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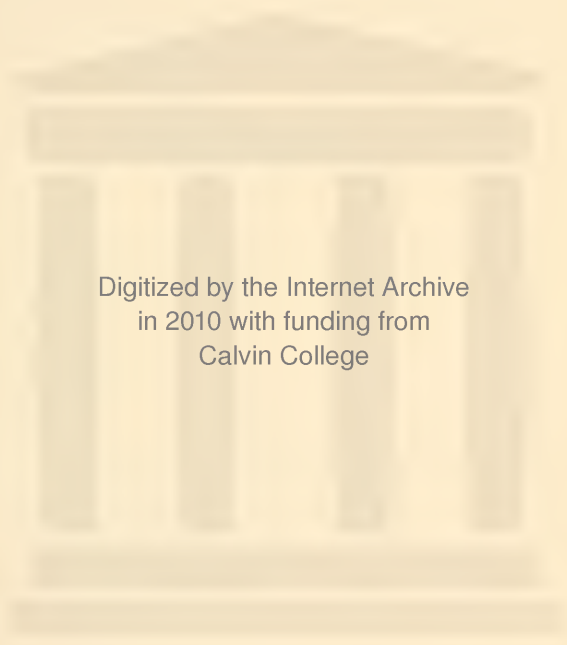
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A



COLLECTION OF HYMNS :

SUPPLEMENTARY

TO THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF DR. WATTS.

Devotion borrows Music's tone,
And Music takes Devotion's wing;
And, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.

NEW YORK :

DANIEL DANA, JR., 381 BROADWAY.

CHARLESTON, S. C.:—McCARTER & DAWSON.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS Collection originated in the wish to bring together hymns breathing the true spirit of poetry and devotion, to the exclusion of those characterized by prosaic feebleness or morbid sentimentalism. How far this end has been attained, will better appear from examination of the hymns themselves, than from any detailed statement of the principles which have governed the selection. If they are not all gems, it is not for want of earnest search through a wide range of sacred poetry.

As this Collection comprises between three and four hundred hymns not contained in any *one* of those in use in Presbyterian churches, it may be supplemental to either of those, as well as to Watts alone. Nearly one half of its contents will be new to most readers, being found, if in any, in not more than one or two, of the (twenty) different Church Collections which have come under the Editor's notice. More than one hundred hymns not found in *any* of those Collections, are here distinguished by an asterisk in the Index of First Lines.

About forty of the hymns are versions of Psalms. Where several successive ones are from the same Psalm, it is specified in connection with only the first of the series.

Several choice hymns have been derived from poetry of which change of metre, or other alteration, was a necessity.

This has been made with as little deviation as possible from the form and spirit of the original. Examples of this are Hymns 11, 21, 63, 139, 262, 334, 358, 443, 454, 456, 458, and 468.

As a general rule, hymns are given as left by their authors, except where alterations are so felicitous, or have become so familiar, as not to be lightly displaced; or where the only alternative was alteration or rejection. What may seem change is often restoration of the original form; as in the beautiful hymn of Addison (No. 382). Material variation is marked in the Index by the sign † appended to the author's name.

In hymns that worthily celebrate the glory and goodness of God, the history of our Saviour, the consolation and immortal hope of Christianity—themes kindred to poetry, and which many true poets have touched—this Collection will probably be deemed unusually rich. Many beautiful hymns will be found under the head of SEASONS OF WORSHIP, and some very pleasant ones, appropriate to SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

But more attractive, to some minds, than almost any modern hymns, are those ancient ones, the originals of which have been extant in the Church during many centuries. The most celebrated of these, the "*Dies Ire*," (480 and 481,) are here given in those English forms which approach nearest to the solemn grandeur of the original. A beautiful sequel to this is the "*Dies Vite*," (484,) by an unknown author of the 12th century. Among others of high antiquity, is one (106) by Robert, King of France, who died, A. D. 1031; one (85) attributed to the Venerable Bede, who died, A. D. 785; and one (444) dating back even to the 4th century, given here as lately translated by

an anonymous English writer from a German version of the Syriac original. Two exquisite hymns (76 and 226) are from St. Bernard, born A. D. 1091. Other ancient hymns are Nos. 72, 73, 75, 76, 140, 156, 157, 158, 166, 189, 270, 321, and 453.

In later times, the hymns, two or three hundred years old, of Sir Henry Wotton, George Herbert, Shirley, Milton, Vaughan, Quarles, Baxter, and Ken, and those from the German of Paul Gerhard and others, will be specially attractive.

These hymns, of many centuries and many lands, emanating from different Church communions, afford a beautiful illustration of the essential unity of Christian emotion.

The *arrangement* is sufficiently indicated by the subjoined ORDER OF SUBJECTS, in connection with the titles at the head of each page; those on the left-hand page being generic, those on the right, usually more specific. Particular attention has been given, not only to the general sequence of subjects, but also to the succession of individual hymns; so that they may be *read consecutively* with greatly enhanced interest. Those less suited to united worship will be found of pre-eminent value as guides and incentives to private devotion.

W. C. DANA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *May*, 1859.

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H Y M N S.



GOD.

1. C. P. M.

"Praise ye the Lord."—Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To 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 cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shaped your finer mould—
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound—
 The general burst of joy.

2. L. M. 61.

Psalm xix.

- 1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare—
 The firmament displays thy skill;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil:
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well known the language of their song,
 When one by one the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along,
 Till round the earth, from all the sky
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 While these transporting visions shine
 Along the path of Providence,
 Glory eternal, joy divine
 Thy Word reveals, transcending sense:

My soul thy goodness longs to see—
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

3. L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 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;—
- 4 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.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 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."

4. C. M.

- 1 THE 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 midnight 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 red right hand on high,
And ruin bares his sword.
- 5 He bids his blasts the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

5. C. M. 6 l.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:

Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh :—

2 Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to thy seat attain.
Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
Thy path the trackless main :—

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim ;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways :
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the noontide blaze.

4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air ;
The waves obey thy dread control ;
But still, thou art not there :
Where shall I find him, O my soul !
Who yet is every where ?

5 Oh ! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his Spirit rest :
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite !
And make thy creature blest.

6. L. M. 61.

- 1 THOU 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'er 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.

7. C. M.

- 1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise—

That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

8. L. M.

1 God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark, green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky;

The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

2 God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

3 God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free,
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

4 God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light ;
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

5 God of the world ! the hour must come,
And Nature's self to dust return ;

Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense fires shall cease to burn :
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of thy world below.

9. L. M.

- 1 Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I can read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.
- 2 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.
- 3 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

10. C. M.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd ;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

- 3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wond'ring view.
- 4 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand.
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 5 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the "Lord God's voice"
Is heard among the trees.
- 6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

II. L. M.

- 1 I READ Thy name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on the sky;
The mystic characters I see
In every flower, on every tree.
- 2 With thee in solitudes I walk,
With thee in crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy power,
In each event thy will adore.
- 3 If in a vale of tears I stray,
Where frequent thorns perplex my way,
Thy promises shall cheer my soul,
Thy precepts guide, thy fear control.

- 4 Still let me all thy goodness see,
And, strong in faith, repose on thee;
Teach me to fix my hopes on high,
To live to thee, in thee to die.

12. C. M.

- 1 I SEE Him in his works of might—
The air, the wave, the shore;
I see him in the lightning's flame,
I hear his thunder roar.
- 2 Whilst those who will not read his name,
In stupid marvel gaze;
I know *His* might, who earth shall fire
In one stupendous blaze.
- 3 I see my Father's touch of flame,
My Father's voice I own;
I look beyond the black'ning cloud
Up to his mercy's throne:
- 4 There plead his grace, who died for me,
And lives for me above;
And smile to see almighty power
Curb'd by almighty love.

13. L. M.

- 1 THIS world, O God, like that above,
Is bright to those who know thy love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place, nor time,
My country is in every clime:

I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy, to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

14. C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon—till latest eve,
Thy hand, O God, we see;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.

- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend.

15. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise ;
Thee the creation sings :
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd 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 Infinite strength, 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.

16. L. M. 8 l.

The living temple.

- 1 Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne ;

Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

- 2 O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms
And mould it into heavenly forms!

17. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of 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.

18. C. M.

Psalm xviii.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

19. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is King ! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
“The Lord omnipotent is King !”
- 2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care ?

Holy and true are all his ways :
Let every creature speak his praise.

- 3 The Lord is King ! exalt your strains ;
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns ;
One Lord, one empire, all secures :
He reigns, and life and death are yours.
- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake ;
Then may his children cease to sing,
“The Lord omnipotent is King !”

20. C. M.

God eternal.

- 1 ERE men ador'd, or angels knew
Or prais'd thy wondrous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life !
Thy glory, was the same.
- 2 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck—
- 3 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;—
- 4 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

21. L. M. 6 l.

God is love.

- 1 I GAZE up to the heavens above,
And own him as a God of love!
For he hath given to me my breath,
For he hath shielded me from death,
For he hath died to make me his,
Hath seal'd to me eternal bliss.
- 2 The sun that shines so bright on high,
And wakes the life his beams supply;
The placid moon and stars, that keep
Their silent watch, while myriads sleep;
The teeming hosts around, above,
The strain re-echo—*God is love!*
- 3 True, I am here, a helpless worm,
A leaf, the plaything of the storm;
Yet is there One who works his will,
And he will be my refuge still:
I see him on his throne above,
And feel secure—for *God is love!*
- 4 Despite my prayer, what though he slay!
He gave, then let him take away!
My soul, in his own presence blest,
Joyous in its eternal rest,
Shall chant the lay, 'mid hosts above,
I know—I know my *God is love!*

22. 8s and 4.

- 1 I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, almighty One, dost move;

But I can always—always say,
That God is love.

- 2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings—
For God is love.
- 3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove:
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.
- 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this
Can every gloomier thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—
For God is love.

23. 7s.

- 1 EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers;
Air, with all its beams and showers;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, "God is love."
- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills—
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen, "God is love."
- 3 All the sympathies that start
From the fountains of the heart,
These are voices from above
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."

24. C. P. M.

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis 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.
- 3 But in thy Word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
- 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!

25. L. M. 61.

— Psalm viii.

- 1 IMMORTAL King! through earth's wide frame,
How great thy honor, praise and name!

Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends:
From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise.

2 When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye,
I view the wonders of the sky—
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round:
Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share?

3 The beasts in him their lord behold:
The grazing herd, the bleating fold;
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky;
And all the watery tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight denied.

4 Subjected to his feet by thee,
To him all nature bows the knee:
Lord, what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share?
Or what the son of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thine ear shouldst bow?

26. C. M.

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 beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight—

The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light:

- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst love
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!

27. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand—
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land:
- 2 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love;
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above!
- 3 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

28. 7s.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine;

- In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams, that still and slow
Thro' the verdant meadow flow—
Teach my steps the better way,
When thro' devious paths I stray.
- 3 Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free;
While my every wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard and that my guide.
- 4 Fill'd by thee, my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows;
Constant to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

29. L. M. 61.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 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 crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

30. 11s.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I 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 run-
 neth o'er :
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
 Oh ! 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,
 Through the land of their sojourn—thy
 kingdom of love.

31. C. M.

[A. D. 1610–1630.]

- 1 THE God of love my shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed ;
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?
- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
 Where I both feed and rest ;
 Then to the streams that gently pass :
 In both I have the best.
- 3 Or, if I stray, he doth convert,
 And bring my mind in frame ;
 And all this not for my desert,
 But for his holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady, black abode
 Well may I walk—not fear ;
 For thou art with me, and thy rod
 To guide, thy staff to bear.

- 5 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days ;
And as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

32. C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
That glows in my enraptured heart !
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 9 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 10 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 11 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

33. L. M.

- 1 OFT, in the visions of the night,
My thoughts still on thy mercies rove ;
And every midnight wakeful hour
I trace the wonders of thy love.
- 2 The various and exhaustless theme,
Each rising morn, my soul pursues ;
In fervent prayer ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.

- 3 Thy mercies, Lord, through endless years,
Shall still my raptured powers employ ;
Yet endless years will only swell
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.

34. L. M. 6 l.

Psalm xxiii. 4-6.

- 1 MERCY and goodness, O my God,
Have followed me through all my days ;
Thy strengthening staff, and guiding rod,
Upheld my steps, made straight my ways :
Lord, till I reach thy holy hill,
Goodness and mercy guard me still.
- 2 And when I yield this mortal breath—
My soul into thy hands commend—
And pass the vale and shade of death,
Thy staff and rod my path attend :
Mercy and goodness then shall be
My song to all eternity.

35. S. M.

Psalm ciii.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

- 3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim:
Let all that is within me join
To bless his holy Name.

36. C. M.

Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;

Deliverance he affords to all
Who in his mercy trust.

- 5 Oh, make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

37. C. M.

- 1 As, on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed,
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the danger moved,
That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But, oh, what toils oppose!
- 3 For see, ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful steps I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise—
Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 Oh, how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?
- 5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;

My Maker's will has placed me here—
A Maker wise and good!

- 6 He, to my every trial, knows
Its just restraint to give:
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.
- 7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say, why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?
- 8 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

38. C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of good! to thee we turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And, oh! by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good
And grasp the specious ill;

- 4 Not to our wish, but to our want,
Do thou thy gifts supply !
Unasked, what good thou knowest grant ;
What ill, though asked, deny.

39. C. M.

Genesis xxviii.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

40. C. M.

- 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;
Ev'n 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.

41. C. M.

- 1 THY way, O God, is in the sea—
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;—
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

- 4 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

42. L. M. 61.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade !
Fill us with life that hath no death,
Fill us with light that hath no shade :
Appoint the remnant of our days
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.
- 2 Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire ! O what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee ?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.
- 3 Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel,—and live !
What our dull spirits cannot soar
To know—Lord, teach us to adore !

43. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,—
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature trace
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.



CHRIST.

44. P. M.

- 1 No 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 Lo ! with enraptur'd ear

The watching shepherds hear

Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;

Divinely-warbled voice,

Answering the stringed noise,

With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning band.

3 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 aloft was hung.

4 " Hail, hail, auspicious morn !

The Saviour Christ is born !"

Such was th' 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."

45. L. M.

1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,

And silence slept on Zion's hill ;

When Bethl'hem's shepherds thro' the night

Watch'd 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 rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung :

- 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 See mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 6 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart ;
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

46. C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind :
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

47. 8s and 7s.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they 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 Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
“Glory be to God most high !”

48. C. M.

- 1 CALM 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 day-spring from on high.
- 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
Loud with their anthems ring ;
“Peace to the earth—good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King.”

49. H. M.

- 1 HARK—hark—the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains !

And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

3 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,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

50. 8s, 7s, and 4.

1 ANGELS! 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 infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar :
Seek the great Desire of nations ;
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 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.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with 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.

