1 **H**ERE, Saviour, we would come,
 In thine appointed way;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 O, bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee;
 And may we find that as our day
 Our strength shall also be.

715.

C. M.

ANON.

Obedience to Christ.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, and in thy aid
 I place my firmest trust;
 How large the price thy love has paid
 For vile, polluted dust!
- 2 In thine assembly now I stand;
 My vows to thee I bring,
 Obedient to thy great command,
 My Saviour and my King.
- 3 I stand before the sacred flood;
 Thy gracious words invite:
 How poor an offering, O my God,
 I make thee in this rite!

ORDINANCES.

- 4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
 Support me all my days;
 May I each gospel truth confess,
 And walk in all thy ways.

716.

C. M.

J. RYLAND.

Hinder me not.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways
 My journey I'll pursue;
 "Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not;" for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be—
 "Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

717.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Cordial Obedience.

- 1 **B**LEST Saviour, we thy will obey;
 Not of constraint, but with delight,
 Thy servants hither come to-day,
 To honor thine appointed rite.
- 2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
 On these dear followers of the Lord;
 Exalted Head of all the church,
 Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
 The wonders of thy love explore;
 And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
 Let them depart, and sin no more

718.

8s & 7s.

J. FAWCETT.

Following Christ.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

719.

8s & 7s.

FELLOWS.

Following Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

720.

S. M.

S. F. SMITH

The Baptism of Christ.

- 1 **D**OWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save,
In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
 In thy appointed way ;
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
 And smile on us to-day.

721.

8s, 7s, & 4.

S. S. CUTTING.

Christian Profession.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee ;
 Purchased by thy precious blood,
 We present ourselves before thee,
 Now to walk the narrow road :
 Saviour, guide us—
 Guide us to our heavenly home.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty ;
 Thou wast laid beneath the wave ;
 Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
 From the semblance of the grave :
 May we follow
 In the same delightful way.

722.

C. M.

ENG. BAP. COL

Baptism an Act of Worship.

- 1 **'T** IS God the Father we adore
 In this baptismal sign ;
 'T is he whose voice on Jordan's shore
 Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father owned him ; let our breath
 In answering praise ascend,
 As in the image of his death
 We own our heavenly Friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave
 Along the path he trod :
 Receive us in the hallowed wave,
 Thou holy Son of God.
- 4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
 And future witness bear,
 That we to Zion's mighty Lord
 Our full allegiance swear.

BAPTISM.

723.

L. M.

S. P. HILL.

Invocation.

- 1 **C**OME, saints, adore your Saviour, God,
 Who led your willing footsteps here :
 Walk in the blessed paths he trod,
 Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.
- 2 Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
 As once thou didst on Jordan's wave :
 Now with this scene thine influence blend,
 And hover o'er this solemn grave.

724.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE, how the willing converts trace
 The path the great Redeemer trod,
 And follow through his liquid grave,
 The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heavenly life aspire :
 Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
 They shine in clean and bright attire!
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
 Of Jesus, we to own begin :
 This is our resurrection pledge—
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
 Who shows his grace to sinful men :
 Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,
 In concert join their loud amen.

725.

C. M.

FELLOWS.

Delight in Obedience.

- 1 **O** LORD, and will thy pardoning love
 Embrace a wretch so vile ?
 Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
 And bless me with thy smile ?

- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
 And all its shame despised?
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
 With thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
 In Jordan's swelling flood?
 And shall my pride disdain the deed,
 That's worthy of my God?
- 4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
 Reproves my cold delays;
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

726.

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY

Delight in Obedience.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
 Thy pure example bless,
 And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
 Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
 By which the martyrs bled;
 Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
 Our favored feet are led;—
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
 Assembled in thy fear,
 The homage of obedient hearts
 We humbly offer here.

727.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christians buried and risen with Christ.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthroned divinely fair,
 Yet owns himself our Brother still,
 And our Forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above our choicest treasure lies,
 And be our hearts above.

- 4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
 When we attempt to fly;
 Lord, send thy strong, attractive power,
 To fix our souls on high.

728

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 **W**ITH thee, into thy watery tomb,
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
 Buried, to lie by such a Friend.
- 2 Yes, as the yielding waves give way
 To let us see the light again,
 So, on the resurrection day,
 The bands of death proved weak and vain.
- 3 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide;
 Our dust the mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

729.

C. M.

ENG. BAP. COL.

Separation from the World.

- 1 **O** LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
 With joy thy cause maintain;
 Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
 Like him we rise and reign.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
 Obedient to thy word;
 'T is thus the world around shall know
 We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'T is thus we bid its pomps adieu,
 And boldly venture in:
 O, may we rise to live anew,
 And only die to sin.

730.

C. M.

JAS. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have solemnly declared
 That Jesus is their Lord.

ORDINANCES.

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

731.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Vows recognized.

- 1 'T IS done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 3 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

ORDINANCES.

II.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

732.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes,—
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;—
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!—

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
" 'T is the new covenant in my blood."
4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

733.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Feast.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!
2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?
3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"
4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

734.

L. M.

WATTS.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

ORDINANCES.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

735.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

- 1 'T IS finished, the Redeemer cries,
Then lowly bows his fainting head ;
And soon th' expiring Sacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.
- 2 'T is done—the mighty work is done !
For men or angels much too great ;
Which none but God's almighty Son
Would e'er attempt, or could complete.
- 3 'T is done—his tears, his groans, and wounds,
His sweat and blood, his pains and toils,
Victory with deathless glory crowns,
With trophies, and triumphant spoils.
- 4 The Conqueror falls a sacrifice ;
Heaven's just resentment is appeased ;—
Mercy on justice now relies,
Both with the sinner's pardon pleased.
- 5 Once he was dead ; now lives and reigns
Where angels his great deeds proclaim :
Let's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of his name.

736.

S. M.

WATTS.

Communion with Christ.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in his death.
- 3 Let all our powers be joined,
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Let holy love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

737.

L. M.

WATTS.

Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complained, in tears and blood,
 Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 But God, his Father, heard his cry ;
 Raised from the dead, he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

738.

C. M.

J. STENNETT.

Humble Communion.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table we behold
 The wonders of thy grace,
 But most of all admire that we
 Should find a welcome place :—
- 2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
 And rebels to our God ;
 We, who have crucified thy Son,
 And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace, is this,
 That we, so lost, have room !
 Jesus our weary souls invites,
 And freely bids us come.
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your sacred powers :
 No theme is like redeeming love ;
 No Saviour is like ours.

739.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

- 1 **H**ERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 'To feed on food divine:
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
 O, what delightful food!
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler good.
- 3 Deep was the suffering he endured
 Upon th' accursed tree;
 "For me," each welcome guest may say,
 "'T was all endured for me."
- 4 Sure there was never love so free—
 Dear Saviour, so divine:
 Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
 Which owes so much to thine.

740.

L. M.

WATTS

Christ's Compassion celebrated.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join to praise the Lamb;
 O that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
 The Prince of heaven resigns his breath
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

741.

C. M.

B. W. NOEL.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;—
 If tender thoughts within us burn
 To feel a friend is nigh;—

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died our fears to quell,
 And save from endless woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed!—
 "Meet, and remember me."
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
 The griefs which thou didst bear!
 O memory, leave no other name
 But his recorded there.

742.

11s.

E. Y. REESE.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 "DO this," and remember the blood that was shed
 Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
 When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
 Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.
- 2 Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
 The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn.
 The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
 When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.
- 3 Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
 He liveth forever his people to save:
 O, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love—
 The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

743.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Mourning and Rejoicing.

- 1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
 Who all our griefs hast borne;
 To look on thee, whom we have pierced,—
 To look on thee and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
 And, as thy cross we see,
 Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
 "The Saviour died for me!"

744.

L. M.

WATTS.

Enjoyment in the Service.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

745.

C. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **O** HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

746.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Memorials of Grace.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

747.

L. M.

KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;
Let every idol be forgot ;
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief ;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine :
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 4 O, no ; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And, lisp'ing this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

748.

L. M.

WATTS.

Bleeding Love of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Saviour! yes, 't is he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
The glorious Lord that died for me,
'Mid groans, and agonies, and tears.
- 2 'T is he prepares this sacred feast,
Fruit of the sharpest pangs he bore;
Jesus appears the great High Priest!
I see his wounds, and I adore.
- 3 'T was his own love that made him bleed,
That held him on th' accursed tree;
'T was his own love this table spread,
For such unworthy worms as we.
- 4 We celebrate his grace divine,
While sweet provisions crown his board;
We taste the sacred bread and wine,
And feed by faith upon the Lord.

749.

C. M.

WARDLAW.

Remembering Christ.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 't is the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.
- 4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death
For this he pleads in heaven.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

750.

7s.

CONDOR.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

- 1 **B**READ of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

751.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day
On which our dearest Lord was slain
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky:
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

ORDINANCES.

752.

C. M.

J. STENNETT

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **W**HAT strange, surprising grace is this!
How heavenly is the place!
The King of heaven spreads a feast,
And shows his smiling face.
- 2 "Eat, O, my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."
- 3 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'T is a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above?
- 4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 5 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

753.

L. M.

WATTS.

Day of Espousals.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 O, let each minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

754.

L. M.

WATTS

Hosanna to Christ.

1 **H**OSANNA to Jehovah's Son,
Who left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wanderers, back to God.

2 It cost him death, to save our lives ;
To buy our souls, it cost his own :
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

3 Our everlasting love is due
To Him who ransomed sinners lost !
And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost

755.

C. M.

SCOTCH COL.

Praise to Christ.

1 **T**O Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God, —

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

MISSIONS.

756.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
 His glory let the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there:
 His beams are majesty and light;
 His beauties, how divinely bright!
 His temple, how divinely fair!
- 3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name!
 Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

757.

L. M.

WATTS

Universal Reign of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down;
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

MISSIONS.

- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

758.

L. M.

VOKE.

Missions to the Heathen.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

759.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

MISSIONS.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

760.

