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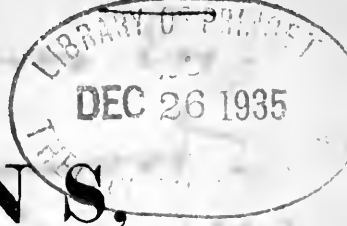
A

J. B. Davis

COLLECTION

1838

OF



H Y M N S,

FOR THE USE OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED BRETHREN.

Mokavian church

Come before his Presence with Singing. Psalm c. 2.
I will sing of thy Power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy Mercy. Ps. lix. 16.
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.
I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



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1832.



PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns for the use of the PROTESTANT CHURCH of the UNITED BRETHREN, consists partly of translations from the German, and partly of original English compositions. The former are marked with an asterisk.

An INDEX containing the first line of each verse, and a TABLE OF TUNES are subjoined.

For the sake of those who possess the former edition, the number of each hymn contained therein is inserted within the marks of a parenthesis.

May all who use these hymns, delight in, and experience at all times, the blessed effects of the apostle Paul's advice, (Ephesians, v. 18, 19,) "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord," yea anticipate already, whilst in the body, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, (Heb. xii. 22, 23,) who being redeemed out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes and made them white in the

blood of the Lamb (Rev. v. 9, and vii. 14,) are singing in perfect harmony, (Rev. v. 12—14,) “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever.” Amen.

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LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.



THE CHURCH LITANY.

MIN. LORD, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen!

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

Be gracious unto us!

Lord God, Holy Ghost!

Abide with us for ever!

CONG. Most holy, blessed Trinity!

We praise thee to eternity. :||: :||:

Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord!

To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,

And on us all have mercy!

From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,

From untimely projects,
 From needless perplexity,
 From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
 From the influence of the spirit of this world,
 From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
 From the deceitfulness of sin,
 From all sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God!

By all the merits of thy life,
 By thy human birth and circumcision,
 By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
 By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
 By thy extreme poverty,
 By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
 By thy griefs and sorrows,
 By thy prayers, and tears,
 By thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
 By thy bonds and scourgings,
 By thy crown of thorns,
 By thy cross and passion,
 By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
 By thy dying words,
 By thy atoning death,
 By thy rest in the grave,
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
 By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
 By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
 By thy prevailing intercession,
 By the holy sacraments,
 By thy divine presence,

(Matth. xxviii. 20.)

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

CONG. We humbly pray with one accord,
 Remember us, most gracious Lord!
 Think on thy suff'rings, wounds and cross,
 And how by death thou savedst us:
 For this is all our hope and plea,
 In time and in eternity.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Rule and lead thy holy christian church;
 Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and
 diminish misapprehensions;
 Make the word of the cross universal among those who
 are called by thy name;
 Unite all the children of God in one spirit; (John xi. 52.)
 Abide their only Shepherd, High-Priest and Saviour;
 Send faithful laborers into thy harvest;
 Give spirit and power to preach thy word;
 Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end
 of days,
 And through the Holy Ghost, daily glorify the merits of
 thy life, sufferings and death;
 Prevent, or destroy, all designs and schemes of Satan, and
 defend us against his accusation;
 For the sake of that peace which we have with thee,
 may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all
 men; (Rom. xii. 18.)
 Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to
 them that hate us;
 Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and
 lay not this sin to their charge; (Acts vii. 60.)
 Hinder all schisms and offences;
 Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers;
 Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced;
 Grant love and unity to all our congregations;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Light and Desire of all nations!

(Mat. iv. 16. Hag. ii. 7.)

Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea;
 Prosper the endeavors of all thy servants to spread thy
 gospel among heathen nations;
 Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy
 atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and of
 power; (1 Cor. ii. 4.)
 Bless our and all other christian congregations gathered
 from the Negroes, Greenlanders, Indians, Hottentots,
 Esquimaux, and other heathen;

Keep them as the apple of thine eye; (Deut. xxxii. 10.)
 Have mercy on thy ancient covenant people;
 And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

MIN. O praise the Lord, all ye heathen!

CONG. Praise him, all ye nations!

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy gospel,
 and set them to thy praise on earth;

Grant all ministers of the church soundness of doctrine
 and holiness of life, and preserve them therein;

Sprinkle all thy servants with thy blood;

Keep our episcopacy precious before thee;

Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labor in
 the word and doctrine; (1 Tim. v. 17.)

That they may feed thy church, which thou hast pur-
 chased with thine own blood; (Acts xx. 28.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Watch graciously over all governments, and hear our
 supplications for them;

Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and con-
 cord;

We beseech thee specially, to pour down thy blessings in
 a plentiful manner upon the President of the United
 States and the Governors of the individual States of the
 Union; upon both houses of Congress, and the respec-
 tive State Legislatures, whenever assembled. Direct
 and prosper all their councils and undertakings to the
 promotion of thy glory, the propagation of the gospel,
 and the safety and welfare of this country.*

* *To be prayed in times of war, directly after the petitions for the gene-
 ral and state governments.*

Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times
 of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve
 himself the father of the people.

Be thou the gracious protector of these States, and of all our fellow-
 citizens in all parts of the world.

Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design against us,
 and continue to show unto us thy tender mercy, as thou hast done
 in days past.

Guide and protect the magistrates of the land, wherein we dwell, and all that are put in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Supply, O Lord, all the wants of thy church:

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only before God, but also before men; (2 Cor. viii. 21.)

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life; (2 Tim. ii. 4.)

But may all our labor of body and mind be hallowed unto thee;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

O thou Preserver of men!

Send help to all that are in distress or danger;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecution for the sake of the gospel;

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and, in the midst of suffering, let them feel that thou lovest them; (Ps. xli. 3)

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world;

(1 John ii. 2.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Now Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever!

Be the Saviour of all men; (1 Tim. iv. 10.)

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercy that we are not consumed;

Stop, in thy tender mercy, the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations, thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation;
 For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto
 God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven;
 (Col. i. 20.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church! (Eph. v. 23.)
 Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member through the
 truth; (John 17, 19.)

Grant that each, in every age and station, may enjoy the
 powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity;
 and make us chaste before thee in soul and body;

Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admonition
 of thee; (Eph. vi. 4.)

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and hand-
 maids; (Acts ii. 18.)

Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit,
 unto unfeigned love of the brethren; (1 Pet. i. 22.)

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant,
 and let us eternally rest together in thy presence
 from our labors!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

O Christ, Almighty God!

Have mercy upon us!

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the
 world,

Own us to be thine!

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the
 world,

Be joyful over us!

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the
 world,

Leave thy peace with us!

MIN. O Christ,

Hear us!

CONG. Lord,

Have mercy upon us!

MIN. Christ,

Have mercy upon us!

CONG. Lord,

Have mercy upon us!

DOXOLOGY.

To be used after the CHURCH LITANY on solemn occasions.

UNTO the Lamb that was slain, (Rev. v. 12.)
And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

(Rev. v. 9.)

UNTO the Lord who purchased our souls for himself;
 (Acts xx. 28.)

*Unto that Friend who loved us, and washed us from our sins in
 his own blood;* (Rev. i. 5.)

Who died for us once, (Rom. vi. 10, 11. 2 Cor. v. 15.)

That we might die unto sin; (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Who rose for us,
That we also might rise; (1 Cor. xv.)

Who ascended for us into heaven,
To prepare a place for us; (John xiv. 2, 3.)

CHOIR. And to whom are subjected the angels, and pow-
 ers, and dominions; (1 Pet. iii. 22.)

To him be glory at all times,
*In the church that waiteth for him, and in that which is
 around him,*

CHOIR. From everlasting to everlasting,
Amen!

Little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear,
 we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before
 him at his coming. (1 John ii. 28.)

CONG. In none but him alone I trust for ever,
 In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious
 unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give
 thee peace!

CHOIR. In the name of Jesus,
Amen.

EASTER MORNING LITANY.

The bishop or minister shall say:

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

CONG. *This I verily believe.*

MIN. We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father! for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father! glorify thy name!

CONG. *Our Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

MIN. I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin;

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord;

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen; as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God! which taketh away the sin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

CONG. Amen! come, Lord Jesus! come, we implore thee;
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee;
Come, Lord, O come!

MIN. The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil,

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

CONG. *This I most certainly believe.*

MIN. I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father!

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temples;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity;

CONG. *Amen.*

MIN. I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

CONG. *This I assuredly believe.*

MIN. I believe, that by Holy Baptism I am embodied as a member of the Church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

CONG. *Amen.*

MIN. In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the scripture saith: Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night, in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said: Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which

is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

CONG. *Amen.*

MIN. I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body, which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope:

And God, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, will quicken all those bodies in which the Spirit of God hath dwelt.

CONG. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

MIN. And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, and with our sisters, who have entered into the joy of their Lord;

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year, and with the whole church triumphant; and let us eternally rest with them in thy presence.

CONG. *Amen.*

They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ our Saviour;
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

MIN. Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold! He is alive for evermore; And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

CONG. *Amen.*

Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until we hence are taken
To see thee face to face.

MIN. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all;

CONG. *Amen.*

LITANIES AT BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, No. 1.

(After the singing of some suitable verses, and a short discourse:)

MIN. Christ, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

CONG. Leave thy peace with us! Amen.

MIN. By thy holy Sacraments,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

MIN. *Baptism is the answer of a good conscience towards God, the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Children may also be made partakers of this grace, For Christ hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

T. 90.

CONG. An infant we present to thee
As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat,
Thyself this child to consecrate
By Baptism, and its soul to bless
Out of the fulness of thy grace.

(Then the child which is to be baptized, is brought in, and the minister offers up a suitable prayer.)

MIN. Ye, who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

CONG. Into his death.

MIN. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee N. N. in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou buried with him, by baptism, into his death;

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

* Questions which may be put to the children, and answered by them.

What is baptism?

May children also be made partakers of this grace?

What is the ground of this hope?

MIN. Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 132. a. p. 2.

CONG. This grant according to thy word,
Through Jesus Christ, our only Lord,
O Father, Son and Spirit.

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, NO. 2.

(After the singing of some suitable verses, and a short discourse:)

MIN. O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

CONG. Have mercy upon us, and give us thy peace!

MIN. By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

MIN. * Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you."

He annexed this promise to it, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."

* By baptism we are made partakers of the forgiveness of sin, and are cleansed from its pollution by the

* *Questions which may be put to the children, and answered by them.*

Who instituted baptism?

What promise did he annex thereto?

What are the benefits whereof we are made partakers by baptism?

blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. As many of us as have been baptized, have put on Christ.

T. 22 a.

CONG. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well array'd we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

(Here the child is brought in, and the minister offers up a suitable prayer.)

MIN. Children may also be made partakers of this grace:
For Christ hath said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MIN. Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

CONG. Into his death.

MIN. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee N. N. in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou buried with him, by baptism, into his death;

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

MIN. Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 58.

CONG. That our Lord's views with *him* may be attain'd,
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favor,
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:
Hear us, O Lord!

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

T. 22.

CONG. Christ, the almighty Son of God,
Took on him human flesh and blood,
And willingly gave up his breath
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
That we're from condemnation freed,
Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

(After a short discourse follow these petitions;)

MIN. Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

CONG. Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

MIN. Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

CONG. Be gracious unto us!

MIN. Lord God, Holy Ghost!

CONG. Abide with us for ever!

T. 132. a. p. 2.

CONG. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord!
To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy!

MIN. By thy divine presence,
By thy holy sacraments,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

(Questions put to the candidate for *Baptism*.)

MIN. Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him?

ANSWER. I do.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that he is thy Lord, who redeemed thee a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained thee from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Dost thou desire to be cleansed from sin in the blood of Jesus Christ, and to be buried into his death by holy baptism?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

MIN. Dost thou desire to be embodied into the congregation of Christ, by holy baptism, and in his kingdom to live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

T. 155.

CONG. Unto *him*, O Lamb of God,
Open thy salvation's treasure—In rich measure;
Graciously *his* sins forgive,—*him* receive,
Grant *him* peace and consolation;
Join *him* to thy congregation;
As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. a.

The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood
Cleanse *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

(During the last verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the following question is put to the congregation.)

MIN. Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?

CONG. Into his death.

MIN. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee N. N. in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

(During the imposition of hands the minister continues:)

Now art thou washed, justified and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen, Hallelujah!

(Then, the Congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung:)

T. 22.

CONG. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body torn with many a wound
Preserve thy soul and body sound!

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,
Thy condemnation doth erase;
His cross, his suff'rings, and his pain,
Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

(During the last, or any other suitable verse, the Congregation rises, and the minister pronounces the blessing:)

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee!
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and
give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

MIN. Our Lord Jesus Christ,

CONG. Be gracious unto us!

MIN. By thy divine presence,

CONG. Bless us gracious Lord and God!

MIN. By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, suffer-
ings, death, and resurrection,

CONG. Bless us, gracious Lord and God!

T. 22.

CONG. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
 That thou didst deign a man to be,
 And for each soul which thou hast made,
 Hast an eternal ransom paid!

T. 132, a.

O Jesus Christ, thou Son belov'd
 Of thy celestial Father,
 By whom all enmity's remov'd,
 And all the lost find succor;
 Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
 To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
 And on us all have mercy!

T. 127.

O Lamb of God unspotted,—Our crucified Saviour,
 Who hast to shame submitted,—With patient meek behavior;
 Thy bearing our transgression—Hath sav'd us from damnation;
 Have mercy upon us, O Jesus! O Jesus!

T. 30.

Lift up thy pierc'd hands, most gracious Saviour,
 Now pour out on *him* that grace and favor,
 Which in thy loving—And kind heart for *him* is ever moving.

(After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate:)

MIN. Dost thou believe, that thou art a sinful creature,
 and on account of thy sins, deservest the wrath
 of God, and eternal punishment?

ANSWER. I do believe it.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that Jesus Christ became a man
 for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-
 shedding, and death, reconciled us poor sinful
 creatures to God?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Dost thou believe, that he hath purchased for thee,
 by his blood and death, remission of sins, life and
 happiness?

ANSWER. I verily believe it.

MIN. Wilt thou in this faith be baptized into the death of
 Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire.

MIN. Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him?

ANSWER. That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.

T. 22.

CONG. Soul, body, spirit, Lord! are thine,
The purchase of thy blood divine,
O take *him*, as thy property,
And keep *him* thine eternally.

(During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ; delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan; buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of, the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.)

T. 75.

CONG. Through thy atoning blood,
That precious, healing flood,
Remove all sin and sadness,
And fill *his* heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou *his* confession,
And blot out *his* transgression.

Or, T. 22.

The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath, thy precious blood
Cleans *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

(After singing one of these, or any other suitable verse, follows the baptism:—)

MIN. I baptize thee N. N. into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;

CONG. Amen.

MIN. Now art thou buried with Christ, by baptism, into his death; therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee! And the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 14. a.

CONG. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,
Him in the dust adore;*
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,
Hath bliss for thee in store.

** During these words the congregation kneels down, and the person baptized falls prostrate, during which some more verses may be sung, for instance:*

T. 22. a.

CONG. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress;
His body torn with many a wound
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

Or, T. 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Thy beauty is, thy glorious dress;
Thus well array'd thou need'st not fear,
When in his presence all appear.

Or, T. 79, p. 2.

His death and passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Shall in thy heart engrav'd remain.

T. 22.

All pow'r and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,*
And made us kings and priests to God.

** At these words the congregation rises, and the minister pronounces the blessing of the Lord:*

MIN. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee!
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee!

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and
give thee peace!

CONG. In the name of Jesus, Amen.

T. 11. a.

CONG. Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,
Never ceasing praise in heav'n;
Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine!

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The service is opened by singing verses expressive of a penitent, contrite heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The congregation rising, a verse is sung and the bread is consecrated by pronouncing the words of Institution:

“Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said: Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.”

The consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assistants, among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating principally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the communicants have received the bread, the minister repeats the words: “The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for you, preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for you, and feed upon him in your hearts by faith with thanksgiving.” The congregation partake altogether at the same time, kneeling, either in silence, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The congregation rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister consecrates the wine, by pronouncing the words:

“After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”

After these words of consecration, the minister addresses the congregation thus: “The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for you, preserve your souls and bodies unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ’s blood was shed for you, and be thankful.”

The minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his assistants, by whom it is administered to the congregation; during which hymns are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, and its healing and sanctifying power.

The service is continued with hymns treating of brotherly love, communion with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion and death, and concluded with the blessing.

ORDINATIONS.

NOTE.—The service being opened by the singing of the *Veni, Creator Spiritus* (Come Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God!) or some other suitable hymn, the bishop addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending with a charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after which he offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn transaction, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, that he (they) may be endowed with power and unction and the influences of the Holy Ghost, for preaching the Word of God, administering the Holy Sacraments, and for doing all those things, which shall be committed unto him, (them) for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The bishop then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with imposition of hands, pronouncing the following, or similar, words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee N. N. to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (*Bishop*) of the Church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: And may the Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace! In the name of Jesus, Amen.

(N. B. At the consecration of bishops, three, or at least two, bishops are required to assist.)

The bishop having returned to his place, kneels down with the whole congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion, while the following *Doxologies* are sung in a solemn manner by the choir, the congregation joining in the *Amen, Hallelujah!*

The service is concluded with a short hymn, and the bishop pronouncing the New Testament blessing.

DOXOLOGIES,

TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION

(a) Of DEACONS.

Glory be to Thy most meritorious Ministry,
O Thou Servant of the true Tabernacle,

Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister!
Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

(b) OF PRESBYTERS.

Glory be to thy most holy Priesthood,
Christ, Thou Lamb of God!
Thou, who wast slain for us;
Who, by one offering, hast perfected for ever them
that are sanctified!
Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

(c) The Consecration of BISHOPS.

Glory be to the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our souls,
The great SHEPHERD of the sheep, through the
blood of the everlasting Covenant;
Glory and obedience be unto GOD the HOLY GHOST,
our Guide and Comforter!
Glory and adoration be to the FATHER of our LORD
JESUS CHRIST,
Who is the FATHER of all, who are called children
on earth and in heaven!

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat!
And ev'ry breath His praise repeat!

Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

CONG. Amen, Hallelujah!

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven!

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world!

Be gracious unto us!

By thy human birth,
 By thy prayers and tears,
 By all the troubles of thy life,
 By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
 By thine agony and bloody sweat,
 By thy bonds and scourgings,
 By thy crown of thorns,
 By thine ignominious crucifixion,
 By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
 By thy atoning death,
 By thy rest in the grave,
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
 By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
 By thy divine presence,
 By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God!

Lord God, Holy Ghost!

Abide with us for ever!

T. 83.

CONG. Christ is risen from the dead,
 Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour;
 Of what should I be afraid?
 I with him shall live for ever;
 Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,
 And not draw me unto him?

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

T. 79.

CONG. This body, now to rest convey'd,
 Into the earth like Jesus' laid,*
 Like his shall rise again:
 Christ soon in glory will appear,
 Then we, and these interred here,
 With him o'er death shall ever reign.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us eternally rest together in thy presence from our labors.

Amen.

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body which we shall

* During the singing of this verse, the corpse is committed to the grave.

put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope,

Amen.

T. 22.

CONG. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

Amen.

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, have mercy upon us!*

MIN. Lord, have mercy upon us!

CONG. *Christ, hear us!*

Our Father, which art in heaven: hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die, for he is the Resurrection and the Life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether

we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he, that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

T. 14.

CONG. Now to the earth let these remains*
 In hope committed be,
 Until the body chang'd obtains
 Blest immortality.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God!

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us eternally rest together in thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

(† As touching children, Jesus saith: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.")

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better: we shall never taste death; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: our flesh shall rest in hope.

Glory be to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life! He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore! And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

* During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave.

† To be used only at the burial of a child.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him,
and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever.

Amen.

T. 79.

Cong. While here, the great salvation
Procur'd by Jesus' passion
Our fav'rite theme shall be;
By virtue of his merit,
We shall true life inherit
In heav'n to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God,
and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

Amen.

and the undersigned hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears in the files of the undersigned.

Witness my hand and seal of office this 1st day of January, 1901.

Notary Public in and for the State of Texas.

[The remainder of the page is extremely faint and illegible.]

COLLECTION OF HYMNS.



I. *The Word of God.*

1.* T. 119. (1.)

HOLY Lord, :||:
 Holy and almighty Lord!
 Thou who, as the great Creator,
 By all creatures art ador'd;
 Source of universal nature!
 And to man, redeem'd with Jesus'
 blood, Gracious God! :||:

2 Thanks and praise, :||:
 Lord our God, be ever thine,
 That thy word to us is given,
 Teaching us, with pow'r divine,
 That the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Everlasting life for us to gain,
 Once was slain. :||:

3 Day nor night :||:
 Never let us hold our peace;
 In his blood-bought congregation
 Never shall his praises cease;
 God, as man, made an oblation,
 Suffer'd, bled and died, my soul for
 thee, Joyful be! :||:

4 Lord our God, :||:
 May thy precious, saving word,
 Till our race is here completed,
 Light unto our path afford!
 And, when in thy presence seated,
 We to thee will render for thy grace
 Ceaseless praise. :||:

2.* T. 22. (2.)

GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall
 cease, [peace,
 Proclaimeth pardon, grace and
 Directs to Jesus and his blood,
 And teacheth us the will of God.

2 As fallen creatures could not bear
 The awful voice of God to hear,
 By men the Spirit of the Lord
 Reveal'd God's holy cov'nant word.

3 This sacred word exposeth sin,
 Convinceth us that we're unclean;
 Points out the wretched, fallen state
 Of all mankind, both small and
 great.

4 It also shows God's boundless
 grace
 Towards the fallen human race,
 Eternal life to ev'ry one
 Who turns to Jesus Christ his Son.

5 This gospel cheers the poor in
 heart,
 And heav'nly riches doth impart;
 Sets forth the myst'ry of the cross,
 And that Christ's blood aton'd for
 us:

6 It gathers God's elected flock,
 Grounds them on Jesus Christ the
 rock,
 Serves to instruct us and reprove,
 Confirms our hope, inflames our love;

7 Preserves believers in the faith
 Of Christ and his atoning death;
 Prompts us to do God's holy will,
 And leads us safe to Salem's hill.

8 Receive our cordial thanks, O
 Lord,
 For granting us thy holy word;
 O may we thereby guided be,
 Till we in heav'n shall dwell with
 thee!

3.* T. 84. (3.)

DEAREST Jesus! we are here,
 By thy word to gain instruction;
 Grant to us an open ear,
 And thy Spirit's manuduction;
 That we, freed from things terres-
 trial,
 May aspire to joys celestial.

2 Reason gives no saving light
Unto fallen human nature;
But thy Spirit clears our sight,
Makes the sinner a new creature;
And by his divine emotion,
Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3 Holy Ghost, eternal God!
We now humbly ask the favor:
Shed in all our hearts abroad
The great love of God our Saviour:
Bless our pray'r and meditation,
And accept our supplication.

4. T. 106. (4.)

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst the saints of old inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their lips with sacred fire:
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart
The truth to man, instruct each
heart!

2 Most holy and almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and
heav'n,
May we believe thy written word,
Which was by inspiration giv'n:
Thou only canst thyself explain,
As truth divine, to fallen man.

3 Come thou divine Interpreter,
Our sloth and ignorance thou
know'st:
Ah, teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all the mercy, truth and grace,
We in the holy scriptures trace.

5. T. 22. (5.)

'Twas by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his
word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with
heav'nly fire.

2 O God! mine eyes with pleasure
look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

6.* T. 22. (6.)

LORD Jesus, with thy children
stay
Till dawn of thy eternal day;
And let thy glorious gospel light,
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of
night.

2 In these degen'rate evil days
We pray for constancy and grace,
That we keep pure, most gracious
Lord,
Thy holy sacraments and word.

3 Thy sacred word is all our boast;
In this thy church can boldly trust;
This doth alone to bliss direct;
All other doctrines we reject.

4 Lord, from such teachers us pre-
serve,
Who from the holy scriptures
swerve, [ceive
And by false doctrines would de-
Those who thee love and thee be-
lieve.

5 The cause and glory, Lord, are
thine;
Thy word is pure and truth divine:
Assist us to rely on thee,
And keep us thine eternally.

7.* T. 16. (7.)

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er
waver,
In the holy scriptures stor'd;
O what sweetness do I savor
In each sacred cov'nant-word!

2 And if I myself examine,
While the book I 'fore me hold,
To each truth my heart saith Amen,
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively;
What thy holy word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

8. T. 22. (8.)

FAIN would I, dear Redeemer,
learn,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty
know;

O let thy word the secret show!

2 My fervent pray'rs to thee ascend,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which learnt and under-
stood,

Affords the soul a lasting food.

3 Let human arts make others wise,
My learning from the cross shall rise;
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and
grave,

Are all the knowledge that I crave.

4 With pity view me at thy feet,
To be instructed, Lord, I wait;
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

9.* T. 97. (13.)

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we,
With gladness and humility,
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive,
As thy own word, to make us truly
wise,
And not as man's invention or de-
vice.

10. T. 97. (11.)

HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear;
Our wand'ring thoughts and hearts
incline [vine;
With thirst t'imbibe thy word di-
That all our minds drawn from this
earth to thee,
May love thee more, and serve thee
faithfully.

2 God Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heav'nly light and fire,
To sing, to pray, and preach inspire;
Thus blest, in spirit and in truth
shall we,
Give praise unto the Father, Son,
and Thee.

11. T. 14. (10.)

JESUS, thy word is my delight;
There grace and truth are seen:
Ah, could I study day and night,
And meditate therein!

2 The gospel, as a polish'd glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And by beholding there thy face
We're render'd like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heav'nly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Contained in thy word.