51. 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies :
With th’ angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem !”
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by ;
Born that man no more may die ;

Born to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

52. C. M.

- 1 THE world lay hush'd in slumber deep,
 And darkness veiled the mind,
 When rose upon their shadowy sleep
 The star that saves mankind.
- 2 Led by that solitary star
 To glory's poor abode,
 Lo ! wondering wisdom from afar
 Brings incense to her God.
- 3 Humility, on Judah's hills,
 Watching her fleecy care,
 Turns to an angel's voice, that fills
 With love the midnight air.
- 4 Like voices, through yon bursting cloud,
 Announce the Almighty plan ;
 Hymning, in adoration loud,
 "Peace and good-will to man."

53. 7s.

- 1 BLESSED night, when first that plain
 Echoed with the joyful strain,—
 "Peace has come to earth again !"

- 2 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and dear,—
“God to man is drawing near!”
- 3 Babe of weakness! can it be
That the earth’s great victory
Is to be achieved by thee?
- 4 Child of poverty! art thou
He to whom all heaven shall bow,
And all earth shall pay the vow?
- 5 Lamb of God, thy lowly name,
King of kings, we thee proclaim;
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.
- 6 Sun of peace! no longer stay,
Let the shadows flee away,
And the long night end in day.

54. 7s.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o’er yon mountain’s height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!

- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.—
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

55. 11s and 10s.

- 1 BRIGHTEST 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 our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head 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 Edom, 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 gold would his favor secure:

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest 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 our Infant Redeemer is laid.

56. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshall'd 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 for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

57. 10s.

- 1 FROM Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies!
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
- 2 YE heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid;
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
- 3 SEE Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
- 4 HARK! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
"Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!"
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise?
- 5 THE Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
- 6 NO sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear!
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear:
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

58. C. M. 81.

- 1 WHEN the old seer, by vision led,
And energy divine,
Into the shadowy region sped
To muse on distant time,—
“Who’s this?” he cried, “comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,
Travelling in splendor, whose array
Is red, but not with wine!”
- 2 “Blest be the Herald of our King,
That comes to set us free!
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee!
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree
That ever shall remain.”

59. C. M.

The Death of Moses.—Deut. xxxiv.

- 1 HE climbed the mountain, and behold!
The land before him lay;
Here Jordan’s bounding waters rolled,
There Carmel stretched away.
- 2 From northern Lebanon—outspread
To Araby the wild,
Where strangers’ lives the patriarchs led,
Their promis’d Canaan smiled:

- 3 A land of fountains and of rills,
Where milk and honey flowed :
Whose stones were iron ; from whose hills
Brass in the furnace glowed.
- 4 But all the soil with blood was stained—
Revenge and rapine strove ;
Pagan abominations reigned
In every haunted grove.
- 5 The vision changed ;—then Moses saw
The idols overthrown,
God out of Zion giving law,
God worship'd there alone.
- 6 And still the vision grew more bright ;
On humble Bethlehem shined
The star of Jacob, and a light
To lighten all mankind.
- 7 In silent trance the prophet gazed—
“It is enough,” he cried,
His hands with holy rapture raised—
Saw the Lord's Christ, and died.

60. 7s.

“Lord, now lettest thou,” etc, Luke ii.

- 1 'Tis enough—the hour is come ;
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay :
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love !

- 2 Since at length my aged eye
Sees the Day-spring from on high—
Those, whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.
- 3 Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine o'er Zion's favored head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

61. C. M.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;
And, on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

62. L. M.

The teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 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.

63. L. M. 6 l.

Matthew, vi. 25-30.

- 1 WHEN sinks my soul, oppress'd with care,
When o'er my cheek descends the tear,
While all my passions are at strife,
O let me hear the words of life !
Raptures deep-felt His words impart,
As thus He raised the drooping heart.
- 2 Think not, when all your stores afford
Is spread upon the sparing board—
Think not, when worn the robe appears,
While on the roof the tempest bears—
“What farther shall this life sustain ?
What clothe these shiv'ring limbs again ?”
- 3 Behold (and look away despair)
The tenants of the barren air ;
To them no granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the song ;
Yet your kind Father bends his eye
On the least wing beneath the sky.
- 4 To him with joyous notes they sing,
When earth 's renew'd in opening spring ;
To him they cry in winter's reign,
Their music nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay, the sorrowing call,
And with large bounty feeds them all.
- 5 Observe the lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various flowering race,

That know not toil, but careless grow—
How warm they blush, how bright they glow!
What vestments can with them compare?
What king, what queen, so royal fair?

- 6 If thus the fowls of heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such robes He spreads,
Can your least want escape his view?
Will he not care, much more, for you?
Is He unwise? ye faithless, say,
Or are ye of less worth than they?

64. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
Waiting to hear the rustling wing
Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
Its virtue to that holy spring,
With patience and with hope endued,
Were seen the gathered multitude.
- 2 Among them there was one whose eye
Had often seen the waters stirr'd—
Whose heart had often heav'd the sigh,
The bitter sigh of hope deferr'd;
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which heal'd him by a word alone!
- 3 Bethesda's pool has lost its power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower,
Which with its healing waters went:
But He, whose word surpassed its wave,
Is still omnipotent to save.

- 4 Saviour ! Thy love is still the same
 As when that healing word was spoke ;
 Still in 'Thine all-redeeming name
 Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke !
 O, be that power, that love displayed ;
 Help those whom 'Thou alone canst aid !

65. L. M.

- 1 WHEN 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 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled,—
 “Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”
- 3 And when the last dread hour is come,
 While shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall call the pious dead,—
 “Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

66. L. M. 8 l.

“*Looking up to heaven, he sighed.*” Mark vii. 34.

- 1 HE look'd to heaven, and sadly sighed—
 What saw my gracious Saviour there,
 With fear and anguish to divide
 The joy of heaven-accepted prayer ?
 So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept
 He to his Father groan'd and wept ;
 What saw he mournful in that grave,
 Knowing himself so strong to save ?

- 2 The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
The fetter'd tongue its chain may break;
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
The laggard soul, that will not wake,
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven—
These spurn the offer'd bliss of heaven:
In thought of these, his brows benign
Not even in healing cloudless shine.
- 3 Lord, by thy sad and earnest eye—
When thou didst look to heaven and sigh—
Thy voice, that with a word could chase
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place—
Within the hearts thy word has taught,
Quell thou each thankless, godless thought;
And let each tongue unchained be
To own no hope, no Lord, but Thee!

67. C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we stand
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
O Saviour, we are such!
- 2 Remember him who once apply'd,
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cry'd,
"Oh, help my unbelief!"
- 3 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away !

68. C. M.

- 1 My Saviour, what thou didst of old,
When thou wast dwelling here,
Thou doest yet for them who, bold
In faith, to thee draw near.
- 2 Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnaw'd my heart :
- 3 I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sung to thee,
I felt the waving of their palms,
And yet I could not see.
- 4 My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became ;
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon thy name :
- 5 " O, Son of David ! save and heal,
As thou so oft has done :
O, heavenly Saviour ! let me feel
My load of darkness gone."
- 6 And ever weeping as I spoke
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.

- 7 A sudden answer still'd my fear ;
For it was said to me,
"O, poor blind man ! be of good cheer,
Arise, He calleth thee."
- 8 I felt, Lord, that thou stoodest still,
Groping, thy feet I sought ;
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.
- 9 Thou saidst, "What is it thou wouldst have ?"
"Lord, that I might have sight ;
To see thy countenance, I crave :"—
"So be it ; have thou light."
- 10 And words of thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er ;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.

69. C. M.

- 1 Oh 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 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 3 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet,

The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

5 Oh help us, Jesus ! from on high;
We know no help but thee :
Oh help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

70. L. M.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

4 His word the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
Warm tears o'er Lazarus he shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
In his great name may we dispense
The gifts of our benevolence!

71. P. M.

- 1 BEYOND 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.

72. L. M.

(Fifteenth Century.)

- 1 OH Thou who, though with veiled face,
Wast still the Sun of righteousness:
With fainting limbs and footsteps slow,
Smitten with many a scornful blow:
- 2 Thou who, at the third hour, wast led,
Oh Christ! to meet that torture dread:
Who, on thy shoulder, didst for us—
For us unhappy—bear the cross:
- 3 Make us so full of love to thee,
And let our lives so holy be,
That we may win thy tranquil rest,
And in the heavenly land be blest.

73. L. M.

(Fifteenth Century.)

- 1 FOR us the bitter cross He bore,
And, stretch'd thereon, was parch'd with
thirst,
Jesus, whose sacred hands were pierc'd,
Whose sacred feet with nails they tore.
- 2 Honor and blessing we will bring
To Him, the Lord, the crucified,
Who, by His suff'rings as He died,
Has ransom'd us from perishing.

74. L. M.

- 1 HARK ! how He prays !—the charming sound
Dwells on His dying lips—"Forgive ;"
And every groan and every wound
Cries, "Father, let the guilty live !"
- 2 Go ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair !
- 3 But I'll retire beneath the cross :
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

75. 7s. 6l.

(Twelfth Century.)

- 1 THOU, all given up to woe !
By thy hands with nails pierced through,
By thy side with scourges torn,
By thy head thus crowned with thorn—
Jesus, look upon me here,
Nor despise a sinner's prayer !
- 2 Saviour ! who alone canst bless !
Thy holy stream, the dew of grace,
Flowing from thy wounded side—
Flowing in a crimson tide !
Our remission's ransom price,
Our salvation's sacrifice.

- 3 Jesus, merciful thou art,
Light the sunbeam in my heart;
Thou, who, cleansing in thy blood,
Hast redeemed me unto God!
Victor now beyond the sky,
Haste to save me, oh, be nigh!

76. 7s.

(Twelfth Century.)

- 1 SACRED Head! so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Smitten with the mocking reed—
Wounds which may not cease to bleed—
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now:
All the flower of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead.
- 2 Thou this agony and scorn,
Hast for me, a sinner, borne—
Me unworthy! all for me,
Were those signs of love on thee!
Let me true communion know
With thee in thy sacred woe—
Give thee thanks with every breath,
Jesus! for thy bitter death.
- 3 When my dying hour must be,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me!
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay:

All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
When my dying hour is near,
Lover of my soul, appear!

77. 7s and 6s.

Suggested by the above. (A. D. 1659.)

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded !
With grief and pain weighed down !
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown !
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorned with light divine ;
Now all despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 On me, as thou art dying,
O, turn thy pitying eye !
To thee for mercy crying
Before thy cross I lie.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language can I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

- 4 Be near when I am dying ;
Then close beside me stand :
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand ;
These eyes new faith receiving,
From thine eye shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely in thy love.

78. 8s, 7s, and 4.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
“ It is finish’d ! ”
Hear the Saviour, dying, cry.
- 2 It is finish’d ! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish’d !
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the wondrous theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel’s name:
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

79. 7s.

- 1 BOUND upon th' accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shiv'ring rocks and rending veil;
By earth trembling at his doom—
By the saints who burst their tomb;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 2 Bound upon th' accurséd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
Breath resign'd in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
Crucified! we know Thee now,—
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon th' accurséd tree—
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
“Lord! they know not what they do;”
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

80. 10s.

The Sepulture of Christ.

- 1 WHERE is the aspect more than heaven serene,
Which saints and angels viewed with pure
delight?

The meekness and the majesty of mien,
That won the yielding heart with gentle
might ?

- 2 Where is the voice with harmony replete
That chang'd to love the most obdurate
will ?

The eye, whose glance so ravishingly sweet,
The soul with joy unspeakable could fill ?

- 3 Where is the hand that crush'd our direst foe,
And Satan's powers in chains of darkness
bound ?

Where is the servant's humble form below,
In which the eternal Son of God was found ?

Lo ! where his pilgrimage of mercy ends ;
What glory here into the grave descends !

81. L. M.

- 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come near, ye saints, the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load ;
He gives his sacred life 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 spoil'd 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 vict'ry, boasting grave?"

82. 7s.

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey:
See! He rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes—
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide!
Mighty conqueror! through them ride;
King of glory! mount thy throne,
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 4 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

- 5 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

83. 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels say,
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the victory won:
 Jesus' agony is o'er,
 Darkness veils the earth 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's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

84. L. M.

Luke xxiv.

- 1 ABIDE with us, and still unfold
 Thy sacred and prophetic lore;
 The wond'rous things of Jesus told—
 Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

- 2 O stay with us, and still converse
Of Him that late on Calvary died—
Of Him the prophecies rehearse :
It was our friend they crucified.
- 3 Our souls are faint, our hearts are cold—
We thought that Israel He'd restore :
But sweet the words thy lips have told,
And, stranger, we complain no more.
- 4 Thus while they pray'd, at their request,
The stranger bows with smile divine :
Then, round the board, the unknown guest
And weary travellers recline.
- 5 Abide with us ! amaz'd they cry,
As suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus met their eye,
With radiant glories round His head !
- 6 Abide with us, thou heavenly friend !
Leave not thy followers alone :
The sweet communion here must end—
The heavenly visitant is gone.

85. L. M.

(*Eighth Century.*)

- 1 A HYMN of glory let us sing !
New hymns throughout the world shall ring :
Christ, by a way none ever trod,
Ascendeth to the throne of God.

- 2 The angels say to the eleven,
“Why stand ye gazing into heaven?”
This is the Saviour—this is He!
Jesus hath triumph’d gloriously.
- 3 They said, the Lord should come again,
As these beheld Him rising then,
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.
- 4 May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father’s throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!
- 5 Be thou our present joy, O Lord!
Who wilt be ever our reward;
And, as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in thee!

86. 6s and 4s.

- 1 RISE, glorious Conqueror! rise,
Into thy native skies,—
Assume thy right:
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward roll’d—
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!
- 2 Victor o’er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;

Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Saviour triumphant, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years!
Claim for thine own the spheres;
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

4 Yet who are these behind,
In numbers more than mind
Can count or say,
Clothed in immortal stoles,
Illumining the poles,
A galaxy of souls
In white array?

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star:
“Lo! these have come—
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home.”

87. 7s.

1 HAIL the day that saw him rise,
Glorious to his native skies;
Christ awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of Heaven:

There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves—
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent, his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race !

3 Master ! (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise,
Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home.
There shall we with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign :
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

88. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WE saw thee not, when thou didst tread,
O Saviour! this our sinful earth;
Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we *believe* that thou didst come—
For us didst leave thy heavenly home.
- 2 We were not with the faithful few
Who stood thy bitter cross around;
Nor heard the prayer for those that slew—
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground:
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side,
Yet we *believe* that thou hast died.
- 3 No angel's message met our ear
On that first resurrection day:
"The Lord is risen—He is not here—
Come see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we *believe* that thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.
- 4 We saw thee not return on high,—
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we *believe* that thou art there;
And seek thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

89. L. M. 6 l.

Our Saviour's Prayers.

- 1 AT evening, when his toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away;

And on the mountain or the shore
All night remain'd alone to pray,
Till o'er his head the stars grew dim—
When was the hour of rest for him?

- 2 "O Father, save me from this hour,—
Yet for this hour to earth I came,"—
He pray'd in weakness; then, with power,
Cried: "Father, glorify thy name!"
"I have!" a voice from heaven replied,
"And still it shall be glorified."

- 3 Stretch'd on the ignominious tree,
For those whose hands had nail'd him there,
Who stood and mock'd his misery—
He offer'd up his latest prayer:
Then with the voice of victory cried,
"'Tis finish'd!" bow'd his head and died.