C. M.

W. WARD

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

761.

L. M.

BURDEK'S COL.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come ;
 O, bring the tribes of Israel home :
 Soon may our wondering eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 Through every clime, of every name ;
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

762.

C. M.

LYTE.

Prayer for the Church.

- 1 **B**E merciful to us, O God ;
 Upon thy people shine ;
 And spread thy saving truth abroad,
 Till all that live be thine.
- 2 Give light and comfort to thine own ;
 And let that light extend
 Till thy prevailing name be known
 To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord ;
 Let all their homage bring ;
 From sea to sea be thou adored,
 Redeemer, Judge, and King.

763.

S. M.

VILLAGE HYMNS

Prayer for the World.

- 1 **O** GOD of sovereign grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways.
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

764.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Heralds of Mercy.

- 1 **M**OST gracious to fulfill thy word,
Almighty to defend, —
To reap thy ripened harvest, Lord,
Thy chosen servants send.
- 2 Send to the east the valiant band,
Send to each distant pole,
Send to the west; o'er every land
Salvation's current roll.
- 3 Heralds of peace, we come! we come!
On love's swift wings we fly;
Ye dead in sin, O, live; ye dumb,
In hallelujahs cry.
- 4 O Zion, spread more wide thy tent;
Stretch forth thy straining cords;
The promise dawns; the clouds are rent;
Earth, thou shalt be the Lord's.
- 5 Haste, haste, ye years of toil and woe;
Heaven, earth, break forth and sing,
"The kingdoms of the world are now
Thy conquest, peerless King."
- 6 Amen, amen; let echoing praise
Swell like the sounding sea;
To God, to God, those rapturous lays,
That tide of praise, shall be.

765.

L. M.

SLINN.

Prayer for the Display of Power.

- 1 **A**RISE in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.
- 2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

- 3 Send forth thy messengers of peace ;
 Make Satan's reign and empire cease ;
 Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
 That all the world thy power may own.

766.

6s & 4s.

PRATT'S COL.

Solemn Invocation.

1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 "Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O, now to all mankind
 "Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, Holy Dove,
 Speed forth thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace ;
 And in earth's darkest place
 "Let there be light."

767.

8s, 7s, & 4.

P. WILLIAMS

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian, see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary:
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night:
 Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
 Win and conquer—never cease:
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply, and still increase:
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

768.

H. M.

BURDER

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 **R**ISE, Sun of glory, rise,
 And chase the shades of night,
 Which now obscure the skies,
 And hide thy sacred light:
 O, chase those dismal shades away,
 And bring the bright, millennial day!
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord,
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word;
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race,
 And all the earth become
 The temple of thy grace,
 Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

769.

L. M.

BACON

Diffusion of Gospel Light.

- 1 **T**HOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.
- 3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

770.

8s, 7s, & 4.

J. RYLAND

Victories of Christ.

- 1 **G**IRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.
- 2 Majesty combines with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite.
To insure thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.
- 3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

771.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
 Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
 O, bid the morning star arise;
 O, point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 In western wilds and eastern plains;
 Far let the gospel's sound be known;
 Make thou the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
 Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
 Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
 Bid every nation hail the light.

772.

L. M.

WINCHELL'S SEL.

Missionaries encouraged.

- 1 **Y**E Christian heralds, go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire.
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more—
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

773.

S. M.

WARDLAW'S COL.

Universal Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, arise,
 The cause of Truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.

MISSIONS.

- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
 Expand thy heavenly wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring.
- 4 O, all ye nations, rise,
 To God the Saviour sing;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let echoing anthems ring.

774.

7s.

CONDER.

The Latter Day.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, thy promised hour;
 Come in glory and in power:
 Still thy foes are unsubdued;
 Nature sighs to be renewed.
- 2 Time has nearly reached its sum;
 All things, with thy bride, say, "Come,
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign forevermore."

775.

8s, 7s, & 4. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 **W**HO but thou, almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
 Heathens still will be the same:
 Mighty Spirit,
 Witness to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days:
 Come, and bless bewildered nations;
 Change our prayers and tears to praise:
 Promised Spirit,
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.

- 3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
 Must be vain without thy aid;
 But thou wilt not disappoint us;
 All is true that thou hast said;
 Gracious Spirit,
 O'er the world thy influence shed.

776.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace;
 Reveal thy power through every land,
 And show thy smiling face.
- 2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God?
- 3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
 Sing loud, with joyful voice;
 Let every tongue exalt his praise,
 And every heart rejoice.

777.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of power and might, behold
 A world by sin destroyed:
 Creator Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth again, like Eden crowned,
 Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel harps employ
 When thou shalt all renew!

- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came!
- 5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 The new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.

778.

6s & 4s.

URWICK'S COL

The Gospel preached to every Creature.

- 1 **S**OUND, sound the truth abroad;
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world;
 Tell what our Lord has done;
 Tell how the day is won,
 And from his lofty throne
 Satan is hurled.
- 2 Swiftly, on wings of love,
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly;
 They who his message bear
 Should neither doubt nor fear;
 He will their Friend appear;
 He will be nigh.
- 3 When on the mighty deep,
 He will their spirits keep,
 Stayed on his word;
 When in a foreign land,
 No other friend at hand,
 Jesus will by them stand.—
 Jesus, their Lord.
- 4 Ye who, forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign,
 Soon will your work be done;
 Soon will the prize be won;
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Ye soon shall shine.

779.

7s.

MARSDEN.

The Messengers of God.

- 1 **G**O, ye messengers of God ;
Like the beams of morning fly ;
Take the wonder-working rod ;
Wave the banner-cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven ;
Chase away his wild despair ;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

780.

L. M.

A. BALFOUR.

The Missionary charged and encouraged.

- 1 **G**O, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night ;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.
- 3 Go to the hungry — food impart ;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

- 5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
 When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;
 Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
 And joyous in his presence stand.
- 6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
 From Him who sits enthroned on high ;
 For they who turn the erring mind
 Shall shine like stars above the sky.

781.

8s, 7s, & 4.

T. COTTERILL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;
 Darkness brooding
 O'er the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
 Rise and shine ; thy blessings bring :
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
 Rise with healing in thy wing :
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshiping before him.
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; at thy command,
 Let the company of heralds
 Spread thy name from land to land ;
 Lord, be with them,
 Always, to the end of time.

782.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Zion encouraged.

- 1 **Z**ION, awake ; thy strength renew ;
 Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;
 Church of our God, arise and shine,
 Bright with the beams of truth divine.
- 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
 Wide as the heathen nations are ;
 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view ;
 All shall admire and love thee too.

783.

8s & 7s

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries charged.

- 1 **O**NWARD, onward, men of heaven ;
 Bear the gospel banner high ;
 Rest not till its light is given —
 Star of every pagan sky :
 Send it where the pilgrim stranger
 Faints beneath the torrid ray ;
 Bid the hardy forest-ranger
 Hail it, ere he fades away.
- 2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
 Where the tropics fiercely glow,
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,
 Brightly bid its radiance flow :
 India marks its lustre stealing ;
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays ;
 Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
 Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
 Dark in spirit, though they be,
 Show that light to every creature —
 Prince or vassal, bond or free :
 Lo ! they haste to every nation ;
 Host on host the ranks supply :
 Onward ! Christ is your salvation,
 And your death is victory.

784.

C. M.

MORELL.

Missionaries commended to God.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before them set an open door ;
Their various efforts bless ;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.
- 3 Endow them with a heavenly mind ;
Supply their every need ;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.
- 5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

785.

12s, 11, & 8.

S. F. SMITH

The Prince of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way ;
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.
- 2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.
- 3 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving and praise ;
And heaven shall re-echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

The Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee;
 All thy scenes, I love them well:
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
 Happy home, indeed I love thee:
 Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say a last farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
 From the scenes I loved so well
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;
 Lovely, native land, farewell:
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor;
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—
 To redeem a world from hell:
 Let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvas swell:
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion
 While I go far hence to dwell;
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

787.

7s & 6s.

NOEL'S COL.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 **R**OLL on, thou mighty ocean;
 And, as thy billows flow,
 Bear messengers of mercy
 To every land below.
- 2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
 Safe to the destined shore,
 That man may sit in darkness
 And death's deep shade no more.
- 3 O thou eternal Ruler,
 Who holdest in thine arm
 The tempësts of the ocean,
 Protect them from all harm.
- 4 O, be thy presence with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us who love them,
 O, be they still with thee.

788.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS

Prayer for the enlargement of Zion.

- 1 **O**N thy church, O Power divine,
 Cause thy glorious face to shine;
 Till the nations from afar,
 Hail her as their guiding star.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land;
 And the world's remotest bound,
 With the voice of praise resound.

789.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE

Zion's Prosperity.

- 1 **O** ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh;
 Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
 Arise and shine, | Stream far abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head ;
 The nations round | With lustre new
 Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim
 Which makes thy darkness bright ;
 Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
 Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And with his radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies ;
 While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres
 Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

790.

7s & 5s.

S. F. SMITH.

The Missionary Angel.

1 **O**NWARD speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward speed ;
 Cast abroad thy radiant light,
 Bid the shades recede ;
 Tread the idols in the dust,
 Heathen faneꝝ destroy,
 Spread the gospel's holy trust,
 Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward haste ;
 Quickly on each mountain's height
 Be thy standard placed ;
 Let thy blissful tidings float
 Far o'er vale and hill,
 Till the sweetly-echoing note
 Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward fly ;
 Long has been the reign of night ;
 Bring the morning nigh :
 'T is to thee the heathen lift
 Their imploring wail ;
 Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
 Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward speed :
 Morning bursts upon our sight—
 'T is the time decreed :
 Jesus now his kingdom takes,
 Thrones and empires fall,
 And the joyous song awakes,
 "God is all in all."

791.

11s & 8s.

M. S

Charge to Missionaries.