12. T. 22. (9.)

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining
wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom
of health!
What are all joys compar'd with
those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

13. T. 14.

HOW precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration giv'n,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping
hearts,
In this dark vale of tears,
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious
night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

14.* T. 83. (14.)

O WHAT peace divinely sweet
 Fills my soul, when I've the favor
 To sit down at Jesus' feet,
 And his gracious words to savor!
 Then I open heart and ear;
 What he saith finds entrance there.

15. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and
 sword;
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stran-
 Here my hungry soul enjoys; [ger
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy; ;
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind;
 Cordials to revive me quickly,

Healing med'cines here I find!
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield:
 For this word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield:
 While the scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

16.* T. 58. (12.)

MOST gracious God, to thee we
 render praise,
 Since thy blest word, replete with
 truth and grace,
 Teacheth us to know thee and seek
 thy favour;
 To us it proveth a life-giving savor,
 Through Jesus Christ.

17.* T. 11. (15.)

LET the splendor of thy word
 Light unto our path afford;
 That we in thy truth and grace
 May proceed throughout our race.

II. *The Fall and Corruption of Man, and his Redemption by Christ.*

18.* T. 212, or 166. (16.)

WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire
 Of nature was infected;
 The source, whence came the poi-
 son dire,
 Was not to be corrected,
 The lust accurs'd, indulg'd at first,
 Brought death, as its production;
 But God's free grace, hath sav'd our
 race,
 From mis'ry and destruction.

2 By one man's guilt we were en-
 slav'd
 To sin, death, and the devil;
 But by another's grace are sav'd,
 Through faith, from all this evil:
 And as we all, by Adam's fall,

Were sentenc'd to perdition;
 So for us hath Christ by his death
 Regained life's fruition.

3 Since God bestow'd his only Son
 On his rebellious creature,
 To save our souls, which were
 undone,
 And free our sinful nature
 From shame and guilt, by his blood
 spilt,
 His death and resurrection;
 Do not delay! make sure, this day,
 Thy calling and election.

4 I send my cries unto the Lord,
 My heart implores this favor,
 To grant me of his living word
 A never-failing savor;

That sin and shame may lose their
claim,
To hinder my salvation :
In Christ the scope of all my hope,
I fear no condemnation.

5 His word's a lamp unto my feet ;
My soul's best information ;
My surest guide and path to meet
Eternal consolation ;
This light where'er it doth appear,
Revealeth Christ our Saviour
Unto the lost, who firmly trust
In him alone for ever.

19.* T. 132. (17.)

OUR whole salvation doth depend
On God's free grace and spirit ;
All our best works can ne'er defend
A boast in our own merit :
Derived is our righteousness
From Christ and his atoning grace ;
He is our Mediator.

2 The law cry'd, " justice must be
done,
And man doom'd to damnation ;"
But Mercy sent th' eternal Son,
Who purchas'd our salvation,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the
shame,
And answer'd every legal claim,
To spare the sons of Adam.

3 Christ, having all the law ful-
fill'd,
Through his blest cross and pas-
sion,
Is now the Rock whereon we build
Our faith and whole salvation :
We call him Lord our Righteous-
ness,
Whose death hath purchas'd life
and grace,
And ransom'd us for ever.

4 The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,
Enhanc'd the accusation ;
The gospel tenders saving grace
To sinners consolation,
Bids all lay hold on Jesus' cross ;
The law could ne'er retrieve our
loss,
Ev'n with our best performance.

5 True faith by Jesus in us wrought,
By works is manifested ;
That faith is empty, which is not
By works of love attested :
Yet faith alone us justifies ;
Love to our neighbor but implies
We are sincere believers.

20.* T. 166. (18.)

WHEN the due time had taken
place,
God look'd upon the sons of men,
Saw them a sinful, cursed race,
Perverse, polluted and unclean :
Then Jesus came to set us free,
And for our guilt to shed his blood ;
His death procur'd our liberty,
And reconcil'd us unto God.

2 Our Lord now calleth constantly :
" Come, sinners, come to me and
live ;
Surrender ye yourselves to me,
Repenting sinners I receive :
My life I freely gave for you ;
Now all your wants I will supply,
Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow ;
O turn to me, why will ye die ?"

3 Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice ;
He is the Lord our Righteousness :
Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,
Accept of his redeeming grace :
He fills the hungry soul with good,
The thirsty heart may take its fill ;
He guides us in the narrow road
That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

4 Ah ! come, Lord Jesus, hear our
pray'r,
Thou worthy son of God most high !
We humbly ask : our souls prepare,
That we may to thy mercy fly ;
That we may all believe on thee,
And on thy flesh and blood may
feed,
True members of thy body be,
For ever join'd to thee our Head.

21.* T. 89. (19.)

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st
me,

Gav'st me being out of love ;
Though I fell, yet thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above :
Sacred love I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained
To salvation, rest and peace ;
Ev'n before I life obtained,
Or could know thy saving grace :
Love almighty and divine !
I would be for ever thine.

3 Love ! who hast for me endured
Keenest pains of death and hell,
Love ! whose suff'rings have pro-
cured
More for me than tongue can tell,
Sacred Love, &c.

4 Love ! my Life, and my Salvation,
Light and Truth, eternal Word !
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford.
Love almighty, &c.

5 Love ! thy yoke I gladly carry,
It is easy, gentle, light ;
Grant that I may ne'er be weary
Thee to serve with all my might.
Sacred Love, &c.

6 Love ! who interced'st in heaven
For my soul when I'm oppress'd,
Bear'st my worthless name engraven
Upon thy high-priestly breast.
Love almighty, &c.

7 Love ! thou me wilt raise to glory
From the grave, the bed of dust,
And as conqu'ror place before thee,
Crown'd with bliss among the
just.
Sacred Love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

22.* T. 590. (20.)

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's
own Son

From all eternity, [throne
Urg'd by his love, exchange'd his
For human misery ;

His wand'ring sheep gone far astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost
Art thou, my sinful soul ;
His life it hath the Shepherd cost
To save and make thee whole ;
Now hear his voice with gratitude,
Call on his saving name ;
For thee he shed his precious blood,
And now his own doth claim.

23. T. 79. (21.)

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God!
Didst leave thy glorious, blest
abode,

In love to sinners vile,
To bleed for fallen Adam's race,
Who were accur'd, unclean and
base,
Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2 Thou, for their sake who hated
thee,
Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
Thy life for ours didst give ;
Thou bar'st our curse ; our debt
was paid,
Thy soul for sin an off'ring made,
Thou diedst, that we with thee
might live.

3 Thus hast thou bought us with
thy blood,
That price accepted was by God,
With him we are at peace ;
No wrath remains on any one,
Who will but come unto the Son,
Take and put on his righteous-
ness.

4 Never may I depart from thee ;
Thou hast procur'd my liberty,
Thanks to thy boundless grace !
Thy wounds, whereon I trust by
faith,
My refuge are from sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

24.* T. 221. (23.)

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,

In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!

Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove!

Though from man's wisdom quite conceal'd.

Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;

Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;

O Being most gracious! whom angels adore,

Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God,

Equal thy love and boundless grace;

On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd,

Than stripes deserved our trespasses.

O teach us to trust thy fidelity, And closely united with Christ to be,

The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,

Yea live to thy honour, thee serve, praise and love.

3 We pray thee, O Being most gracious and mild, [now,

Instruct our minds and teach us

So that in Immanuel, thine image and child, [know.

How great thy name is, we may

Ah! show us how easy it is to bear

Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care,

That till the short period of this life shall end,

Our faith and our love may the Author commend.

25. T. 14. (24.)

HOW sad our state by nature is! Our sin how deep its stains!

How Satan binds our captive souls Fast in his slavish chains!

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace

Sounds from the sacred word:

“Ho! ye despairing sinners, come, Believe in Christ the Lord.”

3 My soul, obey the gracious call, And haste to gain relief;

I would believe thy promise, Lord; O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,

Incarnate God! I fly:

Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,

Into thy arms I fall:

Be thou my strength and righteousness,

My Jesus, and my All.

26. T. 582. (25.)

NOT one of Adam's race,

If in the balance tried,

Can, by his works of righteousness, 'Fore God be justified.

The works which we have done

Are all, alas! unclean;

But we are sav'd by faith alone,

And cleans'd thereby from sin.

2 Ye sinners, who with grief

Your condemnation feel,

Look up to Jesus for relief,

And to his blood appeal:

God gave his only Son,

That sinners who believe,

Might not be lost, but be his own,

And in his kingdom live.

27. T. 14. (26.)

I, WITH the fallen human race,

Lay welt'ring in my blood;

O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace,

And banish'd far from God.

2 The loving Jesus passing by,

His bowels yearn'd to see

Me wretched sinner helpless lie

In deepest misery.

3 Inclind to me in tenderness,
My soul he would relieve
From all its mis'ry and distress:
He said, "Arise and live."

4 He wash'd away my ev'ry stain,
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness di-
vine,
And brought me nigh to God.

5 My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads,
Christ as the mercy-seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.

6 Against the fiercest pow'rs of hell,
He is my strength and shield;
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.

7 Since he became my sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.

8 A pardon'd sinner I remain,
But sin its pow'r hath lost,
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign,
Mercy is all my boast.

9 Arise, my ransom'd soul, rejoice,
In endless happiness;
Open to thee is paradise,
Go in, and take thy place.

28. T. 22. (27.)

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty
fall

Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant
breath,

The seeds of sin engender death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 O God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.

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

5 My sin I feel, my guilt I know,
Thy blood can make me white as
snow;

Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning
voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

29. T. 22. (28.)

WHEN justice did demand its due,
And sins increas'd the dreadful
strife,

My Saviour to my succour flew,
And by obedience bought my life.

2 My ransom from the pow'r of sin
Could not be paid on other terms:
Run, hide thyself, my soul, within
Thy bleeding Saviour's out-stretch'd
arms.

3 The law condemns, and justice
cries

For dreadful vengeance without end,
But when to Christ I turn my eyes,
He tells me, he will stand my
friend.

4 God on these terms is reconcil'd,
And I his gracious heart have won;
Now I am deem'd his favour'd child,
In Jesus his beloved Son.

5 What can be laid unto my charge?
When God saith, 'Freely I forgive!'
Tho' Satan on my crimes enlarge,
Christ saith, I shall not die, but live.

6 The curses which the law of God
Pronounc'd o'er me, he freely bore;
I'm now, by faith in Jesus' blood,
Acquitted of sin's dreadful score.

7 Away then doubts and anxious
fears,

Be silent all my needless sighs;
My Saviour wipes away my tears,
O'er sin and death I conquer rise.

30. T. 79. (29.)

ARISE, ye who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our
Head

From sin can set you free:
Redemption Jesus freely gives,
Repenting sinner's he receives,
He came to save both thee and me.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He meekly all our sorrows bore,
Us fallen sinners to restore
To life and liberty:
For us he suffer'd deep distress,
Was without form or comeliness;
O depth of love! O mystery!</p> <p>3 Th' almighty Judge condemned
was,
That he by death might gain our
cause;
The Prince of life was slain:
And since he suffer'd in our stead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.</p> <p>4 The Holy One, made sin for us,</p> | <p>Was nail'd to the accursed cross,
And shed his precious blood;
Thus he obtain'd a righteousness
For all who mourn for pard'ning
grace;
Thro' Jesus we have peace with
God!</p> <p>5 Rejoice, O heav'ns, and earth
reply!
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
All grace his death procures;
Your woes to blessings he will
change,
You in his children's order range,
Thro' him eternal life is yours.</p> |
|--|---|

III. *The Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ.*

31.* T. 97. (30.)

JESUS, th' almighty Son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was sworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the same,
Came in due time and mysteries re-
veal'd, [were conceal'd.
Which from the world's foundation

2 We, dead in sins and trespasses,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor pow'r to find;
Nor were our stubborn hearts in-
clin'd [know,
To wish, or seek that happiness to
Which love alone on sinners could
bestow.

3 Then Love brake forth, "Behold
me still,
"Prepar'd, O God, to do thy will!
"I freely come, I freely die,
"For guilty man to satisfy;
"I in his stead will suffer on the
tree, [set him free."
"From sin, and death, and hell to

4 And thus, to save our souls from
guilt, [spilt;
Our Surety's precious blood was

The sins of all on him were laid,
And he, for all hath fully paid:
Now God, as children, freely will
receive [believe.
Repenting sinners who in Christ

5 Out of mere grace unmerited,
Salvation show'rs upon our head;
Because the Lamb was crucified,
Because the Lord of glory died,
Are we invited to receive a crown,
Before the world was made or-
dain'd our own.

32.* T. 22. (31.)

To God we render thanks and praise,
Who pity'd mankind's fallen race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us, as children, he might own.

2 What grace, what great benevo-
lence!
What love, surpassing human sense!
For this great work no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3 The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh and blood, and man be-
come;
The First and Last with wonder see
Partake of human misery.

4 He came to seek and save the lost;
We sinn'd, and he would bear the
cost,

That we might share eternal bliss;
O what unbounded love was this!

5 For what is all the human race,
That God should show such match-
less grace,

To give his Son, that we might
claim

Life everlasting in his name.

6 How wretched they who still de-
spise

Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price!
Such as neglect to hear his voice,
Must perish by their own free choice.

7 Unhappy those who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from mis'ry to reclaim.

8 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The worst of sinners; come and live!
"I'll dwell with you," our Saviour
saith;

Receive him in your hearts by faith.

9 Your crimes and self-made holi-
ness,

Your carnal reason and distress
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,
Who did for all your sins atone.

10 Thus sav'd by God's unbounded
grace,

You'll humbly render thanks and
With all the num'rous ransom'd
host,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

33. T. 590. (32.)

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;

Unto the wretched and forlorn
Descends the Lord from heav'n:

The promis'd seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God, [hell,

Comes down to save from death and
Poor sinners by his blood.

2 Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man!

He had, from all eternity,
In mercy form'd a plan

To save from mis'ry and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of righteousness
His healing beams displays.

3 The Father lov'd us as his own,
Tho' we from him had stray'd,
And freely gave his only Son
To suffer in our stead.

The Son in love to us, declar'd:
"I come to do God's will;"
And in this fallen world appear'd,
His counsel to fulfil.

4 The Holy Ghost had long foretold
That Jesus should appear;
And thus the patriarchs of old
Did his salvation share:

Of him blest Mary did conceive
The holy child she bore:
And he instructs us to believe
In Christ, and him adore.

5 Thus Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost,

In this decree are one,
To save us sinners, vile and lost,
By Jesus Christ the Son:

The Father's love we plainly trace
In Christ th' incarnate God;
What we possess of life and grace
The Spirit hath bestow'd.

6 Come sinners, view th' incarnate
Word,

Who us and all things made;
This helpless Babe is Christ the
Lord,

Though in a manger laid.

For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, rejoice! for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

34.* T. 151. (33.)

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?

What manner of behaviour
Is now required of me?

I wait for thy salvation,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
Thus will my preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 While with her fragrant flowers
Thy Zion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
I'll thee, the King of glory,
For thy great goodness praise,
And thankfully adore thee
Throughout my future days.

3 Man, at his first creation
With fairest gifts endow'd,
Lost by his sad transgression
The image of his God;
But thou, almighty Saviour,
Our losses to retrieve,
And us from death deliver,
Thy heav'nly throne didst leave.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou cam'st to set me free;
My shame I was bemoaning,
With grace thou clothedst me;
Thou raisedst me to glory,
Endowedst me with bliss,
Which is not transitory,
As worldly grandeur is.

5 Love caus'd thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me!
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procur'd my liberty:
O love beyond all measure!
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which since the fall takes place.

6 No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw his sov'reign favour
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd, he comes with gladness
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

7 Ye who with deep contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not, Christ gives remission
Of sins, however great.
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy gainers
Of glory like his own.

35.* T. 50. (34.)

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be!
O'ershadow'd by the Spirit's pow'r,
A virgin thee conceiv'd and bore.
Hallelujah!

2 The Son of God, who fram'd the
skies,
Now humbly in a manger lies;
He, who the earth's foundations laid,
A helpless infant now is made.
Hallelujah.

3 Th' eternal and almighty God
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;
He deigns with sinful men to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel.
Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Which riseth with resplendent
grace,
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,
That we may share his saving light.
Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace and
rest,
He in this world became a guest,
And open'd, thro' himself, the way
To life and everlasting day.
Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth he
came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of glory bright,
With all the ransom'd saints in light.
Hallelujah.

7 For us these wonders hath he
wrought, [thought,
To show his love surpassing
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Saviour, God and
King. Hallelujah!

36.* T. 22. (1001.)

REJOICE, our nature Christ as-
sumes,
Born of a virgin, lo! he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;
Adore and wonder every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious throne,
He bow'd the heav'ns, to earth came
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God, and man with man.

3 To save mankind from ruin, sent,
From God he came, to God he went;
He stoop'd to death and to the tomb,
Ere he his glory did resume.

4 Behold a great, a heav'nly light,
From Bethle'm's manger shining bright,
Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

5 Incarnate God, exert thy pow'r,
Arise, thou glorious Conqueror!
Subdue sin, death and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

37.* T. 157. (35.)

RISE my soul, shake off all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer;
Angels sing with gladness:
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day;—don't delay
To accept God's favour.

2 Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure,—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3 O th' amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation!
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
With our nature clothed?

4 See your Saviour in a manger;
'Midst his own—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger;
Tended by an earthly mother:
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your Brother.

5 Lo! he in the manger lieth;
Full of grace,—truth and peace,
Thus methinks he crieth, [ing,
'Cease, my brethren, now from griev-
Anxiousness,—and distress;
Your loss I'm retrieving.'

6 Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come, who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready:
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love,—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

7 Jesus, hear my supplication,
Grant me grace—to embrace
Thee as my salvation:
Then like Simeon, (O what favour!)
I desire—to retire
Hence in peace for ever.

38. T. 166. (36.)

INFINITE Source, whence all did
spring, [Lord,
Thou of all things the Head and
Thou mighty and eternal King,
Who art in heav'n and earth ador'd:
Thou, whom the heav'ns cannot con-
tain, [above,

Didst deign to leave thy throne
To be an infant poor and mean:
O myst'ry deep! O boundless love!

2 The cause of this, I know it well,
Was thy great love and my great wo,
I was an heir of death and hell,
This prompted thee to stoop so low;
My mis'ry mov'd the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place
His deep compassion to display.

3 What off'ring shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God!
Thou didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood;
Thou at whose birth the angels sing,
'Peace upon earth, good will to men,'
To whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so
mean.

4 This will I do, thou Child divine!
I'll give thee that for which thou
cam'st;
My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
And them, in love to me, thou
claim'st.

My humble sacrifice receive,
Dear Jesus! born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live,
And with thee live eternally.

39. T. 58. (37.)

O COME and view the greatest
mystery!

He who made all the world, the
seas and sky, [Mary,

Now is born an infant: the virgin
Upon her arms, the Lord of hosts
doth carry, A feeble child.

2 He who prepar'd for every bird a
nest, [rest,

And gave the foxes holes wherein to
Poverty endured, became a stranger
In his own world; then rested in
a manger, The Lord of all!

3 But why was Jesus born in
poverty? [lie?

Why did our Maker in a manger
'Twas that he might purchase life
and salvation,

And gain for us a glorious habita-
tion In realms of bliss.

4 O Jesus Christ, thou only holy
child,

How canst thou show such love to
sinners spoil'd?

But since thou thus lovest, we now
adore thee,

We humbly praise thy name and
bow before thee. Hallelujah!

5 Thy sacred meritorious infancy
Our crown and everlasting glory be!

From world, sin and Satan, keep
us estranged,

Till we shall once around thy throne
be ranged, For evermore.

40. T. 590. (38.)

COME ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,

And celebrate, with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King:

Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)

To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore th' incarnate God.

2 All glory to Immanuel's name
The choirs of angels sing;

Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:

C

Well might the shepherds haste
away

This wond'rous Babe to see;
Well might the sages homage pay,
Before him bow the knee.

3 We all have reason to rejoice,
When we this myst'ry view,

That God assum'd our flesh and
O wonder ever new! [blood,

We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord who is like to thee!

That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Hast deign'd a man to be.

41. T. 126. (39.)

SINNERS, with adoration
Receive this wond'rous Child,

Who came and brought salvation,
Th' eternal Father styl'd:

Behold him with our nature drest,
Divested of his glory,

In his own world a guest.

2 Behold! laid in a manger,
The Ancient of all days;

Upon this heav'nly Stranger
With awe and rev'rence gaze;

He, who the world's foundation
laid,

Must now be fed and nourish'd
By creatures whom he made.

3 Though to his boundless mercy
No limits can be set,

Yet without controversy
The mystery is great;

Angels into its depths can't pry,
'Tis great, immense, stupendous;

Immanuel, born to die!

42.* T. 169. (40.)

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the ages' Sire

A child became; thy homage pay,
Receive him with desire.

This is the night in which he came,
Was born, and put on human

frame,
Us sinners to deliver

From sin and death for ever.

2 'Glory to God,' the angels sing,
 A Child is born in weakness:
 Glory to God: our heavenly King
 Descends, array'd in meekness:
 Hosanna! cry the sons of men,
 Hosanna! in the highest strain:
 Hosanna! God is gracious,
 Jehovah comes to bless us.

3 Welcome, thou Source of ev'ry
 good,
 O Jesus, King of glory!
 Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,
 To this world transitory!
 In grateful hymns thy name I'll
 praise, [my days;
 With heart and voice throughout
 For thy blest incarnation
 Procured my salvation.

4 Ah Jesus! thy unworthy bride
 Deserved to be loathed,
 And yet thou hast her to thyself
 Upon the cross betrothed:
 Her portion had been infamy,
 Eternal shame and misery,
 Hadst thou not left thy glory;
 Who duly can adore thee!

5 O lovely Infant! thou art full
 Of grace above all measure;
 Thou art more precious to my soul
 Than ev'ry other treasure:
 Come, Jesus, come abide with me,
 O let my heart thy dwelling be;
 Then I, without cessation,
 Shall joy in thy salvation.'

43. T. 79. (41.)

ALL glory be to God on high!
 Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
 With praise and thankfulness;
 God, mov'd by everlasting love,
 Dece'd with his dear Son above,
 A sinful world to save and bless.

2 Stand still, and see what God
 hath done;
 His only and beloved Son
 For us he freely gave;
 For us, and for the num'rous race
 Of fallen sinners, vile and base!
 Yea, ev'n the worst he came to
 save.

3 He as a poor mean Child was
 born,
 His birth no palace did adorn,
 A manger was his bed;
 Look, look upon this rising Sun,
 Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run:
 This lovely Babe is Christ our
 Head.

44. T. 11. (42.)

WHAT good news the angels bring!
 What glad tidings of our King!
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He who rules both heav'n and
 earth
 Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
 Him shall all the faithful see,
 And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
 With hosannas fill the sky:
 Glory be to God above,
 Who is infinite in love!

4 Peace on earth, good will to men!
 Now with us our God is seen:
 Angels join his name to praise,
 Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name;
 This the angel doth proclaim;
 Sinners poor he came to save,
 They in him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,
 And take refuge to the Son,
 They shall all be born again,
 And with him in glory reign.

45.* T. 11. (43.)

ALL the world give praises due!
 God is faithful, God is true;
 He to man doth comfort send
 In his Son, the sinners' Friend.

2 What the fathers wish'd of old,
 What the promises foretold,
 What the seers did prophesy,
 Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3 My Salvation, welcome be!
 Thou, my Portion, praise to thee!
 Come, and make thy blest abode
 In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor and blind;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside.

5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justify'd at thy right hand.

46.* T. 22. (44.)

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, tho' heav'n belongs
to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be:
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state express.

3 On wither'd grass reclines thy
head,
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Tho' thou appear'st among thine
own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

4 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that
thou
On my account didst stoop so low:
O that my words, my works and
ways,
May all proclaim thy matchless
praise!

47.* T. 22. (45.)

CHRIST, whom the virgin Mary
bore,
We all with humble hearts adore;
O might all nations, tribes and
tongues
To our Immanuel raise their songs.
2 God, who to all things being gave,
The fallen human race to save,
Assum'd our feeble flesh and blood,
And for our debt as Surety stood.

3 He who the wants of all supplies,
Now in a manger helpless lies,
He who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4 The angels at his birth rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful
voice;

The shepherds, hearing Christ is
born,

To Jesus, our chief Shepherd, turn.

5 Thanks to the Father now be giv'n,
Who sent his Son to us from heav'n:
Thanks to the Son who saves the
lost,

Thanks to our Guide the Holy
Ghost.

48.* T. 22. (46.)

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

2 Awake, my heart; my soul, re-
joice;

Look who in yonder manger lies;
Who is that Child, so poor and
mean?

'Tis he, who all things doth sustain.

3 Welcome, O welcome, noble
Guest!

Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery;
How shall we pay due thanks to
thee?

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode:
O may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

49. T. 16. (47.)

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most
glorious,

Now is born; O shout aloud!
Man by him is made victorious;
Praise your Saviour, hail your God!

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pard'ning
grace.

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving
splendor

Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light!

4 Praise the Lord, God our Salvation,
Praise him who retriev'd our loss;
Sing with awe and love's sensation;
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US!

50. T. 585. (48.)

HAIL, thou wond'rous infant stranger,
Born, lost Eden to regain;
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man!
Hail Immanuel :||: thou who wast
ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker
down?

Say, why did he leave your regions,
Why forsake his heav'nly throne?
Notes melodious :||: tell the cause:
' Good will to man.'

3 We this offer'd Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy;
We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery,
And with wonder :||: God incarnate
glorify.