- 4 Then all his prayers were answer'd—all
The fruits of his soul's travail gain'd;
The cup of wormwood and of gall
Down to the dregs his lips had drain'd:
Accomplish'd was the eternal plan—
He tasted death for every man.

- 5 Now by the throne of God he stands;
Aloft the golden censer bears
And offers, with high priestly hands,
Pure incense, with his people's prayers:
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request, "'Tis done."

90. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FATHER, to us thy Son reveal,
In every form that once he wore,
When, with his blood our peace to seal,
Our sins he in his body bore: —
For all a full atonement made,
For each a priceless ransom paid.
- 2 The helpless child in Bethlehem born,
Heaven's pilgrim thro' earth's wilderness,
The man of sorrows and of scorn,
Him as our Lord we would confess;
And nothing know or seek beside
Christ Jesus, and him crucified.
- 3 So may we in his likeness grow,
God in the flesh made manifest—
Through whom thine image, lost below,
On souls new-born is re-impressed:
No longer kindred to the clod,
Though sons of Adam, sons of God.

91. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine:
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor
Was his divine employ.

- 3 Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood :
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life
Who labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear ;
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

92. L. M.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine—
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!
- 2 O ! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Holy One, thou Light of Light :
O ! who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe !
- 3 O ! who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before :
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility !
- 4 Through all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears :
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed ;

- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee :
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O wondrous Lord ! my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee—
Would learn of thee, the lowly One,
And, like thee, all my journey run.
- 7 O ! give me ever, on the road,
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God !
And give me, all my life, to be
A sacrifice to love and thee !

93. L. M.

- 1 WHENE’ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our tho’ts or tongues to strife ;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild—how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father’s will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where’er he came,
The labors of his life were love :

Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
Our souls let his example move.

94. S. M.

- 1 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise ;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd :
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest !
- 2 Thou art gone up on high,
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown :
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee !
- 3 Thou art gone up on high,
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O ! by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high !

95. 6s and 10s.

1 THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of vict'ry won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on
high.

2 Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust
in thee :
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there may they also be.

3 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovéd of the Father ! thou didst tread ;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

4 O thou who art our Life !
Be with us through the strife :
Was not thy head by earth's rude tempests
bowed ?
Raise thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the
cloud.

5 Ev'n 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.

96. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do ;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend—
And, from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while—
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.
- 4 And, oh ! when I have safely passed,
Through every conflict but the last,

Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside,
My dying bed, for thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

97. L. M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears—
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

98. L. M.

- 1 HE lives,—the great Redeemer lives :
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated sins 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 black, 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 Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

99. 11s.

- 1 OH ! sweet was the voice of the First-born
of heaven,
Though poor his apparel, though earthly
his form,
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are for-
given,"
"Be whole" to the sick, and "Be still" to
the storm.

- 2 Thou Judge of the world ! when, array'd in
thy glory,
Thy summons at last shall be heard from
on high,
When nature stands trembling and naked
before thee,
And waits on thy sentence to live or to
die:
- 3 When the heavens shall fly fast from the
sound of thy thunder,
And the sun in thy lightnings grow languid
and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb
cleave asunder,
In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy pre-
vail !

100. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye 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 !

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

101. 7s.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

102. C. P. M.

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

103. 6s and 4s.

Rev. v.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,

“Praise ye his name!”
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join 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 bring—
Hail him our gracious King!
And through all ages sing,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

HOLY SPIRIT.

104. L. M. 6l.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid—
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing ;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.
- 3 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
Thy Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee !

105. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power :
Come, Holy Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light : to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe ;

And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame :
Let our whole soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Spirit Divine ! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power :
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

106. L. M.

[About A. D. 1000.]

- 1 O HOLY Ghost ! Thou fire Divine !
From highest heaven upon us shine :
Comforter, be thy comfort mine !
- 2 Thou rich in comfort ! ever blest
The heart where thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.
- 3 Bright Sun of Grace ! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.
- 4 Thy will be ours in all our ways ;
O ! melt the frozen with thy rays :
Call home the lost in error's maze.
- 5 And grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
And hold the faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity ;

- 6 That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with thee in lasting bliss.

107. 7s.

- 1 HOLY SPIRIT, in my breast,
Grant that lively "faith" may rest;
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught!
- 2 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with "hope" my bosom fill!
- 3 Holy Spirit, from my mind,
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind, remove,
And my bosom fill with "love!"
- 4 Till my faith be lost in sight,
Hope give place to full delight,
Love return to dwell with Thee
In the threefold Deity!

108. S. M.

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

- And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit ! come ;
Our minds from bondage free :
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

109. S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter Divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw, with thy "still small 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 ev'n the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear.

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

110. 7s.

- 1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine!
Long hath 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!

111. 7s.

- 1 HOLY 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 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.



SEASONS OF WORSHIP.

112. C. P. M.

The Earthly and the Heavenly Temple.

- 1 THE festal morn, my God! is come,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 With holy joy I hail the day
That warns my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest!
- 3 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
Ev'n now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

- 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring :
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

113. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise !
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

114. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet, to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week !

- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!
- 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?

115. L. M.

- 1 BLEST 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.

116. 7s.

- 1 To Thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Thee before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love ! to mine attend :
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 5 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon, in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from on high.
- 6 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
“I have walked with God to-day.”

117. L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun ;

- Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;
Enjoy the day thy 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 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

118. L. M.

- 1 IF, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands ;
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If, in diseases of the soul,
There be a Power that makes it whole ;
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favor rise ;
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 If, in the dread of death's dark hour,
The Word of Life hath soothing power ;

To hear that word, my spirit haste,
Ere yet the pains of death I taste.

- 5 Where God would have th' oblation made,
There be the willing tribute paid ;
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

119. L. M.

- 1 Lo, God is here!—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face !
- 2 Lo, God is here!—him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring !
- 3 Lord God of hosts ! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will !

120. L. M.

- 1 WHEN, 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 !

121. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers ;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne !
- 2 Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore ;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more :
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above !
- 3 Great God ! thy powerful aid impart,
And bid thy Word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !

122. 8s, 7s and 4.

- 1 IN thy courts, 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 on earth our days are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without cloud, in heaven we see.

123. L. M.

- 1 WHEN in these courts we seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive !
- 2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs with wonders done.
- 3 Hosanna ! to their heavenly king
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 4 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?

Here will the great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

- 5 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

124. L. M. 6 l.

Hebrews xii.

- 1 Not to the Mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet sounding higher and higher;
Nor voice of words that rent the ground
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law :
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God—
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod;
Where meet, in everlasting love,
The Church of the first-born above :
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just—
Jesus, our great new covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling—from the dust
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild;
To-day are life and death our choice;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,

Our all to God we yet may give ;
Now let us hear his voice, and live.

125. C. M.

Pentecost. Acts ii.

- 1 WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :
- 2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hover'd his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.
- 4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Wing'd with the sinner's doom ;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.
- 5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear,
The voice exceeding loud—
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud—
- 6 So when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad—
A rushing, mighty wind.

- 7 Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone:
'Tis echoed in the heart.
- 8 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour:
Save, Lord, by love or fear!

126. L. M.

- 1 God is our refuge and defence—
In trouble, our unfailing aid:
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?
- 2 There is a river, pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
plains:
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 3 Not on a seraph's wing of fire,—
But on the mightier wings of prayer,
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.
- 4 But soon, ah! soon! our spirits droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe:
Yet God, in very deed, will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.
- 5 Come to thy living temples, then;
As in the ancient times appear:
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here!

127. L. M.

- 1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour! of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

128. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art!
Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
In every waiting heart.
- 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 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

129. C. M.

Psalm lxxxiv. (April, 1648.)

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of hosts ! how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where Thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee !
- 3 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise ;
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 4 They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 5 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

- 6 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
- 7 Lord God of Hosts, who reign'st on high!
That man is truly blest
Who doth on thee alone rely—
In thee alone doth rest.

130. C. M.

Psalm cxii.

- 1 O! 'T'WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say:
"Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!"
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.
- 3 O pray we then for Salem's peace!
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
- 4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

131. S. M.

Psalm cxxii.

- 1 OUR willing feet shall stand
 Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
 Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 2 Thither the tribes repair,
 Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the house of prayer
 Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 3 Pray for Jerusalem,
 The city of our God :
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
 That love the dear abode.
- 4 Within these walls may peace
 And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces
 Prosperity abound !
- 5 For friends and brethren dear,
 Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
 God send his people peace !

132. L. M.

Psalm c.

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

- 2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for his own—
The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 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.

133. 11s. and 8s.

Psalm c.

- 1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear :
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 The Lord He 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 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and
song ;
Your vows in his temple proclaim :
His praise with 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.

134. 7s.

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 ALL 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.

135. L. M.

Psalm cl.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 2 Reount his works, in strains divine—
His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
In praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.
- 3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his Word,
Adore and love, and praise the Lord!

136. C. M.

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, on every height
Songs to his glory raise ;
Ye angel hosts ! ye stars of light !
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 maidens of the land—
O age and infancy ;—
- 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.

137. 7s.

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 PRAISE him, all ye hosts above !
Spirits perfected in love :
Sun and moon ! your voices raise—
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

- 2 Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapor, wind and storm !
Hail and snow ! his will perform.
- 3 Vales and mountains ! burst in song ;
Rivers ! roll with praise along :
Clap your hands, ye trees ! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.
- 4 Birds ! on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !
- 5 Kings ! your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges ! own his righteous law ;
Princes ! worship him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all people, here !
- 6 High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess !
Him let every being bless !

138. C. M.

- 1 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :—
- 2 “ O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.”

- 3 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 4 The holy Church, throughout the world,
O Lord ! confesses thee,
That thou, Eternal Father, art
Of boundless majesty.

139. S. M.

- 1 YE holy angels bright !
Who stand before God's throne ;
And dwell in his own glorious light :
Praise ye the Lord, each one.
- 2 Ye blessed souls at rest !
That see your Saviour's face,
O be your sweet delight express'd
In rapturous songs of praise.
- 3 All nations of the earth !
Extol the world's great King ;
With sacred melody and mirth,
His glorious praises sing.
- 4 Sing forth Jehovah's praise,
Ye saints that on him call !
Him magnify and laud always,
His holy churches all.
- 5 My soul ! bear thou thy part ;
Triumph in God above :
Thou art his own—with well-tun'd heart
Sing thou the songs of love.

140. L. M.

- 1 DEPART awhile, each thought of care—
Be earthly things forgotten all,
And speak, my soul! thy grateful prayer,
Obedient to the sacred call:
For hark! the pealing chorus swells;
Devotion chants the hymn of praise;
And now of joy and hope it tells,
Till, fainting on the ear, it says—
Glory to thee, to thee, O Lord!
- 2 Thine, wondrous Babe of Galilee!
Fond theme of David's harp and song—
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy;
To thee its ransomed chords belong.
And hark! again the chorus swells;
The song is wafted on the breeze;
And to the listening earth it tells,
In accents soft and sweet as these,—
Glory to thee, to thee, O Lord!
- 3 My heart doth feel that still he's near,
To meet the soul in hours like this;
Else, why, O why, that falling tear,
When all is peace, and love, and bliss?
But hark! that Bethlehem chorus swells
Anew its thrilling vesper strain;
And still of joy and hope it tells,
And bids creation sing again,—
Glory to thee, to thee, O Lord!

141. 7s.

- 1 PRAISE, oh, praise the Name Divine !
Praise him at the hallowed shrine ;
Let the firmament on high,
To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ :
Heaven and earth the chorus join ;
Praise, oh, praise the Name divine !

142. S. M.

- 1 How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join
With saints, his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine !
- 2 But oh, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet !
- 3 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,—
“ Salvation to the Lord ! ”

143. H. M.

Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree

- In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands;
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

144. S. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow!
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive—as we forgive!

- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end!
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine!

145. C. M.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name!
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same!
- 2 Give us, this day, our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be!

146. 7s and 6s.

Psalm xx.

- 1 THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
And help from Zion send;
The God of grace be near thee,
To comfort and befriend!

Thy human weakness strengthen,
Thy earthly wants supply,
Thy span of nature lengthen
To endless life on high !

- 2 Above his own anointed
His banner bright shall wave :
Their times are all appointed ;
The Lord his flock will save :
Through life's deceitful mazes
Their steps will safely bear ;
Accept their feeble praises,
And hear their every prayer.

147. C. M.

Evening of the Lord's Day.

- 1 FREQUENT 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.

148. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 3 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.

149. L. M.

- 1 THINE 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
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

- 4 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

150. 8s, 7s, and 4.

After Sermon.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace !
Oh refresh us—
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

151. C. M.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,—
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd 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 favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

152. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose care extends
To earth's remotest shore !
Through every age thy praise ascends ;
Let every heart adore !
- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than death to shun,
That more than life pursue.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way !

- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 6 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life or death !
- 7 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.
- 8 To Thee, whose temple is all space—
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies—
One chorus let all being raise !
All nature's incense rise !

153. L. M.

Morning.

- 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought—
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 Only, O Lord ! in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

154. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart !
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
“Glory to thee, eternal King !”
- 3 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir !
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 4 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you my Maker's will :
O may I never more do ill !

- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 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.

155. L. M.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes ;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

156. L. M.

- 1 Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray !
Keep us from sin, O Lord, most high !
Through all the actions of the day.
- 2 Curb thou for us the unruly tongue,
Teach us the way of peace to prize,
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.
- 3 So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
Our praise to thy pure glory sing !

157. L. M.

- 1 O BLEST Creator of the light !
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring ;
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin :
- 2 Who, gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day :
Thick flows the flood of darkness down :
O hear us as we weep and pray !
- 3 Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know ;

Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

- 4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

158. C. M.

The Christian to his Soul.—Sunrise.

- 1 SOIL not thy plumage, gentle dove!
With sublunary things—
Till in the fount of light and love
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.
- 2 Shall Nature from her couch arise,
And rise for thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
Such types of truth contain.
- 3 See, where the Sun of Righteousness
Unfolds the gates of day:
Go, meet Him in His glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!
- 4 There, where ten thousand seraphs stand
To crown the circling hours,
Soar thou; and, from that blissful land,
Bring down unfading flowers—
- 5 Some Rose of Sharon dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm!—

- 6 And let the drops of sparkling dew
 From Siloa's spring be shed,
 To form a fragrance fresh and new—
 A halo round thy head.
- 7 Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer,
 Nor fear to wend away;
 And let a glow of heavenly air
 Gild every earthly day!

159. S. H. M.

- 1 WHERE'ER I gaze below,
 Rich worlds of beauty lie—
 A balsam for the heart of woe,
 Light for the fading eye:
 Yet this alone can dry the tear,
 To find and feel the Saviour near!
- 2 'Tis well to love his earth,
 Deck'd in her robes of state—
 To mark her, when renew'd in birth,
 Upon his bounty wait—
 To cast the gladden'd eye around,
 And feel that all is holy ground.
- 3 But if he disappears,
 And veils his look of love,
 The gayest scene is dimm'd by tears—
 The thoughts bewilder'd rove:
 Vain the bright sea and brighter skies,
 Vain man's supremest harmonies.
- 4 May then the morn's bright wings
 Some cov'nant blessing bear,

While the rapt spirit upward springs,
With an anointed prayer—
Saviour! I bow before thy throne,
Not for thy works, but Thee alone!

160. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour! till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And, at my life's last setting sun—
My conflicts o'er, my labors done—
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

161. C. M.

- 1 My God, beneath thy watching eye,
I laid me down and slept :
Thy tender mercy, ever nigh,
In peace my spirit kept.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy wings
My weary limbs reposed ;
And, undisturbed by earthly things,
A day of labor closed.
- 3 Safe in thine everlasting arms,
That compass'd me around,
Body and soul, from outward harms
And inward fears, were found.
- 4 Thus, till the morn in beauty broke,
My sleep was sweet to me :
Thy voice then called me, I awoke
And found myself with Thee.
- 5 Humbly beside my couch I knelt,
And while I strove to pray,
The earnest in my heart I felt
Of blessings through the day.
- 6 Oh ! oft to cheer me, to and fro
By restless passions driven,
Such nights of calm from care and woe,
Such days of hope be given !

162. 7s.

- 1 IN the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice :
God, my Sun ! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.
- 2 Through the duties of the day
Grant me grace to watch and pray,—
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing “Thou, God, seest me.”
- 3 When the evening skies display
Richer robes than noon’s array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.
- 4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,—
Crown the day, and hail the night.
- 5 Thus with thee, my God, my Friend,
Time begin, continue, end,
While life’s joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

163. L. M.

Evening.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose !
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away !
And hymns divine with angels sing—
Glory to thee, eternal King !

164. L. M.

- 1 SUN of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !
- 2 When round thy wondrous works below
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;

- 3 Or by the light thy words disclose
Watch time's full river as it flows,
Scanning thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;—
- 4 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold :
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.
- 5 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 6 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 7 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day thy voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 8 Watch by the sick—enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 9 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

165. 7s.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away :
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee !
- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away :
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

166. L. M.

- 1 O THOU true life of all that live !
Who dost, unmov'd, all motion sway—
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day ;
- 2 Thy light upon our evening pour !
So may our souls no sunset see ;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

167. 9s and 8s.

- 1 HARK ! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose ;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.
- 2 Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars through yonder dark

Shall look like eyes of cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

- 3 Guard us, O Thou who never sleepest!
Thou who in silence thron'd above,
Throughout all time unwearied keepest
Thy watch of glory, power and love:
- 4 Grant that beneath thine eye securely
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like seal'd fountains rest till dawn.

168. 7s.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of His will!
- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!
- 4 Holy Truth! Eternal Right!
Let them break upon my sight!
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

169. C. M.

Night.

- 1 THEE, in the watches of the night,
My spirit would adore ;
O God, in darkness, as in light,
Defend me evermore !
- 2 Yet not in Providence alone,
In grace thyself impart ;
Erect thy temple, fix thy throne,
Rule thou, within my heart.
- 3 The morn and evening sacrifice,
The noon and midnight prayer,
I know that thou wilt not despise,
When meekly offer'd there.
- 4 Though heaven and earth thy presence fill,
Thou surely art, O Lord,
With him who loves and does thy will—
Who hears and keeps thy Word !
- 5 Henceforth be this the end and aim
Of all my life below,
Till to the tomb my dust descend,
To thee my spirit go.

THE SCRIPTURES.

170. L. M. 8 l.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries :
O! happiest they of human race
To whom our God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way ;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

171. C. M.

Psalm xix.

- 1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light !
Thy testimonies sure :
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.
- 2 Let these, O God ! my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise—
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.
- 3 By these may I be warn'd betimes :
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord ! save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin !

- 4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness!
With thee acceptance find.

172. L. M.

"A discerner of the thoughts," &c.—Heb. iv.; John i.

- 1 EYE of God's Word! where'er we turn,
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze:
- 2 Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?
- 3 What word is this? Whence know'st thou me?
All wond'ring cries the humbled heart,
To hear thee that deep mystery,
The knowledge of itself, impart.
- 4 The childlike faith that asks not sight—
Waits not for wonder or for sign—
Believes, because it loves aright—
Shall see things greater, things divine.
- 5 Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
"Twixt God above and man below.

173. C. H. M.

- 1 Thy Word, O Lord ! like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine :
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of thine.
Water'd from thee,
Let every tree
Blossom and fruit yield to thy praise.
- 2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword—
A wedge that cleaveth stone :
Keen as a fire, so burns thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth
O'er all the earth,
To shatter all the might of sin.
- 3 Thy Word, a wondrous morning star,
On pilgrims' hearts doth rise ;
Leads to their Lord, who dwells afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
On every spirit let it shine.

174. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines !

- 2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound !
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor—gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there !

175. C. M.

- 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
Pardon for all my sin.



MAN'S NATURAL STATE.

176. S. M.

- 1 O ! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

177. C. M.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise—
That which in Christ is found.
- 2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife:
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son:
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

178. C. M.

- 1 How 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 ?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour ! thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis 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,
'Tis 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 !

179. C. M.

1 THE 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 !

180. C. M.

- 1 WHEN, 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 horror 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 ?

181. S. M.

- 1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies !
- 2 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast ?
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or numbered with the blest ?
- 3 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die !

Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!

- 4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe!
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

182. L. M.

Psalm li.

- 1 HAVE mercy on me, O my God!
In loving kindness hear my prayer:
Withdraw the terror of thy rod:
Lord, in thy tender mercy, spare!
- 2 Offences rise where'er I look,
But I confess their guilt to thee;
Blot my transgressions from thy book;
Cleanse me from mine iniquity!
- 3 Whither from vengeance can I run?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right!
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight!
- 4 Not streaming blood nor cleansing fire
Thy righteous anger can appease:
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.
- 5 The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone, will thine acceptance meet:
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite at thy feet!

GOSPEL INVITATION: WARNING.

183. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these walls 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 the 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!

184. 11s and 10s.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you 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, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

185. 7s.

- 1 YE 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.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice:
See in him your sins forgiven—
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

186. L. M.

- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 3 Nothing ye in exchange shall give—
Leave all you have, and are, behind:
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

- 4 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice:
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

187. L. M.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds that sin hath made:
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.
- 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul! and live:
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

188. 7s.

- 1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate:
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:

Knock—he knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark, it is the Saviour's voice !
“ Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ! ”
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest
Safe from all the lures of vice ;
Owned, by joys the contrite know :
Bought by love, and life the price ;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

- 3 Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
In this world can now remain ?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain :
Sorrow shall forever fly ;
Shame from glory's view retire ;
Tears be wiped from every eye ;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

189. C. M.

- 1 ALL ye who seek a certain cure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind
Or guilt the soul oppress :
- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his pitying heart,
Oh, now to him draw nigh !

- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites,
Ye hear his words so blest ;—
“ All ye that labor, come to me,
And I will give you rest.”
- 4 O Saviour, Joy of saints on high !
O Hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.
- 5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire—a new,
A better heart bestow.

190. L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls ! with sin distress'd—
Come, and accept the promised rest :
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come ! and spread your woes abroad :
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes :
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart :
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

191. C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart :
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 Oh, come ! and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

192. H. M.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

193. S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
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:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

194. L. M.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands:
Oh matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need:
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine—
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Oh welcome him, the Prince of Peace !
Now may his gentle reign increase :
Throw wide the door, each willing mind ;
And be his empire all mankind.

195. S. M.

- 1 Now 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.

196. L. M.

- 1 O TIME, how few thy value weigh !
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months and years are rolling on—
The soul neglected, and undone.

- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race !
Your Maker gave you here a place ?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind ?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time :
Pilgrims on earth ; but soon to be
The heirs of immortality.

197. 11s.

- 1 DELAY 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.
- 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 cleansed 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 ?

198. L. M.

1 HASTEN, O sinner ! to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun :
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is it to be won.

2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore !
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening stage be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner ! to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn
Before the needful work is done.

- 4 Hasten, O sinner! to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

199. 12s. and 8s.

- 1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is
gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er—
When the beams cease to break of the blest
Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more:
- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
blow,
The Gospel no message declare,—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing
of woe!
How suffer the night of despair?
- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions of
peace,
To dwell in the mansions above—
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of
bliss,
Their song to the Saviour of love;—
- 4 Say, O sinner! that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

200. 7s.

- 1 SINNERS ! turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give—
Made you with himself to live :
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands :
Why, O thankless creatures ! why
Will ye spurn his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners ! turn—why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why :
He who his own life did give,
That ye might forever live :
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, O ransomed sinners ! why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?
- 3 Sinners ! turn—why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove—
Moved you to embrace his love :
Will ye not his love receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Why, O long-sought sinners ! why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ?

201. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

- 1 SINNERS ! will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?

Every sentence, oh, 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:—
"To each rebel sinner pardon;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
Oh what mercy!
"Free forgiveness in his name!"
- 3 Who hath our report believed?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
- 4 O ye angels! hovering round us,
Waiting spirits! speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

202. 7s.

- 1 WHEN 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.

203. S. M.

1 AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

- 4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
How soon may death, with terror fraught,
Thy guilty soul surprise !

204. 8s, 7s, and 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners ! poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour :
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel the need of him :
This he gives you ;
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry before he dies,
“ It is finished ! ”
Sinner ! will not this suffice ?
- 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.

205. L. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return !
And seek thine injured Father's face :
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return !
He hears thy deep repentant sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return !
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live :
Go to his feet; and grateful, learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return !
And wipe away the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

206. C. M.

- 1 COME, trembling sinner ! in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolv'd to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.



CONVERSION.

207. 8s and 6s.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot.
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

208. C. P. M.

- 1 O THOU who 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 eternal 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.

209. L. M.

- 1 I LEFT the God of truth and light ;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death !
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne :
Through all his bonds of love I broke ;
I cast away his gifts with scorn !
- 3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance ! from thy frown,
Eternal Justice ! from thine eye ?
- 4 Lo ! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace :
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face !
- 5 My suff'ring, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to thee ;

I claim acceptance on thy word,
My God ! my God ! forsake not me.

- 6 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair:
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie forever there.

210. C. M.

- 1 How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me !
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
Through paths of vanity.
- 2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill ;
I passed from folly on to crime,
And yet he called me still.
- 3 He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view ;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O thou, who every thought dost know,
And answe'rest every prayer !
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

- 6 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow:
What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God! I hear thee now.

211. L. M.

- 1 THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes—
Yet even in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.
- 2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er my unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, sinking in the strife,
Longs to escape the load of life—
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.
- 3 Oh! by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn—
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace has planted in my heart,
I know, I feel thy bounteous will:
Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still.

212. C. M.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast!
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee!

213. L. M.

- 1 On that my load of sin were gone!
Oh 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 of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free :
I cannot rest, till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God !
Thy light and easy burden prove,—
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would—but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release :
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace !

214. S. M.

- 1 "FLEE from the wrath to come,"
I hear Jehovah say :
What can I do ? let doubt be dumb,
What can I—but obey ?
- 2 Then, my Redeemer, then,
From wrath to love I flee :
The things impossible to men
Are possible with thee.
- 3 I, at thy feet, in dust,
My unbelief resign :
In thee alone is all my trust,
Lord, save me, I am thine.

215. C. P. M.

- 1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go :

Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

- 2 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast, oppressive load :
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."
- 3 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move :
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace *is* born again,
And sings redeeming love.

216. C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
Would past offences trace ;
Trembling I make the black review,
Yet pleased behold, admiring, too,
The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree :
Who would believe such lips could praise,
Or think from dark and winding ways
I e'er should turn to thee ?

- 3 These eyes that once abused the light
Now lift to God their watery sight,
And weep a silent flood :
These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer,
O wash away the stains they wear
In pure, redeeming blood !
-

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND LOVE.

217. 7s.

- 1 Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These 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 my eyes shall 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.

218. 6s and 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh 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,
Oh 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 distrust remove ;
Oh bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul !

219. C. M.

- 1 THERE 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;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved—to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

220. 11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word:
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled:

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismay'd ;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid :
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes :
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake !"

221. 7s.

(Seventeenth Century.)

- 1 JESUS, who is all my trust,
Jesus my Redeemer lives ;
Though my body sink in dust,
This assurance comfort gives :
Earth's long night I need not fear,
When I know that he is near.
- 2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
I with him shall live on high :
Life to me his promise gives,
Why then should I fear to die ?

Can my glorious risen Head
Leave his members with the dead ? .

- 3 No ; too strong the sacred band
That unites my soul to him ;
While I clasp his gracious hand,
Faith and hope can ne'er grow dim :
Death itself shall never part
My Redeemer from my heart.
- 4 Born of flesh, my mortal frame
Must, I know, in dust decay ;
But my Lord that dust shall claim,
And his voice shall wake the clay :
Then shall I in glory rise
To a mansion in the skies !
- 5 There these eyes with raptured gaze
My Redeemer's form shall know ;
'Mid the bright unclouded rays
Of his love my soul shall glow :
Naught of weakness shall remain,
Purged away each earthly stain.
- 6 Here I suffer, weep and groan,
There I shall in glory shine :
Here an earthly body sown,
There a heavenly form is mine :
Mortal, in the dust I lie,
Spirit, I ascend on high !

222. 7s.

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,—
When has sunk yon glorious sun ;

When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe !

2 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own—
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe !

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear—
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe !

223. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me,—
This is my hope, my joy, my rest !
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast :
Away, sad doubts, and anxious fear—
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends,
be gone ;
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn :
8*

Steadfast on this my soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 3 Fix'd on this rock will I remain,
 When heart shall fail and flesh decay;—
 A rock which shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away!
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love!

224. C. M.

- 1 THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord!
 In thee I put my trust,
 Encouraged by thy holy Word,—
 A feeble child of dust.
- 2 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea;
 And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
 The Saviour died for me!
- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
 And furious foes assail;
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the vail.
- 4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
 My spirit flies to thee:
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me!
- 5 And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,

And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away ;—

- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
“My Saviour died for me.”

225. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to sing of that great Power,
That made the earth and sea ;
But better still, I love to sing
Of Him who died for me.
- 2 I love to sing of herb and flower,
And field, and plant, and tree :
My sweetest song shall ever be
That “Jesus died for me.”
- 3 I love to hear the little birds
Attune their notes with glee :
But guileless mirth cannot suggest,
That “Jesus died for me.”
- 4 I love to think of angels’ songs,
From sin and sorrow free :
But angels cannot strike their notes
To “Jesus died *for me.*”
- 5 I love to know the time will come
When men shall happy be ;
But I am happy *now*, because
My “Jesus died for me.”

- 6 I love to speak of God—of heaven,
And all its purity:
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For “Jesus died for me.”
- 7 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll sing the ever joyous song
Of “Jesus died for me.”
- 8 There will I, at his sacred feet
Adoring, bend the knee,
And swell the everlasting strain
With “Jesus died for me.”