- 1 **S**TAND up, O ye heralds, your mission proclaim
 And wide be your banners unfurled ;
 Declare to the heathen Immanuel's name,
 Speak, speak to a perishing world !
 See, millions unnumbered in darkness profound,
 Still groping their desolate way ;
 Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound,
 Unseen the bright glimmerings of day.
- 2 Where sin holds, in triumph, its desolate reign,
 Down the pathway to regions of woe ;
 Where nameless pollutions still follow in train,
 And waters of bitterness flow :
 There publish the news of the crucified One,
 Who suffered that sinners might live ;
 Who, rising in triumph, ascended his throne,
 Salvation immortal to give.
- 3 Speak, speak, that the heathen may quickly receive
 The message of heavenly peace :
 O, speak till the millions repent and believe,
 And rejoice in th' abundance of grace !
 The heathen shall listen, the darkness shall flee,
 The glorious Day-Star arise :
 The earth from its bondage of sin shall be free,
 And heaven shall descend from the skies.

792.

C. M.

MORELL.

Fidelity enjoined.

- 1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.
- 2 Go, with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.
- 3 He who has called you to the war
Will soon reward your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.
- 4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

793.

7s.

BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

- 1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er you mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

MISSIONS.

- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

794.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

Returning to Zion.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust;
 He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth;
 Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
 And, "Keep not back, O north."
- 4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
 And God his works destroy,
 With songs thy ransomed shall return,
 And everlasting joy.

795.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Zion encouraged.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

MISSIONS.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

796.

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Condition of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to man benighted
 The light of life deny?
 Salvation! O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

797.

H. M.

ANON.

Millenium Hymn.

- 1 ISLES of the south, awake!
 The song of triumph sing;
 Let mount, and hill, and vale,
 With hallelujahs ring:
 Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
 And Israel's God is God alone.
- 2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
 Your shackled sons are free;
 No mother wails her child
 'Neath the banana-tree:
 No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
 The clank of chains is heard no more.
- 3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
 No funeral fires blaze high;
 No idol song rings loud,
 As rolls the death-car by:
 The banner of the cross now waves
 Where Christian heralds made their graves

MISSIONS.

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
 The crescent head lies low;
 No Moslem flings his chain
 Around the Christian now;
 But Greek and Moslem join in one
 To praise Jehovah in his Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine!
 Have you forgot the groan,
 The spear, the thorn, the cross,
 The wine-press trod alone,
 The dying prayer that rose from thee,
 Thou garden of Gethsemane?

6 Hail, glad millennial day!
 O, shout, ye heavens above!
 To-day the nations sing
 The song, redeeming love:
 Redeeming love the song shall be:
 Hail, blessed year of jubilee!

798.

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Universal Hallelujah.

1 **W**HEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along?
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And Him, who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly,
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply:
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 The hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

799.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

Encouraging Prospects.

- 1 **Y**ES, we trust the day is breaking;
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in every land:
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 O, 't is pleasant, 't is reviving
 To our hearts, to hear, each day,
 Joyful news, from far arriving,
 How the gospel wins its way,
 Those enlightening
 Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in every land;
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

800.

L. M.

COLLYER.

Missionary Meeting.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand.
 The voice that marshaled every star
 Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;
 Along the line—to either pole—
 The anthem of thy praise to roll.

MISSIONS.

- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

801.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Glory of the latter Day.

- 1 **A**RISE, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day;
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand the rising sun.
- 2 "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.
- 3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."
- 4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 5 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

802.

8s, 7s, & 6s.

SAC. SONGS.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 **W**ATCHMEN! onward to your stations,
Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gathering crowd:
See! the day is breaking;
See the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bowed.

- 2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the listening train:
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing!
'T is life amid the slain!
- 3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands, from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn;
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.
- 4 Watchmen! now lift up your voices;
Tell the triumphs of your King,
While the ransomed host rejoices;
Sing aloud his praises, sing:
See his arm victorious;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heaven's glad anthems ring.

803.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 **M**EN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

804.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee Song.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore!
- 2 See, Jehovah's banner furled;
 Sheathed his sword:—he speaks—'t is done:
 Now the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With supreme, unbounded sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah!—let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 5 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes, above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.

805.

7s & 6s.

LYTE.

The Salvation of Israel.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error;
 Release the fettered heart.

- 4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

806.

L. M.

ANON

Prayer for Israel.

- 1 **O** THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found,—
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.
- 2 Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

807.

S. M.

C. WESLEY

Prayer for Israel.

- 1 **L** ORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wanderers come.
- 2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.
- 3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.
- 4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled—
Thy family complete.

808.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL

Israel returning from Captivity.

- 1 **W**HY on the bending willow hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue.
And Zion's song declines to sing?

- 2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
 Let harp and voice unite their strains;
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
 And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.
- 3 No taunting foes the song require;
 No strangers mock thy captive chain;
 But friends invite the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands thy triumph share;
 A heavenly city claims thy song;
 A brighter Salem rises there.
- 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
 Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
 In every clime behold a home;
 In every temple see thy God.

809.

C. M.

MOORE

Spiritual Restoration of the Jews.

- 1 **B**UT who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away
 Which blinds the nations now?
- 2 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie,—
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye,—
- 3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.
- 4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
 In peace by all who come,
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

810.

11s & 8s.

SAC. SONGS.

Palestine Mission.

- 1 **T**HEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid;
 Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed,
 And Jehovah his wonders displayed:
 To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
 Where he labored, and languished, and bled:
 Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God,
 As he captive captivity led.
- 2 They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound,
 Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
 Was re-echoed on earth, through the regions around.
 In the accents of heavenly love:
 Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
 The rich gifts of his grace to reveal;
 Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name,
 The truth of their mission to seal.
- 3 They have gone — the glad heralds of mercy have gone,
 To the land where the martyrs once bled;
 Where the Beast, the false Prophet, has since trodden down
 The fair fabric that Zion had laid:
 Where the churches once planted, and watered, and blest
 With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
 Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathen possessed,
 And the places that knew them defiled.
- 4 They have gone — O, thou Shepherd of Israel — have gone,
 The glad mission in love to restore:
 Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone;
 Thy blessing we humbly implore:
 Thy blessing go with them — O, be thou their shield
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
 O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed,
 In mercy, in might, from on high.

811.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

- 1 **S**OON may the last, glad song arise
 Through all the myriads of the skies —
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's

- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee ;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O, let that glorious anthem swell ;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.
-

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

812.

8s & 7s.

W. G. CLARKE.

Opening of the School.

- 1 **W**E have met in peace together
In this house of God again ;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain ;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing ;
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.
- 2 We have met, and Time is flying ;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring :
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.
- 3 He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast ;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest :
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
" Little children, come to me."

813.

H. M.

PRATT'S COL.

United Praise of Teachers and Children.

1 COME, let our voices join
 In joyful songs of praise;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
 To God alone all praise belongs—
 Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
 Our wandering feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught:
 To God alone your offerings bring;
 Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
 Be crowned with full success;
 Let thousands, yet unborn,
 Thy sacred name here bless:
 To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
 We'll raise throughout eternity.

814.

L. M.

UNION COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more.
 O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray:
 Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
 For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
 May we above to glory soar,
 And praise thee in more lofty strains,
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

815.

7s.

GRAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
 We are weak, almighty thou.

- 2 With the peace thy word imparts
 Be the taught and teachers blest;
 In our lives, and in our hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.
- 3 Shed abroad in every mind
 Light and pardon from above,
 Charity for all our kind,
 Trusting faith and holy love.

816.

C. M.

STRAPHAN.

Pleasures of Teaching.

- 1 **B**E ours the bliss in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.
- 2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin
 To seek redeeming grace!
- 3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
 To aid this good design;
 The honors of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

817.

C. M.

JANE TAYLOR.

Songs of Children in Heaven.

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world of light
 Above the starry sky,
 Where saints departed, clothed in white,
 Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
 Those heavenly voices raise,
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.

818.

C. M.

UNION COL.

Teachers' Success.

- 1 **H**OW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
Among the rising race!
- 2 Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all-redeeming love,
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove

819.

L. M.

ANON.

Goodness of God.

- 1 **H**OW great thy goodness, gracious Lord!
What love resides in thee!
Through every season of my life,
Thou dost remember me.
- 2 While but a young and helpless babe,
Rich blessings flowed from thee;
My parents' tender fondness proved
Thou didst remember me.
- 3 The Sabbath I am taught to keep,
And every sin to flee;
With grateful heart, O Lord, I weep,
Thou didst remember me.

820.

C. M.

ANON

Sabbath anticipated.

- 1 **G**OD over all, forever blest!
Grant me thy grace within;
That I may keep to-morrow's rest,
A rest indeed from sin;—
- 2 A rest from all my usual play,
A holy rest in thee;
Then will thy blessed Sabbath day
Be a sweet rest to me.

- 3 Lord, sanctify my every thought
 In these my days of youth;
 Make me remember what I'm taught
 Out of thy word of truth.
- 4 O, teach me how to pray aright,
 And what to ask of thee;
 That when I'm kneeling in thy sight,
 I may not thoughtless be.

821.

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Praise to the Saviour.

- 1 **T**O thee, O blessed Saviour,
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 O, tune our hearts and voices
 Thy holy name to praise;
 'T is by thy sovereign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet,
 To join with friends and teachers
 Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 O, may thy precious gospel
 Be published all abroad,
 Till the benighted heathen
 Shall know and serve the Lord;
 Till o'er the wide creation
 The rays of truth shall shine,
 And nations now in darkness
 Arise to light divine.

822.

C. M.

UNION COL.

Youthful Praise.

- 1 **G**REAT God, in whom we live and move,
 Accept our feeble praise,
 For all the mercy, grace, and love,
 Which crown our youthful days.
- 2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
 Lord, what can we impart?
 Thou dost require one gift alone—
 The offering of the heart.
- 3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
 Preserve us by thy grace,
 Till death shall bring us all to see
 Thy glory face to face.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

823.