51.* T. 10. (1002.)

THE Sun of grace is rising,
Man with his beams rejoicing;
He renders undone sinners
Life's glorious heirs and winners.

2 God makes with man his dwelling,
Free grace and truth revealing;

Assumeth, cloth'd in weakness,
Of sinful flesh the likeness.

3 What welcome shall I give thee,
Or how shall I receive thee,
Thou long-predicted Saviour,
In whom the lost find favor?

4 Accept our pray'rs and praises,
O lovely infant Jesus,
While at thy humble manger
We hail thee, heav'nly stranger!

5 By all in earth and heaven,
To God be glory given,
Who, by compassion moved,
Gave up his Son beloved.

6 Here, of Christ's incarnation,
And death, we make confession,
There, shall his love unbounded
In nobler strains be sounded.

52.* T. 83. (1003.)

TRULY that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation;
Centuries had never gain'd,
What He then for man obtain'd.

2 But why do we Jesus see
Thus assuming human nature?
Ah! 'twas done for me, for me,
To redeem a wretched creature,
Even me, yea thousands more,
Yet as mine I him adore.

3 Of such love what mortal can
Fathom the unbounded ocean?
God, the Holy One, loves man;
Sink, my soul, in deep devotion!
First in love the plan He laid,
And man in his image made.

4 When this favor'd creature fell,
Forfeiting his Lord's communion,
And with Satan, sin and hell
Formed a rebellious union,
Still with love lost man He sought,
And with blood and torments
bought.

5 Stronger far his love than death!
Yea before the world's foundation,
Ere first creatures drew their breath,
Or the elements took station,
Worms or seraphs had their place,
Fixed stood his scheme of grace.

6 Who would venture to explain,
With what holy exultation
He foretold his blood-bought gain,
What the heav'nly hosts' sensation,
When with joy and wonder mix'd,
They beheld his purpose fix'd?

7 Scarce had Adam fall'n from
grace,
Ev'n in paradise ensnared,
When with parent's tenderness
God his will to save declared;
Should not such great mercy move
All to praise, adore and love?

8 See th' almighty God descend,
At the time by him directed,
Thirty years on earth to spend,
As a man despis'd, rejected,
As a victim to be slain,
His love's purpose to obtain.

9 What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old,
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and Yea,
On that great eventful day.

10 What shall I now give to thee?
Take my heart as a thank-off-
ring:
What hast thou not done for me,
By that life of wo and suff'ring?
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

53. T. 585.

MAN, by Satan's wiles deceived,
Forfeited God's image bright:
But Christ hath this loss retrieved,
Brought redemption's plan to light:
Glorious myst'ry! God revealed
In the flesh our fall made good.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
Condescends with man to dwell,
See your Saviour, meek and lowly,
Hail your God, Immanuel!
We wait for him: He will save us:
In his name we will be glad.

3 We unite to render praises
Unto our incarnate God:
Sing Hosanna to Christ Jesus,
Who assum'd our flesh and blood:
Blessed, blessed, He that cometh
In the name of God the Lord.

4 Happy they who here adore him,
As he in a manger lay,
Unconfounded they before him
Will appear and hear him say:
'Come, ye blessed of my Father,
'In my bliss and glory share.'

54. T. 582. (1006.)

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is giv'n,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heav'n.

2 His arm supports the sky,
The universe sustains; [high,
The God supreme, the Lord most
The King Messiah reigns.

3 His name, his nature, soar
Beyond the angels' ken,
He, whom th' angelic hosts adore,
Now pleads the cause of men.

4 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.

5 Th' Almighty God is He,
Author of life and bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

55. T. 585. (1004.)

HEAR, ye sinners; peace and par-
Freely offer'd, glad receive; [don,
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,
Hear his voice and ye shall live;
'To God glory in the highest,
'On earth peace, good will to
men!'

2 Meek and lowly see your Saviour
Meet returning prodigals;
He receives them into favor,
Therefore come, 'tis God who calls:
'Unto us a Son is given,
'Unto us a Child is born.'

3 Now to Bethle'm we're invited,
Or to Calv'ry, him to know,
But ere long we shall be cited,
When the trump of God shall
blow,

'Fore the presence of his glory,
As the Judge of quick and dead.

4 'Then on clouds in glory seated,
He'll pronounce their final doom,
Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,
For Immanuel found no room.
Gracious Saviour! since thou callest,
May not one of us refuse.

5 May we all then stand before thee,
Giv'n unto thee without loss,
As thy saints, who here adore thee,
In the manger, on the cross;
'To God glory in the highest,
'On earth peace, good will to men,'

56. T. 16. (1007.)

WELCOME, blessed heav'nly
stranger!

Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most Mighty, O most Holy,
Far above the seraphs' thought!
Zion, view thy King, as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

57. T. 585. (1005.)

PEACE on earth! heav'n is pro-
claiming:

Peace, descending from above,
Peace, good will, lost man reclaim-
ing,
Peace from God, God who is love!
Peace in Jesus, :: Peace, that never
shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain,
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men:
To Immanuel :: all the glory doth
pertain.

58. T. 22. (49.)

MAKER of all things, Lord our
God,
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and
blood,

To reconcile and set us free
From endless wo and misery;

2 What heights, what depths of
love divine

In thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heav'n and earth unite their lays
To magnify thy boundless grace.

59. T. 14. (50.)

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The Root of David here we find,
And Offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched
men,
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas in the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

60.* T. 155. (51.)

O THOU Day-spring from on high!
When we, lost in deepest wonder,
Duly ponder
On thy love in coming down
From thy throne,
To save sinners from damnation,
For thy love and great compassion
Thee we praise, thank and adore.

61.* T. 14. (52.)

A WOND'ROUS change Christ
with us makes;
The praise is his alone;
His own t' impart, our nature takes,
To raise us to his throne.

2 In servant's form, lo! he appears,
Our freedom to obtain;
To show his love, our shame he
bears,
And glory thus we gain.

62.* T. 14. (53.)

BOTH to the seraph and the worm,
God's goodness doth abound,
He calms the sea, calls forth the
storm,
And fructifies the ground.

2 But yet his mercy to man's race
More richly was display'd;
He pitied us in our distress,
And therefore flesh was made:

3 That he as man might sympathise
With every grief we feel,
And, being made a sacrifice,
With blood our pardon seal.

63. T. 240. (54.)

ALL hail, Immanuel,
Eternal Word, all hail!
O Jesus, sinner's friend,
Whose mercy knows no end,
Love made thee condescend
With men to make abode,
And, veil'd in flesh and blood,

To bring us nigh to God;
Thy sacred name we bless,
Jesus, Jesus,
Full of truth and power;
Blessed, blessed,
Blessed evermore!

64. T. 586. (55.)

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at his favor,
Which him to leave his throne
could move,
To take upon him human nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Dire anguish, keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

65. T. 159. (1009.)

WISDOM and pow'r to Christ
belong,
Who left his glorious throne,
The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraphs' lays:
To us, to us God's Son is giv'n,
The Lord of earth and heav'n.

66. T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed:
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to
spread:

By thy holy incarnation,
Life, and death, our guilt remove,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bless us with thy heav'nly love.

67. T. 205. (1008.)

GRACIOUS Saviour, mov'd by
love,
Thou the lofty heav'ns didst bow,
Thou didst leave thy throne above,
With lost man to dwell below;
Here among us thou wilt be,
We rejoice alone in thee,
Here thy name we will record,
O Immanuel, our Lord.

68. T. 249.

WITH awe and deeply bow'd,
We praise :||: th' incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood;
Unto the child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth th' angelic choirs
proclaim,
We our thank-off'rings bring,
And grateful sing
Praise to our heav'nly King.

69.* T. 39. (57.)

TO God our Immanuel made flesh
as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and
Brother most dear,
Be honour and glory! Let with one
accord,
All people say, Amen! Give praise
to the Lord.

IV. *The Name of Jesus, and his Walk on Earth.*

70.* T. 146. (58.)

LORD Jesus, when I trace
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely must confess
That thou my Brother art.

2 Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,
And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life, and death,
Unite my soul to thee,
While here on earth I breathe.

71. T. 14. (59.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus
To a believer's ear! [sounds
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Saviour,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my
Accept the praise I bring. [End,

5 Weak are the efforts of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may thy saving Jesus-name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. T. 14. (60.)

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heav'n might
hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to me are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 O may thy name still cheer my
heart,
And shed its fragrance there!
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my
My joy in life and death. [hope,

73.* T. 58. (61.)

SACRED name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues can never
praise thee truly:
'Fore thee we bow.

2 Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation [and nation,
Is preach'd to every kindred, tongue
Might all thee praise!

3 Blessed name of Jesus,
How efficacious [us!
To save, to sanctify and to preserve
Thee we adore.

4 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Name so revered [be wearied
By all believers; they can ne'er
In praising thee.

5 Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus!
For evermore.

74. T. 119. (62.)

JESUS' name :||:
Source of life and happiness;
In this name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation:
Blessed Jesus, we thy name will
praise
All our days. :||:

2 God with us, :||:
God appears in human frame;
In his name rejoice with gladness,
Since to save lost man he came;
None need sink in hopeless sad-
ness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :||:

75. T. 11. (63.)

JESUS is our highest good,
He hath sav'd us by his blood;
May we love him evermore,
And his saving name adore.

2 Jesus, when stern justice said,
'Man his life hath forfeited,
'Vengeance follows by decree,'
Cry'd, 'Inflict it all on me.'

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone,
Jesus hath our sins forgiv'n,
Jesus' blood procur'd us heav'n.

76. T. 14. (64.)

MY God a man! a man indeed,
An Infant truly poor;
Born, for a sinful race to bleed,
Salvation to procure.

2 Who can describe the loveliness,
Which was, blest Child, in thee?
Thy whole deportment heav'nly
grace,
And true humility.

3 According to th' appointed plan
My infant Saviour grew,
In favor both with God and man,
In years and stature too.

4 My Saviour learned Joseph's
trade,
Was call'd a carpenter, (Mark 6. 3)
And therefore, that he earn'd his
bread,
We justly may infer.

5 Often oppress'd with human care
He to his Father sighs,
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r,
And offers tears and cries.

6 Again, as Teacher of Mankind
I see my humble Lord:
How cheerfully was he inclin'd
To preach the saving word!

7 To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress;
He ready was by day and night,
To pardon, heal and bless.

8 Oft he was hungry, spent and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

9 Ah, might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesus' grace,
That all, who my behavior see,
May some resemblance trace.

10 Grant me that meek and lowly
mind,
Thou hast on earth display'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, Lord and Head.

77.* T. 168. (1011.)

MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we
say?

Never language yet hath painted
All the woes, that on thee lay:
Had I seen thee cloth'd in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 O that to this heav'nly stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till he cried: ' 'Tis finished: '
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited
On him from his infancy,
In a constant liturgy.

3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watched ev'ry motion,
And my Lord my pattern made:
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep,
Fix'd their wond'ring eyes to keep.

4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye, on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

5 Oft to pray'r, by night retreated,
See him from all search with-
drawn;
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated
Witness'd still the morning
dawn;

There, where he made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins he wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept,

6 Should I thus to thee have cleaved
 'Midst thy poverty and woes,
 On thee, as my Lord, believed,
 Or perhaps have joined thy foes?
 Ah! thy mercy I had spurned;
 But thyself my heart has turned;
 Now thou know'st, beneath, above,
 Nought compar'd with thee I love.

78. T. 11. (65.)

SEE, my soul, God ever blest,
 In the flesh made manifest!
 Human nature he assumes,
 He, to ransom sinners, comes.
 2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
 Standing in the sinner's place;
 From the manger to the cross,
 All he did, he did for us:
 3 All our woes he did retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live;
 By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
 By his blood our pardon's seal'd.
 4 Lord, conform us to thy death,
 Raise us to new life by faith,
 Through thy resurrection's pow'r,
 May we praise thee evermore.
 5 Circumcise our sinful hearts;
 Purify our inward parts;
 Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
 That in thee we peace may find.
 6 In thy righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad;
 Let us walk with thee in white,
 Let us see thy face in light.

79.* T. 11. (66.)

IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears
 Assuage our ev'ry pain, [pray'rs,
 His bitter suff'rings, cries and
 Our fav'rite theme remain.
 2 When Jesus' suff'ring life we
 In ev'ry scene we find, [trace,
 That he a man of sorrows was,
 Though of unspotted mind.
 3 All they who weeping now go
 forth,
 And bear the precious seed,
 May in our Saviour's walk on earth
 Pattern and comfort read,

4 Among the evils of the fall,
 Which soul and body grieve,
 This the most dreadful is of all,
 That sin to us doth cleave.

5 Whene'er the Holy Ghost dis-
 To our benighted hearts, [plays
 That we are wretched, vile and base,
 And light to us imparts,

6 How do we blush with conscious
 shame,
 While tears of anguish flow!
 And did we not the suff'ring Lamb,
 The Friend of sinners know;

7 Despairing, we should never cease,
 To weep most bitter tears;
 But faith in Jesus' saving grace
 The mourning sinner cheers.

8 When we have that great bliss
 attain'd
 To find, that in all need
 Christ is our Counsellor and Friend,
 Then are we help'd indeed.

9 O 'tis the greatest happiness,
 When of his peace divine
 We have a feeling, and he says;
 'Fear not, for thou art mine.'

10 Our thankful tears then testify
 That Jesus wept for us,
 And we, possessing heav'nly joy,
 For him count all things loss.

11 Yet tears of grief at times bedew
 Our cheeks, while here we stay;
 When we in heav'n his face shall
 view,
 He'll wipe all tears away.

80. T. 14. (67.)

O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
 Thy toils for me I read,
 My eyes run o'er with grateful tears,
 And I bow down my head.

2 Thy suff'ring life I cannot trace,
 Or read thy sacred word,
 But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
 To thee, my gracious Lord.

3 What am I, Lord, that thou so
 much
 Shouldst love and value me?
 Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
 Didst bear thy misery.

81.* T. 22. (68.)

MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Set forth in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy
zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight
air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More likeness of thine image here;
And at thy right hand me confess,
Arrayed in thy righteousness.

82. T. 79. (70.)

THE wise men from the east ador'd
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King:
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
The way may find, and unto thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

2 May Jesus Christ, the spotless
Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rights to pay,

Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

83. T. 14. (71.)

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse:
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

2 In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth thy praise;
Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

3 By faith thro' outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands alone engag'd below,
My spirit still with thee.

4 When thou, my Saviour, shalt ap-
pear,
Then gladly may I cry, [here
'The work thou gavest me while
'Is done—to thee I fly.'

84.* T. 22. (72.)

WHEN we, in spirit, Jesus see,
Array'd in frail humanity,
As toiling, sleeping, or awake,
Abas'd we own, 'twas for our sake.

2 May all those blessings on us flow,
And in our lives their virtue show,
Which from the manger to the cross,
Thou, Lord, hast merited for us.

V. *The Sufferings and Death of Jesus Christ, and his Resting in the Grave.*

85. T. 114. (73.)

WHAT human mind can trace the
condescension
Of our almighty Maker's love to
man? [scan;
No angel can the hidden myst'ry
Redeeming love, thou art past com-
prehension! [can prove,
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2 Pursue, my soul, the sacred
meditation, [God;
And view the agonizing Lamb of
See him oppressed with the pon-
d'rous load
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy
salvation:
Heriseth with a heart-affecting look,
And with his foll'wers passeth Ce-
dron's brook.

3 My spirit now, with solemn,
 deep devotion,
 Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane;
 There he, on my account, doth
 weep and pray, [potion:
 O'ercome with horror at the bitter
 Yet to his Father's will he is re-
 sign'd;
 Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient
 mind.

4 I see my Saviour kneeling, groan-
 ing, weeping, [prays for me,
 He prostrates on the ground and
 Yea, trembling wrestleth in an
 agony; [are sleeping,
 And while his sad disciples all
 His soul in grief, his eyes in tears
 are drown'd,
 His sweat as drops of blood falls to
 the ground.

5 By all thy grief, thy tears and
 supplications,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony;
 O grant that I may love thee ar-
 dently; [consolation!
 Be thou, dear Lord, my life and
 When'er temptation would my
 soul beset,
 I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

86. T. 79. (74.)

BEHOLD! how in Gethsemane
 Th' incarnate God doth sweat for
 thee

Till drops of blood fall down;
 For thee the Lord lies prostrate
 there, [pray'r,
 Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful
 Mark ev'ry dol'rous sigh and groan.

2 I'm lost in wonder and amaze;
 Here I'll abide and melt and gaze,
 'Tis God's beloved Son!
 How heavy is the weight he bears!
 His soul is fill'd with grief and fears,
 Lo! now the bitter cup comes on.

3 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?
 Dost thou endure such misery,
 To give me life and peace?
 Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,
 That thou didst on Mount Olivet,
 By pray'rs and tears gain my release.

87. T. 96. (75.)

OFTEN I call to mind the place
 Gethsemane, to which the Lamb
 Who lov'd to be in loneliness,
 With his disciples often came,
 Where, out of boundless love to me,
 He wrestled in an agony.

2 There, overwhelm'd with grief,
 he said:
 'My soul is sorrowful to death;
 And suff'ring freely in my stead,
 He drank the bitter cup of wrath!
 Now on his knees, then on his face,
 He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds,
 and prays.

3 So lov'd me the eternal God,
 That he became the Son of man,
 And took my sins' prodigious load;
 My soul, admire his gracious
 plan!
 Thy stripes, thy guilt and curse
 he bore;
 Believe, and thankfully adore.

88.* T. 99. (76.)

MOST awful sight! my heart doth
 break,
 Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake,
 How thou for me hast wept and
 prayed:
 Might I for thy soul's agony,
 When wrestling with death bitterly,
 Lord, as thy trophy be displayed!

89.* T. 36. (77.)

GOD, in a garden, suffers in our
 nature! [every creature;
 He faints, who cheers and comforts
 An angel strengthens his Creator
 yonder: Adore and wonder!

90.* T. 54. (78.)

GO, congregation, go and see
 Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;
 Here is a scene which with amaze
 Must strike thee; here astonish'd
 gaze: Thy Maker prays!

91.* T. 185. (79.)

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with
Went to Olivet for me; [anguish,
There he kneels, his heart doth
heave and languish

In a bitter agony; [senses,
Fear and horror seize his soul and
For the hour of darkness now com-
mences:

Ah, how doth he weep and groan,
For rebellious man t' atone!

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load!
Though an angel comforts the dis-
tressed

Weak and fainting Lamb of God,
Yet what trembling seizeth him
all over, [age cover,
Tears and sweat and blood his vis-
And in drops fall on the ground,
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3 Stripes and cruel mock'ries he
endured,

Meek and patient, in our stead;
How are Jesus' gracious eyes ob-
scured: [head;

View his wounded back and
He whom thorns and scourges lacer-
ated, [ated:

Is the Lord, who all things hath cre-
Ah! his suff'rings, pain and wo,
Make mine eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross, in deep
affliction,

On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and
rack; [ter;

As a lamb he's led unto the slaugh-
And his soul is poured out like water;
Vinegar and gall he tastes,
While his suff'ring body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleed-
ing, crying,

'Midst two thieves, upon the
cross; [dying;

Lo, he bows his sacred head; and
Life eternal gains for us.

Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,
[punction:

To consider this with heart's com-
D

Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptur'd hearts shall ne'er
be weary

On our dying Lord to gaze;
At his cross, in faith, we wish to
tarry,

There shall be our hiding place.
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts: for pardon, life and
heaven,

Our Redeemer then procur'd,
When he death for us endur'd.

7 Therefore all his agony and pas-
And his sin-atoning death, [sion,
Shall remain, through grace, our
faith's foundation,

While we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honour, wealth,
nor pleasures, [sures;

Rob our souls of everlasting trea-
Jesus, both by day and night,
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and
voices higher

Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest
praise. [sion,

Jesus' love exceeds all comprehen-
But our love to him we scarce
dare mention;

We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9 O delightful theme, past all ex-
pression:

'Thy Redeemer died for thee!'
Ah, this prompts my deepest adora-
tion,

When I hear, 'He died for me.'
Might my thoughts, my words and
whole behavior, [Saviour;

Prove that I believe in Christ my
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

10 Lamb of God! thou shalt re-
main for ever

Of our songs the only theme;
For thy boundless love, thy grace
and favor,

We will praise thy saving name:

That for our transgressions thou
wast wounded, [sounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

92.* T. 151. (80.)

THOU Source of my salvation,
Thou Conqu'ror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation,
In torments yield thy breath;
Who bar'st the dreadful sentence
Due to our cursed race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to Mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervor
All thou hast done for me.
Thus, with intense devotion,
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores, in anguish,
The blood ev'n forc'd its way;
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserv'd to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

4 My Saviour was betrayed,
Reproach and suff'rings met;
My sins the Lord conveyed
'Fore Pilate's judgment seat;
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
should have felt for ever
The pangs my God sustain'd.

5 Behold the man! he beareth
God's wrath and curse for us:
A crown of thorns he weareth,
For us endures the cross.
There to complete his passion,
His sorrows, pain and wo,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.

6 Thou for thy foes entreatest;
Lord Jesus who was I?
Thy friends thou not forgettest;
Turn, Lord, to me thine eye!

Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth,
Of sinners I am chief.

7 Thou anxiously complainest,
'My God forsaketh me!'
'I thirst,' thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth thee.
Thy passion being ended,
Thou cry'st, 'Tis finished!
'My spirit be commended
'To God!' 'Twas finished.

8 My heart with love is glowing,
I see my Saviour die;
His head I see him bowing,
This brought me endless joy!
He gave his soul an off'ring
For sin, that I might live;
He sav'd me by his suff'ring,
To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,
In whom I trust by faith,
Who hast for my transgression
Lain in the dust of death;
I place upon thy merit,
While here, my confidence;
And will commend my spirit
To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation
And peace divine, I pray,
While here 'midst tribulation
On earth below I stay;
Till I shall stand before thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all the saints in glory,
My Hallelujah raise.

93.* T. 594. (81.)

WITH my sins' heavy load op-
pressed,
In spirit I my Saviour view,
I see him mourning and distressed,
While floods of tears his cheeks be-
dew:
To change my sorrow into gladness,
His sweat was mix'd with blood;
and he,
Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
Trembled and agoniz'd for me.

2 O'erwhelm'd with grief and
rack'd with torment,
He's pain'd in ev'ry weary limb;
They that should watch with him
lie dormant,

An angel comes to comfort him:
O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
When he his Father did accost,
To have the bitter cup delayed:
Here is my soul in wonder lost!

3 I see his countenance defiled,
His forehead spit on I behold;
I see him laugh'd at and reviled,
Sharp-pointed thorns his head in-
fold:

Thus to the multitude displayed,
His back with cruel scourges torn,
A reed he beareth, is arrayed
In purple, and then hail'd in scorn.

4 Breathless and almost suffocated,
He bears the cross's pond'rous
weight,

Already feels what him awaited,
The dismal scenes of torment great.
I see him now in sore affliction
Ascend the brow of Calvary;
'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
Thereby it was he saved me.

5 I see his hands and feet extended
Upon the cross in keenest smart;
He bows his head, the conflict's
ended!

I see the spear transfix his heart.
Thus closed he his bitter passion,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
Then horror seiz'd the whole crea-
tion,
But streams of grace came over
me.

6 The thought of blood and water
bursting [heart;
From God, my Rock, o'ercomes my
I for that living flood am thirsting,
O may it stream through ev'ry
part!

Lord, for thy love with adoration,
I'll thank and laud thee all my
days;

Long as I live shall each pulsation,
And ev'ry breath declare thy praise.

7 This awful, blessed meditation
Oft fills my soul with conscious
shame,

Since Jesus died for my salvation,
Who to his mercy had no claim:
How poor I am, how void of glory,
Thou, Lord, know'st best; but yet
when I, [thee,
With all my ailments come before
My suit is granted presently.

8 Thou, Jesus, art my God and
Saviour,

Thee will I serve with all my pow'r,
On thee I'll meditate for ever,
And for thy goodness thee adore:
Thy dying love hath captivated
My heart, and now my chief delight,
Until to heav'n I am translated,
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

94. T. 167. (82, 1012.)

GREAT High-priest, we view thee
stooping,

With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.
Angels saw, struck with amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
We are fill'd with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to thy garden lead us,
To behold thy bloody sweat, [us,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed
May we ne'er the cost forget:
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
By thy spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt 'fore thee in grateful tears.

3 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry legal charge;
Pleading this authentic token,
Guilty souls are set at large;
All is finish'd, truth hath said it,
Doubt no more, believe your
Lord;

To frail reason give no credit,
You have his unerring word.

4 Lord, we fain would trust thee
solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;

Suff'ring Saviour, take us wholly,
 Take and form us as thou wilt;
 Thou hast borne the dreadful sen-
 tence,
 Pass'd on man's devoted race:
 Grant us faith and true repentance,
 They're thy gifts, thou God of
 grace.

95. T. 243. (83.)

GO, follow the Saviour,
 Consider his travail,
 Adore him for ever,
 Ye sinners, and marvel;
 It is for you—he suffers so.

2 With tears interceding,
 Your load he sustaineth,
 And sweating and bleeding
 Your pardon he gaineth;
 All who believe—he'll freely save.

3 He's mock'd and defamed,
 'Midst scourging and torture;
 By sinners is blamed,
 And led to the slaughter;
 While thorns disgrace—his royal
 face.

4 Behold the Lord Jesus,
 For you he is wounded,
 He bleeds to release us;
 His love is unbounded!
 For evermore—his name adore.