226. C. M.

(Twelfth Century.)

- 1 JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

227. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

228. 8s and 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Source 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 raptur'd saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.
- 4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come ;
When, O Lord ! this life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

229. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me 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—
Hangs my helpless soul on 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 defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
Boundless love 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.

230. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, 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 those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire the song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing !

Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' exalted King.

- 5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

231. L. M.

- 1 JESUS! thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear thy voice—
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"*Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!*"

232. C. M.

- 1 THOU 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 rending 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.

233. S. M.

1 GRACE!—'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace taught 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.

234. L. M. 6 l.

Jacob wrestling with the Angel.—Genesis xxxii.

- 1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hath call'd me by my name :
 Look on thy hands, and read it there.
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

235. L. M. 6 l.

The same.

- 1 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;

Through faith, I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings ;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings :
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

236. L. M. 6 l.

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine ;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine !
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The healing of my broken heart ;
In strife, my peace—in loss, my gain :
Thee, in each grief, my joy I call—
My life in death, my all in all !

237. 6s, 8s, and 4s.

- 1 THE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love :
Jehovah, Great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name—
 Forever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake—
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face—
 I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.
- 4 The God who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing ;
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 " Almighty King !

Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

- 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

238. 7s.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name ador'd!
- 2 Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love:
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail!
- 3 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 4 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

- 5 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious Name ador'd !

239. 7s.

- 1 LORD of earth ! thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd,—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power :
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but thee ?
- 2 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light ;
There in love's unclouded reign
Parted hands shall meet again :
Oh that world is passing fair !
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
- 3 I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child ;
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away :
Oh, if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me ?
Whom have I in each but thee ?

240. L. M.

Psalm lxiii.

- 1 O GOD! thou art my God alone:
Early to thee my soul shall cry—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace!
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

241. C. M.

- 1 LORD! I believe; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey:
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

- 2 Lord! I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight:
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes! I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"



PENITENCE, DESIRE, AND PRAYER.

242. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 IN darkness willingly I stray'd
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
For wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now, if more, at length, I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 2 I thank thee, Uncreated Sun!
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart pure, hallow'd fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires :
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

243. L. M.

- 1 On 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 subdu'd,
A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 Oh let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quick'ning aid impart ;
My mind from every fear release,
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace !

244. 7s.

- 1 COULD my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 2 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild !
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child ?

- 3 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?
- 4 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd:
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?
- 5 Saviour! let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

245. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
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 call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when ev'ning 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.

246 7s.

- 1 O how kindly did our Lord
On the wounded spirit pour
Balm in that benignant word,
“Go in peace, and sin no more !”
- 2 “Sin no more, thou art forgiven ;”
Blest assurance, thought divine !
Holy Messenger of heaven,
Make that blest assurance mine !
- 3 Saviour, may thy hallow'd sway
Rule my earthly being o'er :
Let me thro' life's erring way
“Go in peace, and sin no more !”

247. C. M.

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

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

248. L. M.

- 1 On from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free !
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts and there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas ! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below :
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.
- 3 Oh ! what that frozen heart can move,
Which melts not at a Saviour's love ?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
Which will not give the Saviour praise ?

- 4 Lord! draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense:
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise.

249. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my heart were right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from my soul remove!
- 2 Father! I dwell in mournful night,
Until thou in my heart appear:
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there!
- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down!
Eyesight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.

250. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee!
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee !

251. 8s and 7s.

- 1 LOVE 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 waiting heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest .
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !
- 3 Finish then thy new creation—
Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

252. C. M.

- 1 On for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek—
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part—
No more thy goodness grieve—
The filial awe, the soften'd heart,
The tender conscience give.

253. S. M.

- 1 O God! my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 Give me a godly fear—
A quick, discerning eye
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,

Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

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

254. C. M.

- 1 IN 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!

255. C. M.

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

256. 8s and 7s.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord ! O gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears—
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears :
O refresh us with thy blessing—
O refresh us with thy grace !
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in thy perfect way :
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.
- 3 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest :
O refresh us with thy blessing—
O refresh us with thy grace !
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

257. 8s, 7s, and 4.

- 1 GUIDE 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, Lord ! 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 ;
Death of death ! and hell's Destruction !
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

258. C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

259. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step may be between
That world of souls and me.
- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.
- 3 The Saviour whom I long have sought,
And would, but cannot see :
And is he here ? O, wondrous thought !
And will he dwell with me ?
- 4 I ask not, with my mortal eye,
To view the vision bright ;
I dare not see thee, lest I die,
Yet, Lord, restore my sight.
- 5 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

260. L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place, than all besides, more 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 sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

261. C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered, or unexpressed;
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 contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 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 !

262. L. M.

- 1 WHAT change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence, Lord, can make !
The clouds no longer round us lower,
Thou from our hearts the gloom dost take.
- 2 We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how strong !
The future shines in sunlight clear ;
Why should we do ourselves the wrong,
To yield to unbelieving fear ?
- 3 Why are our souls oppress'd with care,
Why should we ever heartless be,
Why troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, strength, courage are with thee ?

COURAGE AND CONSTANCY.

263. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host:
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage:
The meanest foe of all the train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,—
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love;
The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell.

. 264. L. M.

- 1 JESUS! 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! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 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.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 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!

265. C. M.

- 1 IN 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 duty, 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,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

266. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, 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 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis 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.
- 5 Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun ;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

267. C. M.

- 1 Lo ! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around ;
Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,

Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

- 3 He for the joy before him set,
And mov'd by pitying love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.
- 4 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints
Triumphantly to stand.

268. C. M.

- 1 RISE, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who liv'd and walk'd 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 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless 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.

269. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus 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 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray—
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

270. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
The God of armies calls
Unto his mansions in the skies—
His everlasting halls:
- 2 The angel host appears,
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys, compared to this!

- 3 Crush'd is the haughty foe—
 His might, his glory gone ;
 But ye, with victory crown'd, shall go
 To Christ's eternal throne.
- 4 There shall the conqueror rest,
 And in that bright abode
 Forever reign amid the blest,
 Triumphant with his God.



OBEDIENCE AND CHARITY.

271. L. M.

Psalm xxiv.

- 1 THE earth, thou Majesty Divine—
 Its fields, its floods, its stores are thine :
 Thine is the world, and thine the race
 Whose dwellings fill its ample space.
- 2 But who shall e'er ascend the hill,
 Great God ! which all thy glories fill ?
 Who, in thy temple's hallow'd dome,
 Secure his everlasting home ?
- 3 Whose hands are clean, whose heart sincere—
 Whose purpose pure, whose actions clear—
 Whose soul no vanity allures,
 And truth his plighted vow secures.
- 4 This man the blessing shall receive—
 The blessing which the Lord will give :
 Salvation from his God shall flow,
 And righteousness his hand bestow.

- 5 These are the men, the chosen seed,
Like Jacob, wrestling as they plead:
They seek, my God! they seek thy face,
And wait and find the promis'd grace.

272. 7s.

- 1 WHO, O Lord! when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansion soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?
- 2 He whose heart thy love has warm'd:
He whose will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unsullied run:
He whose words and thoughts are one.
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeign'd,
Treads the path by thee ordain'd:
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself has done;
He, great God! shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

273. 7s.

- 1 WIDE, ye heavenly gates unfold,
Clos'd no more by death and sin:
Lo! the conqu'ring Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in.
Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' Almighty King?"

Hark again ! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing :

- 2 He, whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurled :
He, who hath the victory won ;
He, who saved a ruined world :—
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.
- 3 Who shall to this blest abode
Follow in the Saviour's train ?
They, who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain :
They, whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith, and holy fear,
Fervent zeal, and grateful love ;—
They shall dwell forever here.

274. L. M.

- 1 NOT he, whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise ;
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word :
- 2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love ;
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows :
- 3 Whose heart enlarg'd, bids him embrace,
As brethren, all the human race ;

Who for his friends with ardor glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.

- 4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crown'd, above the skies :
Him shall the Lord in judgment own,
And place by his eternal throne.

275. L. M.

1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 To us, to every human heart,
Father of lights, these gifts impart :
Faith, hope, and charity—these three ;
Yet is the greatest, charity.
- 2 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight :
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope, with sorrow's fading form :
- 3 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time ;
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

276. 10s. 8 l.

WHEN constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty and one in joy,
Then thou, more happy power, fair Charity !
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature, still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
Forever blessing and forever blest.

277. L. M.

- 1 O CHARITY ! who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here ;
Thy voice, thy smile, speak heav'nly love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear.
- 2 Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky :
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.
- 3 But long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling forever by his side !

278. 7s.

- 1 LORD, what off'ring 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 express'd ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind 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 off'ring bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

279. L. M.

Matt. xxv.

- 1 A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all: he bless'd it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock: his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst:
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up—
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup—
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.

I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest—
Laid him on my own couch to rest:
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5 Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed—
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die:
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill;
But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise:
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be,—
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

280. C. M.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain :—
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger'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 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

MUTUAL AFFECTION.

281. 10s.

- 1 RESTORE, O Father! to our times restore
The peace which filled thine infant Church
of yore:
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quench'd the new-born charities of life.
- 2 O never more may different judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart!
But link'd in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
- 3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace and Fount of harmony.

282. C. M.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word;—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow 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 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love.

283. S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united 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 at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again !

- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

284. L. M.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What faithful love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe :
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell !
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When dimly burns frail nature's fire :
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

285. C. M.

- 1 LET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone :
For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family—we dwell in him—
 One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death ;
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Ev'n now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
 And soon we too shall die.
- 5 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
And greet the ransom'd blessed bands
 Upon th' eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
 And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

JOY AND PEACE.

286. L. M.

- 1 RELIGION's yoke is soft and light ;
She bids each guilty passion cease ;
Remorse and anguish take their flight,
And all her paths are paths of peace.
- 2 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 3 At her approach the grave appears
The gate of paradise restored :
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.
- 4 Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain !
Rise, when the hosts of heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

287. C. M.

- 1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west enfold ;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days ;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase :
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

288. C. M.

- 1 How deep and tranquil is the joy
Which thou hast kindly given
To those who seek thy presence, Lord,
And tread the path to heaven !
- 2 'Tis in the silence of the shade
My sober thoughts begin,
And earth's illusive charms appear
But vanity and sin.
- 3 'Tis here the troubled springs of life
Are calmed to sweetest rest :
The stillness of this hour expels
The tumult of my breast.
- 4 Far, far above all mortal things,
I walk with God alone ;
And while he names celestial joys,
I call them all my own.
- 5 Then let the noisy world pursue
The trifles of a day,—
Mine be the silent, secret joys
That never fade away.

289. L. M.

(A. D. 1590-1640.)

- 1 How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath.
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
Whose suppliant tho'ts the tribute pay
Of one who feels his God his friend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

290. C. M.

- 1 THRICE happy souls who, born of heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

- 2 Mid hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone!
- 3 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 4 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee—amid the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 5 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

291. C. H. M.

- 1 As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Tho' plain my garb, tho' scant my board,
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.
- 2 The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain-cave;
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrow'd ev'n his grave:
Earth yielded him no resting-spot—
Her Maker—but she knew him not.

- 3 As much the world's good-will I share,
 Its favors and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,
 Hated without a cause :
Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride ;
Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.
- 4 Why should I court my Master's foe ?
 Why should I fear its frown ?
Why should I seek for rest below,
 Or sigh for brief renown ?
A pilgrim to a better land—
An heir of joy at God's right hand.

292. L. M.

(Seventeenth Century.)

- 1 HEAVEN is my roof, earth is my floor—
 Thy love can keep me dry and warm :
Christ and thy bounty are my store ;
 Thy angels guard me from all harm.
- 2 Must I forsake the soil and air
 Where first I drew my vital breath ?
That way may be as near and fair
 Whence I may come to thee by death.
- 3 All countries are my Father's lands—
 Thy sun, thy love, doth shine on all :
We may in all lift up pure hands,
 And with acceptance on thee call.
- 4 What if in prison I must dwell—
 May I not there converse with thee ?

Save me from sin, thy wrath, and hell ;
Call me thy child, and I am free.

- 5 No walls or bars can keep thee out ;
None can confine a holy soul :
The streets of heaven it walks about,
None can its liberty control.

293. C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace 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.

294. C. P. M.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot—
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell—
He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine ;
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love :
Blessed with the scorn of finite good—
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair—
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord ! replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end—
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

295. C. P. M.

- 1 O ISRAEL ! who is like to thee—
A people saved and called to be
Peculiar to the Lord !
The promised land before thee lies :
Go and possess the glorious prize—
Go, take the great reward.
- 2 In glory there the King appears :
He wipes away his people's tears—
Bids all their trouble cease :

By faith I see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.

- 3 Nor shall I always absent be
From him my soul desires to see—
 Within the realms of light;
For soon my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
 His glory from my sight.

296. 7s and 6s.

- 1 RISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
 Toward 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.

297. 8s and 7s.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

298. C. M.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.
- 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd—
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And fix your eye, with joyful hope,
On Zion's heavenly hill.

299. L. M.

- 1 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks sweetly, smilingly forsworn.
- 2 The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be false and treach'rous too.
- 3 The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised surely to defend.
- 4 But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die!
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can break or falsify.
- 5 I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

300. C. M.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil:
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,

There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

301. 7s.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God :
They are bought with Christ's own blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave ;
Life eternal they shall have :
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 They are justified by grace—
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away—
They shall stand in God's great day :
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

- 3 They are lights upon the earth—
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.



CONSOLATION.

302. 7s and 8s.

- 1 DARK the night—the sun will wake
Beauteous on the dawning morrow;
Gleams of mercy soon will break
O'er the clouds of pain and sorrow:
Whom Christ loves his arm can save,
From the fire, the sword, the wave!
- 2 Fear not, then, ye little flock!
Shall he love, and fail to cherish?
As a reed he rends the rock,
Ere one lov'd disciple perish!
Thine the promise—trust him still—
His the means to work his will.

303. C. M.

- 1 OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast;
Shall worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last?

- 2 Not to the last! God's word hath said,
 Could we but read aright:
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
 At eve it shall be light!
- 3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
 Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
- 4 If we but trust in living faith
 His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
 His light shall round us shine.
- 5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and praise
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
 Token that storms shall cease.
- 6 Then keep we on with hope unchill'd,
 By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfill'd—
 At eve there shall be light!

304. C. M. 8 l.

- 1 LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
 From earth lift up thine eyes;
Though dark the ev'ning shadows roll,
 And daylight beauty dies:
One sun is set—a thousand more
 Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
 In ev'ry star a sun.

- 2 Thus, when some long-lov'd comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends
And meets ten thousand there :
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars that seem but points of light
The rank of suns assume.

305. L. M.

- 1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.
- 2 Christian, thy Friend, thy Master prayed,
When dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his suff'rings undismay'd ;
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?
- 3 O think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, thron'd all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn his praise ?
- 4 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go ! his eternal vict'ry share.

306. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapp'd yet in tears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well, since rul'd by thee.
- 2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled?
What tho' some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?

307. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid ev'ry 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 love divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;

Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee ;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

308. L. M. 6 l.

(A. D. 1653.)

1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide ;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope,—content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent ;
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as he sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,

He comes to thee all unaware
And makes thee own his loving care.

- 4 Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferr'd :
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to every thing.
- 5 Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfill'd in thee ;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

309. S. M.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands :
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey—
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done :
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;

To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

- 5 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

310. C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 4 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee ?

311. L. M.

Psalm iii.

- 1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,—
“There is no help in God for thee :”
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head ;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

- 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves rolled by ;
He beckoned, and the winds were still.
- 3 I laid me down and slept ;—I woke ;
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain ;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.
- 4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps in all their wrath ;
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
His presence guards his people's path.

312. C. M.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still :—
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient power to trace.

- 5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.
- 6 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!

313. L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

314. 10s.

- 1 ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee—
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day—
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

315. L. M.

- 1 God of my life! to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

316. C. M.

- 1 DEAR 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 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of Sovereign Grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No: still the ear of Sovereign Grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat—
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

317. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?

Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way:
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

318. L. M.

1 BE still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

319. 7s.

- 1 In the hour when thoughts arise,
Cloud the soul and dim the eyes,
If I, tempted, as forgot,
Murmur at my lowly lot,
Soon I bid all doubt away—
'Tis His hand—what shall I say?
- 2 In a land where Satan reigns,
Weaving nets and forging chains—
Where, who roam the fated ground,
Sink, in sin's embraces bound—
Rescued, ere the tyrant slay,
Though in fear—what shall I say?
- 3 'Tis his hand that wields the rod,
'Tis the chast'ning of my God—

And I hear his voice of love
 Whisper from the realms above;
 I bid hence all doubt away—
 'Tis his hand—what shall I say?

320. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
 Falls kindly on my burden'd soul;
 I see its merciful intent,
 To warn me back to thy control;
 And pray, that while I feel the rod,
 I may find perfect peace with God.
- 2 The errors of my heart I know;
 I feel my deep infirmities;
 For often virtuous feelings glow,
 And holy purposes arise;
 But like the morning clouds, decay,
 As empty, though as fair as they.
- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore,
 And let thy peace abound in me;
 That I may trust myself no more,
 But wholly cast myself on thee;
 O let my Father's strength be mine,
 And my devoted life be thine!

321. 7s, or 8s and 7s.

(*Twelfth Century.*)

- 1 As the harp-strings only render
 All their treasures of sweet sound—
 All their music, glad or tender—
 Firmly struck and tightly bound;

- 2 So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.
- 3 Spices crush'd, their pungence yield,
Trodden scents, their sweets respire ;
Would you have its strength reveal'd,
Cast the incense in the fire.
- 4 Thus the crush'd and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield :
From the martyr's keenest flame
Heav'nly incense is distill'd !

322. C. M.

(A. D. 1681.)

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
For he that to God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !

- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him. .

323. C. M.

- 1 MAY I remember, Lord, to thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude, from me,
May all thy bounties flow.
- 2 And though thy wisdom takes away—
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 3 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess'd ;
And all must fail when I go home—
For this is not my rest.
- 4 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeem'd above ;
Then, heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
I'll love thee for thy love.
- .

324. C. M.

- 1 My God! the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home;
- 3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

325. L. M.

- 1 TRY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love;
Tho' clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Tho' these frail eyes are dimm'd with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours th' immortal years?

- 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.
- 5 Ev'n now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

326. C. M.

- 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 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And ev'n the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too:
- 4 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

- 5 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
 We never saw by day.

327. L. M.

- 1 My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisement 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 breath'd 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,
 May kneeling faith adore thy will !

328. C. M.

- 1 THE broken ties of happier days,
 How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
 Like a remember'd dream !
Around us each dis sever'd chain
 In sparkling ruin lies,

And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

- 2 Oh, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sov'reign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope, that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the ling'ring heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And ev'ry pang that wrings the breast,
And ev'ry joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

329. L. M.

- 1 On, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest
For ev'ry dark and troubled night;

And grief may bide an ev'ning guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though, with a pierc'd and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.
- 6 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear:
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

330. L. M.

- 1 I CAST above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies:
I think that He, who governs there,
Still keeps me in his guardian care.
- 2 I gaze upon the op'ning flower,
Just moisten'd with the evening shower;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.
- 3 I think, whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again from whence it came:
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light!

331. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a star that gilds the gloom,
When life's frail bands are riven ;
There is, beyond the welcome tomb,
The hope of bliss in heaven !
- 2 For you, who, all life's devious way,
Improve the mercy given ;—
For you shall glow, with brightest ray,
The hope of bliss in heaven !
- 3 Ye who but raise the suppliant eye
In the Redeemer's name ;
To you his promis'd grace is nigh,
And you this hope may claim.
- 4 Then, while on life's tempestuous sea
By adverse storms we're driven ;
May Faith and Hope exulting see
The star of bliss in heaven !

332. L. M.

- 1 WHEN heavy on this troubled breast,
O'erwhelm'd with burdens none could share,
A thousand anxious cares have pressed,
And sought to make their dwelling there ;
- 2 I've borne the burden to His throne,
I've told Him all my tale of grief ;
Nor did He e'er my claim disown,
Or fail to yield me prompt relief.

- 3 And soon these scenes of time shall fade,
And all of life be *past* to me :
The *present*—death's funereal shade ;
The *future*—all Eternity !
- 4 Eternity—that boundless sea—
That dark, unfathomed, dread abyss—
By faith in Christ, shall prove to me
One vast Eternity of bliss !

333. 10s.

- 1 THERE is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe :
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distress'd.
- 2 There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when tempests
lower :
That calm, that peace, to love and faith are
given—
That light shines down to man direct from
heaven.

THE CHURCH AND ITS ORDINANCES.

334. C. M.

- 1 IN the waste howling wilderness
The Church is wandering still :
But yet her faithful children press
Onward to Zion's hill.
- 2 And full before us, all the while,
The shadowing pillar stays,
The living waters brightly smile,
Th' eternal turrets blaze.
- 3 And heaven is raining angels' bread,
To be our daily food :
And fresh, as when it first was shed,
Springs forth the Saviour's blood.
- 4 From every region, race, and speech,
Believing souls shall throng :
Till, far as sin and sorrow reach,
Thy grace is spread along :
- 5 Till sweetest nature, brightest art,
Their votive incense bring ;
And every voice and every heart,
Shall own their God and King !

335. C. M.

- 1 ON, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came ?

But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet—
A thousand years the same.

- 2 Mark ye her holy battlements;
And her foundations strong :
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And the unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
The holy Church of God :
Though earthquakeshocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad—
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Unmovable she stands :
A mountain that shall fill the earth—
A house not made by hands.

336. C. M.

- 1 FAIR as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme,
In full-orb'd glory rides :
- 2 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings :
- 3 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe :

- 4 This is the Church by heaven array'd
With strength and grace divine ;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

337. C. M.

Psalm xlv.

- 1 WHAT though the solid rocks be rent,
In tempests whirl'd away :
What though the hills shall burst their roots,
And roll into the sea :
- 2 Thou sea, with dreadful tumults, swell
And bid thy waters rise
In furious surges, till they dash
The flood-gates of the skies ;
- 3 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood ;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.
- 4 With wonder, see what mighty power
Our sacred Zion cheers ;
Lo ! there amid her stately walls,
Her God—her God appears !
- 5 Hither, ye num'rous nations crowd,
In silent rapture stand,
And see o'er all the earth display'd
The wonders of his hand.
- 6 He bids the din of war be still,
And all its tumults cease ;

He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
The harmony of peace.

- 7 O, hear ye, then, his awful voice—
“Be still, and know the Lord;
By all the heathen I’ll be feared,
By all the earth ador’d!”

338. 8s and 7s.

Psalm lxxxvii.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form’d thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation’s walls surrounded,
Thou may’st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst t’ assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails, from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

339. 10s.

- 1 RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate
kings,
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

340. S. M.

- 1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing 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 !

341. 7s.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found :
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest !
- 2 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 :
Mine the God whom you adore ;
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more ;
Every idol I resign.

342. C. M.

Psalm cxvi.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.
- 2 What shall I render unto thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?
- 3 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim ;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.
- 4 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow :
- 5 Henceforth to thee myself I give ;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before thee while I live,
And bless thee when I die.

343. C. M.

- 1 MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall:
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.
- 4 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.
- 5 Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

344. L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine:
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angels' bread to feast!
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

345. S. M.

Psalm cxxxvii.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 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.

346. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In glorious triumph o'er our foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprung th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 3 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.
- 4 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

347. C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for those for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, that must forever live
In rapture, or in wo.
- 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.

348. C. M.

- 1 SEE 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 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our children be.

349. L. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found—
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred Name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

350. C. M.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe !

- 3 While yet his anguish'd 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,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

351. 9s and 8s.

- 1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed ;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed !
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

352. C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,

Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee :—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

353. 7s.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze :
Love I much? I'm much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace.

354. 7s and 6s. Trochaic.

- 1 LAMB of God ! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on thee,
Every burden'd soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away ;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all sin do thou release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !

355. C. M.

- 1 To 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 !



DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

356. 7s and 6s. Iambic.

Psalm lxxii.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing :
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever ;
That name to us is—Love.

357. C. M.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summit of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The king who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Their millions slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then, O come from every land,
And worship at his shrine ;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine !

358. L. M. 6l.

- 1 As the good shepherd tends his care,
Seeks freshest pasture, purest air,
Explores the lost, the stray directs,
By day o'ersees, by night protects;
Thus shall mankind Thy care engage,
Deliv'rer of the future age!
- 2 Nations no more 'gainst nations rise,
Nor warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with steel are cover'd o'er;
The trumpets kindle rage no more;
Peace o'er the world her reign extends,
And Innocence from heaven descends.

359. 8s, 7s and 4.

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On 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 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,

Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land ;
Lord, be with them,
Always, till time's latest end.

360. 8s, 7s and 4.

- 1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow ;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world 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,
Waking beauty from decay :
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 :
Lo ! the desert
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

361. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT 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 crown'd,
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 !

362. 7s and 6s. Iambic.

- 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 ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! 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.

363. 8s, 7s and 4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee !—
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light :
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

364. L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations ! far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record :
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord !
- 5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see :
So be the Father's love fulfilled,—
The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd thro' thee !

365. C. M.

- 1 DAUGHTER 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.

366. L. M.

- 1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string?—
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing!
- 2 Awake!—thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!
- 3 No taunting foes the song require:
No strangers mock thy captive chain:
But friends provoke 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.

367. 11s.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more :
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness ;
Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er !
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-
dued them
And scatter'd their legions was mightier far :
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
pursued them ;
Vain were their steeds and chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved
thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel
should be :
Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd
thee ;
The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is
free !

368. 11s and 10s.

- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning ;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain ;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning ;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning ;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing ;
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing ;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

369. 7s.

- 1 HARK ! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !

- 3 See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword ! He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.
- 4 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away !
- 5 Then the end—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.
-

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

370. L. M.

For Children.

- 1 SUN, moon, and stars, by day and night,
At God's commandment, give us light,
And when we wake, and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.
- 2 The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's almighty hand.
- 3 Sweet flowers, that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit trees, fields of grass, and corn,

- The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow—God sends them all.
- 4 The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
God's creatures are as well as we.
- 5 But us he form'd for better things—
As servants of the King of kings,
With lifted hands, and open face,
And thankful hearts, to seek his grace.
- 6 Thus God lov'd man—and more than thus—
He sent his Son to die for us,
And now invites us, when we die,
To come and live with him on high.
- 7 But we must live to him below,
For none but such to heaven will go;
Lord Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
And lead the little children there.

371. L. M.

- 1 FATHER of all! my Father, too!
O make me good, and just, and true;
Make me delight to learn thy word,
And love to pray and praise the Lord!
- 2 O may thy gracious presence bless
And guard my childhood's helplessness—
Be with me as I grow in years,
And guide me through this vale of tears.

372. C. M.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his holy word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this heavenly train,
And my first offerings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

373. L. M.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee :
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

- 2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget that day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy Word :
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine :
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God !

374. C. M.

- 1 How long, sometimes, a day appears !
And weeks, how long are they !
Months move on slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone !
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end :
Eternity has none !
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God ! a creature cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.

375. L. M.

- 1 AMID the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes, God is as a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No: for a constant watch he keeps
On ev'ry thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown
Where human feet have never trod,
E'en there I should not be alone;
On ev'ry side there would be God.

376. C. M.

- 1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, betimes obey
The voice of sovereign love!
Ye rove in folly's dangerous way,
But mercy reigns above.

- 4 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !

377. C. M.

- 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 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you,
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

378. C. M.

- 1 By 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 win'try hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:
- 6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

379. C. M.

The secret of perpetual youth.—John ii. 10.

- 1 THE heart of childhood is all mirth ;
We trust the flattering voice
Which whispers, "Take thy fill of earth,
Indulge thee and rejoice."
- 2 Too surely then, each setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn,
The flowers all die along our way,
Till we, too, die forlorn.
- 3 Such is the world's gay garish feast,
In her first charming bowl
Infusing all that fires the breast,
And cheats th' unstable soul.
- 4 Unlike the feast of heav'nly love
Spread at the Saviour's word,
For souls that hear his call, and prove
Meet for his bridal board.
- 5 Why should we fear youth's draught of joy,
If pure, would sparkle less ?
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
Which God hath deign'd to bless ?
- 6 Who, but a Christian, through all life,
True blessing may prolong ?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song ?
- 7 Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
The heavenward flame annoy ;

The Saviour cannot pass away !
And with him lives our joy.

8 Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun—
But there sight fails : no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.

9 Such is thy banquet, dearest Lord ;
O give us grace to cast
Our lot with thine, to trust thy word,
And keep our best till last.

380. 8s and 4.

1 AND now that years have sped away,
And down life's current borne me on,
What, of youth's dreams, can manhood say,
But—*they are gone !*

2 Gone—as the cloud whose golden hue
Fast fades in the advancing light ;
Gone—as the drops of evening dew,
That sink in night !

3 How busily the fancy wrought
To mould a heaven that should not cloy,
From all I saw, or read, or thought,
Of earthly joy !

4 Nor mourn I that those days were wind,
And fancy's dreams evanish'd hence ;
O who can fill th' immortal mind
With joys of sense !

- 5 For I have sought a purer joy,
Firm fix'd on an eternal ground,
A bliss that cannot fail or cloy—
And I have found !
- 6 It came not on the morning cloud—
It sipp'd not of the evening dew—
When seas were rude, and storms were loud,
It rose to view !
- 7 It feeds on bread man cannot taste,
And meekly quaffs affliction's tear ;
When the mind wears, and senses waste,
Then it is near.
- 8 It is a joy earth cannot know,
That blesses those who inly weep,
Confirms the word—in tears who sow,
In smiles shall reap !
- 9 Sweet hope ! though youth return no more,
And glittering visions swift decay ;
The soul above earth's clouds shall soar
In endless day !
- 10 Thus to Faith's eye, through damps of earth,
Less bright each carnal pleasure seems ;
One glimpse of heavenly joy is worth
A life of dreams.
- 11 Content to see the bubbles break,
That glisten'd in the youthful eye,
To scenes of heavenly bliss I wake,
That never die !