S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Parental Entreaty.

- 1 **M**Y son, know thou the Lord;
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.
- 2 Call while he may be found;
O, seek him while he 's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.
- 3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.
- 4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

824.

S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.

- 1 **T**HOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.
- 2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.
- 3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart;
Make them entirely thine.

- 4 To-day in love descend;
 O, come this precious hour;
 In mercy now their spirits bend
 By thy resistless power.
- 5 Low bending at thy feet,
 Our offspring we resign:
 Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
 And high thy glories shine.

825.

C. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

Parental Solitude.

- 1 **H**OW can we see the children, Lord,
 In love whom thou hast given,
 Remain regardless of thy word,
 Without a hope of heaven?
- 2 How can we see them tread the path
 That leads to endless death,
 Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
 With every moment's breath?
- 3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
 And save our children dear:
 Now send thy Spirit from on high,
 And fill them with thy fear.
- 4 O, make them love thy holy law,
 And joyful walk therein;
 Their hearts to new obedience draw;
 Save them from every sin.

826.

C. M.

MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

- 1 **O** LORD, behold us at thy feet,
 A needy, sinful band;
 As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
 We come at thy command.
- 2 'T is for our children we would plead,
 The offspring thou hast given;
 Where shall we go, in time of need,
 But to the God of heaven?

- 3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.
- 4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

827.

7s.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for the Salvation of Children.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.
- 2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.
- 4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood:
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

828.

S. M.

FELLOWS.

Prayer for Offspring.

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

- 2 O, what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
 Their hearts to sanctify;
 Remember now thy gracious word:
 Our hopes on thee rely.
- 4 Draw forth the melting tear,
 The penitential sigh;
 Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
 And fix their hopes on high.
- 5 These children now are thine;
 We give them back to thee:
 O, lead them, by thy grace divine,
 Along the heavenly way.

829.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries.
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to thee;
 With humble trust that we are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

830.

C. M.

SEL. HYMNS.

A Hymn for a Maternal Association.

- 1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
 Each fond, maternal care;
 For this we gather round thy throne,
 And bring our children there.
- 2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
 Or aught the world can give;
 May they but glorify thy name,
 And to thy honor live.
- 3 This is the burden of our prayer—
 When from our bosoms riven,
 May they be objects of thy care,
 And heirs, at last, of heaven.

831.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ blessing Children.

- 1 THE Saviour kindly calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He folds them in his gracious arms;
 Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these;
 For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

832.

C. M.

ANON.

Christ blessing Children.

- 1 ON, through Judea's palmy plain,
 By Jordan's silv'ry shore,
 The Saviour leads the thronging train,
 Who follow to adore.

EARLY PIETY.

- 2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid.
 He marked the listening child;
 His hand upon its head he laid,
 And blest in accents mild.
- 3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
 Can greet our children's sight,
 Grant that, whilst life their breasts shall warm,
 Thy word may guide them right.
- 4 They may not feel thine earthly touch;
 But be thy Spirit given,
 To make them holy; "for of such
 The kingdom is of heaven."
-

EARLY PIETY.

833.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

- 1 **W**HILE in the tender years of youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
 It summons to the tomb, —
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God;
 For him thy powers employ;
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy portion, and thy joy.
- 3 He will in safety guide thy course
 O'er life's uncertain sea,
 And bring thee to that peaceful shore
 Where happy spirits be.

834.

C. M.

WATTS.

Importance of the Bible to the Young.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise ;
We hate the sinner's road ;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth :
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

835.

C. M.

EPIS. COL.

Early Piety.

- 1 **O** IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose, —
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved ; —
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways ; —
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest ;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

836.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

The Bible the Guide of the Young.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray :
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined:
O, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

837.

C. M.

HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

838.

C. M.

LOGAN.

Early Instruction.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

839.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

Early Piety.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening winds,
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
- 3 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is forever sure.
- 4 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 5 Though pressed with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

840.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

Remember thy Creator.

- 1 “REMEMBER thy Creator”
 While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.
- 2 “Remember thy Creator”
 Ere life resigns its trust,
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust;
 Before with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear:
 He cries, who died to save it,
 “Thy great Creator fear.”

841.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Young encouraged to seek Christ.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 The soul that longs to see his face
 Is sure his love to gain;
 And those that early seek his grace
 Shall never seek in vain.
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compared with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING.

842.

C. M.

HART.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.
- 2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.
- 3 And should the dread decree be passed,
And we must feel the rod,—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

843.

L. M.

DYER

Public Humiliation.

- 1 **G**REAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,—
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.
- 4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

844.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Public Supplication.

- 1 **W**HEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood, —
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued, —
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?
- 5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land:
Forsake us not, O God.

845.

C. M.

BREVIARY

Humility under Affliction.

- 1 **O** SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.
- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

846.

L. M.

WATTS

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restore the light.
- 2 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 3 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 4 "Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 5 "My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings."

847.

11s & 8s.

MONTGOMERY.

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

- 1 **B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people; his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

848.

8s & 7s.

CROSSE.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

- 1 **L**ORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean.
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion
Own their great and gracious God.
- 2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved, possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.
- 3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

849.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Year crowned with Goodness.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.
- 5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

850.

C. M.

ANON.

A Harvest Hymn.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And gav'st refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
 Thy hand all nature hails:
 Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails.

851.

6s & 4s.

MONTGOMERY

Praise to the God of Harvest.

- 1 **T**HE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
 And purest thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth;
 To glory in your lot
 Is duty,—but be not
 God's benefits forgot,
 Amidst your mirth.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

852.

L. M.

PRESB. COL.

Goodness of God celebrated.

- 1 **J**JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord ;
All nature rests upon his word ;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 3 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
In all the earth thy glories shine ;
Through every mouth thy gifts appear ;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

853.

L. P. M.

ROSCOE.

Praise to the Author of National Blessings.

- 1 **G**REAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all ;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall ;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.
- 2 To thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend ;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last,
And e'er thy sheltering care extend.

854.

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of all Grace.

- 1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours —
Thy hand from whence my being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.
- 4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

855.

7s.

SAC. LYRICS

Thanksgiving.

- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey —
Never feel oppression's rod —
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

856.

L. M.

PRESB. COL.

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

857.

L. P. M.

KIPPIS

National Praise and Prayer.

- 1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, O, may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

858.

C. M.

WRETFORD

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 **L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.
- 2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

859.

6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

- 1 **M**Y country, 't is of thee.
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breath partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

860.

C. M.

ANON.

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

- 1 **T**O Him from whom our blessings flow,
 Who all our wants supplies,
 This day the choral song and vow
 From grateful hearts shall rise.
- 2 'T was he who led the pilgrim band
 Across the stormy sea;
 'T was he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
 And set our country free.
- 3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
 In sickness and distress,
 Our fathers looked to God alone,
 To save, protect, and bless.
- 4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
 In manhood as in youth;
 Thine arm for our protection wield,
 And guide us by thy truth.

861.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for National Gratitude and Holiness.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
 Still saved by thine almighty hand,
 The tribute of its love to bring
 To thee, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Let every public temple raise
 Triumphant songs of holy praise;
 Let every peaceful, private home,
 A temple, Lord, to thee become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy glorious sight;
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

I.—MORNING AND EVENING.

862.

C. M.

AXON

"I will be glad in the Lord."

- 1 **W**HEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away,—
Bright tear-drops of the night,—
- 2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.
- 3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.
- 4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.
- 5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

863.

L. M.

WATTS

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

864.

C. M.

STEELE.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise:
 Thine acts of love 't is good to sing,
 And pleasant 't is to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend:
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

865.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Morning Thanksgiving.

1 **S**ERENE I laid me down,
 Beneath his guardian care;
 I slept—and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver near.

- 2 Thus does thine arm support
 This weak, defenseless frame;
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am?
- 3 O, how shall I repay
 The bounties of my God?
 This feeble spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to thee;
 And in thy service I would spend
 A long eternity.

866.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 How many wretched souls have fled
 Since the last setting sun!
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

867.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Hosanna.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand!
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.

- 2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word ;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.
- 4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law ;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his guardian wings.

868.

7s.

CH. PSALMODY.

Gratitude and Supplication.

- 1 **T**HOU that dost my life prolong
Kindly aid my morning song :
Thankful from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry ;
Thy preserving hand was nigh :
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night :
'T was thy hand restored the light :
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray ;
O, preserve me through the day :
Dangers every where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display ;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

869.

7s.

EPIS. COL.

A Morning Prayer.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone;
Now is past the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

870.

L. M.

WATTS

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

871.

C. M.

WATTS.

Evening Devotion.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope, relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

872.

C. M.

WATTS

God's Goodness acknowledged.

- 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offering of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard;
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around;
 But, O, how few returns of love
 Hath my Redeemer found!
- 4 What have I done for him who died
 To save my guilty soul?
 Alas! my sins are multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
 Lord, to thy cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by thee.

873.

L. M.

ANON

Evening Reflections.

- 1 **S**TILL evening comes, with gentle shade,
 Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
 From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts
 Revolving in the pensive breast.

- 2 Refulgent day in darkness sets ;
 The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep ;
 Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
 As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.
- 3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease ;
 The scene obscured inspires my eye,
 And darkness marks the loved retreat
 Where pleasures live and sorrows die.
- 4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
 And undisturbed by human voice,
 Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
 And bids my soul in God rejoice.

874.

L. M.

KENN

Trusting God.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings.
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;
 Thy watchful station near me keep ;
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.
- 5 Lord, let my heart forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care :
 'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.

875.

L. M.

WATTS.

Evening Reflections.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on ;
 Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past;
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

876.

12s & 11s.

CHURCHMAN.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean;
 The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;
 O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.
- 2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,
 As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave:
 Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain,
 Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.
- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
 Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
 Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
 And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.
- 4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
 Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,
 To God, the Eternal, all glory be given:
 One God, ever blessed and praised thou art.