5 When to the cross nailed
 He hung on the mountain,
 That we might be healed,
 Blood, as from a fountain,
 Flow'd from his wounds:—There
 health abounds.

6 Our meek suff'ring Saviour
 Pray'd for his oppressors,
 And gained God's favor
 For us vile transgressors;
 He thus displays—his boundless
 grace.

7 When he had prevailed,
 And all was accomplish'd,
 By prophets revealed,
 He cried: 'It is finish'd!'
 Then bow'd his head—and join'd
 the dead.

8 Accept for thy passion,
 Most merciful Saviour,
 Our deep adoration:
 Remain thou for ever
 Our highest good,—O Lamb of
 God!

96. T. 71.

HAIL suff'ring Lamb of God,
 Whose sweat was mix'd with blood
 In Olivet's garden,
 When thy prevailing pray'rs,
 Join'd with strong cries and tears,
 Procur'd our pardon.

2 Thy bitter agony
 Upon my heart shall be
 Deeply impressed,
 O! may I ne'er forget
 The price at which my debt
 Hath been erased.

3 Thy countenance divine,
 Round which sharp thorns did
 Thy dereliction; [twine,
 Thy having borne our curse,
 To us now proves a source
 Of benediction.

4 'Tis finish'd,' Jesus cries,
 He bows his head and dies,
 Our pardon's sealed!
 All hail! in death though pale,
 Victorious Lamb, all hail!
 Thou hast prevailed.

5 Thy head, bow'd down in death,
 Thy last, expiring breath,
 Thy side through pierced,
 Thy wounds in hand and feet,
 By us in accents sweet,
 Shall be rehearsed.

97.* T. 99. (1013.)

I SMITE upon my guilty breast,
 And stand myself the cause confest
 Of all my Saviour hath sustained;
 On Olivet and Golgotha
 Deeply abas'd I gaze with awe,
 There, there He bliss for me ob-
 tained!

2 O that my sins might find their
grave [save,
There, where my God, my soul to
In sweat and blood lay agonizing!
I weep, and feel both joy and pain;
Saviour, till sight of thee I gain,
May I this scene be oft revising!

3 Behold, He sinks in death! 'tis
done;
See drops of blood still trickling run,
From head and feet and hands ex-
tended; [head!
Mark that last groan! He bows his
The tortur'd soul at length hath fled,
His heart-strings break! the con-
flict's ended.

4 Look up, my soul, by faith and
see, [for thee;
His heart was pierc'd, was pierc'd
Thence blood and water freely
streamed!
Blood to atone for heinous sin,
Water, to wash the sinner clean;
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed.

5 Heart-piercing sight! He bleeds,
He dies,
For guilty man a sacrifice,
The earth the sacred trust receiveth;
Soon shall he rise triumphantly,
And then with shouts ascend on
high,
Where He to God for ever liveth.

98.* T. 124. (1014.)

JESUS, till my latest breath,
May I ponder
On thy agony and death:
As thou yonder
Barest my sins' heavy load;
Suff'ring Saviour,
Me regard in favor.

2 Looking to Gethsemane,
In that garden
Both the guilt of sin I see,
And its pardon;
Mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Here combined,
Man's release have signed.

3 From the cross look down at me,
Blessed Saviour!

As at John complacently!

Grant that favor,
That I, by thy dying love
Be inspired,
And with ardour fired.

4 In thy hands and feet I see
'Tokens bloody
Of thy love to worthless me;
From thy body
Drops of blood successively
Now are streaming,
All with blessings teeming.

5 Jesus bows his head and dies!
Dark'ning heaven,
Lo, the sun his beams denies,
Rocks are riven!

While earth's pillars shake, I find
In his passion
Cause for exultation.

6 Blood and water from his side
Freely floweth:
Hence I'm fully certified,
My heart knoweth,
That eternal life for me
Was acquired
When my Lord expired.

7 Now to Joseph's tomb convey'd,
He's interred,
Be my members with him dead,
With him buried;
Here, here is my resting place,
Here with Mary
Weeping I will tarry.

8 Yea, I give my heart to thee,
Faithful Saviour!
Living, dying I will be
Thine for ever;
From the tomb I shall arise,
Freed from weakness,
In thy glorious likeness.

99.* T. 127.

O LAMB of God unspotted,
Our crucified Saviour!
Who hast to shame submitted
With patient, meek behavior:
Thy bearing our transgression
Hath sav'd us from damnation.
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus, O
Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Own us to be thine, O Jesus, O Je-
sus!
3 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Leave thy peace with us, O Jesus,
O Jesus!

100.* T. 151. (85.)

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded!
Saluted be by me!

2 Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on thee dependent,
Now bruis'd and spit upon!
How art thou grown so sallow!
How are those gracious eyes,
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wise!

3 O Lord, what thee tormented,
Was my sins' heavy load!
I had the debt augmented
Which thou didst pay in blood:
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light;
O thou, my health's beginner!
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

4 Own me, Lord, my Preserver,
My Shepherd, me receive;
I know thy love's strong fervor,
By all thy pain and grief.
Thou richly hast supplied
My soul with heav'nly food,
For which I've often sighed,
Thy holy flesh and blood.

5 I'll here with thee continue,
(Though poor, despise me not,)
I'm one of thy retinue,
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death:
With shame and love's affection
I'll watch thy latest breath.

6 O what a consolation
Doth in my heart take place,

When I thy toil and passion
Can in some measure trace;
Ah! should I, while thus musing
On my Redeemer's cross,
Ev'n life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

7 I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, Friend in need!
For what thy soul sustained
When thou for me didst bleed:
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until from hence I'm taken
To see thee face to face.

8 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart,
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seiz'd with death's agony,
O by thy pain and anguish
Set me at liberty.

9 Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath;
Ah then, though I be dying,
'Midst sickness, grief and pain,
I shall (on thee relying)
Eternal life obtain.

101.* T. 36. (86.)

DEAR Jesus! wherein art thou to
be blamed?

Why is death's sentence against
thee proclaimed?

What is thy crime? of what art thou
accused, While thus abused?

2 I see thee scourg'd, plung'd in a
sea of sorrows,
Beat in the face, thy back plough'd
with deep furrows,
Thy temples crown'd with thorns, in
mock'ry hailed, To the cross nailed.

3 Why was thy soul with pains of
hell surrounded?

Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour,
wounded! [of anguish,

I should have waded thro' this sea
Which made thee languish.

- 4 There is no good at all in my whole nature,
Sin hath diffus'd its shame through ev'ry feature;
And death had been, through everlasting ages, Its dreadful wages.
- 5 How highly wonderful is this proceeding!
The Shepherd for his wand'ring sheep is bleeding;
The Master pays for servants' misbehavior, That loving Saviour.
- 6 O boundless love! O love beyond expression,
Constraining thee to choose such bitter passion!
I lived in the world's and sins' enjoyment, Thou barest torment.
- 7 O greatest King! whose power is unbounded, [pounded?
How can thy mercy be aright ex-O myst'ry deep, th' incarnate God is sighing, For sinners dying.
- 8 Thy dying love all other love doth swallow, [shallow,
My mind to trace its limits is too For such compassion, and for love so tender, What shall I render?
- 9 One thing I'll gladly do to give thee pleasure,
No more to sin I'll yield in any measure:
Lest it again seduce my mind and senses To old offences.
- 10 But as my strength is far too weak and feeble
To crucify my flesh and innate evil, Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct me, From sin protect me.
- 11 Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly venture, [enter;
Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely Nor pain, nor death, shall change my resolution, Nor persecution.
- 12 Do not despise, I pray, my weak endeavor
To praise and love and serve thee, dearest Saviour:
Take soul and body, Lord, as an oblation For all thy passion.
- 13 When thou shalt give to me a crown of glory, [transitory,
When all is swallow'd up that's Then shall my voice be suited to the matter, And praise thee better.
- 102.* T. 79. (88.)**
- O WORLD, see thy Creator Extended, like a traitor,
Upon the cross's tree!
Behold him, while expiring,
And for mankind acquiring
Thereby life, grace and liberty.
- 2 Draw near: thou wilt discover,
How blood and sweat all over His sacred body dyes;
Out of his heart most noble,
For inexhausted trouble,
Sighs are successive foll'wing sighs.
- 3 Who hath thee thus abused,
Dear Lord, and so much bruised
Thy most majestic face?
Thou knowest no transgression,
From that contamination
Free, which defiles the human race.
- 4 I, I and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
Exceed the sea-shore sands;
These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season,
Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.
- 5 The wrath upon thee poured,
I ought to have endured,
And borne the pangs of hell:
The bonds and scourges tearing,
Which thou, my God, was bearing,
My soul, my soul deserv'd to feel.
- 6 I'll be with the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load:
Thou tak'st the curse-infliction,
Giv'st for it benediction; [God.
Thy death procures my peace with
- 7 As Surety thou presentest
Thyself, to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou wearest,
All scorn and pain thou bearest,
With patience never known before.

8 Death's horrors thou endurest,
 And my escape procurest;
 Its sting I need not prove;
 My curse and condemnation
 Thou bear'st for my salvation,
 O undeserved, boundless love.

9 The highest obligations
 Bind me through all life's stations,
 T'express my thanks to thee;
 Weak as I am and feeble,
 As far as I am able,
 I'll yield thee service willingly.

10 While here on earth I'm living,
 I nothing have worth giving
 To thee for all thy pain;
 Yet shall thy passion ever,
 Till soul and body sever, [main.
 Deep in my heart engrav'd re-

11 Its fresh representation
 Shall raise my admiration,
 Where'er I turn or move;
 I'll take it for a mirror
 Of innocence, for terror [love.
 To guilt, but seal of truth and

12 How greatly man incenses
 The Lord by his offences;
 God's holiness how stern;
 How rig'rous he chastiseth,
 When he with wrath baptizeth;
 This from thy suff'rings will I learn.

13 From thence I'll be taught truly
 How to be pure and holy,
 Resign'd, compos'd, and still;
 How patiently to suffer,
 When any to me offer
 Rude acts of malice and ill-will.

14 I'll be my flesh denying,
 And gladly crucifying,
 With Christ, each sinful lust:
 With all that thee displeases
 I'll gladly part, O Jesus,
 By help and strength which thou
 bestow'st.

15 Thy sighs and groans unnum-
 ber'd,
 And, from thy heart encumber'd,
 The countless tears forth prest;
 These shall, at my dismissal,
 To final rest's fruition,
 Convey me to thy arms and breast.

103.* T. 165. (89.)

THOUSAND times by me be greet-
 Jesus, who hast loved me, [ed,
 And thyself to death submitted
 For my treasons against thee.
 Ah! how happy do I feel,
 When 'fore thee I humbly kneel
 At the cross where thou expiredst,
 And true life for me acquiredst.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
 Cover'd o'er with blood and
 wounds;
 Now salvation, through thy merit,
 For my sin-sick soul abounds.
 O who can, thou Prince of Peace,
 Who didst thirst for our release,
 Fully fathom all that's treasur'd
 In thy love's design unmeasur'd!

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
 Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;
 All the woes of my condition
 By thy balm be now allay'd:
 Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
 Or which on myself I've brought;
 If thy blood me only cover,
 My distress will soon be over.

4 On my heart thy wounds for ever
 Be inscrib'd indelibly,
 That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
 What thou hast endur'd for me:
 Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
 End of all solicitude;
 Let me, at thy feet abased,
 Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5 With the deepest adoration
 Humbly at thy feet I lie,
 And with ardent supplication
 Unto thee for succor cry;
 My petition kindly hear,
 Say, in answer to my pray'r,
 'I will change thy grief and sadness
 Into comfort, joy and gladness.'

6 Jesus, at my dissolution
 Take my longing soul to thee;
 Let thy wounds at the conclusion
 Of this life my refuge be!
 When in death I close mine eyes,
 Let me wake in Paradise,
 And in endless bliss and glory
 With the saints in heav'n adore thee.

104.* T. 168. (90.)

JESUS, Source of my salvation,
 Conqu'ror both of death and hell!
 Thou who didst, as my oblation,
 Feel what I deserv'd to feel:
 Through thy suff'rings, death, and
 merit,
 I eternal life inherit;
 Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
 Dearest Lord, for ever be!

2 O how basely wast thou used,
 Buffeted and spit upon!
 Scourg'd and torn, and sorely
 bruised,
 Thou, the heav'nly Father's Son:
 Me, poor sinner, to deliver
 From the devil's pow'r for ever!
 Thousand, &c.

3 Lord, thy deep humiliation
 Paid for my presumptuous pride;
 I need fear no condemnation,
 Since for sinners thou hast died:
 Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
 To restore me to God's favor.
 Thousand, &c.

4 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever
 Who for me wast crucified,
 For thy agony, dear Saviour,
 For thy wounds and pierced side!
 For thy stooping under sentence
 Of God's wrath, and fiery vengeance:
 For thy death and love divine,
 Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

105.* T. 165. (91.)

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter
 passion,
 Bloody sweat, cross, death, and
 tomb,
 Be my daily meditation,
 Till I to thy presence come.
 When a sinful thought would start,
 Ready to seduce my heart,
 Thy sore pain effectually
 Me forbid with sin to dally.

2 Should my bosom with lewd pas-
 sion
 Be inflam'd, and burn with sin,

Let the thoughts of thine oblation
 Quench that spreading fire within.
 Would the tempter make his way
 To my heart, Lord, grant, I may
 By thy wounds, thy pain and an-
 guish,
 All his vile intrusions vanquish.

3 Would the world with gay temp-
 tation
 Draw me to its own broad way;
 Let me think upon thy passion,
 And the load which on thee lay:
 Sure the sweat and precious blood
 Of the dying Lamb of God
 Can arm me, on each occasion,
 To oppose th' infatuation.

4 Lord, in ev'ry sore oppression,
 Let thy wounds be my relief;
 When I seek thine intercession,
 Add new strength to my belief.
 Ah, the feeling of thy peace
 Sets my troubled heart at ease,
 And affords a demonstration
 Of thy love and my salvation.

5 All my hope and consolation,
 Christ, is in thy bitter death;
 At the hour of expiration,
 Lord, receive my dying breath.
 Most of all, when I go hence,
 Let this be my confidence,
 That thy deep humiliation
 Hath procured my salvation.

106.* T. 126. (92.)

O LORD, when condemnation
 And guilt afflict my soul,
 Then let thy bitter passion
 The rising storm control:
 Remind me that thy sacred blood
 Hath cancell'd my transgressions
 By paying what I ow'd.

2 O wonder, far exceeding
 All human thought and sense!
 Heav'n's Sov'reign was seen bleed-
 ing
 To wipe off my offence:
 The Prince of life gave up his breath
 For me, whose vile rebellion
 Deserv'd an endless death.

- 3 Though sins exceed a mountain,
Or sands on ocean's shore,
The everlasting fountain
Of Jesus' blood hath pow'r
To wash all sin and guilt away,
And save me from that terror
Which held me in dismay.
- 4 My heart, while here 'tis moving,
Shall beat with fervent praise
To thee, who art so loving
To the lost human race:
Thy dying words and agony
Shall be my meditation,
Till I am call'd to thee.
- 5 Lord, let thy bitter passion
Dwell always in my mind,
To raise an indignation
'Gainst sin of ev'ry kind;
That henceforth I may ne'er forget
The greatness of that ransom,
Which paid my endless debt.
- 6 All pains and tribulations,
Contempt and worldly spite,
Help me to bear with patience;
And always fix my sight
On that unerring rule of faith,
Thy blessed steps to follow,
Until my latest breath.
- 7 O may my life and labor
Express what thou hast done,
By love towards my neighbor,
By serving ev'ry one
Without self-int'rest or disguise;
And may thy pure example
Be my best exercise!
- 8 When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge and God,
O then apply the merit
Of thy atoning blood;
And let my faith its pow'r display,
And rest upon thy promise
To save me in that day.

107.* T. 167. (93.)

O THE love wherewith I'm loved,
O the undeserved grace;
Thou, O Love, by mercy moved,
Tak'st upon thee my distress!
As a Lamb led to the slaughter
Goest to the cross's tree,

Seal'st thy love with blood and
water,
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2 Love, so strikingly displayed
In thy tears and bloody sweat:
Love, by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:
Love, who for my soul's salvation,
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Through thy death and bitter passion
I am reconcil'd to God.

3 Love, who as my bleeding Saviour
Didst my heart in righteousness
Unto thee betroth for ever,
Ah, I thank thee for thy grace:
Love, who thus thyself engaged,
Let all mis'ry which I feel
By thy suff'rings be assuaged:
By thy stripes my sorrows heal.

4 Love, who hast for me endured
Death upon th' accursed tree,
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee.
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and lifeless heart!
Let me, till to heav'n translated,
Never more from thee depart!

108.* T. 216. (94.)

A LAMB went forth, and bare the
guilt

Of all the world together,
Most patiently his blood he spilt
To pay for ev'ry debtor;
He freely took sin's heavy load,
To reconcile us unto God;
All comfort he refused:
He underwent reproach and blame,
Death on the cross, with stripes and
shame,

And said, 'I freely choose it.'

2 This Lamb is God omnipotent,
Of all things the Creator;
The Son, who, by the Father sent,
Assum'd our feeble nature:
O love no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable!
God gave his well-beloved
To suff'rings, death, and to the
grave,

That he lost man thereby might save;
His mercy thus he proved!

3 Jesus, I never can forget
The pangs thou hast sustained:
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeigned;
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's delight;
Thou, when I sink in death's dark night,
Shalt be my consolation;
In life and death I will be thine,
And on thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4 My song in thy great loveliness,
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness,
I'll on thy service venture:
My life's whole stream for thee shall flow,
O may by all I speak or do,
Thy holy name be praised!
And all that thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressed!

5 Thou canst true comfort to me yield
In my life's ev'ry station;
In combat thou dost prove my shield,
In grief, my exultation;
In happy hours the source of joy;
And when all other meat doth cloy,
This manna shall support me;
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring be,
In solitude my company,
At home and on a journey.

6 What harm can I from death sustain,
Since thou art my salvation?
From scorching heat thou art my screen,
In pain my consolation;
When gloomy thoughts surround my breast, [rest,
Thou, Lord, alone canst give me
'Tis by thy pow'r I conquer:
Thou art, when storms of trial blow,
And toss my vessel to and fro,
My sure and stedfast anchor.

7 When I in heav'n shall rest with thee,
Thou God of my salvation,
Thy blood and righteousness shall
My glorious decoration: [be
Thou on my head wilt place a crown,
Thus shall I stand before the throne
Of thy dear heav'nly Father,
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee
To live to all eternity,
In bliss no tongue can utter.

109.* T. 152, or 9. (95.)

JESUS, I am richly bless'd
By thy bitter passion;
O how is my soul refresh'd
In the meditation
On the pain and deep distress,
Which thou hast endured!
By thy death for me a place
Is in heav'n procured.

2 Jesus, who hast once been dead,
Now for ever livest;
Thou in ev'ry time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford:
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what thy death procur'd,
And I'm rich for ever.

3 Grant, O Christ, thou Son of God,
Through thy bitter passion,
That we may, as thy reward,
Joy in thy salvation:
May we ever weigh the cause
Of thy death and suff'ring,
And a poor, but contrite heart,
Bring as a thank-off'ring.

110.* T. 51. (96.)

WHEN Jesus hung upon the cross,
Expiring to retrieve our loss,
Bereft of consolation,
The dying words he spoke, deserve
Our serious meditation.

2 First for his foes he intercedes,
And with his Father for them pleads,
(His matchless goodness showing);
He saith, 'Forgive them; they know
not
What they to me are doing.'

3 Weigh next the pardon and relief
Bestow'd on the repenting thief,
The object of his favor:

'To-day thou shalt in Paradise
Be with me, and for ever.'

4 Observe the sympathy and care
Which he for John and Mary bare:

'Behold thy son, O mother;
O John, thy mother there behold.'
Thus, Christians, love each other.

5 Hark! how the meek and suff'-
ring Lamb

Doth on the cross, 'I thirst,' ex-
claim;

Such thirst the Lord sustained
For our salvation, but now he
Joy for his grief hath gained.

6 Next take to heart his anguish
great,

When, press'd beneath sin's pond'-
rous weight,

All comfort from him taken,
He cries aloud, 'My God, my God,
Why hast thou me forsaken?'

7 'Tis finish'd!' was the solemn
word,

When for mankind our dying Lord
Had gain'd complete salvation;

Ye mourning sinners all rejoice
To hear this declaration.

8 The last, attention due demands:
'O Father, now into thy hands

I recommend my spirit!'
He bow'd his head, gave up the
ghost,

That we might life inherit.

9 All those who here enjoy by faith
The blessed fruits of Jesus' death,

True bliss in him possessing,
Find in his seven dying words
A treasure of rich blessing.

111. T. 168. (97.)

O BEHOLD your Saviour, wound-
ed,

Hanging on th' accursed cross;
None hath e'er the love expounded,

Our Redeemer show'd to us:
Hear him at his crucifixion

Pray for foes, 'midst keen affliction,

'Them forgive, they do not know,
Heav'nly Father! what they do.'

2 At his cross's foot now tarry,
View his languid, marred face,
Mark his care for John and Mary;
To the thief he offers grace.

Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken;
'God! why hast thou me forsaken?'
And 'Tis finish'd!' Jesus cries,
Yields his spirit, droops and dies.

112.* T. 168. (98.)

SING with awe in strains melo-
dious,

Sing with awe: Behold the man!
Yea, repeat in tones harmonious,
Ah, Behold, behold the Man!

On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever;

I am never tir'd to gaze
At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh! this makes me think with
sighing,

I'm the cause: Behold the Man!
Then his love, which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me: Behold the Man!

Ah! that cruelly abused
Countenance, so marr'd and bruised,
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back plough'd
with furrows,

Visage marr'd: Behold the Man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man!

Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;

Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd
Lamb!

113.* T. 217. (99.)

WHEN thou in death didst bow
thy head,

All nature, Lord, was struck
with wonder;

The op'ning graves gave up their
dead,

Earth trembled, rocks were rent
in sunder:

Then felt the pow'rs of hell below
 Their last irrevocable blow; [ed,
 Thy aim was then by right obtain-
 To free the souls by Satan chained;
 Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,
 The captives find a full release.

2 Thou, who the nail-prints dost
 retain, [cended,
 Tho' to thy glorious throne as-
 Whose side-incision doth remain,
 And thorn-marks which thy head
 once rended:

This is thy most transcendent form,
 Which doth our hearts transport
 and warm, [guish,
 As thou upon the cross didst lan-
 Extended there in keenest anguish,
 Or, as thy body, pale and dead,
 In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 'Tis the most lovely attitude
 Wherein we can behold our Sa-
 viour, [view'd,
 When by the eye of faith he's
 With blood and bruises stain'd
 all over.

That love which urg'd our Lord
 and Head

To suffer freely in our stead,
 Sinks deep into our hearts' recesses:
 The blessed fruits of his distresses
 We richly can enjoy by faith,
 While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death and
 blood,

Shall be our joy and consolation,
 The grace unmerited bestow'd
 On us, our constant meditation;
 Fresh proofs of his fidelity,
 And tender care we daily see;
 He will continue still to feed us,
 Till he at last will thither lead us,
 Where all his glories shall be seen,
 Without a vail to intervene.

114.* T. 594. (100.)

ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy
 passion,
 Will make the fainting spirit glad;
 This yields us solid consolation,
 When thy dear blood, so freely
 shed,

Pervades and heals both soul and
 body,

When thou dost give to us thy
 peace;

Ah, then our arms of faith are
 ready,

Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace!

2 No drop of blood thou deem'dst
 too precious,

To shed for sinners vile like me,
 O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
 Inflam'd my heart with love to
 thee!

May thy atoning death and passion,
 Thy agony and bitter pain,
 Until my final consummation,
 Deep in my heart engrav'd re-
 main.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment
 Of all my Lord for me hath
 gain'd!

Might this be daily my employ-
 ment,

To muse upon what he sustain'd!
 O may his hands, whereon engraven
 My poor and worthless name
 doth stand,

Support me, till I in the haven
 Of endless joy shall safely land.

115.* T. 14. (101.)

MY life-supplying element
 Is Jesus' blood and death:

My soul is eagerly intent
 To live therein by faith.

2 Lord Jesus! who is like to thee!
 O might by night and day

My spirit upon Calvary,
 That scene of suff'ring, stay.

3 How that blest moment I regard,
 When thou didst bow thy head!

O had my list'ning ear but heard
 The groan that left thee dead!

4 How highly favor'd had I been,
 Had I with John stood by,

And my beloved Saviour seen
 In keenest anguish die!

5 Beholding, with deep reverence,
 Thy side for me then pierc'd,

With what emotion had I thence
 Seen blood and water burst!

- 6 It is as tho' my eyes now view'd
This heart-affecting sight,
And ev'ry scene depicted stood
'Fore me in clearest light.
- 7 O might thy dying love divine
Become to me more clear,
And smile in ev'ry smile of mine,
And flow in ev'ry tear.
- 8 When I depart, my latest breath
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,
As a thank-off'ring for thy death;
Thus, blest my race will end.

116.* T. 126. (1017.)

WITH grateful heart's sensation,
At Jesus' feet I fall;
Him, with deep adoration,
My Lord and God I call,
Since he sustained death for me,
Procuring my redemption,
Upon th' accursed tree.

2 His stripes, whereby I'm healed,
Are precious to my soul,
His blood is now revealed,
The balm to make me whole;
His cry: 'My God, my God, Ah!
why,
Why hast thou me forsaken?'
To God now brings me nigh.

3 In holy contemplation,
I day and night review
The theme of Christ's salvation,
And find it ever new;
My pulse shall to his honor beat,
And till his blest appearing,
Each breath his praise repeat.