381. 8s and 7s.

Marriage.

- 1 LORD, we come to ask thy blessing
On the bridal pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.
- 2 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.
- 3 Often from their happy dwelling
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest *Friend*.
- 4 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick and dangers nigh;
Oh may constant, pure devotion
Guide them safe to realms on high!

382. C.M.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

- 3 Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
- 4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
 In all its horrors rise !
- 5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
While, in the confidence of prayer,
 My heart took hold on thee.
- 7 For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
 Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

- 10 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

383. 12s.

At Sea.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tem-
pest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning
is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to
cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord, or we
perish."
- 2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the
billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy
pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord, or
we perish."
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeeméd to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord, or we
perish."

384. 7s.

Psalm cvii.

- 1 THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale—
- 2 Mark what wonders God performs
When he speaks, and, unconfin'd,
Rush to battle all his storms,
In the chariots of the wind.
- 3 Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave ;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the abysses of the grave.
- 4 To and fro they reel—they roll
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.
- 5 Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 6 Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

- 7 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

385. S. H. M.

God in the storm.

- 1 Lo ! where his thunder's voice
Rolls on the murky air,
Bidding his little ones rejoice,
That he, their God, is there.
And now each louder peal on high
Proclaims his sounding footsteps nigh.
- 2 Now is there storm abroad,
And foams the raging brine ;
Fierce flashings of Jehovah's sword
Athwart the darkness shine.
The laboring tempest heaves its breath
In sobs, all ominous of death !
- 3 Earth trembles to her base !
He comes in swathed gloom ;
And bolts of flame before his face
Proclaim the guilty's doom !
For earth the heavens their tear-drops weep,
As speeds his chariot o'er the deep !
- 4 But wherefore should I fear,
Or from his presence flee ?
It is his well-known voice I hear,
It is his eye I see.
What tho' he come in night and storm,
Thron'd on dark waves I trace his form !

- 5 Why fear? one with my Lord,
I know no more his wrath;
The flashing of his judgment-sword
Can never glare my path.
I, fearless, when the storm is nigh,
Lift to his face a filial eye!

386. L. M.

- 1 THE storm is busy in the sky,
And thunders lift their voice on high;
There is a wilder storm abroad,
The voice of conscience and of God!
- 2 Were there no storm within the soul,
Why should the outer storm control?
Why shrink before the call of God,
Unless in terror of his rod?
- 3 What, then, shall bring that God to me,
And make me joy his face to see?
What bid man stand where once he stood?
A conscience purg'd by Jesus' blood.
- 4 Then let the tempest hail its King,
Tho' rude, its loud hosannas sing,
And with the wreath its fingers wove,
Entwine the emblem of his love.
- 5 He plants the rainbow's glowing form,
To bound the fierce and raging storm,
And bids the sinner fear no more
The lightning, or the thunder's roar!

387. C. M.

The Rainbow.—Genesis ix.

- 1 TRIUMPHAL arch ! that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
- 2 Fair, beauteous bow ! no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.
- 3 When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !
- 4 And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.
- 5 And, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

388. L. M.

National Day of Prayer.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And, oh, when stoops upon our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

389. L. M. 8 l.

Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

- 1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ;
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
E'en more than day's enlivening bloom,
Can still each fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to thee.

- 3 As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain;
But oft as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise!

390. C. M.

- 1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!
- 2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.
- 3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.
- 4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.
- 5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

391. 7s and 6s.

- 1 THE leaves around me falling,
Are preaching of decay ;
The hollow winds are calling,
“Come, pilgrim, come away !”
The day in night declining,
Says I, too, must 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 ;

And while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and Thee!

392. P. M.

- 1 SHALL man, the lord of nature,
Expectant of the sky—
Shall man alone unthankful,
His little praise deny?
No—let the year forsake her course,
The seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love,
And, Saviour, honor thee.
- 2 The flowers of spring may wither,
The hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter,
The birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon
Forget their old decree,
But we, in nature's latest hour,
O Lord! will cling to thee.

393. C. M.

- 1 SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And colors charm the eye;

Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.

3 Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou, too, alas ! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly :
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives and cannot die.

394. 7s and 6s.

Evening.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west ;
So, ev'ry care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close ;
May angels round me, singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high ;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break ;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake !

395. S. H. M.

- 1 NIGHT is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.
- 2 Night is the time to think ;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns, beyond th' abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.
- 3 Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away :
So will his followers do—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.
- 4 Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suff'ring cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine !

396. 7s.

New Year's Day.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait—
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd 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 ;
Lord, our expectations raise—
All below is but a dream.

397. C. M.

Close of the Year.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome, each declining day !
Welcome, each closing year !

- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
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.

398. 7s.

Parting of Friends.

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again ?
When shall we all meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again !

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN.

399. L. P. M.

- 1 YET a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, glide in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more !
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er !
- 2 Great God ! how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between ;
And can I waste life's fleeting day ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound—
Trees deeply rooted in the ground
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.
- 3 Great Cause of all, above, below !
Who knows thee must forever know
Thou art immortal and divine ;
Thine image on my soul impress'd,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine !

400. 8s and 4s.

- 1 ALAS ! 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 bought;
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.

401. L. M. 6 l.

(*Seventeenth Century.*)

- 1 THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
They must give up their murmuring breath,
They must, pale captives, creep to death.
- 2 The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;

Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds !
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust.

402. C. P. M.

- 1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole ;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 My soul, attend the solemn call ;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight—
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

403. C. M.

- 1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born !
Thy doom is written—"Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return !"
- 2 Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
 Which lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Gay is thy morning : flattering hope
 Thy sprightly step attends ;

But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends !

- 4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light ;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

404. C. M.

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal,
From that abyss again.
- 2 The days, the years, the ages dark,
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.
- 3 Where are our fathers ?—Whither gone,
The mighty men of old,
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd ?
- 4 Gone to the resting-place of man
His long, his silent home ;
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come !

405. C. M.

- 1 DEATH rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
And lurks in ev'ry flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry hour !

- 2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

406. 11s.

- 1 O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.
- 2 The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scatter'd around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and
the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.
- 3 The hand of the king who the sceptre hath
borne,
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath
worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

407. L. M.

- 1 SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
- 2 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

408. C. M.

Job xiv.

- 1 As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep,
His life is vanity.
- 2 And dost Thou look on such an one?
Wilt Thou to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
- 3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall, with a roll of thunder, break,
And nature disappear.
- 4 O hide me, till thy wrath be past,
Thou who canst slay or save!
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

409. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone :
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own :
Feeble as theirs, my mortal frame,
The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 And must I, from the cheerful light,
Pass to the grave's perpetual night,—
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass ?
- 4 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose, in this, each mortal care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

410. S. M.

Psalm xxxix.

- 1 LORD ! let me know mine end :
My days, how brief their date !
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.
- 2 My life is but a span ;
Mine age as nought with Thee ;
Man, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.

- 3 What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.
- 4 Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.
- 5 A stranger, Lord, with thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.
- 6 O spare me yet, I pray!
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

411. C. P. M.

- 1 "FATHER, thy will, not mine, be done!"
So pray'd on earth thy suff'ring Son—
So, in his name, I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;
Thy help in agony I seek;
O take this cup away!
- 2 If such be not thy sov'reign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
My wishes I resign,
Into thy hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend,
Thy will be done, not mine!

412. S. M.

- 1 Who that hath ever been,
 Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before?
- 2 On, with intense desire,
 Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
 It is not quench'd, but gone.

413. C. H. M.

- 1 O WHAT is life?—'Tis 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?—'Tis 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 'tis 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:
Tho' life depart, our joys shall last,
When life and all its joys are past.

414. L. M.

- 1 WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirits greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas ! how hard it is to die.
- 2 When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful, then, it is to die.
- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah ! then, how easy 'tis to die.
- 4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon, to die.
- 5 When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die.

415. C. M.

- 1 THIS mortal life will soon be past ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?
- 2 I know not ; but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,

When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

3 For see, on death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

4 From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to man ;
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

416. 8s and 4s.

1 THERE 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 wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou traveller in this vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 Though long of wind and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

- 5 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day.
- 6 The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die.

417. 11s.

- 1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.
- 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 o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul!

418. 8s and 6s.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The 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 confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven !

419. L. M.

- 1 O God, unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fix'd on me ;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompass'd by thy Deity.
- 2 Throughout this universe of space,
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time and change of place
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.
- 3 E'en from myself sometimes I part ;
Unconscious sleep is nightly death,
Yet surely by my couch thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.
- 4 The moment comes when strength shall fail,
When (health and hope and courage flown)
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee, alone.
- 5 Alone with thee ! in that dread strife
Uphold me in mine agony ;
And gently be this dying life
Exchang'd for immortality.
- 6 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood hath never trod,

And in the unveil'd presence stands
Of thee, my Saviour and my God:

- 7 Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

420. 8s and 7s.

- 1 THROUGH life's vapors dimly seeing
Who but longs for light to break!
Oh the feverish dream of being!
When, oh when shall we awake?
Oh the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd as a cloud—
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd;
- 2 And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone!
In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
- 3 Angels, guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.

421. C. M.

- 1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting 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 with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

422. C. M.

- 1 O THOU unknown, Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps, I must appear!
- 2 If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done!
- 3 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,

Do thou, All-good ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

4 Where, with intention, I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make that mercy sure.

423. L. M. 6 l.

In prospect of death.—(A. D. 1649.)

1 O THOU great Power in whom I move,
In whom I live, to whom I die !
Behold me thro' thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

2 No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
One sacred drop of Jesus' blood
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire ;
O precious ransom ! it was paid
Where " It is finish'd ! " once was said :

- 3 And said by Him that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath;
Thou, then, who hast dispunged my score,
And, dying, wast the death of death,
Be to me now, on whom I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all!

424. 7s.

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
Deepening through the vale of death,
Yet I will not be afraid,
But, with my departing breath,
I will glory in my God;
In my Saviour I will trust,
Strengthen'd by his staff and rod,
While this body falls to dust.
- 2 Soon on wings, on wings of love,
My transported soul shall rise,
Like the home-returning dove,
Vanishing through boundless skies;
Thus where death shall be no more,
Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
All my days of mourning o'er,
In his presence I shall rest.

425. C. P. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
And gives to all, and freely gives
Life, peace, to those that will;

I know his judgment-trump shall sound,
And he, while flames the earth around,
Prove my Redeemer still!

2 This be my glory! Death can claim
No victory, where the Saviour's name
In his own blood is graven;
The earth is but his couch of rest,
A garden, which the Lord hath bless'd,
Where blow the gales of heaven.

3 I feel, I feel the breath of morn,
On golden wings of healing borne,
New life and vigor give;
As sinks the flesh, I death defy;
Then only while I live, I die—
I die that I may live!

426. S. M.

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

427. C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die !
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high ;—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I travel my appointed years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 Oh, what hath Jesus bought for me !—
Before my raptured eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 Oh, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear
And worship at thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away!
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

428. P. M.

- 1 WHEN the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.
- 2 When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—he will not fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever!
Weep not for me.

429. C. M.

- 1 YE 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 array'd;

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
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes ;
No more the noon-day sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share,
With infinite delight.

430. L. M.

1 THE hour of my departure's come :
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I come, I come, at thy command ;
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

431. 8s and 7s.

- 1 PARTING soul ! the flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar ;
Yet rejoice—the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.
- 2 There, are crowns and thrones of glory,
There, the living waters glide ;
There, the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.
- 3 Linger not—the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise ;
He who pass'd the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

432. 7s.

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies ;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,

Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown :
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God—to God return.

- 2 Lo ! he beckons from on high,
Fearless, to his presence fly :
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Is thy earthly house distress'd,
Willing to retain its guest ?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

- 3 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.
Shudder not to pass the stream :
Venture all thy care on him ;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.

- 4 Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade,
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore :
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

433. 7s.

Parting Words.

- 1 LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.
- 2 Let me go; I may not tarry
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait, my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so;
If ye love me, let me go.
- 3 We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather—
And 'tis hard—'tis hard to part:
While I sigh "Farewell" to you,
Answer, one and all, "Adieu."
- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me;
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.
- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:

Am I dead? Nay, by this token
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery?
Come up hither—come and see.

434. 7s.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain—the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away!”
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

435. 7s.

- 1 “SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust! be thou dissolved in death!”

- 2 Thus the almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies :
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies !
- 3 " Prisoner, long detained below !
Prisoner, now with freedom bless'd !
Welcome from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest !"
- 4 Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky !
- 5 Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
- 6 Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay ;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

436. L. M.

- 1 How bless'd the righteous when they die !
When holy souls retire to rest,
How mildly beams the closing eye !
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 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

437. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low—the withering 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 !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like 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 now seal'd in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

438. S. H. M.

- 1 This place is holy ground ;
World, with thy cares, away !
Silence and darkness reign around ;
But lo ! the break of day :
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears !
- 2 Eternity and time
Met for a moment here ;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By Death's cold hand led home to God.
- 3 Behold the bed of death—
This pale and lovely clay !
Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
Marked ye the eyes' last ray ?
No !—life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.
- 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.

439. C. M.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear—
It is—that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
O ! who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again !
- 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustain'd by grace divine :
O may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

440. L. M.

- 1 So 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 lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
Spirit of grace ! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope shall live again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
While faith points upward to the sky.

441. C. M.

- 1 THAT once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs :
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears ;
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

442. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O ever dear, departed one !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blush'd into dawn, and pass'd away.
- 2 Oh ! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With earthly passion, or with grief !
Now not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

443. C. M.

(A. D. 1650.)

Lament on the Death of a Son.

- 1 THOU'RT mine, yes, still thou art mine own !
Who tells me thou art lost ?
But yet thou art not mine alone—
My earthly hopes are cross'd.
- 2 I long for thee, my son, my own,
But He who once hath given,
Will have thee now before his throne,
To live with him in heaven.
- 3 And now I need not fear for thee,
Where thou art, all is well ;
For thou thy Father's face dost see,
With Jesus thou dost dwell.
- 4 Yes, cloudless joys around him glow,
His heart aches not like mine ;
Angels that guard us here below
He sees around him shine :
- 5 He hears their singing evermore ;
His little voice, too, sings ;
He drinks of wisdom's deepest lore,
He speaks of secret things.
- 6 Oh that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but awhile,
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile :

- 7 And I should say: Stay there, my son,
My wild laments are o'er;
O well for thee that thou hast won;
I call thee back no more:
- 8 Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills—
Soon I thy joy shall see.

444. 8s and 7s.

(Fourth Century.)