877.

6s & 5s.

ANON

Seeking Protection.

- 1 **O** THOU who hearest prayer,
 Through his submission
 Who did our sorrows bear,
 Hear our petition:
 Lead us in thine own way;
 Grant us, we humbly pray,
 For all our sins this day,
 Holy contrition.

- 2 They shall lie down in peace,
 Lord, whom thou keepest;
 Thy mercies never cease;
 Thou never sleepest:
 Guard us till morning's ray
 Bids us again essay
 Who shall pour forth the lay
 Loudest and deepest.

878.

S. M.

ANON.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O, may we all remember well,
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest:
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O, may we in thy bosom rest —
 The bosom of thy love.

879.

7s.

EPIS. COL.

Communion with God.

- 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon our sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, we would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon from us the light of day
 Shall forever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

880.

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON.

Confidence in God's Protection.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And command us to the tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

881.

L. M.

COLLYER

Grateful Acknowledgment.

- 1 THE night shall hear me raise my song,
 And in her silent courts my tongue
 Shall pour the solitary lay,
 For all the mercies of the day.
- 2 Nor will my God disdain to hear
 The sigh I breathe—the fervent prayer ;
 When, sinking to oblivious rest,
 I seek the pillow of his breast.
- 3 And when the blushing morn shall rise,
 To tinge with gold the eastern skies ;
 With strength renewed, my thankful lay
 Shall hail the new-born beams of day

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

II.—THE YEAR.

882.

7s.

NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live.
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to old and young ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love :
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

883.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Song for the opening Year.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own,
 The future — all to us unknown —
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

884.

5s & 12s.

C. WESLEY.

The New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue—
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear:
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown;
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.
- 3 O that each, in the day
 Of his coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do:
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

885.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

- 1 **H**OW like an idle tale we pass
Each swift revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career!
- 2 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 3 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

886.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

- 1 **O**UR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close, the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

887.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wing of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
 Ye mortal powers, decay;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

888.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Flight of Time.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw;
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea—
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Upon the rapid streams are borne
 Swift on to their eternal home,
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
 Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour,
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure and its power.

889.

C. M.

WATTS.

Seasons.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays ;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

890.

C. M.

STEELE.

Spring.

- 1 **W**HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers sing !
'T is nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

891.

H. M.

DWIGHT.

Spring.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !
- | | | |
|----------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Bright suns arise, | | And beauty glows |
| The mild wind blows, | | Through earth and skies. |
- 2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles :
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills :
- | | | |
|-----------------------|--|-----------------------|
| The evening breeze | | His beauty blooms |
| His breath perfumes ; | | In flowers and trees. |

3 With life he clothes the spring,
 The earth with summer warms,
 He spreads th' autumnal feast,
 And rides on wintry storms:
 His gifts divine | And round the year
 Through all appear; | His glories shine.

892.

8s & 7s.

HORNE.

Autumn.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound,—
- 2 “Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 What though yet no losses grieve you,—
 Gay with health and many a grace;
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
 Summer gives to autumn place.”
- 4 On the tree of life eternal
 Let our highest hopes be stayed:
 This alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

893.

7s & 6s.

BRIT. MAG

Autumn.

- 1 **T**HE leaves, around me falling,
 Are preaching of decay;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 “Come, pilgrim, come away;”
 The day, in night declining,
 Says I must, too, decline;
 The year its bloom resigning,
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,—
 All, all, like stars at even,
 Just gleam and shoot away,
 Pass on before to heaven,
 And chide at my delay.

- 3 The friends gone there before me
 Are calling from on high,
 And happy angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky:
 "Why wait," they say, "and wither,
 'Mid scenes of death and sin?
 O, rise to glory, hither,
 And find true life begin."
- 4 I hear the invitation,
 And fain would rise and come,
 A sinner, to salvation —
 An exile, to his home;
 But while I here must linger,
 Thus, thus, let all I see
 Point on, with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

894.

C. M.

STEELE.

Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN Winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature, seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray:
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state! divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns,
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

897.

S. M.

WATTS

Man hastening to the Grave.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas! 't was brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

898.

C. M.

WATTS.

Life short, and Man frail.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures — earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

899.

L. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Brevity of Life.

- 1 **E**RE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

900.

C. M.

WATTS.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!—
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 4 Eternal joy, or dreadful woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

901.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

Importance of To-day.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

902.

C. H. M.

JANE TAYLOR

What is your Life?

- 1 **O** WHAT is life?—'t is like a flower
That blossoms and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on :
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.
- 2 O, what is life?—'t is like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colors glow ;
But while we look, they die :
Life fails as soon :—to-day 't is here ;
To-morrow it may disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life?—if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care :
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

IV.—OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

903.

L. M.

WILLIS.

The Temple of Nature.

- 1 **T**HE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and lo! the work was done.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

904.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;—
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

905.

H. M.

FRANCIS.

Prayer for God's Presence and Blessing.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,
 And with thy favor crown
 This temple as thy home,
 This people as thine own:
 Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend,
 Like incense, to the skies:
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise.
 And shine like polished stones,
 Through long-succeeding days;
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
 While temples stand and men adore.
- 4 Here may the listening throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song
 Of seraphim above;
 Till all who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

906.

C. M.

REED

The Spirit's Presence desired.

- 1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
 And make this house thy home;
 Descend with all thy gracious power;
 O, come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light: to us reveal
 Our sinfulness and woe,
 And lead us in the paths of life,
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let every soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
 The wings of peaceful love,—
 And let the church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.
- 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
 And make this house thy home;
 Descend with all thy gracious power;
 O, come, great Spirit, come.

907.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Blessing implored.

- 1 **H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for thee;
 O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
 And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
 Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
 Hosanna! let the angels sing.
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will our great Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 Thy glory never hence depart;
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart;
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

908.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A House of Prayer for all People.

- 1 **G**REAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace
 Which could for Gentiles find
 Within thy courts a place:
 How kind the care | For us to raise
 Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
 We now approach the throne;
 For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause his own:
 Strangers no more, | And find our home,
 To thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house,
 And thou attend their song,
 And smile upon their vows:
 Indulgent still, | To join the choir
 Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill.

909.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Condescension.

1 GREAT God, we to thy honor raise
 These walls to echo with thy praise;
 Do thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his words attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

3 And in the great, decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here.

910.

C. M.

SHEPHERD'S COL.

Divine Condescension.

1 GREAT God, within thy courts we meet,
 Thy presence to implore;
 Smile on us from thy mercy-seat,
 And we desire no more.

2 Here let thy gospel be declared;
 Here make thy power be known;
 May every heart, by grace prepared,
 Be the Redeemer's throne.

- 3 Here make thyself a glorious name,
 And form us for thy praise ;
 Thy promised presence, Lord, we claim,
 And supplicate thy grace.

911.

C. M.

DOBELL'S COL.

A Blessing sought.

- 1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 Before thy glorious majesty
 Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Yet thou art not confined above ;
 Thy presence knows no bound ;
 Where'er thy praying people meet,
 There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold a temple raised for thee ;
 O, meet thy people here ;
 Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
 And in thy church appear.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord, dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
 By thy most precious blood ;
 Let sinners know the joyful sound,
 And own their Saviour, God.

912.

C. M.

J. R. SCOTT

Divine Blessing solicited.

- 1 TO thee this temple we devote,
 Our Father and our God ;
 Accept it thine, and seal it now
 Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Peace be within these sacred walls ;
 Prosperity be here ;
 Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
 And evermore be near.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

V.—ORDINATION HYMNS.

913.

8s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

- 1 **B**LEST is the hour when cares depart,
 And earthly scenes are far,—
 When tears of woe forget to start,
 And gently dawns upon the heart
 Devotion's holy star.
- 2 Blest is the place where angels bend
 To hear our worship rise, —
 Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
 And all the soul's affections tend
 Beyond the veiling skies.
- 3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
 Man to his work of love—
 Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
 Console the weeping, lead the blind,
 And guide to joys above.
- 4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
 Spirit divine, to thee,
 When they, whose work is finished well,
 In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
 Blest through eternity.

914.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen 'all awake.
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'T is not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands,
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego,—
 For souls, which must forever live,
 In rapture or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer, see ;
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

915.

S. M.

WATTS.

Ministers the Bearers of good Tidings.

- 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 their tidings are !—
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound !
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

916.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
 We plead for those who plead for thee ;
 Successful pleaders may they be.

ORDINATION HYMNS.

- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge :
Their best endowments are our gain ;
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words ; and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal ;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach them immortal souls to gain, —
And thus reward their toil and pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

917.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY

A Pastor welcomed.

- 1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;
Come as a servant : so he came ;
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a shepherd : guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep ;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman : take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.
- 4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way ;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

- 6 Come as a messenger of peace,
 Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
 Live to behold our large increase,
 And die to meet us all above.

918.

6s & 4s.

J. YOUNG.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

- 1 **O** HOLY Lord, our God,
 By heavenly hosts adored,
 Hear us, we pray:
 To thee the cherubim,
 Angels, and seraphim,
 Unceasing praises bring—
 Their homage pay.
- 2 Here give thy word success;
 And this thy servant bless;
 His labors own;
 And while the sinner's Friend
 His life and words commend,
 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 And make him known.
- 3 May every passing year
 More happy still appear
 Than this glad day:
 With numbers fill the place;
 Adorn thy saints with grace;
 Thy truth may all embrace,
 O Lord, we pray.
- 4 O Lord, our God, arise;
 And now, before our eyes,
 Thy arm make bare;
 Unite our hearts in love
 Till, raised to heaven above,
 We all its fullness prove,
 And praise thee there.