4 Myself I now deliver
Into his faithful hand,
He will support me ever,
Till I before him stand;
Till then I never can forget,
That his atoning passion
Hath cancell'd all my debt.

117. T. 244. (1018.)

THE suff'ring Lamb, my Saviour,
Remains my sole delight,
My fav'rite theme for ever,
My object day and night;

The incense of his pray'rs,
His cries and bitter tears,
For me to God ascendeth,
My mournful cry He hears.

2 With God, my habitation
Upon mount Calvary
I'll fix without cessation:
Here it is good to be!
Thus from my Saviour's death
Deriving life by faith,
Of heav'n I have a foretaste,
Until my latest breath.

118.* T. 151. (1021.)

HERE am I blushing, weeping,
A breeze of heav'nly bliss
From Jesus' cross perceiving,
Rejoicing that I'm his;
To Him what shall I render,
My grateful heart to show?
Did but my love more tender,
More ardent for him glow!

2 I was defil'd all over,
Depraved and unclean;
His blood my guilt did cover,
And wash'd my soul from sin;
The time I well remember,
When fill'd with deepest awe,
My name among the number,
In the Lamb's book I saw.

3 My Saviour's death and passion,
His anguish, grief and pain,
Until my consummation,
My fav'rite theme remain;
Himself hath sanctified,
The grave, my resting place,
And since for me He died,
I shall lie down in peace.

119.* T. 168. (1022.)

THOU hast cancell'd my trans-
gression,
Jesus, by thy precious blood,
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou, for sinners suff'ring,
On the cross wast made an off'ring,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

2 All the pain thou hast endured,
All thy wounds, thy crown of
thorn,
Hands and feet, with nails thro'
bored,
The reproach which thou hast
borne; [furrows,
Thy back, ploughed with deep
Cross and grave, and all thy sorrows,
Thy blood-sweat and agony,
O Lord Jesus, comfort me!

120.* T. 36. (1023.)

LAMB, for thy boundless love I
praises offer,
That love, which urg'd thee in my
stead to suffer,
While all the wrath, which I should
have endured,
On thee was poured.

2 How highly is poor man by thee
esteemed!
Thou gav'st thyself that he might
be redeemed;
Take soul and body, Lord, as an
oblation,
For all thy passion.

3 Thou richly dost deserve, that
each pulsation
Thy praises should express, with-
out cessation,
And that each drop of blood be
hallow'd ever,
To thee, my Saviour.

121.* T. 22. (1015.)

ROUND Tabor heav'nly glories
shone,
But what on Olivet was done,
What signaliz'd mount Calvary
Calls forth my praise:—'twas done
for me.

122. T. 582. (1024.)

WAS ever grief like thine,
Jesus, thou man of wo?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it marred so?

That man, by thee restor'd,
God's image might regain,
And by the sorrows of his Lord,
In joys eternal reign.

123.* T. 14. (102.)

SEE, world, upon the shameful
tree
Thy Maker sinks in death!
Cover'd with stripes and wounds
for thee,
Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold the streams of sacred
Behold his pierced side! [blood,
What hath drawn forth this copious
flood,
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3 My sins, as num'rous as the sands
Upon the ocean's shore, [hands,
Have been the cruel, murd'rous
That wounded thee so sore.

4 Thy wond'rous love to evidence
Thou wouldst my surety be:
Thyself wouldst pay my debt im-
mense,
Thereby to set me free.

5 Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each in bondage as its slave,
Might now be sav'd from fear.

6 My debt to thee, God, who art
love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Return due thankfulness.

7 Grant me the grace while I am
(Since I can nothing give) [here,
Thy suff'rings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

124. T. 14. (103.)

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world
Imbrued with sweat and gore,
Expiring on the accursed cross,
Where he our sorrows bore!

2 Compassion for man's fallen race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for their sins atone.

- 3 Who can to love his name for-
bear,
That of his suff'rings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?
- 4 When earth and hell's malicious
pow'rs
Encompass'd thee around,
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God,
Stream'd forth from ev'ry wound:
- 5 'Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy
cheeks,
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.
- 6 Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.
- 7 May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above!

125. T. 14. (104.)

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness
hide,
And shut his glories in,
When the Almighty Maker died,
An off'ring for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing
face,
While Jesus' cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears!

126. T. 22. (105.)

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am fill'd with Jesus' love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro'
my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming
eyes;

But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of
God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in
blood!

Behold his side, and venture near,
'The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love
reveal!

Then my glad tongue shall loud
proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and
fear, [ear;
Revives my heart and charms mine
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound,

127. T. 14. (106.)

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood,
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood from all his
veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas, we own with conscious
shame,
While we behold his cross,
Our sins have slain the guiltless
Lamb,
He suffer'd all for us.

5 But hence our confidence begins;
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconcil'd,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner may become his child,
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come then, ye needy sinners come,
If ye accept, he'll give;
O suffer him to lead you home;
Whoever will, may live.

128. T. 22. (107.)

THERE hangs the Saviour of man-
kind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclin'd,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding
feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2 His flesh is torn with whips and
nails,
His strength decays, his spirit fails;
His side is pierc'd, his heart is broke,
Our sins upon himself he took.

3 The thieves expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they
died; [done?
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine
own.

4 Jesus, and didst thou bleed for
me?
O great, O boundless mystery!
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

129. T. 582. (108.)

GO forth in Spirit, go
To Calv'ry's holy mount;
See there thy Friend between two
thieves,
Suff'ring on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, 'My God and Lord,
'Here let me dwell, and view those
wounds,
'Which life for me procur'd.'

3 Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not, for this is he
Who always loves us first, [ness
And with white robes of righteous-
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy pray'r.

130. T. 14. (109.)

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans! while na-
ture shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's
paid,
''Tis finish'd!' Jesus cries;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain,
O mystery divine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

131. T. 22. (110.)

THE cross, the cross, O that's my
gain, [slain;
Because on that the Lamb was
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
Abas'd, I view what I have done,
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to Him who loved me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside, is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the
place, [grace:
The cross of Christ proclaims free
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

132. T. 96. (111.)

O LOVE divine, what hast thou
done! [me!

Th' incarnate God hath died for
The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and
peace! [die,

Come see, ye worms, your Maker
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come feel, with me, his blood ap-
plied:

My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified!

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing
stream,

All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him;
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

133. T. 11. (112.)

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away!
While upon the cross I see
Jesus bleed and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark! his dying word: 'Forgive,
'Father, let the sinner live;
'Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
'I thy ransom freely pay.'

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain my pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee!

6 He hath dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

134. T. 583. (113.)

I KNEEL in spirit at my Saviour's
cross,

Where he in blood expired for his
foes;

With deepest rev'rence humbly I
adore

My dying Lord, who all my sorrows
bore.

2 I, sinful worm, with awe before
him bow,

While I the deep unfathom'd
myst'ry view:

Poor man must highly valu'd be
indeed,

For whom so great a ransom-price
was paid.

3 This blessed truth I firmly will
maintain, [slain:

That my Creator for my sins was
May this constrain me gladly to
obey,

And love the Lord, who took my
sins away.

135. T. 166. (1016.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And blush, ashamed of my pride;
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
In aught besides my ransom price,
All the vain things, which charm'd
me most
For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2 Behold the dying Lamb of God,
And say, was grief like His e'er
known?

See from his wounds in streams of
blood [down;

Sorrow and love flow mingled
What can I offer that's not thine?

My thanks, O Lord, how short
they fall!

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

136. T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast
wounded,

Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid;
Thy suff'rings, (O what love un-
bounded!)

For guilty man the debt have paid.
With humble thanks we now adore
thee,

Thy cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft, asham'd, we weep before
thee,

That we by sin the Lord have slain.

137. T. 232. (114.)

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of
God, [blood,

Baptiz'd with tears, and sweat, and
Spent, comfortless, forsaken:

See, how he bows his head and dies,
While to the world the sun denies

His light, and rocks are shaken.
My dear Redeemer, let thy death

Subdue my heart, confirm my faith:
Teach me thy dying love to know,

And in return with love to glow:
Thy love divine—My heart incline,
Lord, to be thine,

Till I in death my soul resign.

138.* T. 151. (117.)

THY blood, so dear and precious,
Love made thee shed for me;
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion,
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

139.* T. 588. (115.)

'TIS finish'd now,
Salvation's finish'd now!
Redeemed sinners bow,
Adore and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death. :||:

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierc'd for thee;
The Rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee. :||:

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin-atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him, who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. :||:

4 We are redeem'd,
Redeem'd to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged,
We see our debt discharged,
Our ransom paid. :||:

5 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks and adoration,
Hallelujah! :||:

140. T. 14. (116.)

THERE is a fountain fill'd with
blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the
stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love hath been my
theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

141. T. 240. (119.)

ALL hail! thou Lamb of God,
Bearing sin's pond'rous load!
Thanks for thy agony,
Thy bloody sweat for me,
Thy suff'ring willingly;
All hail! 'midst pain and scorn,
Spit upon, crown'd with thorn,
And by the scourges torn,
All hail! in purple clad.

Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!

Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!

2 Bearing the cross's weight,
Thou mountest Calv'ry's height:
I, weeping, follow thee;
For all is done for me,
For me, thine enemy!
All hail! as in my stead,
Thou, a sin-off'ring made,
In torments bow'st thy head;
Thanks for thy pierced side!

Sinners, sinners,
All ye who pass by,
Hearken, hearken,
Mark his dying cry!

3 'Tis finish'd,' Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies;
The vail is rent in twain,
Burst is the captive's chain,
Man is restor'd again!
All hail! in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb! all hail!
Then did thine arm prevail:

O glorious sacrifice!
Ever, ever
To thy promis'd word
Faithful, faithful
Saviour, God and Lord!

142. T. 136. (1020.)

I WEEP for joy,
And tender love's emotion,
When I Christ's suff'rings trace
with deep devotion,
From Olivet
To Calv'ry's bloody brow;
When him, with scoffing multi-
tudes surrounded,
I view from head to foot for my
transgressions wounded,
Ah! then it is my blest employ
To weep for joy.

2 He died for me,
For me became an off'ring,
My sin-sick soul he healeth by his
suff'ring:

His precious blood,
For my redemption shed,
An open fountain is for my trans-
gression,

I in his sacred wounds, those
pledges of salvation,
Discover my election free;
He died for me.

3 O happy day,
O blest sabbatic moments,
When we, reposing after pain and
torments,
Christ's body see,
Now laid in Joseph's tomb:
Rejoice, O church, in that complete
salvation,
Which he in death then brought to
its full consummation,
When in the grave for us he lay:
O happy day!

143.* T. 185. (1025.)

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now re-
tiring,
There my Saviour's pierced feet,
(Dying love a grateful sense in-
spiring)
Bath'd in tears I humbly greet;

Might I never lose this blest im-
pression,
But in Spirit fix my happy station
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might thy dying love, dear suff'-
ring Saviour,

Which subdu'd my stubborn heart,
Me constrain, and rule my whole
behavior,

Till I from this world depart:
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,
And, as thine, with holy rev'rence
cherish,

Earnestly intent to bear
More of thy blest image here.

3 With a mind, from earthly cares
divested,

Let me dwell, by day and night,
Where the body of my Saviour rested,
Here I find supreme delight;
Here 'tis good for me, with pardon'd
Mary,

At his sepulchre in faith to tarry:
Thus, in blessed fellowship
With my Lord, I wake and sleep.

144.* T. 208. (120.)

HAPPY meditation

On my Saviour's passion,
On his death and grave;

It can't be expressed
What a feeling blessed

At such times I have,
When I Christ in spirit view,
In his suff'ring scenes re'vising
My Lord agonizing.

2 All the pains and sorrows
He endured for us,

All the tears he shed,
When he in the garden,
Bearing our sin's burden,
In soul's anguish pray'd:
Yea, each scene of suff'ring love
Raises in me an emotion
Of intense devotion.

3 Lamb of God, thus dearest
Thou to me appearest;

O might I each breath
Spend, while here I'm living,
In praise and thaksgiving

For thy wounds and death!
Till I, for thy dying love
Shall, with all the saints in glory,
Praise, thank, and adore thee.

145. T. 581. (121.)

MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, ev'n as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family;
Till they saw him, and believ'd,
And as Lord and God receiv'd.

3 Now with tears of love and joy,
We remember all his pain,
Sighs and groans and dying cry:
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And, from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead,
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffer'd thus for me?
Ah! I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited thee?
Should not I with ardor burn
Some love's token to return?

6 But alas, the spark how small!
Scarcely seen at all to glow;
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made,
And, when once consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then, with saved souls above,
I will praise thy dying love.

8 But, while here I'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,

May I help and comfort find,
 Visiting Gethsemane,
 Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
 Till my sabbath's also come.

146. T. 114. (122.)

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and
 deep devotion,
 To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to
 behold
 Laid in the dust, his body pale and
 cold.
 Ah! in thy stead he drank death's
 bitter potion:
 He as a lamb was wounded, bruised
 and slain,
 For thee eternal happiness to gain.
 2 For worthless me, (O Godlike
 condescension!)
 The Maker of creation's boundless
 sphere,
 Whom all celestial hosts as Lord
 revere,
 Whose pow'r divine is past their
 comprehension,
 Became a man, my guilty soul to
 save,
 And rests from labour in the silent
 grave.
 3 Here is the place where weary
 souls may tarry;
 Though near the dead, death can
 no pow'r assume,
 For life, eternal life, rests in this
 tomb.
 Come then, my pardon'd soul, with
 humble Mary
 Behold thy wearied Master sweetly
 sleep; [and weep.
 Admire his matchless love, adore
 4 I view in thee, thou wan and
 mangled body,
 My Lord, Redeemer, Priest, and
 Sacrifice, [greatest price,
 The Bread of life, the Pearl of
 My soul's Belov'd, the Fairest,
 white and ruddy,
 The promis'd Seed, the Lord our
 Righteousness,
 The long-predicted Lamb, and
 Prince of Peace.

5 Here will I stay, engag'd in con-
 templation
 On my Redeemer's agony and death;
 This shall increase and fix my
 wav'ring faith

In thee the Finisher of my salvation;
 Yea, in my soul and body mortify
 The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

6 Thou Lord of life! fix thou my
 soul and senses

On thee, the dearest object of my
 heart:

That when from this vain world I
 shall depart,

And when the awful scene of death
 commences,

I may resign my spirit unto thee,
 And in thy presence live eternally.

7 Meanwhile I'll love and thank
 without cessation,

Thee my Redeemer, who my soul
 hast bought,

And me a wand'ring sheep in mercy
 sought!

Accept my tears, my pray'r and
 adoration:

To thee my life, my all I now resign
 In life and death; O keep me ever
 thine!

147. T. 208. (123.)

NOW will I, like Mary,
 My best spices carry

To my Saviour's tomb;

I'll behold his body
 Mangled, pale, and bloody;

Now my sabbath's come.
 But, alas!—what spices has [ing,
 My poor heart, save tears and cry-
 Heart-felt throbs and sighing!

2 Lo! methinks his body,
 There stretch'd out already,
 Lifeless I behold:

Yes, I view him yonder,
 And astonish'd ponder

O'er him dead and cold:
 Deep and wide—I see his side,
 Livid wounds on every member
 I see without number.

3 Back the scourges ploughed!
Side, whence blood-streams flowed!

Hands, and feet, and head!
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,
Now with paleness cover'd!

Cheeks, whose color's fled!
Bruised face—still full of grace!
On this scene I gaze ashamed,
Weep whene'er 'tis named.

4 Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever

My most fav'rite theme:
And for thy atonement,
Might I ev'ry moment

Praise thy saving name:
Constantly—thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
My heart's meditation.

148.* T. 45. (124.)

O DEEPEST grief,—which the
relief

Of mankind hath procured!
God's beloved only Son
In a tomb was buried.

2 Ye sons of men,—this doleful
plan

Was laid by your transgression;
What Christ suffer'd for your guilt
Is beyond expression.

3 The Lamb of God—shed all his
blood,

Which flow'd upon the mountain;
This for all iniquity
Is an open fountain.

4 O Prince of Peace—thou Source
of grace,

And Author of salvation!
Thy unbounded love demands
Humble adoration.

5 How blest he is—who weigheth
this,

That God became his Saviour,
To bestow eternal life
Upon him for ever!

6 O Jesus blest!—my heart's true
rest,

Be thou my soul's desire,
Till I too can in my tomb
From this world retire.

149. T. 119. (125.)

LAMB once slain, :||:

My Redeemer! while I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and
smart,

Melts my heart. :||:

2 Holy Lord, :||:

By thy body giv'n to death,
Mortify my sinful nature
Till I yield my dying breath.
Ah! protect thy feeble creature,
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,
Thine abide. :||:

150. T. 598. (1026.)

BELOVED, white and ruddy,

Of thousands none so fair;
I with thy wounded body

No beauty can compare;
Here to thy care consigned,
Within thy tomb enshrined,
Might but my body lie;
To thee my soul would fly.

2 But while on earth I tarry,
Wrapt in this mortal vest,
Within thy sanctuary

My troubled soul finds rest.
Hinder all strange affections,
O might 'midst imperfections,
Ev'n in my looks be seen,
That I with God have been.

3 In this sepulchral Eden,
The tree of life I've found,

Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallow'd ground;
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Creep hither and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

4 Here lies in death's embraces
My Bridegroom, Lord and God;
With awe my soul retraces

The bloody, dol'rous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is chang'd to sight.

151. T. 45.

WEEP Zion, weep,
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head has bowed;
Closed are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowed.

2 In strains of wo
Our songs shall flow,
What love is here displayed!
See God's dear and only Son,
To a tomb conveyed.

3 Yet, O rejoice,
With heart and voice,
Soon will he rise most glorious:
And at the right hand of God
Seat himself victorious.

152. T. 167.

OH! what love is here displayed!
See the Father's only Son,
To the silent tomb conveyed;
Ah! my soul, what hast thou
done!

Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,
Own that they his blood have
spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

2 Here my Sabbath is completed,
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace,
At the feet of Jesus seated,
Here I taste true happiness;
I adore this paschal off'ring,
I adore God's counsel deep,
I adore my Jesus suff'ring,
And while I adore him, weep.

153.* T. 185. (127.)

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in
spirit,
It is never done in vain;
Since 'tis only from his death and
merit
I can life and strength obtain:

Jesus' cross, his last hours in his
passion, [piration,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds and ex-
Jesus' body and his blood
Shall remain my highest good.

154. T. 205. (128.)

RESTING in the silent grave,
Spent with torment, pangs and
cries,
See the Lord God, strong to save!
Him, whose thunders shake the
skies!

'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,
And was number'd with the dead;
Sacred body, with amaze,
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

155. T. 11. (126.)

GO my soul, go ev'ry day,
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be my members with him dead,
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb!
Evil never can molest
Those who near his body rest.

156.* T. 519. (129. 1175.)

MOST holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and most merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death!
Have mercy, O Lord!

2 Most holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and most merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Bless thy congregation [blood,
Through thy suff'rings, death and
Have mercy, O Lord!

VI. *The Resurrection of Christ from the Grave.*

157.* T. 132. (130.)

CHRIST Jesus was to death abas'd,
 Because of our transgression;
 But now for us, by being rais'd,
 Hath gain'd life and salvation.
 'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice,
 To praise the Lord with heart and
 In singing Hallelujah! [voice,

2 By none of all the human race
 Could death and hell be foiled;
 Sin render'd all men weak and base,
 All ruin'd were and spoiled;
 Death having enter'd by the fall,
 Bore sway and was entail'd on all;
 All sinners are by nature.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
 In love and great compassion,
 To free us from sin's galling load,
 Appear'd in human fashion:
 He hath destroy'd sin's pow'r and
 claim, [name;
 And left death nothing but the
 Its sting can't hurt believers.

4 How great and wond'rous was
 the strife,
 Life was by death assailed!
 But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
 O'er sin and death prevailed;
 He triumph'd over them in death,
 And we are conqu'rors too, by faith
 In Christ our risen Saviour.

5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,
 By God himself appointed:
 The prophets all aloud proclaim
 That he is the Anointed.
 If on our hearts his blood appear,
 We're freed from death's enslaving
 Subdu'd is that destroyer. [fear,

6 This is the day the Lord hath made
 To lively hopes to raise us:
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And join to sing his praises:
 For Christ, our everlasting light,
 Dispers the clouds of sin's dark night
 And all the pow'rs of darkness.

F

7 The bread of life we eat in faith
 Is Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Who conquer'd Satan, sin and
 death,
 And liveth now and ever:
 Our souls desire no other food,
 But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,
 Which gives us life eternal.

158.* T. 590. (131.)

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,
 And peace on earth restore!
 Come, ransom'd souls, and glory
 Sing, worship and adore! [give,
 With grateful hearts to him we pay
 Our thanks in humble wise:
 Who aught unto our charge can lay?
 'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn? since Christ
 was dead,
 And ever lives to God;
 Now our whole debt is fully paid,
 He saves us by his blood.
 The ransom'd hosts in earth and
 heav'n
 Thro' countless choirs proclaim,
 'He hath redeem'd us; praise be
 giv'n
 'To God and to the Lamb!'

3 God rais'd him up, when he for all
 Had freely tasted death,
 And thus redeem'd us from the fall;
 On this we ground our faith.
 For God thereby his sacrifice
 Declar'd, unto his praise,
 An all-sufficient ransom-price
 For Adam's fallen race.

4 The God of peace to guilty man
 Doth pard'ning grace afford,
 Since from the dead he brought
 again
 Our Shepherd, Head and Lord;
 That Shepherd who so freely shed
 His blood for sinners poor;
 Who died, but now is ris'n indeed,
 And lives for evermore.

5 The God of mercies let us praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his pow'r, which Christ
did raise,

He us begets again
Unto a lively confidence,
That we, for Jesus' sake,
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Reserv'd for us, partake.

6 His resurrection's pow'r divine,
By grace on us bestow'd,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
May live alone to God:

Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength pro-
ceed;

And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

7 In all we do, constrain'd by love,
We'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Sing Hallelujah! and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heav'n shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen!

159. T. 590. (132.)

BELIEVING souls, rejoice and
Your risen Saviour see, [sing,
And say, 'O death, where is thy
'O grave, thy victory?' [sting?
He died your guilty souls to save,
And dying, conquer'd death;
Was bury'd in the gloomy grave,
But reassum'd his breath.

2 Rejoice, your conqu'ring Saviour
lives,

He lives, to die no more;
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restor'd
For all, for you and me.

Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;

Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and pow'r proclaim.

4 The Prince of life reclin'd his
Expiring on the cross; [head,
But now the Lord is ris'n indeed,
Is ris'n and lives for us.

Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

160. T. 50. (133.)

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's
bride,

All grief and mourning lay aside:
With cheerful hearts and voices sing
The resurrection of our King. Hal.

2 He, having triumph'd over death,
Now reassumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.

3 Our gracious Saviour, Head and
Lord, [word;
Hath well perform'd his promis'd
And now would have his church
rejoice;

He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

4 Let us then with the heav'nly
throng

Now join in that eternal song:
'Salvation to our God and King,
'Whose death did our redemption
bring.'

5 Blessing and praise we give to
thee, [free;

That thou from death hast set us
Thy resurrection from the grave
Proves clearly thou hast pow'r to
save.

6 Thy blood shall wash our gar-
ments white,

Then we, with all the saints in light,
Shall joyful meet our Lord and Head,
We know for us thy blood was shed.

7 Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Our words can never fully tell
What in our thankful hearts we feel!

161. T. 595. (134.)

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;
 Let hope and joy succeed,
 The joyful news with gladness hear,
 'The Lord is ris'n indeed!'
 The promise is fulfill'd
 In Christ our only Head;
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
 He lives who once was dead.

2 The Lord is ris'n again,
 Who on the cross did bleed;
 He lives to die no more, Amen!
 The Lord is ris'n indeed.
 He truly tasted death
 For wretched fallen men;
 In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;
 But now is ris'n again.

3 He hath himself the keys
 Of death, the grave and hell;
 His is the victory and praise,
 And he rules all things well.
 Death now no more I dread,
 But cheerful close mine eyes:
 Death is a sleep, the grave a bed,
 With Jesus I shall rise.

162. T. 11. (135.)

GLORY unto Jesus be!
 From the curse he set us free;
 All our guilt on him was laid,
 He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;
 God's well pleased in his Son,
 For he rais'd him from the dead,
 Christ now reigns, the church's
 Head.

3 His redeem'd his praise show
 forth;
 Saints above and saints on earth;
 Angels sing around the throne,
 'Thou art worthy, thou alone!'

4 Ye who love him, cease to
 mourn,
 He will certainly return;
 All his saints with him shall reign;
 Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen.

163. T. 79. (136.)

JESUS, who died the world to save,
 Revives, and rises from the grave,
 By his almighty pow'r:
 From sin and death he sets us free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 He lives again to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty;
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:
 Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your
 fears, [pares,
 In heav'n your mansion he pre-
 And soon will come to take you
 home.

3 His church is still his joy and
 crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her he did redeem:
 The members of his church he
 knows, [woes,
 He shares their joys and feels their
 And they shall ever reign with
 him.

164.* T. 22. (137.)

REJOICE, the Lord in triumph
 reigns! [chains,
 Breaks death and hell's infernal
 Retakes his life and majesty;
 Praise him to all eternity.

2 Behold the great accuser cast;
 The hour of darkness now is past;
 No right to us can Satan claim,
 If we believe in Jesus' name.

165. T. 14. (138.)

ON this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd
 By God, th' eternal Word, than when
 The universe was made.