- 1 CHILD, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows,
By his grace, so fair to see;
Fair as some sweet flower in summer,
Till death's hand on thee was laid,
Scorch'd the beauty from my flower,
Made the tender petals fade.
- 2 Still thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in my ears;
Still I listen and remember,
Till mine eyes do gather tears;
Nature fain would have me weeping—
Love asserts her mournful right;
But I answer, they have brought thee
To the happy world of light:
- 3 And I fear that my lamentings
As I speak thy cherish'd name,
Desecrate the royal dwelling—
Fear to meet deserv'd blame,

If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abodes of joy ;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

445. 11s.

- 1 WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our
eyes,
Ere grief threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for
the skies.
- 2 Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stain'd it ;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its
course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven
has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its
source.
- 3 Weep not for her ; in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul
are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold
dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this
world.

446. C. M.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now !
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its rest on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

447. C. M.

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 Unto our Father's will alone
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.
- 3 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
- 4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

448. L. M.

- 1 How blest are they whose transient years
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
 Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
- 2 Oh, cheerless were our lengthened way;
 But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
 And casts a glory round the tomb.
- 3 Oh, stay thy tears; the blest above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
 Then why should anguish reign on earth?

449. 11s and 6s.

- 1 FAR, far o'er hill and dell, on the winds steal-
 ing,
List to the tolling bell, mournfully pealing,
 Hark, hark, it seems to say, as melt those
 sounds away,
So earth's best joys decay, whilst new their
 feeling.
- 2 O when our mortal ties death shall dis sever,
 Lord, may we reach the skies where grief
 comes never,
And in eternal day, joining th' angels' lay,
To our Creator pay homage forever.

- 3 When in their lonely bed loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread to heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain, call back their
souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain severed
in dying?
- 4 No, dearest Jesus, no! to Thee, their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go, ransomed for ever:
Heirs of unending joy, theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be, now and for ever.

450. L. M.

- 1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inheritant of bliss
To heaven directs his upward way.
- 2 Ye fields! that witnessed once his tears,
Ye winds! that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains! where he breath'd his prayers
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes—
- 3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfettered soul to God returns—
For ever he and anguish part!
- 4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from every storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die.

451. 10s.

- 1 Go 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 embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransom'd, 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.

452. S. M.

- 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 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.
- 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.

453. C. M.

Death of an aged Minister.

- 1 CHAMPION of Jesus! man of God,
 Servant of Christ, well done!
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
 Thy red-cross crown is won!
- 2 No gloom of fear hath glazed his eye,
 For, though loud billows roll,
The Aurora of eternity
 Is rising on his soul.
- 3 Yet who so humbly walk'd as he,
 A conqueror in the field,
Wreathing the rose of victory
 Around his radiant shield?
- 4 As silvery clouds at eventide
 Float on the balmy gale,

Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
Behind their fleecy veil ;

5 So lowly sense of slightest worth
Fresh graces o'er him threw ;
For he unconscious lived on earth,
Of all the praise he drew.

6 Champion of Jesus ! on that breast
From whence thy fervor flowed,
Thou hast obtain'd eternal rest—
The bosom of thy God !

454. 7s.

1 "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

2 Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Brothers, sisters, of the worm—
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Death shall keep his solemn trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

3 But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last ;

Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb,
 Then Death's Conqueror shall come;
 Heaven shall open on our sight,
 Earth shall blaze in living light;
 Now in hope of Him we trust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

455. C. M.

- 1 Why do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay;
 There hopes immortal bloom.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?

456. 8s and 7s.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us;
 Where thy saintly soul is flown
 Tears are wiped away forever;
 Sin and sorrow are unknown:

There thou'rt sure to meet the holy,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 All the toilsome way thou'st travelled,
And hast borne the heavy load;
Christ hath taught thy footsteps languid
Now to reach his blest abode:
Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Resting on his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 "Earth to earth," in peaceful slumber,
Now the solemn words are said,
Here we lay the turf above thee,
And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy saintly spirit, brother,
Dwells among the faithful blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

457. L. M.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade 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
 Pass'd 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 sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

458. L. M. 6 l.

(A. D. 1725.)

- 1 Now rests her soul in Jesus' arms,
 Her body in the grave sleeps well,
 His heart her death-chill'd heart re-warms,
 And rest more deep than tongue can tell—
 Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd—
 She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last.
- 2 She bathes in tranquil seas of peace:
 God wipes away her tears, she feels
 New life that all her languor heals,
 The glory of the Lamb she sees:
 She hath escap'd all danger now,
 The crown of joy is on her brow.

459. 12s.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb;

The Saviour hath 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, for the Sinless hath
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger-
ed long:
But the sunshine of glory beamed bright on
thy waking,
And full on thine ear burst the seraphim's
song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian,
and Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
store thee;
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour
hath died.

460. 8s and 7s.

- 1 WHY 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 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid his longer stay;
See him rise o'er death victorious,
Angels beckon him away.
- 4 Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:
Millions now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

461. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 THE mourners came at break of day,
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and pray
For Him, the loved one, buried there
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;

The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
 Ev'n while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit hath but fled
 To brighter realms of heavenly day:
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

462. C. M.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not ev'n death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
 God has recalled his own:
But let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say, "Thy will be done!"

463. C. M.

- 1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Then why dejected weep?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.
- 3 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

464. S. H. M.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,—
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier 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—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

465. L. M.

- 1 WHY should we weep for those who die,
Those blessed ones who weep no more?
Jesus hath called them to the sky,
And gladly have they gone before.
- 2 A few short days they lingered here,
Th' appointed span of trial knew;
Dropped—early dropped the parting tear,
And early now have parted too.
- 3 Up, up, in swift ascent, they rise,
Star after star of living light!
Why should we mourn that midnight skies
Become with added glories bright?

- 4 For them no bitter tear we shed,—
 Their night of pain and grief is o'er,—
But weep our lonely path to tread,
 And see the forms we loved, no more.

466. C. M.

- 1 THE dead are like the stars by day,
 Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
 Through the unclouded sky.
- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
 We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
 Immortal and unseen.
- 3 For death his sacred seal hath set
 On bright and by-gone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
 Are more than ever ours;—
- 4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith—
 By hopes of heaven on high—
By trust, triumphant over death—
 In immortality.

467. L. M.

- 1 As, 'midst the ever rolling sea,
Th' eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:—

- 2 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:—
- 3 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

468. C. M.

(Seventeenth Century.)

- 1 THEY all are gone to th' world of light,
Alone I linger here!
Their memory is fair and bright,
And my sad heart doth cheer.
- 2 It glows within my cloudy breast,
Like stars on some dark grove,
Or those faint beams on heights that rest,
After the sun's remove.
- 3 I see them walking far on high,
In light that dims my days;
O holy hope! at last that I
Those heav'nly paths may trace.
- 4 Fair Death! bright jewel of the just!
Shining but in the dark;
What myst'ries lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

- 5 Who finds some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At once the bird is flown ;
But what fair grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
- 6 Father of life ! to thee recall
The soul that sprung from thee !
Release it from this world of thrall
To heaven's true liberty.

469. C. M.

The Wish.

- 1 Not for the pious dead we weep ;
Their sorrows now are o'er :
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.
- 2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home ;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And is the awful veil withdrawn
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep, impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies ?
- 4 O might some dream of vision'd bliss,
Some trance of rapture show,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe !

470. P. M.

The Response.

- 1 I SHINE in the light of God ;
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Thro' the shadow of death my feet have trod
And I reign in glory now :
- 2 I have found the joy of heaven,
I am one of the angel band ;
To my head a crown is given,
A harp is in my hand :
- 3 I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free ;
And the glorious halls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.
- 4 No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
- 5 No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.
- 6 O friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
You are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.
- 7 Do I forget ? O, no !
For memory's golden chain

Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

8 Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

9 Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?

10 Then why should your tears roll down,
And your hearts be sorely riven
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven?

471. S. M.

1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality!

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

- 4 Be thou at my right hand ;
Then can I never fail :
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Help, and I must prevail.
- 5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“Forever with the Lord!”

472. L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep :
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be :
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

473. C. M.

- 1 I THINK upon the gentle mould
Where Christ's disciples lie
Like sheep within their shepherd's fold,
Beneath their shepherd's eye !
- 2 I think how sweet to lay me down,
Where, gather'd side by side,
They wait their resurrection-crown,
Ensured, since Jesus died.
- 3 Tho' there Death strains his stingless power,
And digs the narrow bed,
He may not touch the tenderest flower
That blooms above the dead.
- 4 I've watched it, as the dew-drops fell,
In tearful beauty blow,
And smile the live-long day, to tell
How sweet the rest below.
- 5 Such be my rest ! I ask no show
To gild the dark vale's gloom ;
Nor golden pageantry to strew
A pathway to the tomb :
- 6 But one fond tear from those I love,
As dust to dust is given ;
And one bright flower to bloom above,
And note my hope of heaven !

474. L. M.

- 1 WHEN he, who from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the chosen tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die,—
- 2 God made his grave to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold,
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.
- 3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.
- 4 Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

475. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of a suffering Lord,
Are moving 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, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall wake,
With shouts of endless praise.

476. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake—
When op'ning 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 fulfill'd—
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, 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?”

477. P. M.

(*Sixteenth Century.*)

- 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. 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:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

478. 8s, 7s and 4.

- 1 DAY 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 !
- 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 ?

479. 8s, 7s, and 4.

- 1 Lo ! He comes ! with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !—
Jesus comes,—he comes to 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 Lo! the last long separation!
 As the cleaving crowds divide;
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side!
 Lord of mercy!
 How shall I that day abide!

480. 7s.

DIES IRÆ. (*Thirteenth Century.*)

- 1 O THAT Day, that Day of ire,
 Told of prophet, when in fire,
 Shall a world dissolv'd expire!
- 2 O what trembling agony,
 When his coming shall be nigh,
 Who shall all things judge and try!
- 3 When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
 Through the tombs of ages gone,
 Summons all before the throne.
- 4 Death and Nature stand aghast,
 When all creatures, at the blast,
 Rise to answer for the past.
- 5 Open then the book shall lie,
 All o'erwrit for every eye,
 With a world's iniquity.

- 6 Then the Judge shall sit !—oh ! then
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.
- 7 What then, wretched ! shall I plead,
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed ?
- 8 King of awful majesty !
Saving souls in mercy free ;
Fount of pity, save thou me !
- 9 O remember, Lord, I pray,
I the cause was of thy way ;
Do not lose me on that day !
- 10 Weary, seeking me, wast Thou,
'Thou for me in death didst bow—
Be thy toils availing now !
- 11 Nought of thee my prayers can claim,
Save, in thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame !
- 12 Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruise'd heart to ashes rend,
Do not leave me in my end !
- 13 Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move
To the judgment guilty men—
Spare, thou God of mercy ! then.

481. 7s.

(Another Translation of the Same.)

- 1 NIGHER still, and still more nigh
Draws the day of prophecy,
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky.
- 2 Oh, what trembling there shall be,
When the world its Judge shall see,
Coming in dread majesty!
- 3 Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne:
- 4 Time and Death it doth appal,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.
- 5 What shall guilty I then plead?
Who for me will intercede,
When the righteous comfort need?
- 6 King of dreadful majesty!
Who dost freely justify,
Fount of pity! save Thou me.
- 7 Recollect, O Love Divine!
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine,
Thou thy glory didst resign:
- 8 Satest wearied seeking me;
Sufferedst upon the tree:
Let not vain thy labor be!
- 9 Judge of justice, hear my prayer!
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare,
Ere the reckoning-day appear!

- 10 Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive ;
Didst the dying thief receive ;
Hence doth hope within me live.
- 11 Suppliant in the dust I lie ;
Hear, O hear me graciously ;
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh !

482. L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !
- 3 Oh ! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

483. L. M. 81.

(A. D. 1648.)

- 1 ETERNITY ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity !
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray ;
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !
Eternity ! Eternity !

- 2 Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 For even as on a perfect sphere,
 End nor beginning can appear,
 Even so, Eternity, in thee
 Entrance nor exit can there be.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !
 Eternity ! Eternity !

484. 7s.

DIES VITÆ. (*Twelfth Century.*)

- 1 Lo, the Day—the Day of Life,
 Day of unimagin'd light,
 Day when Death itself shall die,
 And there shall be no more night.
- 2 Steadily that day approacheth,
 When the just shall find their rest,
 When the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the patient reign most blest.
- 3 See the King, desir'd for ages,
 By the just expected long ;
 Long implor'd, at length he hasteth,
 Cometh with salvation strong.
- 4 O, how past all utt'rance happy,
 Sweet and joyful it will be,
 When they who—unseen—have lov'd him,
 Jesus face to face shall see !
- 5 In that day, how good and pleasant,
 This poor world to have despis'd !
 And how mournful, and how bitter,
 Dear that lost world to have priz'd !

- 6 Blessed then earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure,
In these mansions to abide !
- 7 There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want or sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.
- 8 There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed ;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.
- 9 What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.
- 10 To those realms, just Judge, O call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await !

485. 6s.

(*Seventeenth Century.*)

- 1 O CHRIST, how good and fair
Will be my portion, where
Thine eyes on me shall rest,
And make me fully blest ;
When from this narrow earth
To Thee I shall spring forth !

- 2 What joy, unmix'd and full,
Thou treasure of the soul,
When, in that home above,
Thy heart speaks out its love
To all made one with thee—
My brothers, Lord, and me !
- 3 What glorious light will shine
Forth from thy face divine,
Which in that life untold
Then first I shall behold !
How will thy goodness free
Fill me with ecstasy !
- 4 Lips, whence such words have stream'd !
Eyes, whence such pity beam'd !
Side, wounded once for me !
All, all I then shall see !
With rev'rent rapture greet
Thy piercèd hands and feet !
- 5 O thou poor passing earth !
What are thy treasures worth
Beside those heavenly crowns,
And more than golden thrones,
Which Christ hath treasur'd there
For those who please him here ?
- 6 This is the angels' land,
Where all the blessed stand ;
Here I hear nought but singing,
See all with gladness springing ;
Here is no cross, no sorrow,
No parting on the morrow !

7 When shall that joy begin?
When wilt thou call me in?
Thou knowest! but my feet
Press onward thee to meet;
And my heart, day by day,
Bears me to thee away.

486. C. M.

- 1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long!
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits:
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel, too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

- 6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
Oh, for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies.

487. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.
- 3 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

488. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies ;—
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.
- 2 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,

With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete :
There, there, adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

489. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee ?
- 2 Oh ! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where evermore the angels sing,
Where Sabbaths have no end ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Jerusalem, my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

490. 7s.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Blesséd in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows!
- 4 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

491. 7s.

- 1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their 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,
 Seal'd with his eternal 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 their fears ;
And, forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

DOXOLOGIES.



1. 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 !

2. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3. C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

4. S. M.

GLORY to God on high !
All praise and glory be
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through all eternity.

5. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise ;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

6. L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,—
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven !

7. C. P. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore ;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

8. 7s.

PRAISE the name of God Most High;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

9. 7s. 6l.

PRAISE the name of God Most High;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

10. 8s and 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

11. 8s and 7s.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stor'd;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

12. 8s, 7s and 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

13. 7s and 6s. Iambic.

ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

14. 6s and 4s.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

15. 11s.

COME, let us adore Him; come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

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