919.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.
- 2 Saviour, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.
- 3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be—
Dead to the world, alive to thee.
- 4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear
That thy reviving power is here.
- 5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

920.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

- 1 'T IS done—th' important act is done—
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.
- 2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.
- 3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love;
His lips inspire; each effort own;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 Behold his charge; what wealth shall dare
With its most priceless worth to vie?
Suns, systems, worlds, how mean they are,
Compared with souls, that cannot die!
- 5 The sun may set in endless gloom,
The planets from their stations flee,
Creation fill oblivion's tomb,
But souls can never cease to be.
- 6 O, when, before the judgment-seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

921.

7s.

HAMMOND.

Winning Souls to Christ.

- 1 **W**OULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;—
- 3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.
- 5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

VI.—MEETING AND PARTING.

922.

7s.

NEWTON.

Parting of Christians.

- 1 **F**OR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

923.

C. M.

ANON.

Hope of Reunion above.

- 1 **W**HEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.
- 2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.
- 3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.
- 4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.
- 5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

924.

S. M.

FAWCETT.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

925.

8s.

BALDWIN.

Christian Fellowship.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

MEETING AND PARTING.

- 4 O, why then so loth for to part,
 Since we shall ere long meet again?
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 No longer confined to our clay,
 But whelmed in the ocean of love;—
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glories shall see;
 We'll sing hallelujah, amen;
 Amen, even so let it be.

926.

6s & 5s, [peculiar.] SEL. HYMNS.

Reunion in Heaven.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we meet again?—
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will Peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes—
 Never—no, never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill
 Never—no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never—no, never!

DEATH.

- 4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!
-

DEATH.

927.

L. M.

WATTS.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just—
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die and dwell with thee.

DEATH.

928.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to All.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die :
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know that heaven or hell depends
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

929.

C. M.

WATTS.

Meditation on the Tomb.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tomb a warning sound ;
My ears, attend the cry —
“Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers ;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ? —
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We 'll rise above the sky.

930.

C. M.

HEBER

A Warning from the Grave.

- 1 **B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell.

931.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death disarmed.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

932.

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there ;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
 If my Redeemer bid ;
 And run, if I were called to go,
 And die, as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promised land,
 My flesh itself would long to drop,
 And welcome the command.
- 4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
 I would forget my breath,
 And lose my life among the charms
 Of so divine a death.

933.

S. H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Friends separated by Death.

- 1 **F**RIEND after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end :
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere

4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away ;
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

934.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Summons.

- 1 " SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death : "
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies ;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.
- 2 " Prisoner, long detained below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe ;
 Welcome to a land of rest : "
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the scul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
 Grave, the treasury of the skies
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise :
 Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls --
 " Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day."

935.

L. M.

WAITS.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To slumber in the silent dust.

DEATH.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blest the bed.
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word:
 Restore thy trust; a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

936.

L. M.

MASCULAS.

Hymn of the Dying Christian.

- 1 **A** MORTAL coldness bathes my brow,
 And chills the life-blood round my heart;
 But Christ, my life, is with me now;
 I feel immortal vigor start!
- 2 Sink not, my soul, in death's dim gates,
 Departing for the world of rest;
 Behold, thy guide, thine angel waits,
 To seat thee there among the blest.
- 3 Leave, then, this dying form to chill;
 In ruin it around thee lies:
 And God's right hand is faithful still—
 Leave it, till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 But hast thou sinned, and hence thy fear?
 Sad truth! yet bid despondence flee;
 A truth, as sure, shall Christ endear—
 His precious blood avails for thee!
- 5 Is it the gloom of death appalls?
 Yet look again—for life is nigh!
 And grace irrevocable calls,
 To crown thee with thy Lord on high.
- 6 Victor o'er Satan, sin, and death,
 Yonder thy Lord in triumph reigns!
 Who would not yield this mortal breath,
 To win those everlasting plains?

DEATH.

937.

7s & 4.

MRS. GILBERT.

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 **W**HEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day;—
- 2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.
- 3 When the mighty trumpet blown,
Shall the judgment-dawn proclaim,
From the central, burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Thou wilt own my worthless name.

938.

L. M.

DWIGET.

Death not the End of our Being.

- 1 **S**HALL man, O God of life and light,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?
- 2 In those lone, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way:
They shall be clothed with endless life.
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King

939.

8s & 4.

MONTGOMERY.

The Grave.

- 1 **T**HERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose.
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.
- 3 Then, traveler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

940.

C. M.

COLLYER.

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command, —
- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

941.

L. M.

STEELE.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 **S**O fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

942.

L. M.

EPIS COL.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 **A**S vernal flowers that scent the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.
- 2 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires —
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God
- 4 This blessed theme now cheers my voice;
The grave is not the loved one's prison;
The "stone" that covered half my joys
Is "rolled away," and lo! "he's risen."

943.

C. M.

WATTS.

Death of Christian Friends.

- 1 **W**HYY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'T was there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints he blest.
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise:
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

944.

C. M.

WATTS.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs;
 My great Redeemer ever lives,
 My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
 High on a royal seat;
 And Death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong, immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy wondrous grace,
 With pleasure and surprise.

945.

C. M.

WATTS.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead:
 "Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suffering and from sin released,
 They're freed from every snare.
- 3 "Far from this world of toil and strife
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward."

946.

7, 6s, & 8.

NORR'S COL

The Land of Rest.

- 1 **B**ROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.
- 2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away;
Thy Saviour called thee home.
- 3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.
- 4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.
- 5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer —
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

947.

C. M. L. H. SIGOURN.

Burial of a Friend.

- 1 **A**S, bowed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.
- 2 No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath bell.
- 3 Yet, if, in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song, —
- 4 No more we'll mourn the absent friend.
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

948.

S. H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Christian's tranquil Death.

- 1 **T**HIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with its cares, away ;
 A holy, solemn stillness round
 This lifeless, mouldering clay ;
 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.
- 2 Behold the bed of death —
 The pale and mortal clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Marked ye the eye's last ray ?
 No: life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.
- 3 Why mourn the pious dead ?
 Why sorrows swell our eyes ?
 Can sighs recall the spirit fled ?
 Shall vain regrets arise ?
 Though death has caused this altered mien,
 In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.
- 4 Bury the dead, and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss :
 Bury the dead ; in Christ they sleep
 Who bore on earth his cross ;
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image, to the skies.

949.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And nought disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

- 1 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
 O grave! where is thy victory now,
 And where, O death, where is thy sting!

950.

C. M.

PEABODY.

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the western evening light!
 It melts in deepening gloom;
 So calmly Christians sink away,
 Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
 Scarce whispers from the tree;
 So gently flows the parting breath,
 When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
 The crimson light is shed!
 'T is like the peace the Christian gives
 To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
 The sunset beam is cast!
 So sweet the memory left behind,
 When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And, lo! above the dews of night
 The vesper star appears:
 So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
 Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
 Its glories shall restore;
 And thus the eyes that sleep in death
 Shall wake, to close no more.

951.

12s & 11s.

HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

- T**HOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

DEATH.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
 Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
 And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

952.

8s & 7s.

SAC. SONGS.

Death of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HY lament the Christian dying?
 Why indulge in tears or gloom?
 Calmly on the Lord relying,
 He can greet the opening tomb.
- 2 What if death with icy fingers
 All the fount of life congeals?
 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
 'Tis not death his spirit feels.
- 3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,
 Though with grief thy heart is riven;
 While his flesh to dust is turning,
 All his soul is filled with heaven.
- 4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
 Now forbid his longer stay;
 See him rise o'er death victorious,
 Angels beckon him away.
- 5 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
 Sounds unearthly fill his ear;
 Millions, now, in heaven singing,
 Greet his joyful entrance there.

953.

8s & 7s.

BAP. MEMORIAL.

Burial of a Christian Brother.

- 1 **B**ROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow;
 Death is o'er, and life is won;
 On thy slumber dawns no morrow:
 Rest—thine earthly race is run.
- 2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
 Endless day is round thee poured;
 Enter thou the rest remaining
 For the people of the Lord.

- 3 Brother, wake; for He who loved thee—
 He who died that thou might'st live—
 He who graciously approved thee,—
 Waits thy crown of joy to give.
- 4 Fare thee well; though woe is blending
 With the tones of earthly love,
 Triumph high and joy unending
 Wait thee in the realms above.

954.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Will there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
 With that unvaried day.

955.

C. M.

STEELE.

The Death of a young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O, may this truth, impressed
 With awful power, "I too must die,"
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
 Behold the opening tomb:
 It bids us seize the present hour:
 To-morrow death may come.

DEATH.

- 4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power :
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

956.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- 1 **O** FOR the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward !
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
 In silent hope, may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live
 Through long-succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give—
 Our praises and our tears.
- 5 O for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward !

957.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister.

- 1 **W**HAT though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade ;
 What though our teacher and our friend
 Is numbered with the dead ;—
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young ;
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And dumb th' instructive tongue ;—

DEATH.

- 3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 His teaching to impart:
 Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
 And rule and keep our heart.
- 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store,
 And shall be fed with what He gives,
 Who lives forevermore.

958.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Death of an aged Minister.

- 1 “SERVANT of God, well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.”
- 2 The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amid alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 The pains of death are past;
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

959.

C. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Support in Death.

- 1 JESUS! the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 While in the Saviour's arms.
- 2 And while ye hear my heart-strings break,
 How sweet the minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my cheek—
 A glory in my soul.

960.

10s.

MONTGOMERY

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

- 1 **G**O to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's ébrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave:—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love.
And open vision for the written word.

961.

8s & 9s.

BACON.

Death of a Missionary.

- 1 **W**EEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given;
O, weep not for him: he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.
- 2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave;
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

962.

6s.

LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

- 1 **F**LUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 Their ashes shall be watched,
 And gathered at the last:
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.
- 2 Jesus hath now received
 Their latest living breath;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death:
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And triumph-tongued, proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one availing Name.

963.

C. M.

WATTS

Victory over Death.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster Death,
 And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing—
 "Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
 And where, O Death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
 Death has no sting beside:
 The law gives sin its damning power;
 But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
 Through Christ, our living Head.