2 He riseth, who mankind hath
 bought
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great to speak the world
 from nought,
 'Tis greater to redeem!

166.* T. 132. (139.)

CHRIST being risen from the tomb,
 To Mary show'd his favor,
 And kindly called her by name:
 She, when she saw her Saviour,
 Directly turn'd about in haste,
 His feet with heart-felt joy embrac'd,
 And hail'd her risen Master.

2 His holy name for ever be
 Adored, bless'd and praised,
 That he hath such invariably
 To taste his friendship raised,
 As Mary Magdalen, and me,
 Who nought can boast, but know
 that he
 Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3 How happy feels a contrite heart,
 Enjoying Christ's salvation!
 Those who have chosen Mary's
 And fav'rite occupation, [part
 Find in our Saviour, day and night,
 A source of comfort and delight;
 'Tis this makes life important.

4 He pardon'd me, like Magdalen,
 I love him, my Preserver!
 I love him, but (it gives me pain)
 I love not with such fervor.
 When Jesus I shall once behold,
 I then shall feel as she of old,
 When he to her appeared.

167.* T. 185. (140.)

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord
 and Saviour! [death!
 Thou hast burst the bonds of
 Grant us, as to Mary, that great
 favor

To embrace thy feet in faith:
 Thou hast in our stead the curse en-
 dured,
 And for us eternal life procured;
 Joyful, we with one accord
 Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless Source of con-
 solation,
 Scarce thy resting moments end,
 When a heart-enliv'ning salutation
 To thy children thou dost send;
 We would share thy dear disciples'
 feeling,
 As before their risen Master kneel-
 ing:
 Thus shall we, with all our heart,
 Witness what a Friend thou art!

168.* T. 205. (141.)

JESUS, who is always near,
 To assuage his children's grief,
 Unto Thomas did appear,
 To remove his unbelief,
 'Come,' he said, 'my nail prints
 view,
 And my side, the spear pierc'd
 through;'
 Bold in faith he then avow'd:
 'Christ, thou art my Lord, my
 God!'

2 I would go from pole to pole
 To behold my risen Lord,
 But content thyself, my soul,
 Listen to thy Saviour's word:
 'They who me by faith receive,
 Without seeing who believe,
 Trust my word and thereon rest,
 They abundantly are blest.'

VII. *The Ascension of Christ; his Sitting at the Right Hand of God, and interceding for us.*

169. T. 14. (144.)

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
 Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
 While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
 And heav'n with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
 Receive the conqu'ring King:
 The angels strike their harps of
 gold,
 And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you,
For you prepares a place;
His Spirit sends, you to endow
With ev'ry gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

170.* T. 83. (142.)

SURELY God is present here!
Since the Lord with grace and
favor

To my spirit doth appear,
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;
For the holy Trinity
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2 O might all my wishes tend
Unto Christ without cessation,
He's my best and nearest Friend,
Full of grace, truth and salvation;
I, when he is present, feel
Happiness, no tongue can tell.

3 Holy awe pervades my heart,
When I see my great Creator
Of man's nature taking part,
That he, as my Mediator,
Might lay down his life for me,
And from death might set me free.

4 In the grave for me he lay,
Then arose with pow'r and glorious,
Grace triumphant to display,
Proving over death victorious;
And for forty days was seen,
By his foll'wers, God with men!

5 When the Lord's disciples saw
Jesus, gloriously arrayed,
From their longing sight withdraw,
In a cloud to heav'n conveyed;
Sure, alternate grief and joy [ploy.
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6 He ascended up on high,
Glorious and with honor crowned:
Cloth'd in God-like Majesty, [ed,
And at God's right hand enthroned.
He doth still as man appear,
Pleading for poor sinners there.

7 God be prais'd, they who are his
In this present dispensation,
Nought essential ever miss,
Since they share in his salvation;
Though unseen, he's nigh to all,
Who in truth upon him call.

8 O when will the time draw near,
That he, who to heav'n ascended,
Will in majesty appear,
By the heav'nly hosts attended!
But we're silent:—to believe
Is our lot, while here we live.

171.* T. 58. (143.)

YE, the Lord's redeemed,
Holy, beloved,
Who as new creatures are in Christ
approved, Look heaven-ward!

2 That he, who ascended
For our salvation,
May give you of his grace a sweet
sensation, Though still unseen.

3 Countenance majestic,
Yet kind and gracious,
Of our once suff'ring, now exalted
Jesus! We gaze at thee.

4 Hark! the Father welcomes
His Son beloved:
'Come thou, whose pow'rful arm
victorious proved,
Come to my throne!

5 Sit thou at my right hand,
Till for thy passion,
Thy foes shall at thy footstool with
prostration Confess thee Lord.'

6 To the Father's glory,
With awe before him
The countless heav'nly hosts fall
down, adore him,
And homage pay.

7 While on earth we tarry,
His death and passion
We will show forth, and our sanc-
tification, From him derive.

8 With his ransom'd people,
Each day that passes
Shall be devoted unto solemn
praises For Jesus' death,

9 Lamb of God most holy!
Praise, honor, blessing,
Be giv'n to God, through thee, by all
possessing Thy saving grace.

10 Everlasting praises
And adoration
To him, who hath himself by Jesus'
passion To us made known!

11 Holy, holy, holy!
In earth and heaven,
To God and to the Lamb be glory
given By all that breathe!

172.* T. 146. (145.)

GO up with shouts of praise!
Go up, High-Priest, to heaven!
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven;
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r;
Nor art asham'd to own,
That we thy brethren are.

173.* T. 26. (146.)

O COMFORT, words can ne'er
express!
That, by th' angelic hosts attended,
Our gracious Lord to heav'n as-
cended,
There to prepare for us a place.

174. T. 79. (147.)

WHEN thou, dear Saviour, didst
ascend,
'My hosts,' thy Father said, 'at-
tend,
And worship ye the Son.'
With loud acclaims of joy they
gaz'd,
And cheerful Hallelujahs rais'd,
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join th' angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song:
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was
slain?'

3 Th' assembly, which with thee
at rest,
Appears in spotless garments drest,
Bows down and humbly sings:
We too thy saving name will bless,
And thee, our gracious Lord, con-
fess [kings!
The Lord of lords and King of

175.* T. 132. (148.)

RAISE your devotion, mortal
tongues :
Be your exalted Saviour
The theme of your triumphant
songs,
Extol his name for ever.
Lo! angels strike their loudest
strings,
For heav'n and all created things
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2 Ye mourning souls, look upward
too,
For Christ is now preparing,
At God's right-hand a place for you;
Shake off all thoughts despairing:
Thence he your gracious Lord will
come
To fetch your longing spirits home,
And crown your love and labor.

3 Since he o'er heaven bears sov-
reign sway,
By all its pow'rs attended ;
And hath more graces to display
Than can be comprehended :
Fear not, for he his blessing pours
On such meek, humble breasts as
your's,
The objects of his favor.

176. T. 22. (149.)

TO thee, our Lord, all praise be giv'n,
For thy ascending up to heav'n:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And kindly hear us when we pray.
2 Tho' seated on thy Father's throne
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to
own ;
For we believe that thou art near
When in thy presence we appear.

3 For us to heav'n thou didst ascend,
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from thy little fold,
Thy second advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

177. T. 590. (150.)

WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
Who worthy art alone!
Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree:
And now thou livest evermore:
O may we live to thee!

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that died!

(What theme can sound so sweet!)
His drooping head, his streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet;
With all that scene of suff'ring love,
Which faith presents to view;
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can aught so great be nam'd?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd!
Ye angels, praise his glorious name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.

178.* T. 58. (152.)

THE man of sorrows, whose most precious blood
Pleads now our cause before the throne of God,
Is in glory seated, and with compassion
Beholds, both far and near, each congregation
With looks of love.

179. T. 595. (151.)

JESUS, who died, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels, who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2 Th' unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be:
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

180. T. 14. (153.)

JESUS, our High-Priest and our Head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
And always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God.

2 We know thou never canst forget
Us, thy weak members here;
Yea, when we suffer in the least,
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptations we are press'd,
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy
With ev'ry grief and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And tho' in heav'n exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near;
Know'st all our weaknesses and wants,
And list'nest to our pray'r.

6 What shall we say for this thy love,
But 'fore thee prostrate lie;
And thank thee that thou wast a man,
To all eternity.

181. T. 14. (154.)

WITH joy we contemplate the
grace

Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations
are,

For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking
flax,

But raise it to a flame;

The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith ad-
dress

His mercy and his pow'r;

We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede

Before his Father's face;

Give him, my soul, thy cause to
plead,

Nor doubt the Father's grace.

VIII. *God, as manifested in the Creation, Preserva-
tion and Government of the World.*

182.* T. 166 or 22. (155.)

O GOD, thou bottomless Abyss!
Thy mortal tongue cannot define,
Or speak thy God-like properties,
Thy holy heights, thy depths di-
vine!

Thou'rt an unfathomable sea;

Of universal nature Lord!

True wisdom is not found in me,
Frail worm, thy glories to record.

2 Thee would I view and duly
praise,

Did not mere weakness me sur-
round;

Thy nature's everlasting rays

My senses and my soul confound.

All sprung from thine omnipotence
Which mind conceives, or eye
hath seen:

No single atom comes by chance,
We'rt thou not, nothing e'er had
been.

3 All things with thee are possible,
Thy will in heav'n and earth is
done;

Thy wisdom's depths who can re-
veal,

Or who thy mind hath fully known?

No limits thee can circumscribe,

Thy kingdom every where ex-
tends: [scribe,

None can thy greatness e'er de-
For thy dominion never ends.

4 Thou stretchest to infinity;

The highest heavens are thy seat,

Thy glorious name, thy majesty

No seraph can conceive or mete:

Thou art as Lord by all ador'd,

For every knee to thee must bend;

Who thus have knelt and grace im-
plor'd,

Found in thee an Almighty Friend.

5 Counsel and deed are one with
thee,

And justice in thy court presides:

Perfection's thine without degree,

And love thy character abides;

Thy mercy, faithfulness and grace

Each morning unto us are new,

And every day brings fresh displays
Of thy protecting care to view.

- 6 Ah! who can render thee just praise?
Who? though his heart and tongue combin'd:
No temple is thy dwelling place,
Thy worship cannot be confin'd;
By building shrines where thou shalt dwell,
Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;
To such thou dost thy love reveal
Who humbly on thy word depend.
- 7 Service, not gifts, thou dost demand
From man, this shall his profit be:
Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,
But no increase accrues to thee;
Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:
Thy fire in wrath consumes thy foes,
While in its genial warmth and shine
Thy friends with heav'nly joy repose.
- 8 The seraphim with sweetest tone
Express the glory of thy sway,
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee, and deepest homage pay:
Like them, before thy majesty,
With humble awe I sink asham'd;
Thou art in truth, O Lord most high,
All that is great and holy nam'd!
- 183.** T. 14. (156.)
ALMIGHTY God, thou sov'reign Lord,
'Fore thee we prostrate fall,
In heaven and on earth ador'd,
As the great Cause of all.
- 2 Thou canst not by our eyes be seen,
Thou art a Spirit pure,
Who from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in ev'ry place
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.
- 4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is fully known to thee.
- 5 Whate'er thou wilt, thou, Lord, canst do
Here and in heav'n above,
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Almighty God is Love!
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout the universe.
- 7 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 8 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God; my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds harmonious sing.
- 9 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:
May we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name!
- 184.*** T. 22. (157.)
MONARCH of all, with humble fear,
To thee heav'n's hosts their voices raise,
Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties share:
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.
- 2 Before thy face, O Lord most high!
Sinks all created glory down:
Yet, be not wroth with me, that I,
Vile worm, draw near thy awful throne.
- 3 Of all thou the beginning art,
Of all things thou alone the end:
On thee still fix my wav'ring heart,
To thee let all my actions tend.

4 Thou, Lord, art light: thy native ray

No shade, no variation knows;
To thy dark soul thy light display,
The brightness of thy face disclose.

5 Thou, Lord, art love: from thee pure love

[streams;
Flows forth in unexhausted
Let me its quick'ning virtue prove,
O fill my heart with sacred flames!

6 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou alone:

With eager hope, with warm desire,

Thee may I still my portion own,
To thee in ev'ry thought aspire.

7 So shall my ev'ry pow'r to thee
In love and endless praises rise;

Yea, body, soul and spirit be
Thy ever living sacrifice.

8 Lord God almighty, ceaseless praise

In heav'n, thy throne, to thee is giv'n;

Here, as in heav'n, thy name we bless,

[heav'n.
For where thy presence shines is

185. T. 22. (161.)

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,

And fixt the starry lights on high:
He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night.

3 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, from darkness and the grave:

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,

And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

186. T. 166. (162.)

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud

That veils on earth thy wise designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;

Great are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;

The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,

The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;

There mercy, like a river, flows,
And we the living water taste.
Life, like a fountain rich and free,

Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord,
And in thy light divine we see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

187. T. 22. (160.)

LORD! I contemplate with delight
Thy various works, both day and night:

What glory shines through ev'ry part,

What boundless pow'r, what wondrous art!

2 All things in beauteous form appear'd,

By thy Almighty fiat rear'd;
At last thou from the dust didst raise

Thine image, Man, unto thy praise.

188.* T. 214. (163.)

I WILL sing to my Creator,
 Unto God I'll render praise,
 Who by ev'ry thing in nature
 Magnifies his tender grace.
 Nought but loving condescension
 Still inclines his faithful heart
 To support and take their part,
 Who pursue his blest intention.
 All things to their period tend,
 But his mercy hath no end.

2 Yea, his Son his heart paternal
 Freely did give up for me,
 Me to save from death eternal,
 And from endless misery.

Depth of love past comprehension!
 Whence can my weak spirit
 fetch [reach
 Thoughts profound enough to
 This unfathom'd condescension!

All things, &c.

3 His good Spirit's blest instruction
 In his word to me is giv'n,
 Whose unerring manuduction
 Leads me in the way to heav'n.
 He endows my soul and spirit
 With the light of living faith,
 To o'ercome sin, world and death,
 And escape the hell I merit.

All things, &c.

4 My soul's welfare he advances,
 For my body he doth care:
 Aid and comfort he dispenses,
 When I call on him by pray'r;
 When my nat'ral strength is shrink-
 In the time of utmost need, [ing,
 He, my God, draws nigh with
 speed,
 And recovers me from sinking.

All things, &c.

5 As a hen is us'd to gather
 Her young brood beneath her
 wings,
 So hath God, my heav'nly Father,
 Kept me safe from hurtful things;
 Had my God withdrawn his favor,
 Had not his protecting grace
 Sav'd me in each trying case,
 I should have been helped never.

All things, &c.

6 Since nor end, nor bounds, nor
 measure,

In God's mercies can be found,
 Heart and hands I lift with plea-
 sure,

As a child in duty bound;
 Humbly I request the favor:

Grant me grace both day and
 night,

'Thee to love with all my might,
 Till I change this infant savor

For that taste of bliss above,
 Perfect praise and endless love

189. T. 14. (165.)

IN thee I live, and move, and am;
 Thou number'st all my days:

As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
 Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, thro' thee I am,
 And for thee I must be:

'Twere better for me not to live,
 Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,
 And nothing with me brought:
 And nothing have I here deserv'd;
 Yet I have lacked nought.

4 I do not praise my lab'ring hand,
 My lab'ring head, or chance;
 Thy providence, most gracious God,
 Is my inheritance.

5 Thy bounty gives me bread with
 A table free from strife: [peace,
 Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
 Which is the staff of life.

6 The daily favors of my God
 I cannot sing at large;
 Yet humbly can I make this boast,
 I am th' Almighty's charge.

7 Lord, in the day, thou art about
 The paths wherein I tread;
 And in the night, when I lie down,
 Thou art about my bed.

8 O let my house a temple be,
 That I and mine may sing
 Hosannas to thy majesty,
 And praise our heav'nly King.

190.* T. 590. (159.)

LORD, when thou saidst, ' So let
it be,'
The heav'ns were spread and
shone,
And this whole earth stood glo-
riously ;
Thou spak'st, and it was done ;
The whole creation still records,
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of
lords ;
Thee all things must obey.

191.* T. 151. (168.)

COMMIT thou ev'ry grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heav'n and earth com-
mands.

For he, the clouds' director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on ;
Build on his grace and favor,
So shall thy work be done :
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care ;
But he his help dispenses,
When call'd upon by pray'r.

3 Thy faithfulness eternal,
O Father, certainly,
What's good or detrimental,
Doth for thy children see :
Thee all things serve in nature,
According to thy will ;
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4 My soul ! then with assurance
Hope still, be not-dismay'd ;
He will from each incumbrance
Again lift up thy head :
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath fully ended
What caus'd thy needless fear.

192.* T. 106. (167.)

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserv'd in fire and water,
And sav'd in many dang'rous
ways. [stay,

He that makes God his staff and
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2 What gain'st thou by thy anxious
caring ?

What causes thee to pine away ?
Thy rest and health thou art im-
pairing [day.

By sighs and groans from day to
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3 O could we be resign'd and quiet,
And rest in God's good provi-
dence, [diet,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome
By methods cross to flesh and
sense !

To him, who chose us for his own,
Our wants and cares are fully
known.

4 He knows the hours for joy and
gladness,
The proper time and proper place ;
Are we but faithful 'midst our sad-
ness, [praise :
Seek not our own, but seek his
He'll come, before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5 God can this hour with ev'ry
dainty [spread ;
The poor man's table amply
And strip the rich of all his plenty,
And send him out to beg his
bread :

God can do wonders, if he please,
Humble the one, the other raise.

6 Do thou with faith discharge thy
station, [his praise,
Keep God's commands, live to
Rely on him for preservation,
On whom the whole creation
stays.

The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, and God alone his trust.

193. T. 14. (164.)

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, [heart!
 That glows within my ravish'd
 But thou canst read it there.

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

4 To all my weak complaints and
 cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear, [learnt
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
 To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe
 And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils
 and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way, [vice,
 And through the pleasing snares of
 More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft
 hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious
 My daily thanks employ ; [gifts
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ; [thee,
 And after death, in heav'n with
 The glorious theme renew.

11 Through all eternity to thee .
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 But, O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

194. T. 14. (158.)

LONG ere the lofty skies were
 spread,
 Jehovah fill'd his throne ; [made,
 Ere man was form'd, or angels
 The Maker liv'd alone.

2 His boundless years can ne'er de-
 crease,
 But still maintain their prime,
 ETERNITY's his dwelling-place,
 And EVER is his time.

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

195.* T. 106.

WELL art thou leading, Guide su-
 preme !
 Thy people on their pilgrimage :
 Thy paths may strange and devious
 seem, [pests rage,
 But yet are straight :—should tem-
 Amid the desolating blast,
 Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2 Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most
 high, [bine:
 What human prudence would com-
 Thy pow'r upraises to the sky,
 What some in fetters would con-
 fine :

Man, reading not thy perfect will,
 Walketh in some vain shadow still.

3 Thy thoughts are high, and soar
 above
 The vanities which all admire :
 No eloquence thine ear can move,
 Thy impulse must the tongue in-
 spire.

The Pharisee thou passest by,
 While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4 We magnify thy grace, pure love
 Doth thy paternal heart excite ;
 Thy pillar doth before us move,
 To dwell with us is thy delight ;
 Thou watchest o'er us day by day,
 And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5 Thou can'st discern our ignorance,
 Thou know'st how very weak we
 Our actions prove our impotence,
 Thine—unremitting faithful care.
 Though to the world unknown, thy
 sheep

Thou in thy fold dost safely keep.
 6 Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,

Again, thy love thou dost display;
 Thy gentle chastisement is near,
 When we are prone to go astray:
 Soon as we mourning seek thy face,
 Thou bid'st our wayward wand'rings cease.

7 Shed wisdom's ray, that I discern
 Nature from grace, thy light from
 mine:

That no strange fire within me
 Which I might vainly think divine;
 Thou Source of life! how blest is he
 Who in thy light the light can see!

196.* T. 595. (169.)

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy
 tears,

God shall lift up thy head;
 Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way; [night
 Wait thou his time, so shall the
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 He ev'ry where hath way,
 And all things serve his might,
 His ev'ry act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light:
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand?
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway,
 To choose and to command,
 With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt
 own

How wise, how strong his hand;
 Thou comprehend'st him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
 He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee,
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee;
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

197. T. 151. (170.)

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
 His promise bears them through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too;
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed;
 And he, who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

2 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit should bear;
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

198. T. 581. (171.)

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child:
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone:
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard and Guide.

4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

IX. *The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

199.* T. 132. (172.)

TO God on high all glory be!
 And thanks that he's so gracious,
 That hence to all eternity
 No evil shall oppress us.
 His word declares good will to men,
 On earth is peace restor'd again
 Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 We humbly thee adore and
 praise,
 And laud for thy great glory:
 Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
 Not frail, nor transitory;
 Thy pow'r is endless as thy praise,
 Thou speak'st, the universe obeys;
 In such a Lord we're happy.

3 O Jesus Christ, thou Son belov'd
 Of thy celestial Father,
 By whom all enmity's remov'd,
 And all the lost find succour;
 Thou Lamb once slain, our God and
 Lord,
 To needy pray'rs thine ear afford,
 And on us all have mercy!

4 O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,
 Thou source of consolation,
 From Satan's pow'r thou wilt, we
 trust,
 Protect Christ's congregation;
 His everlasting truth assert,
 All evil graciously avert,
 Lead us to life eternal.

200.* T. 97. (173.)

MOST holy, blessed Trinity!
 God, prais'd to all eternity!
 Lord over all, whose pow'r did
 frame [same;
 The world, and still upholds the
 All things thou reconcilest unto
 thee; [jesty!
 With awe we now adore thy Ma-

2 Father of Jesus, Lord of all,
 Thee we our God and Father call,
 Since Jesus made us by his blood
 Children, and blessed heirs of God;
 Eternal praise and thanks are due
 to thee, [bought property.
 From Christ's redeemed, blood-

3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain'
 Who didst the human race regain,
 And claim'st it as thy property;
 Worthy art thou eternally!
 For all we are and have is thine
 alone, [thine own.
 Ah! take and keep us evermore

4 O Holy Ghost, to thee we raise,
 With joyful hearts, our thanks and
 praise,
 For leading us to Christ by faith,
 And glorifying Jesus' death;
 O grant that we may all in him
 abide, [bride.
 That he may glory in a faithful

5 We all say, Amen! deeply bow'd
 In presence of the 'Triune God,
 By whom in Christ we're fore-or-
 dain'd,
 To happiness that knows no end;
 With grateful hearts we thank and
 praise the Lord:
 His saving name for ever be ador'd!

201. T. 68. (179.)

HOLY Trinity!
 We confess with joy,
 That our life and whole salvation
 Flow from God's blest incarnation,
 And his death for us
 On the shameful cross.

2 Had we angels' tongues,
 With seraphic songs, [thee,
 Bowing hearts and knees before
 'Triune God! we would adore thee,
 In the highest strain,
 For the Lamb once slain.

202.* T. 230. (174.)

TO the Father thanks and praises,
Whose love in Christ to life us
raises,

And comforts us in all distress ;
Glory, thanks and adoration,
Be giv'n to Christ without cessa-
tion, [peace ;

Whose presence yields us joy and
The Spirit magnify,
Who doth to us apply—Jesus merit ;
Our God revere,—He's present here,
Come, worship Him with filial fear.

2 Father of the congregation,
O what abundant consolation
We in thy gracious counsel find,
Which by Christ was manifested !
His coming in the flesh attested
Thy tender love to all mankind ;
Thy name we magnify—To all
eternity ;

For thy mercies—unbounded are ;
Thy love and care
Exceed our utmost wish and pray'r.

3 Lord, our matchless Friend and
Brother, [other

Thy praises from each day to th'
I'll sing, while I have breath in me:
God, as man to us related !

The grateful sense thou hast created,
To praise excites me pow'rfully ;
Rise, joyful spirit rise,
Exalt his sacrifice,—Hallelujah !
In highest strain—To the Lamb
slain,

Let heav'n and earth reply, Amen.

4 Holy Spirit, we adore thee,
And to thy name give praise and
glory,

For graciously directing us
To seek pardon, peace and favor
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our
Saviour,

From whom alone salvation flows ;
O fill us with his love,
So that our walk may prove—To
his honor ;

And grant that we—Continually
May to thy voice obedient be.

203.* T. 155.

TO the Father thanks are due,
For he gave his Son Christ Jesus,
To release us,

And with gifts abundantly
Doth supply,

From the fulness of his treasure,
Those whom he regards with plea-
sure,

As the Saviour's property.

2 Angels, principalities,
Thrones and pow'rs in heav'nly
places,

Worship Jesus
As the Author of their frame ;
We with them

Praise him for his incarnation,
Human life and bitter passion,
And adore his saving name.

3 Praise the Spirit's mighty work,
For he proves himself most glorious,
And victorious,

And o'er all, who him obey,
Bears the sway :

Doth he not from Christ's salvation
Truth dispense, and consolation,
And to bliss direct the way ?

204. T. 39. (175.)

O FATHER of mercy, be ever
ador'd ;

Thy love was displayed in sending
our Lord [ness we praise

To ransom and bless us : thy good-
For sending in Jesus salvation by
grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, who
deignedst to die,

Our curse to remove, and our par-
don to buy ; [to save,

Accept our thanksgiving, almighty
Who openest heaven to all that be-
lieve.

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and
of power,

We prove thy blest influence, thy
grace we adore :

Whose inward revealing applies
our Lord's blood, [of God.
Attesting and sealing us children

205. T. 206. (176.)

O FATHER! hear—our humble
pray'r:

Us kindly own

As children; since thy Son,

Whom thou so graciously

And free

Gav'st up to die,—Did satisfy

For Adam's race;

Procuring truth and grace.