RESURRECTION.

964.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
 And triumph o'er the just?
 How long the blood of martyrs slain
 Lie mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
 The dawn of heaven appears;
 The bright, immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around;
 The skies divide to make him room;
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
 And, lo! the graves obey;
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute th' expected day.
- 5 O, may our humble spirits stand
 Among them, clothed in white:
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing!

965.

C. M.

SCOTCH COL.

Death vanquished.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake,—
 When opening graves shall yield their charge,
 And dust to life awake,—
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
 Shall incorrupted rise,
 And mortal forms shall spring to life
 Immortal in the skies.

- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled—
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
“O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?”

966.

C. M.

WATTS.

Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **I** SET the Lord before my face;
He bears my courage up;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express:
My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are,
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see destruction there.
- 3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give;
Thy presence, joys unknown

967.

S. M.

WATTS

Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

RESURRECTION.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

968.

L. M.

WATTS.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

969.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Journeying through Death to Life.

- 1 **T**HROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path.
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

JUDGMENT.

- 5 These ashes too,—this little dust,—
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise!
-

JUDGMENT.

970.

8s & 7s, [peculiar.]

LUTHER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created:
 The Judge of man I see appear.
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Before his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

971.

L. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.

- 1 **H**E reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
 Sing to his name in lofty strains;
 Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
 And in his praise exalt their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
 But grace and truth support his throne:
 Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
 Before him burns devouring fire;
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

972.

8s, 7s, & 4.

RIPPON'S COL.

The Judgment welcomed.

- 1 **L**O! he cometh: countless trumpets
 Wake to life the slumbering dead;
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
 See their great, exalted Head:
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear;
 Truth and justice go before him;
 Now the joyful sentence hear:
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

- 3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father;
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows;
 Endless praise be your employ:"
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, to the skies.

973.

L. M.

HEBER.

The Lord will come.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
 The hills their ancient seats forsake;
 And, withering, from the vault of night
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come; but not the same
 As once in lowly form he came, —
 A quiet Lamb to slaughter led, —
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
 Anointed Judge of human kind.
- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
 O God, is this the Crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall-sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

974.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Lord cometh to Judgment.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the day is come;
 The righteous Judge is near;
 And sinners, trembling at their doom,
 Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels, in bright attire,
 Conduct him through the skies;
 Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire.
 Attend him as he flies.
- 3 How awful is the sight!
 How loud the thunders roar!
 The sun forbears to give his light,
 And stars are seen no more.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 The whole creation groans;
 But saints arise and sing:
 They are the ransomed of the Lord,
 And he their God and King.

975.

8s, 7s, & 4.

OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus shall forever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty:
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day—
 “Come to judgment!—
 Come to judgment!—come away!”
- 4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
 See, in solemn pomp, appear;
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

976.

8, 7s, & 6.

ANON.

A Vision of Judgment.

- 1 **D**ARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Black clouds are gathering fast;
 In awful power thy God has come,
 Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
 Red flames are bursting round;
 Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
 How shakes the trembling ground!

- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold! the Judge appears:
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom:
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay — the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;
This hour to Jesus fly.

977.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Day approaches.

- 1 **T**HE day approaches, O my soul,—
The great, decisive day,—
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—
One precious hour—remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

978.

7s.

KELLY.

Christ coming to save his People.

- 1 **H**ARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

JUDGMENT.

- 4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

979.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Preparation for the Judgment.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

980.

C. M.

WATTS.

God coming to Judgment.

- 1 **T**HRONED on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 2 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

1.

C. P. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

Pleading for Acceptance.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To take thy ransomed people home.
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 And when the final trump shall sound,
 Among thy saints let me be found,
 To bow before thy face:
 Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With praise of sovereign grace.

982.

3s, 7s, & 4.

NEWTON.

Saints and Sinners judged.

- 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,
 Clothed 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.

HEAVEN.

- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed ;
See the kingdom I bestow :
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."
-

HEAVEN.

983.

C. M.

WATTS.

The heavenly Canaan.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes,—

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

984.

C. M.

WATTS

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall!
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all;—
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

985.

L. M.

BERRIDGE.

Perfect Felicity in Heaven.

- 1 **O** HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus, clothed in white!
 Safe landed on that peaceful shore
 Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
 And welcomed to an endless life,
 Their souls have now begun to prove
 The height and depth of Jesus' love.
- 3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
 They tell the wonders of his grace,
 And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
 They bow, adoring, at his feet.

986.

C. M.

WATTS.

The New Jerusalem.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.
- 2 From highest heaven, where God resides.
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing,—
“Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,—
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.
- 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.”
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

987.

C. M. MONTGOMERY'S COL.

Society of the New Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up.
And Sabbaths have no end?

- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem ! my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

988.

6s & 7s.

KELLY

Flight to Heaven.

- 1 **W**HAT is life ? — 't is but a vapor ;
Soon it vanishes away :
Life is but a dying taper ;
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory ; how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love ;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

989.

L. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Heaven alone unfading.

- 1 **H**OW vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the fondest ties
 That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a brighter world on high,
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

990.

7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Righteous only may hope for Heaven.

- 1 **W**HO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
 Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
 Who, an ever-welcome guest,
 In thy holy place shall rest?
- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He whose will, to thine conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run;
 He whose words and thoughts are one;—
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
 Loving those who love their God;
 Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
 Treads the path by thee ordained;—
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone;
 Not in aught himself has done;—
 He, great God, shall be thy care,
 And thy choicest blessing share.

991.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

Heaven in Prospect.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

992.

11s.

MUHLENBURG

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains.
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

993.

8s & 6s.

W. B. TAPPAN

Heaven anticipated.

- 1 **T**H**E**R**E** is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast;
 'T is found alone in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—'t is heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart no longer riven,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

994.

L. M.

WATTS

The Christian's Prospect.

- 1 **W**H**A**T sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
 But that bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake, and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
 Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

995.

8s & 6s.

ANON.

There remaineth a Rest for the People of God.

- 1 SWEET were the cheering words that broke
 From our Redeemer when he spoke
 Of mansions for the blest;
 His saints again his face shall see,
 And where he is, they too shall be,
 In realms of endless rest.
- 2 Yes, there 's a rest for saints on high,
 A rest prepared for those who die,
 Reclining on his breast:
 The weary pilgrim homeward turns,
 While in his bosom anxious burns
 The hope of future rest.
- 3 How light the ills of time appear!
 How short the state of suffering here!
 If but in Jesus blest,
 The way-worn traveler undismayed,
 Espies beyond death's gloomy shade
 A heaven of endless rest.
- 4 O, 't is but just a step between
 This mortal state and that unseen
 Abode of myriads blest!
 And oft my soul is in a strait,
 More anxious to depart than wait
 To find the promised rest.
- 5 Hail, precious moments, as ye fly!
 In swift succession, hasten nigh
 Release to the opprest;
 Come, welcome death, and friendly grave;
 Gladly I'd pass the chilling wave,
 And enter endless rest.

996.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sight of God and Christ the Joy of Heaven.

- 1 **O** FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.
- 3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo, from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!
- 4 When shall the day, O Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

997.

8s & 7s.

KELLY

Termination of the Christian Warfare.

- 1 **W**HEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict; past,
All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore,—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

- 4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
 'T is his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord:
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

998.

C. M. CH. PSALMODY.

Treasure in Heaven.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in store—
 Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
 More bright than golden ore.
- 2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
 With rapturous delight;
 O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
 To speed me in my flight!

999.

C. M. STEELE.

Heaven anticipated.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptured thoughts explore.
- 3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs,
 And endless honors to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
 Our feeble notes inspire,
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

1000.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Home in Heaven.

- 1 **M**Y Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
- 2 I hear, at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.
- 3 O, then my spirit faints
To reach that land I love —
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above.

1001.

C. M.

STEELE.

Longing for a View of Heaven.

- 1 **O** LET our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies. .

1002.

L. M.

ANON.

The better Land.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light;
 It hath no need of suns to rise,
 To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
 Across that calm, serene abode;
 The wanderer there a home may find,
 Within the Paradise of God.

1003.

7s

MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

- 1 **W**HO are these in bright array,
 This exulting, happy throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?—
 “Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name:
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer’s might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

1004.

7s.

RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

- 1 **H**IGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

1005.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Heaven and Earth.

- 1 **B**EHOLD yon bright array
Before the sapphire throne!
There young nor old, there rich nor poor,
There bond nor free, are known.
- 2 At once they strike their lyres;
At once break off,—and all,
With trembling joy, and silent love,
In adoration fall.
- 3 Whate'er their lot below,
As fellow-heirs of bliss,
In heaven their services are one;
Let earth be heaven in this.
- 4 As brethren, so may we
Worship with one accord;
In stillness wait, in prayer bow down,
And bless and praise the Lord.
- 5 As pilgrims on their way,
God's earthly courts we fill;
And travel on from strength to strength,
Abreast to Zion's hill.

- 6 There may our spirits meet,
 When faith is changed to sight,
 Where the Lord God himself shall be
 The temple, life, and light;—
- 7 Where on the sea of glass,
 The ransomed nations sing,
 And to the Lamb, amidst the throne,
 Eternal glory bring.

1006.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The final Adieu.

- 1 **T**HERE is a world of perfect bliss
 Above the starry skies;
 Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
 I thither lift my eyes.
- 2 'T is there the weary are at rest,
 And all is peace within;
 The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
 Is tranquil and serene.
- 3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
 Distrust and slavish fear;
 No more we hear the pensive sigh,
 Or see the falling tear.
- 4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
 In vain they tempt my stay:
 Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
 And bear my soul away.

1007.

L. M.

TUCK.

The Dwelling-Place of God.