2 Most gracious Lord,

Eternal Word!

Who flesh wast made,

Our Saviour, Friend and Head:

Thou holy Lamb of God,

Thy blood,

Thy pain and death,

Preserve in faith

Thy church while here,

Till we 'fore thee appear.

3 Dear Comforter!

Receive our pray'r,

Instruct us, Lord,

That we may know thy word,

And thus in love and peace

Increase.

Oh may we all,

Both great and small,

Count all things loss

Save Jesus and his cross.

206. T. 14. (178.)

OUR heav'nly Father, Source of
love,

To thee our hearts we raise;

Thy all-sustaining pow'r we prove,

And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,

Our sacrifice receive;

Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by
thee,

To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's
love

Shed in our hearts abroad;

So shall we ever live and move,

And be with Christ in God.

4 Honor to the almighty Three,

And everlasting One;

All glory to the Father be,

The Spirit, and the Son.

207.* T. 58. (1027.)

GLORY to the Father,

Who in Christ Jesus,

Doth as dear children own, and

richly bless us,

World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,

The man of sorrows,

Who suffer'd, died, rose and re-

vived for us,

That we might live.

3 Glory and obedience,

To th' Holy Spirit,

Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his

merit

To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded

For our salvation,

Let all who breathe, proclaim thy

bitter passion,

For evermore.

208.* T. 58. (181.)

THAT our Lord's views with us
may be attain'd,

We now commend ourselves, with
faith unfeign'd,

To the Father's blessing, to the
Son's favor,

The Holy Spirit's guidance now
and ever, The angels' guard.

209. T. 167. (182.)

MAY the grace of Christ our Sa-
viour,

And the Father's boundless love,

With the Holy Spirit's favor,

Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union

With each other in the Lord;

And possess, in sweet communion,

Joys which earth cannot afford.

210. T. 590. (1029.)

FATHER of angels and of men,

Saviour, who us hast bought,

Spirit, by whom we're born again,

And sanctified and taught;

Thy glory, holy Three in One,

Thy people's song shall be,

Long as the wheels of time shall run,

And through eternity.

211. T. 166. (183.)

THAT peace which God alone reveals,

And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts:

And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,

Pour an abundant blessing down
On ev'ry soul assembled here.

212.* T. 185. (180.)

WITH thy presence, Lord, our
Head and Saviour,

Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear heav'nly Father's love and favor

Be our comfort ev'ry day;
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding

Favor us with his most gracious leading;

Thus we shall be truly blest,
Both in labour and in rest.

213. T. 14. (1028.)

TILL God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find,
The holy, just and sacred Three
Fill with dismay my mind:

2 But when Immanuel's face appears,

My hope, my joy begins,
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sins.

214. T. 185. (184.)

THE Lord bless and keep thee in
his favor,

As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on
thee ever,

And be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift his countenance most
gracious

Upon thee, and be to thee propi-
tious,

And his peace on thee bestow:
Amen, Amen! Be it so!

215. T. 595. (185.)

YE angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

216. T. 22. (186.)

WITH grateful hearts we humbly
praise

Our heav'nly Father for his grace,
Our Saviour who for sinners bled,
The Holy Ghost by whom we're
led.

2 O righteous Father, how divine
Thy grace and mercy! praise be
thine,

Since thou our souls with cords of
love

Hast drawn to thy dear Son above.

3 Jehovah Jesus! unto God
Thou, with thine own most precious
blood,

Hast reconcil'd the world; to thee,
For so great love, all glory be!

4 God Holy Ghost, blest Com-
forter,

With solemn praise we thee revere:
Since we, by thee convinc'd and
taught,

Are to the blood of sprinkling
brought.

217. T. 22. (187.)

THE grace of our Lord Jesus
Christ,

The love of God so highly priz'd,
The Holy Ghost's communion, be
With all of us most sensibly.

218.* T. 132. (188.)

NOW sing, thou happy church of
God,

His favor'd congregation,
Redeem'd with Jesus' precious
blood

From ev'ry tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For the Lamb slain, all praise to
thee

Both now and ever! Amen.

X. *Our Heavenly Father.*

219. T. 22. (189.)

OUR heav'nly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundless
grace

We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2 O God! how dreadful was thy
name,

Until the God-man Jesus came!

We cannot love nor honor thee,
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can tell!
O love divine, unsearchable!

The Father gave his only Son
For guilty sinners to atone.

4 Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son did
part?

Whate'er I want can't be denied,
Since Christ for me was crucified.

220. T. 14. (190.)

BEHOLD what love the Father
hath

On guilty men bestow'd,
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God!

2 O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like himself—th' eternal God!
Past knowledge! all divine!

3 Behold! for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life, us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice!

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of
God,
Who for us liv'd and died,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to
man
Most gloriously display'd,
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love!

221.* T. 22. (191.)

THOU hast the world so greatly
lov'd,

Father, that thou, by mercy mov'd,
Didst give thy well-beloved Son,
By death for all our sins t' atone.

2 That he all who in him believe,
Might in thy family receive;
His sacrifice so great, so dear,
Thou all-sufficient didst declare.

3 As children we are own'd by thee,
Since Christ our Brother deign'd to
be;

We feel thy kind, paternal heart
To us who have in him a part.

4 The whole salvation of thy Son,
And all his merits make our own;
Yea, grant us richly, for his sake,
Of heav'nly blessings to partake.

5 Thou art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assum'd our flesh and
blood;

Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

222.* T. 96. (196.)

DEAR heav'nly Father, we adore
And thank thee for the dreadful pain
Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,
For our redemption didst sustain.
O grant that we may all our days
Live to exalt redeeming grace.

223.* T. 58. (197.)

O SANCTIFY us by thy truth, we
pray,

Christ's glorious brightness in our
hearts display,

We to thy protection ourselves sur-
render,

With filial confidence and love most
tender,

O Lord our God.

224. T. 341. (192.)

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing,
Hear well pleas'd the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heav'n receive:

Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy Son,
In Christ I am thine own.

Stranger long to thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come:

Open wide thy arms and breast,
Take the weary wand'rer home.

3 Thine eye observ'd from far,
Thy pity view'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
'Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine!'

225.* T. 58. (1031.)

LORD GOD, Abba Father,
The whole creation
With us unites in praise and adoration,

To thy great name.

2 Unto thee we render
Eternal praises,
For having manifested in Christ
Jesus,

Thy love to us.

226.* T. 132. (195.)

WHEN Christ, who sav'd us by his
blood,

His foll'wers call'd together,
His farewell was, 'I go to God,
To mine, and to your Father;'
Therefore, believing in the Son,
With filial love we humbly own
Thee, God, our God and Father.

227. T. 14. (199.)

FATHER of all, almighty Lord!
Our Father, and our God!
Since Jesus Christ th' eternal Word,
Assum'd our flesh and blood.

2 Let all with love and filial fear
Thy sacred name adore;

0 may thy kingdom soon appear,
And spread the world all o'er.

3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heav'nly pow'rs;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou see'st best;
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn;
As some have wrong'd us many
times,
And we would pardon them.

6 Let not temptation us befall,
While here our race we run;
But rescue and defend us all
From sin, and th' evil one.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the
pow'r,
O'er angels, and o'er men;
The glory too, for evermore
Is thine; Amen, Amen!

228.* T. 90. (194.)

BE of good cheer in all your wants,
And stedfast on God's word rely,
He, who the greatest favors grants;
The smallest never will deny:
If God could give his Son for us,
What can he then to us refuse?

229.* T. 106. (198.)

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,
That he may draw me unto thee,
Thy Spirit render me his own,
And rule without control in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And keep me in thy peace, O God!

230.* T. 79. (193.)

231. T. 166. (200.)

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for
Trust to his word assuredly, [thee,
However things may go; [sake,
Thy heav'nly Father, for Christ's
Of thy concerns will notice take,
And mercy freely to thee show.

2 My griefs and cares to thee well
known,

My God, I cast on thee alone,
In thee is all my trust;
Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,
Into thy hands resign my will,
And thank thee prostrate in the
dust.

3 I confidently do believe,
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not
For thou my Father art: [leave,
Fill thou my soul with love and faith,
Thus I am rich in life and death;
And from thy love nought shall
me part.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
Hallow'd be thy most blessed
name;

Thy kingdom come; thy will be
done

Always in heav'n and earth the
same;

Give us this day our daily bread;
Forgive our sins, as we forgive;
Into temptation do not lead,
But full release from evil give.

232.* T. 125. (1032.)

OUR Father, great and glorious,
On heav'n's exalted throne,
Thy kingdom prove victorious,
That Jesus Christ, thy Son,
May for his death and passion,
From ev'ry tongue and nation,
Receive a rich reward.

XI. Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

233. T. 22. (202.)

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty
God!

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger
laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning-stars with
joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd
he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy
I see,
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

234.* T. 68. (1033.)

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord!
While the hosts of heav'n adore
thee,
We with awe fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise,
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God!

235. T. 22. (201.)

BEFORE the heav'ns were
stretch'd abroad,

From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was
God,

And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things
made; [stand;

By him supported all things
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in whom the God-
head shone!

4 Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and
tell

The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

236*. T. 172. (203.)

THY majesty how vast it is!

And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess!

Both heav'n and earth adore thee.
The numberless heavenly hosts laud
thy name, [cendent;

Thy glory and might are trans-
Ten thousands of angels thy praises
proclaim,

Upon thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's Equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reignest;

Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest.

Both angels and men view their
Maker as man,

With joy that is past all expres-
sion; [can

O happy, unspeakably happy who
Find in him life and salvation!

3 This myst'ry ev'ry throne and
pow'r

Admires with adoration;

Th' angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation:

The angels and elders before him
fall down, [praising;

With accents melodious him
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him
on the throne,

They render glory unceasing.

4 The church on earth in humble
strain,

Exalteth Christ our Saviour;

She sings, 'The Lamb for us was
Our foe is cast for ever; [slain,
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his
precious blood

Out of ev'ry nation and kindred,
And made us thereby kings and
priests unto God,

To him thanksgiving be render'd.'

5 When Christ in majesty shall come,
With all his bright attendance,

On ev'ry man pronounce a doom,

An awful, final sentence:

Then shall all his enemies quaking
with dread, [to cover;

Wish mountains and rocks them

The ransom'd with gladness will
lift up their head,

And live with Jesus for ever.

237. T. 14. (204.)

O **THE** delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place, [beams

Where Jesus sheds the brightest
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love

Sit smiling on his brow,

And all the glorious ranks above

At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name

Bend their bright sceptres down:

Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs re-
joice

To see him wear the crown.

4 Upon that dear majestic head,

That cruel thorns did wound,

See what immortal glories shine,

And circle it around!

5 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,

Whom we unseen adore;

But when our eyes shall see his face,

Our hearts shall love him more.

238. T. 341. (205.)

WORTHY, O Lord, art thou,
That ev'ry knee should bow,
Ev'ry tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!

2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones and pow'rs!
Source of pow'r, he rules alone:
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!

3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne;
King of kings, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring,
Christ, the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promis'd aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride and self, and ev'ry foe;
All subdue, through all my soul,
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

239.* T. 97. (206.)

THOU reign'st above on heaven's
throne,
The Father's equal, God the Son;
The Holy Ghost to us displays
Thy majesty and boundless grace,
And in the Scriptures clearly doth
explain,
That thou, Lord, madest, and re-
deemedst man.

With awe and reverence 'fore thee,
And at thy name we bow the knee,
As all in earth and heaven join,
To extol thy majesty divine,
And thee, to God the Father's glory,
call - [all.
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord of

240. T. 595. (209.)

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name!
His praises should employ each
tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.

4 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne;
And answers all the law's demands
With what himself hath done.

5 He sees us willing slaves
To sin, and Satan's pow'r;
But with an outstretch'd arm, he
saves,
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts,
To rise and seek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their pow'r controls;
His wisdom, love and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9 Tho' press'd, we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length,
For Jesus is our Sun and Shield,
Our Righteousness and Strength.

10 Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

241. T. 595. (207.)

JESUS, my Lord, my God!
The God supreme thou art,
The Lord of hosts whose precious
blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.

- 2 Jehovah is thy name;
And through thy blood applied,
Convinc'd and certified I am,
There is no God beside.
- 3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.
- 4 Yea, only he who feels:
'My Saviour for me' died,'
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

242. T. 14. (211.)

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye saints in glory, who with joy
Have left this earthly ball,
Your most triumphant songs em-
Extol the Lord of all. [ploy,
- 3 Children of God, who walk by
Ye ransom'd from the fall, [faith,
Show forth your dear Redeemer's
Confess him Lord of all. [death,
- 4 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And hail him Lord of all!

243. T. 595. (210.)

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God, [down,
Who brought the news of pardon
And seal'd it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

244. T. 96.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
Thy like, nor man, nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Ev'n those, whom death's sad fet-
ters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd
round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

- 2 Effulgence of the light divine!
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course be-
gan:
Thou, when th' appointed time was
come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wast man
with man.
- 3 The world, death, sin, oppose in
vain:
Thou, by thy dying death hast slain;
My great deliv'rer and my God!
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,
In vain doth hell its pow'rs engage,
Nought can withstand thy con-
qu'ring blood.
- 4 Lord, who thine own and Fa-
ther's will,
(Which is but one) cam'st to fulfil,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow!
With duteous rev'rence, at thy feet
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth
now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be:
No charms but these to thee are
dear;
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heav'n-born peace
be there.

- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind
Springs forth obedient to thy call:
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t' adore, believe and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my
all.

245.* T. 68. (213.)

JESUS, who with thee
Can compared be?

Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation:

Son of God, with thee
None compar'd can be!

2 Life! thou diedst for me,
From all misery

And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by thy blood
Reconcil'd to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ!

Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me, at thy feet abased;
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4 Nigh to thee draw me,
Give me faith on thee

To depend, and daily bolder
Cast all mis'ry on thy shoulder,
Which I feel in me;
Draw me nigh to thee.

5 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,

Foll'wing thee with love most ten-
der,

So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

6 By thy Spirit's light,
Me instruct aright,

That I watch and pray with fervor,
Trusting thee my soul's preserver:
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

7 Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood

for thee could spend, my Saviour,
Eating world and sin for ever;
Since for me, my God,
Thou didst shed thy blood.

8 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,

And into thy realms convey me,
That thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

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246. T. 341. (215.)

O DAY-SPRING from on high!

In mercy hear my cry:

See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;

Rule in me without control,
May I ever thine abide.

2 Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality,

Feed this tender branch of thine;
By thy influence I shall thrive;
Thou the true, the heav'nly Vine!
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou!
I know, I feel it now.

Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou reviv'st me, thy supplies
Ev'ry moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part.

Thou my Keeper, and my Guide,
Watch me still with tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread!
O Christ, thou art my Head!

Countless benefits on me,
As thy body's member flow;
Nourish'd I, and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will.

Never mortal spake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I listen eagerly [fraught.
To thy words, with comfort

7 High-priest, on thee I call,
Thy blood aton'd for all.

Thou dost still in heav'n above
As the Lamb once slain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a sinner there.

8 Jesus, thou art my King,
Praises to thee I sing.

Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me
thence?

Faith supports, by faith I stand,
By the faith thou dost dispense.

247. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
 Jesus, :: and thee alone
 Our God and Saviour own; [are,
 While pilgrims here on earth we
 We to thy courts will oft repair,
 To offer pray'r and praise:

O God of grace!
 Thy saving name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,
 Worthy :: the Lamb once slain,
 For evermore to reign. [more,
 Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-
 Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
 Honor and majesty
 Be giv'n to thee,
 Now and eternally.

248. T. 22. (216.)

COME, worship at Immanuel's
 feet;

Behold in him what wonders meet!
 Words are too feeble to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Christ is our Head; each mem-
 ber lives,

And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
 The saints below, and saints above,
 Join'd by his Spirit, and his love.

3 He is the Vine; his heav'nly root
 Supplies each branch with life and
 fruit:

O may a lasting union join [Vine!
 My soul, as branch, to Christ the

4 He is the Rock; how firm he
 proves!

The Rock of ages never moves:
 But the sweet streams that from
 him flow,

Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:
 What healing in his beams appears,
 To chase our clouds and dry our
 tears.

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here
 His glory, grace and worth appear;
 His beauties we shall clearly trace,
 When we behold him face to face.

249.* T. 58. (208.)

OUR gracious God be praised ever-
 more,

That Jesus Christ, who all our sor-
 rows bore,

To our hearts so clearly is mani-
 fested,

That with conviction 'tis by us at-
 tested That he is God.

2 O blessed truth which with deep
 awe is heard,

Truth worthy evermore to be rever'd:
 To the man Christ Jesus, a name is
 given

Above all names; all knees in earth
 and heaven

'Fore him must bow.

3 Of this great truth we boldly wit-
 ness bear,

And to mankind this doctrine will
 declare,

That he, who to save us assum'd
 our nature,

And suffer'd on the cross, is the
 Creator Of heav'n and earth.

250.* T. 125. (212, 1086.)

THOU Maker of each creature,

The Father's arm and might,

Thou rulest o'er all nature,

In thy own name, and right.

May we in every station

Enjoy thy great salvation,

And simply follow thee.

2 Lord, let us be increasing

In love and knowledge too;

That we, on thee believing,

In spirit serve thee so,

As in our hearts to savor

Thy matchless grace and favor,

And always for thee thirst.

3 O shed abroad, Lord Jesus,

Thy love in us, we pray;

And let its influence gracious

Our thoughts and actions sway:

Thus in the path proceeding,

To life eternal leading,

We shall thy word obey.

251. T. 22. (1034.)

LORD Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,
 Creator both of earth and heav'n,
 Who wast from everlasting Lord,
 And art as God and man ador'd.

2 Praise be to thee in Christendom,
 Who wast, who art, and art to come,
 Thy lauds shall dwell upon our
 tongues,
 All saints and angels join our songs.

3 Thy incarnation claims our praise,
 We thank thee for thy boundless
 grace:

We love thee since thou man wast
 made,
 And hast as man our ransom paid.

4 Receive our thanks, O Lamb of
 God,

Who hast redeem'd us by thy blood;
 Might all mankind thy name adore,
 For thy atonement evermore.

XII. The Holy Ghost, his Gifts and Operations.**252.*** T. 203. (217.)

COME, Holy Ghost! come, Lord
 our God!

And shed thy heav'nly gifts abroad
 On us, and unto ev'ry heart

True faith and fervent love impart.
 O Lord, who by thy heav'nly light,

Hast call'd thy church from sinful
 night,

Out of all nations, tribes and places;
 To thee we render thanks and
 praises, Hallelujah! :::

2 Thou Light divine! most gracious
 Lord!

Revive us by thy holy word,
 And teach thy flock in truth to call
 On God, the Father of us all:

From all strange doctrines us pre-
 serve,

No other masters may we serve,
 But Christ, who is our only Sa-
 viour!

In him we will confide for ever.
 Hallelujah! :::

3 O Holy Ghost! kind Comforter!
 Help us with watchfulness and
 pray'r,

'Midst various trials thee t' obey,
 And never from the truth to stray:

O Lord, by thy almighty grace
 Prepare us so to run our race,

That we by thy illumination,
 May gain heav'n's glorious habita-
 tion. Hallelujah! :::

253.* T. 58. (218.)

GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us pre-
 serve,

That we from Jesus' doctrine never
 swerve,

Guide us, till to finish our race per-
 mitted,

To Jesus' presence we shall be ad-
 mitted. Have mercy, Lord!

2 O grant us thy divine, thy saving
 light,

That we may understand Christ's
 mind aright,

That we may in Jesus abide for ever,
 Who gain'd a place in heav'n for
 each believer.

Have mercy, Lord!

3 Thou Source of love, God Holy
 Ghost, inspire

Our lifeless souls with love's cele-
 stial fire:

May we, as Christ's members, be
 join'd together

In unity, and truly love each other.
 Have mercy, Lord

4 O thou our highest comfort in all
 need,

Grant that we neither shame nor
 death may dread;

Should we even suffer hard persecu-
 tion,

O give us grace to stand without con-
 fusion.

Have mercy, Lord!

254.* T. 22. (1035.)

GOD Holy Ghost, how gloriously,
In Christ's redeemed property
Is thy almighty pow'r display'd:
The same that earth and heaven
made.

2 When thou thy unction dost
impart,
And breath'st new life into the
heart,

When thy all-penetrating light
Dispels the thickest gloom of night:

3 When thou revealest Christ to us,
And guid'st our eyes unto his cross,
Thy pow'r divine both far and near
In countless wonders doth appear.

255.* T. 4. (223.)

O SPIRIT of grace!
Thy kindness we praise,
In showing to us,
That life and salvation proceed from
Christ's cross.

2 In darkness we stray'd,
Until we were led
By thee to believe,
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sin-
ners receive.

3 Our hearts thou didst cheer,
Dispelling all fear;
We humbly could claim
Salvation and pardon in Jesus' dear
name.

4 Grant us to obey
Thy teachings, we pray,
O Spirit of love,
And thankful to thee for thy mer-
cies to prove.

5 We wish to afford
To Jesus, our Lord,
For his bitter pain,
Joy, honor and glory, 'midst his
chosen train.

6 O therefore impart
Thyself to each heart,
That thus we may show,
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus
we know.

7 Grant us to increase
In knowledge and grace,
Rejoicing by faith
In Jesus' atonement, wrought out
by his death.

256.* T. 9. (221.)

HOLY Ghost, thou God and Lord
Of thy Congregation,
We to thee with one accord
Pay our adoration.

2 For thy teachings, heav'nly
Guide,

O accept our praises!
Have we thee, we're well supplied
With good gifts and graces.

3 Thou explainest unto us
Jesus' incarnation,
And how he upon the cross
Purchas'd our salvation.

4 Thou fill'st with the gospel light
Every land and nation,
Aidst thy witnesses with might,
Under tribulation.

5 Us to Jesus thou hast brought,
And wilt keep us ever
In the faith which thou hast
wrought,
Through thy grace and favor.

6 With maternal faithfulness
Lead his ransom'd people,
And to please him give them grace,
Bear them up when feeble.

7 Daily Jesus' flock thanks thee
For thy kind tuition;
O may we obedient be,
Through thy benediction!

8 Grant, that we may never lose,
Till our dying moment,
The rich comfort which to us
Flows from Christ's atonement.

9 For, our heav'nly Father's love,
Jesus' great compassion,
And thy patience ever prove
Our strong consolation.

10 Amen, Lord God Holy Ghost,
Endless thanks and praises
Gives to thee the ransom'd host,
In the name of Jesus.

257. T. 14. (229.)

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious
Lord,

Thy pow'r to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break each heart of stone.

2 Give us ourselves, and Christ, to
know,

In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pard'ning love display.

3 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

4 Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness
give—
The knowledge of our cure.

5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, then lead the troubled
heart
To Christ's atoning blood.

258. T. 14. (230.)

O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above,
Thou fill'st the soul, through Jesus'
blood,
With faith, and hope, and love.

2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief opprest;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Thy sweet communion charms
the soul,
And gives true peace and joy;
Which Satan's pow'r can ne'er
control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.

4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain:
Nor let their faith and courage
droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

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5 Breathe comfort where distress
abounds,

O make our conscience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jesus'
wounds,
The fest'ring sores of sin.

6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride
remove,

Take out the heart of stone;
Show us the Father's boundless
love,
The merits of the Son.

7 The Father sent his Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd;
The witness Thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.

259. T. 582. (226.)

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-ceasing love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5 If thou, O Comforter!
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law!

6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and courage fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise,
and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

260.* T. 58. (222.)

GOD Holy Spirit, be for ever blest,
That thou to us Christ's death dost
manifest,

And of him the Fountain, whence
flows salvation,

Dost so distinctly give us informa-
tion, And light impart.

2 What of the Father and the Son
we know,

To thy divine instructions all we
owe:

Thro' thy operations we are assured,
That Jesus Christ, who death for us
endured, Is Lord and God.

3 Thanks for revealing to us the
Lamb slain,

And that his blood would have
been shed in vain, [ed,

Had to sanctify us aught else avail-
And could our souls have otherwise
been healed,

Than by his stripes.

4 Christ's meritorious suff'rings
are the sum,

And sole foundation of true Chris-
tendom;

We enjoy, thro' mercy, those com-
forts blessed,

Of which, thro' thee, believers are
possessed, While here on earth.

5 The blood of Christ alone can joy
impart,

Can heal, revive, and cheer the
contrite heart;

Therefore show still clearer to us
his merit,

And lead us daily more, God Holy
Spirit, Into all truth.

6 Have patience with us sinners
ev'ry day, [pray;

Forgive us all our trespasses we
O instruct and warn us without
cessation;

And with thy peace, thy love and
consolation, Fill all our hearts.

7 Of Christ we'll gladly testify
each hour,

Until his kingdom shall appear
with pow'r;

Then will all see clearly, how thou
hast trained

God's children, when they once
shall have attained

To bliss complete.

8 Blest Comforter, vouchsafe us all
the grace, [fulness,

To yield thee joy for thy great faith-
And thy love and patience; from sin

protect us,

And in the narrow way to life di-
rect us, Thou heav'nly Guide.

261.* T. 58. (220.)

THOU Comforter and Guide of
Jesus' train, [dain,

Who dost thyself her ministers or-
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy

favor,

Our souls and bodies we devote for
ever, O Lord, to thee.

2 Where'er we look around, both
far and near, [appear,

The pow'r and glory of the Lord
And such flocks of Jesus are mul-
tiplying,

Who only wish to live, themselves
denying, Unto thy praise.