- 1 **T**HERE is a region lovelier far
 Than sages tell or poets sing,
 Brighter than noonday glories are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.
- 2 It is not fanned by summer's gale;
 'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,—
 For there are known no evening hours.
- 3 No; for that world is ever bright
 With purest radiance all its own:
 The streams of uncreated light
 Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
 There not a tear of sorrow flows.
- 5 In vain the curious, searching eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the starry sky:
 It is the dwelling-place of God.

1008.

C. M.

WATTS

Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they are!
 And, like a raging flood,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And force us from our God.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
 How loud the tempests roar!
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 Fulfilling there his high commands,
 Our cheerful feet shall move;
 No sin shall clog our active zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.
- 4 We there shall ever sing and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.
- 5 Forever his dear, sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every song.

1009.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The River of God and the heavenly City.

- 1 **T**HERE is a river pure and bright,
 Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
 Where, in eternity of light,
 The city of our God remains.

- 2 Built by the word of his command,
 With his unclouded presence blest;
 Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand,
 There is our home, our hope, our rest.
- 3 Thither let fervent faith aspire,
 Our treasure, and our heart be there,
 O for a seraph's wing of fire!
 No—for the mightier wings of prayer.
- 4 Now, though the earth's foundations rock,
 And mountains down the gulf be hurled;
 His people smile amid the shock;
 They look beyond this transient world.

1010.

C. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

A Song of Heaven.

- 1 **S**OFT echoes from the bending sky
 Repeat the solemn strain;
 And let the voice of harmony
 Descend to earth again!
- 2 "O, worthy is the Lamb of God,
 The Lamb that once was slain,
 Within this high and bright abode,
 Eternally to reign.
- 3 "All blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Unto the Lamb be given;
 The Lamb of God forevermore,
 The King of earth and heaven."
- 4 The breathing accents die away
 Upon the listening ear;
 Yet would my soul forever stay,
 The joyful sound to hear.
- 5 "O, worthy is the Lamb of God,
 The Lamb that once was slain,
 Within this high and bright abode,
 Eternally to reign.
- 6 "All blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Unto the Lamb be given;
 The Lamb of God forevermore,
 The King of earth and heaven."

DISMISSIONS — DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

2.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands:
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
 Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,—
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

3.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all who dwell below the skies:
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

4.

8s.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'T is Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We 'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that 's to come.

5.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 2 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 3 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

6.

8s & 7s.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

7.

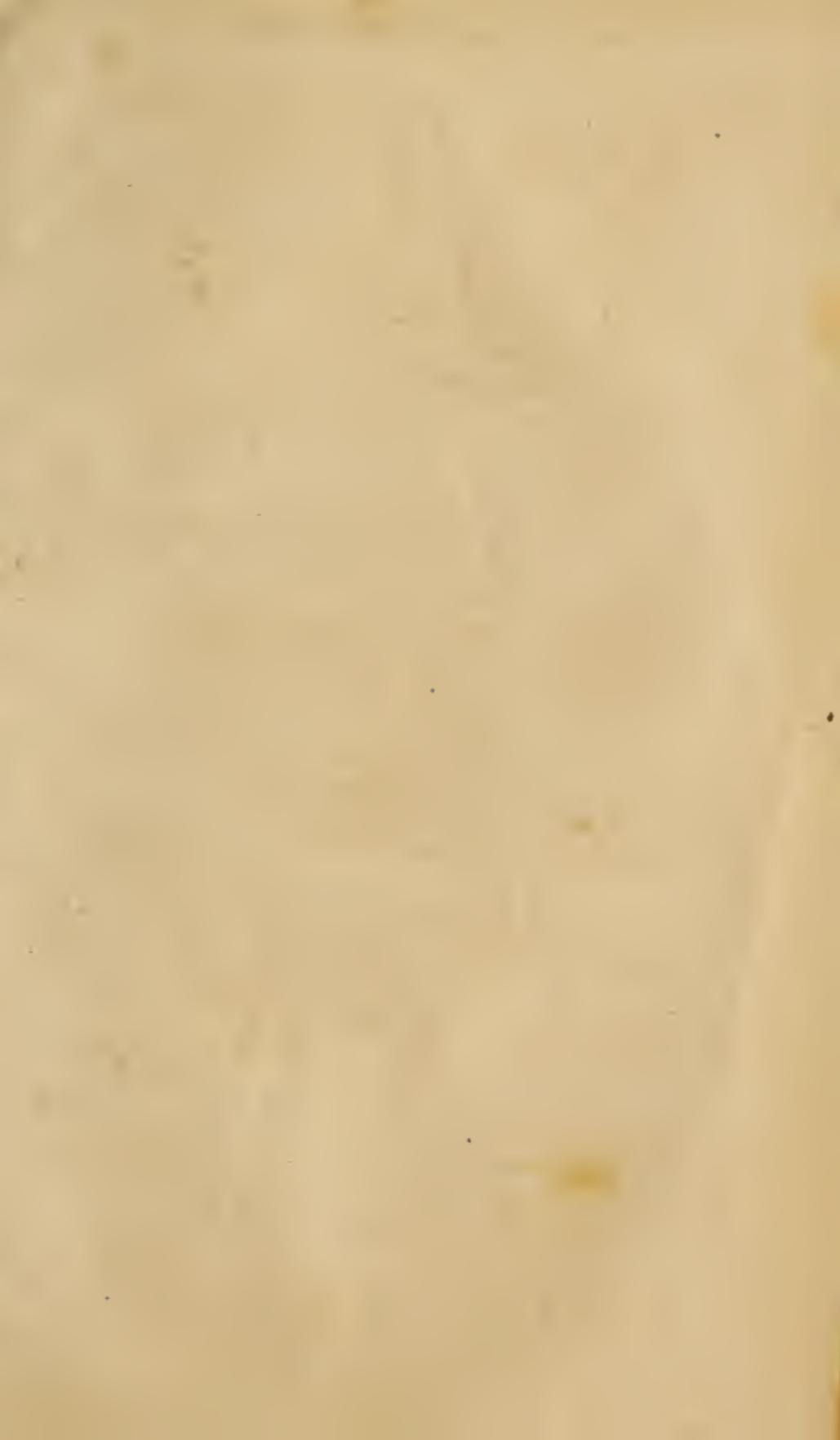
7s & 6s.

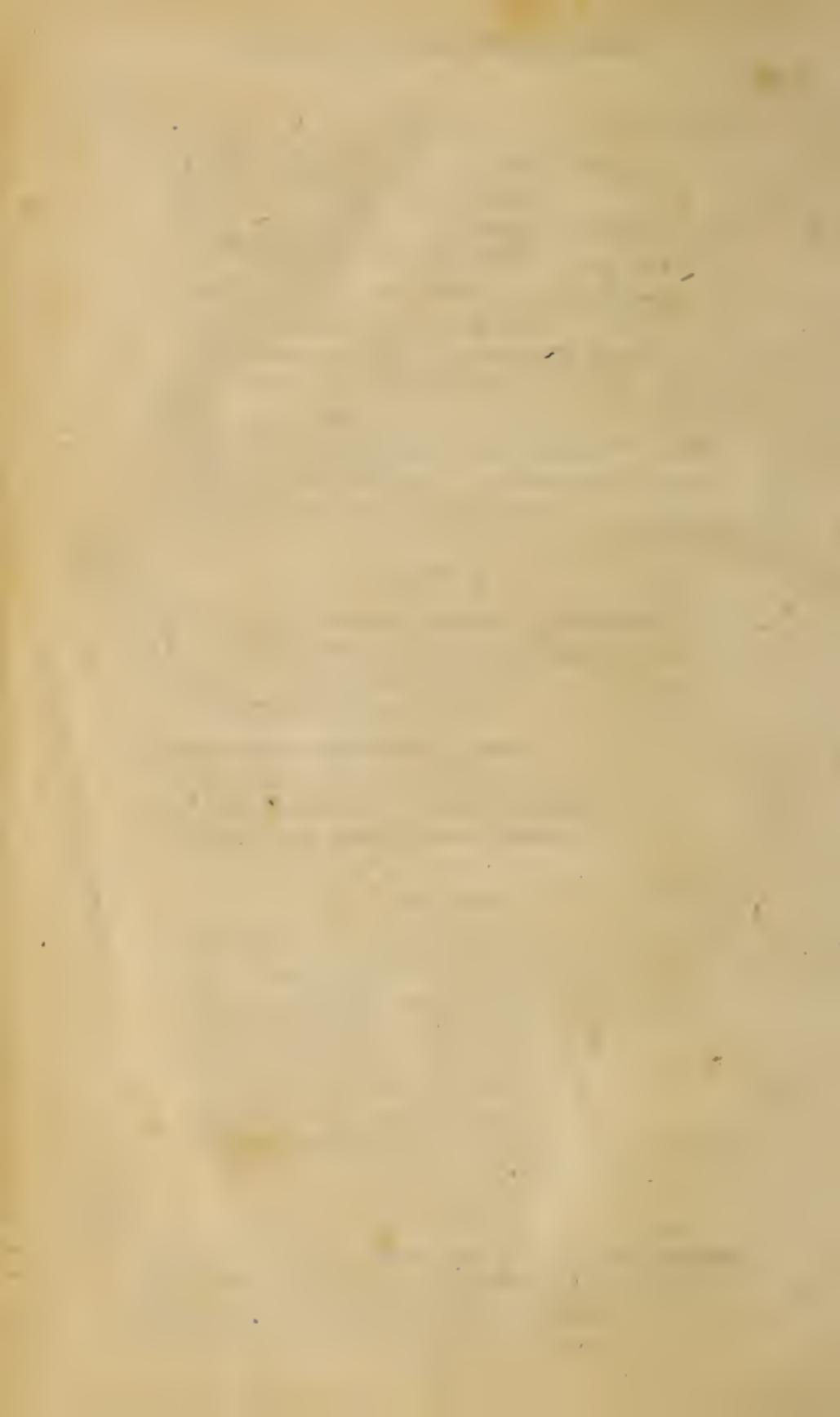
TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

8.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





H. C. [unclear]

Books

[unclear]