3 O thou life-giving Stream! the
earth o'erflow,

Whatever would obstruct thy course
break through: [petition,

O most gracious Spirit! hear our
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-
trition,

Thy office 'tis.

4 We pray thee, fill us all with Jesus'
love, [prove:

That we may in his service faithful
Teach us all to deem it the greatest

favor,

With humble, contrite hearts to
serve our Saviour,

Till we shall rest.

5 Unto Christ's congregations in
each place,

Grant, 'midst all trials, comfort,
peace, and grace; [tion,

O may all believers, in ev'ry sta-
Rejoice in Jesus, and in his salva-
tion, God Holy Ghost!

262. T. 341. (1036.)

THOU promis'd Comforter,
Fruit of the Saviour's pray'r,
Thee the world cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light, while void of thee.

2 Yet I enjoy thy grace,
Thro' Christ, my righteousness:
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above,
Pardon written on my heart,
Light and life and joy and love.

3 Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell;
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad:

I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, ev'n I, am born of God.

4 Thy gifts, blest Comforter,
I glory to declare;
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Int'rest in the spotless Lamb,
Dead for all, for me he died.

5 Thou art thyself the seal,
I more than pardon feel:
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy, that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love.

6 Pledge of the promise giv'n,
My antepast of heav'n!
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd;
Heav'n and Christ and All is mine,
I'm through thee an heir of God.

7 Thou art my inward Guide,
I ask no help beside;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy;
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

263. T. 582. (227.)

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead
known,
Apply his precious blood.

His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.
2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
'Thou art my Lord, my God!'

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving pow'r, impart;
O testify to all mankind,
And speak in ev'ry heart!

264. T. 14. (231.)

COME, Holy Spirit, on us breathe,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of our's.

2 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3 Thou art the Earnest of his love,
The Pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

265. T. 79. (232.)

BREATHE on these bones so dry
and dead:

God Holy Ghost! thy influence shed
In all our hearts abroad:

Point out the place where grace
abounds;

Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2 Convince us that the Lamb was
slain

For us, and to our minds explain
The myst'ry of the cross:

To know, and to be found in him,
Let us our highest gain esteem;
And for it count all things but loss.

266. T. 14. (228.)

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter
In all our souls' distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4 Thy holy unction pow'r affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord!
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor
flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6 Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease:
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

267.* T. 22. (224.)

O COMFORTER, God Holy
Ghost!

Thou heav'nly gifts on us bestow'st;
The Pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were
lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace and
grace,

In him, the Lord our Righteous-
ness.

3 Thy unction freely dost impart
To ev'ry poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sus-
tain,
Anointest all the witness train,
Keapest believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and
death.

5 Who can thy operations trace,
Thy kindness, patience, truth and
grace,
Which on God's children thou be-
stow'st,

O Comforter, God Holy Ghost!

268.* T. 583. (225.)

O HOLY Ghost, on this great day
inspire

Our souls, we pray, with Pentecos-
tal fire:

Breathe thou upon us with thy
heav'nly wind,

That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us, and preserve
that fire,

Which will with holy love our
breast inspire,

And with an active zeal our soul
inflame

To do thy will, and glorify thy name.

3 Endow us richly with thy gifts
and grace,

To fit us for the duties of our place;
So open thou our lips, our hearts so
raise,

That both our hearts and lips may
give thee praise.

4 As in thy temple, keep thou resi-
dence

Within our soul, and never part
from thence,

Until we're fitted and prepar'd by
thee,

Life to exchange for immortality.

269.* T. 230. (234.)

THOU great Teacher, who in-
structest [ductest,

Christ's flock, and us to bliss con-
Who noblest gifts to grant didst
deign

To th' apostles, thine anointed,
By thee for that great work ap-
pointed

To teach, reprove and comfort men,
And freely offer grace

Unto the Gentile race;
Lord, have mercy!

Grant us to be—Immoveably
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee!

270.* T. 22. (219.)

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits
flow.

2 Thou heav'nly Teacher, thee we
praise

For thy instruction, pow'r and
grace,

To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Thee of ourselves we could not
know,

Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show
The sin of unbelief to us,
Of enmity to Jesus' cross.

4 When this we felt to be our case,
Then Jesus' blood and righteous-
ness

Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,
Imparting thus thy pard'ning seal.

5 Most gracious Comforter, we
pray,

O lead us further every day!
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6 Till we in heav'n shall take our
seat,

Instruct us often to repeat,
'Abba, our Father!' and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

271. T. 90. (233.)

O THAT the Comforter would
come,

Nor visit as a transient Guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul in-
spire,

Attest that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, Lord, with
fire,

Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiv'n,
A pledge that I'm an heir of heav'n.

3 Grant me th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine!
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:

O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

XIII. *God's Call of Grace to the unconverted
Sinner.*

272. T. 583. (235.)

TEACH us, O Lord! the cross's
mystery,

And grant us docile hearts to learn
of thee;

Thou art as full of love to fallen man,
As when for our redemption thou
wast slain.

2 'I thirst,' thou didst upon the
cross exclaim,

And on thy throne thy thirst is still
the same;

That all may taste thy pard'ning
grace and love,

And ev'n thine enemies thy mercy
prove.

3 Thou hast no pleasure in the sin-
ner's death,

But callest him to come and live by
faith;

Thou sendest messengers of peace
abroad,

Beseeching men, 'Be reconcil'd to
God!

4 'Believe, thou mourning sinner,
that for thee

The Lord did penance on the cross's
tree;

Thereby he triumph'd over sin and
hell,

And gain'd for thee a right in
heav'n to dwell.

5 'Though then unborn, though not
in person there,
Yet in that act of grace thou hast a
share;
Pardon of sin was then for thee
procur'd,
When Jesus death for ev'ry man
endur'd.

6 'For all who flee from Sinai's
fiery wrath,
And look to Calv'ry's sacrifice by
faith,
The Judge supreme, to whom all
pow'r is giv'n,
Ordaineth pardon, happiness and
heav'n.

7 'Just as thou art, to Jesus come,
and live;
Repenting sinners Jesus will re-
ceive;
Be thou e'er so corrupt and stain'd
with sin,
Fear not, his precious blood can
wash thee clean.'

8 Who finds that sin hath quite
o'erspread his soul,
That his own efforts ne'er can make
him whole,
Helpless at Jesus' feet resolves to
lie,
Jesus hath sworn that sinner shall
not die.

9 Though he was dead before, be-
hold, he lives,
The Saviour quick'ning, whom the
Father gives;
Henceforth must sin lie vanquish'd
at his feet,
Through faith in Jesus, he shall
vict'ry meet.

10 How pleasing 'tis a new-born
soul to view,
How doth its happiness our own
renew!
Might all the pow'r of Christ's
atonement prove,
And know the virtue of his dying
love!

273.* T. 217. (236.)

MY Saviour sinners doth receive,
Whom, with sin's galling load
oppressed,

No man nor angel can relieve,
Who have no hope to be redressed;
Who loathe the world and all its
ways,

Dread wrath divine and mourn for
grace;

On whom the law pronounceth sen-
tence,

Condemn'd to hell in their own con-
science;

Such wretched sinners find reprieve,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2 The fondest mother cannot have
Towards her darling such affection
As Jesus show'd, vile man to save;
His love exceedeth our conception.
He left his throne and blest abode,
To bear the sinner's heavy load.
Since he now through his death and
suff'ring

Hath made an all-sufficient off'ring,
Our debt is paid, and we may live;
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 Now is his sympathizing heart
A refuge for the most distressed;
He freely pardon will impart;

By him their debt is quite erased.
His blood, like th' ocean without
ground, [drown'd,

Their sins hath swallow'd up and
The Holy Ghost to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to
heaven;

And prompts them always to believe,
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 They by the Father are esteem'd,
When thus presented by our Sa-
viour;

Heal'd by his wounds, from sin re-
deem'd, [favor;

They prove the Father's love and
He owns them as his sons and heirs,
And all he hath their own declares;
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procur'd for them by Jesus' merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 Might all his loving heart but see,
And know his bowels of compas-
sion

To sinners, straying carelessly,
Or such as mourning seek salva-
tion:

Him, when on earth 'midst sinners
trace;

Zaccheus tastes his saving grace;
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,
Regards her tears and deep convic-
tion,

Her sins, though many, he forgives;
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6 Behold how he with Peter dealt,
Though deep his fall, he show'd
him favor:

Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is still the very same,
Just, good and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he still in exaltation.

Repenting souls, you may believe,
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7 Come, sinners, come, though vile
and base;

Returning prodigals he meeteth;
He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pard'ning kiss he
greeteth.

Why wilt thou stand in thy own way?
Why wilfully be Satan's prey?
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for
ever,

Though he appear'd thee to deliver?
Do not delay, sin's service leave,
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8 Come, ye that heavy laden are,
Come, weary, void of self-assist-
ance;

Though doubting, ready to despair,
Come but to him without resist-
ance.

Behold his heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath he sought for you though
wretched, [ed:

You to embrace, his arms outstretch-
O come to him, believe and live;
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9 Object not, 'I'm a wretch too
base,

Too oft his goodness I have
slighted,

Too often spurned at his grace,
I, who was gen'rously invited.'

Is your repentance now sincere?
Your sorrow genuine? Do not fear;
His pow'r and mercy are unbound-
ed,

None, trusting him, was e'er con-
founded:

He saves whom none else can re-
lieve;

My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10 Think not, 'tis time enough,'
nor say,

'God, who is gracious beyond
measure,

Shuts not the door of grace to-day;
I'll first enjoy some carnal plea-
sure.'

No, God forbid! if you are wise,
Grace, offer'd now, do not despise.

Who slights to-day the invitation,
May ever miss of his salvation.

Come now to Jesus, come and live;
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11 Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gra-
cious Saviour;

Grant I, and all may ardently
Desire thy pardon, grace and favor.

And when temptations would assail
Let thine almighty grace prevail.

May none, who feel sin's condemna-
tion,

Neglect thy gen'rous invitation,
But all experience and believe

That Jesus sinners doth receive.

274.* T. 205. (237.)

SINNERS! come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, and temples
view;

See him bleeding on the tree,
See his heart is pierc'd for you!

View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say,

Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.

2 Who would still such mercy
grieve?

Sinners! hear instruction mild,
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child;
Artful doubts and reas'nings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Mourning souls, who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

3 Through his poverty the poor,
May eternal riches gain;
Open'd is heav'n's mercy-door,
None that comes, need come in
vain.

Here now freely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill;
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.

4 They who search their hearts
with care,

And the blame their own confess,
In the Lamb's redemption share,
To his wounds have free access.

They, who deem themselves the
chief

Of all sinners, and receive
Full forgiveness, peace and rest,
Pard'ning grace can relish best.

5 Cover'd with a holy shame,
Pardon'd sinners they remain:
Yet their freedom they proclaim,
Their adoption they maintain.

Soon as we are taught to cease
Trusting in our righteousness,
Ceases the tormenting strife,
All within is peace and life.

275. T. 585. (238.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and
wretched,

Weak and wounded, sick and
sore!

Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r:
He is able, :::

He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and wel-
come;

God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,

Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, :::

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,

If ye tarry till ye're better,
Ye will never come at all;

Not the righteous, :::

Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you
linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you, :::

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,

Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!

On the bloody tree behold him,

Hear him cry before he dies,

'It is finish'd!' :::

Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended

Pleads the merit of his blood;

Venture on him, venture freely,

Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus :::

Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in con-
cert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name:

Hallelujah! :::

Sinners, here, may sing the same.

276. T. 591. (239.)

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;

He hath seen thy grievous thrall,

And heard thy mournful cry:

He hath pardon to impart,

Grace to save thee from thy fears;

See the love that fills his heart,

And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom,

Nor frown thee from his face;

Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of
God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Hath shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!
Hark, from each as with a tongue
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all his open'd veins,
Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne sur-
round!

These, though sinners once like
thee,

Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief!

While he saith, 'There yet is
room;'

Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

277. T. 22. (240.)

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
Not one of you need stay behind;
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend! the gospel trumpet sounds,
Calls sinners from earth's farthest
bounds;

The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Come all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wand'ers, who are seeking rest;
The poor, the maim'd, the halt, the
blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God re-
ceive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty pow'r,
And strive against your God no
more.

6 See him set forth before your
eyes,
A precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day:
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all.

278. T. 22. (241.)

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready; come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his pierced
hands.

3 Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart;
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
'To triumph in your blest estate:
All heav'n is ready to resound,
'The dead's alive, the lost is
found!'

5 Come, sinners, to your gracious
Lord,
Incline your ear, and hear his
word:
His offer'd grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall
live.

279. T. 22. (242.)

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw
nigh,

'Tis God invites man's fallen
race;

Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-
grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'ers home,
God's grace in Christ is free for
all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain
rise;

For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice!

4 Nothing you in exchange need
give;
Leave all you are, and have, be-
hind:

Thankful the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless
life.

6 To you he calls, 'My goodness
prove,

My promises for all are free:

O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in
me.'

280. T. 205. (243.)

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your Friend:
Think not, that his wrath pursues,
That his curses you attend.

'As I live,' Jehovah saith,
'I do not desire your death;
Rather, rather would I see
Each poor sinner turn to me.'

2 O then turn to him, and live,
Turn to him with all your wo;
He is ready to forgive;
Ready blessings to bestow:

Outstretch'd see his arms of love,
Haste his tender heart to prove;
Haste, ye sinners, you will find,
Jesus casteth none behind.

281. T. 106. (244.)

YE sinners, in the gospel trace
The Friend and Saviour of man-
kind;

Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find.

His thoughts, his words, and ac-
tions prove,

His life and death—that God is
love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who
bears

The sins of all the world away;
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He dwells within a house of clay:
His glory through a veil is seen,
And God with God is man with
men.

3 Behold our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures
home;

He all day long spreads out his
hands;

Come, weary souls, to Jesus
come:

Though ye be e'er so much opprest,
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4 Ah, do not of his goodness doubt,
His saving grace for all is free;
He saith, 'I ne'er will cast him out,
Who as a sinner comes to me;

I can to none myself deny.'
Come, sinners, come; why will you
die?

282. T. 151. (245.)

SINNERS, would ye be healed?

Then come to Jesus Christ;

In him is grace revealed,
Come only undisguis'd;

Come poor and miserable,
Draw nigh just as you are;

You'll find, that he is able
Your losses to repair.

2 His wounds are open fountains
To wash you white all o'er,
Yea, were your sins like mountains,
Or sands on ocean's shore;
Believe in the atonement
By Christ's all-saving blood;
Do not delay one moment,
Come to the Lamb of God!

283. T. 90. (246.)

WHERE shall my wond'ring soul
begin,
While I to heav'nly songs aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and
sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
How shall I due thanksgivings
raise,
And sound my great Deliv'rer's
praise!

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Saviour, which thou hast shown
to me?

That I, a child of wrath and hell,
A happy child of God should be;
Should know, should feel my sins
forgiv'n,

And that I am an heir of heav'n!

3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots and publicans, believe;
He spreads his arms t' embrace you
all,

Repenting sinners he'll receive:
No need of him the righteous have,
He came the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my fellow sinners, come,
Groaning beneath sin's pond'rous
weight;

He calls you now, invites you home!
Come quickly, ere it be too late;

Though foes protest, and friends re-
pine,

He died for crimes like your's and
mine.

5 For you the healing current flow'd
From the Redeemer's wounded
side;

Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory died!

Believe, your sins shall be forgiv'n;
Only believe, and your's is heav'n.

284.* T. 582. (248.)

'COME to me,' saith the Lord,
'All ye who are opprest,
Weary and heavy-laden souls,
And I will give you rest.

'Whoe'er to me will come,
And th' offer'd grace receive,
Him I in no wise will cast out,
He shall be mine and live.'

285.* T. 97. (249.)

SINNERS, your Maker is your
Friend,

He calls you, to his call attend;
'Sure as I live,' to you he saith,
'I ne'er desire the sinner's death,
But that repenting he may turn to
me,
And live for ever.' Lord we come
to thee!

286. T. 11. (247.)

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving 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 heav'n ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and our's
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Sing, ye ransom'd, to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love,

XIV. *Repentance unto Life.*

287.* T. 132. (250.)

LORD Jesus Christ, my sov'reign
Good,

Thou fountain of salvation!

Behold how sin's most dreadful
load

Fills me with condemnation.

My sins indeed are numberless;

O Lord, regard my deep distress,

Relieve my guilty conscience.

2 In pity look upon my need,

Remove thou my oppression;

Since thou hast suffer'd in my
stead,

And paid for my transgression,

Let me not yield to dark despair,

Nor live in constant dread and fear

Of death and condemnation.

3 When I review my mis-spent
days,

I feel a heavy burden;

Reflecting on my trespasses,

I scarce could hope for pardon;

But should be hopeless and forlorn,

Uncertain where for help to turn,

If I had not thy promise.

4 But thy reviving gospel-word,

Which leads me to salvation,

Doth joy unspeakable afford,

And lasting consolation.

This tells me, thou wilt not disdain

A broken heart replete with pain,

That turns to thee, O Jesus.

5 Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,

To thee I make confession;

To my complaints now lend an ear,

Regard my supplication.

My longing is, O wash me clean

From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,

Like David and Manasseh.

6 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,

And pray thee to forgive me;

With contrite heart I thee intreat,

Show pity and receive me;

Cast all my sins and trespasses

Into the ocean of thy grace,

And them no more remember.

7 Oh, for thy name's sake, let me
prove

Thy mercy, gracious Saviour!

The yoke which galls me soon re-
move,

Restore me to thy favor:

Thy love shed in my heart abroad,

That I may live to thee my God,

And yield thee true obedience.

8 Thy joyful Spirit give me pow'r,

Thy stripes heal my diseases;

Apply thy blood at my last hour,

To save me, dearest Jesus!

Then to thy promis'd rest me bring,

That with the ransom'd I may sing

Thy praise above for ever.

288.* T. 75. (252.)

O WHITHER shall I fly,

Depress'd with misery?

Who is it that can ease me,

And from my sins release me?

Man's help I vain have proved,

Sin's load remains unmoved.

2 O Jesus, Source of grace!

I seek thy loving face,

Upon thy invitation,

With deep humiliation;

Oh, let thy blood me cover,

And wash my soul all over.

3 I, thy unworthy child,

Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,

Beseech thee to relieve me,

And graciously forgive me

My sins, which have abounded,

And my poor soul confounded.

4 Through thy atoning blood,

That precious healing flood,

Purge off all sin and sadness,

And fill my heart with gladness;

Lord, hear thou my confession,

And blot out my transgression.

5 Thou shalt my comfort be,

Since thou hast died for me:

I am by thee acquitted

Of all I e'er committed;

My sins by thee were carry'd,

And in thy tomb interred.

6 I know my poverty;
But ne'ertheless for me
Are all good gifts procured,
Since Jesus death endured:
Thus strengthen'd, I may banish
All fears; my foes must vanish.

7 Christ! thy atoning blood,
The sinner's highest good,
Is pow'rful to deliver,
And free the soul for ever
From all claim of the devil,
And cleanse us from all evil.

8 Lord Jesus Christ! in thee
I trust eternally:
I know I shall not perish,
But in thy kingdom flourish!
Since thou hast death sustained,
Life is for me obtained.

9 Lord, strengthen thou my heart:
To me such grace impart,
That nought, which may await me,
From thee may separate me;
Let me with thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

289.* T. 132. (251.)

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God! with heart's contrition;
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,
And hear thou my petition;
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's sin, and great iniquity,
Ah! who can stand before thee?

2 T' obtain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth;
We're helpless, guilty and unclean,
Unless God's grace prevaileth;
We're 'midst our fairest actions
lost,
And none 'fore him of aught can
boast;

We live alone through mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in God's
grace,
And not in my own merit;
On him my confidence I place,
Instructed by his Spirit:
His precious word hath promis'd
me,
He will my joy and comfort be;
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much
abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth;
Sufficient help in him is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth:
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who his lost sheep doth seek, and
lead,
With tender love and pity.

290.* T. 14.

O LORD, afford a sinner light!
In darkness still I stray;
Star of the soul! appear in sight,
And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true
Alone may walk therein;
Who through thy pow'rful grace
subdue
The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth
reign,
And grief corrode my heart;
With things, whose only fruit is
pain,
I'm not inclin'd to part.

4 Resolve my stubborn heart, and
cleave
To Jesus Christ alone:
Would I all other objects leave,
The work at once were done.

5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse
to be
Devoted unto him,
Who died upon the cross for thee,
And did thy soul redeem?

6 Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,
My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,
Thy blood and death have made me
thine,
To thee myself I yield.

7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
A vessel to thy praise;
Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,
And sanctified through grace:

8 So shall I walk the narrow way,
By thee, my Day-star, led;
And love divine, thy heav'nly ray,
Shall o'er my path be shed.

291. T. 14. (254.)

THE Lord first empties whom he fills,

Casts down whom he would raise;
He quickens, when the letter kills,
Exalting thus his praise.

2 All fears and terrors, when he smiles,

At once must disappear;
The bruised and wounded heart he heals,

And feeds with heav'nly cheer.

3 When he applies his healing blood
Unto a sin-sick soul;

This balsam, pow'rful, precious,
good,

Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4 He freely laid his majesty

And all his glory by,
That our wants, through his poverty,
He richly might supply.

5 He's full of grace and truth indeed,

Of peace, of light and life;
To all, that helpless sinners need,
He gives thy soul a right.

6 Though heav'n's his throne, he came from thence

To seek and save the lost;
Whate'er might be the vast expense,
His love would bear the cost.

7 On us he spent his life and blood,
Our losses to retrieve;

Mankind's redemption now holds
For sinners who believe.

292. T. 96. (255.)

THE Lord descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;

O God of mercy, grace and love,
If all the world in thee may live,

In me a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony,

Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,

Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy meritorious death, I pray,

Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,
And humbly bathe them with my tears;

The hist'ry of thy love repeat
In ev'ry mourning sinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful
sound,

That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

293.* T. 14. (256.)

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort's all in thee,

Since I'm assur'd thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.

2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,

Nor angels near thy throne;
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.

3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:

But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Cloth'd in thy righteousness
divine,

O may I see thy face,
Receive the promise from above,
That I'm restor'd by grace.

5 On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,

A living faith bestow;
That I thy mercy, truth and love,
May by experience know.

294. T. 205. (257.)

LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,

Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hop'd I was his sheep;

But my striving all prov'd vain,
Still I found my heart in pain;

Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
Till declar'd accurs'd by law.

2 When with sense of guilt opprest,
All my soul was sunk in fear,

Pain and anguish fill'd my breast:
Then did Jesus Christ appear,

Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious off'ring, precious blood!

3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb:
Worthy truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came,
By his stripes my wounds are
heal'd,
By his death, God's love reveal'd;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

295. T. 581. (258.)

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heav'nly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Softener thou this heart of stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart!

2 By thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn;
Till I can, by grace restor'd,
Say: thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distrest;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast;
Utter the poor sinner's plea;
God, be merciful to me!

5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing through this mortal vale!
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage
fail;
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me!

296. T. 582. (259.)

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see:
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love!

297. T. 582. (260.)

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I venture to draw nigh
With such a load of sin?
And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die? [bleed
Fain would I hope that thou didst
For such a wretch as I.

2 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.
Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive:
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

298. T. 14. (261.)

THE mist before my eyes remov'd,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the num'rous
crimes,

By which I've grieved thee.

2 These were the unrelenting foes,
Which made thee groan and cry;
Caus'd thee to shed thy precious
blood,

And bow thine head, and die.

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen
heart,

And caus'd my tears to flow;

I now abhor that monster Sin,
And find he is my foe.

4 I trust my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,
Who felt, t' atone for man's of-
fence,

The sin-avenging rod.

299. T. 11. (262.)

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints;
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are
I thy love and pity claim: [flame,
With an eye of love look down,
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy Shepherd-care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

300.* T. 205. (263.)

OH, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ be-
stows!

Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace

Lie, and never quit the place,
Never till your suit's obtain'd,
Never till the blessing's gain'd.

301. T. 16. (264.)

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else assuage our grief.

2 Nothing else can ease our bur-
den:

Jesus' precious blood alone
Can produce a sense of pardon,
And dissolve a heart of stone.

302.* T. 66. (265.)

BE not dismay'd—in time of need,
Thy Saviour knows thy irksome
situation;

His heart is mild,—with pity fill'd,
Can't see thy grief without com-
miseration.

2 To Christ draw nigh,—for help
apply,

He will pour out on thee the oil of
gladness;

He feels and knows—thy griefs and
woes,

Will turn to joy and comfort all thy
sadness.

303. T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,
Attend thy suppliant's cry;
And grant me thy salvation,
Or I must faint and die:

A sinner, but relenting,
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,
Falls at thy feet, repenting,
O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above!
Extend to me thy favor,
The gift of pard'ning love;
While strength and spirits languish,
And feeble hopes decay;
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away.

304. T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried
To thee, my God, and sighed:
Hear thou my voice, O Lord!
Regard my supplication;
I wait for thy salvation,
My hope and trust are in thy word.

2 To thee I make confession:
If thou shouldst mark transgression,
Ah! who could guiltless stand?
But mercy interceding,
My Saviour's ransom pleading
For me, I'm sav'd by thy command.

305.* T. 36. (266.)

LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert
not my Saviour, [in my favor,
Were not thy blood still pleading
Where should I, poorest among all
the needy, Find succor ready?

2 What should I do, a sinner vile
and wretched, [outstretched?
Were not thy arms of love to me
But thou my Refuge art, my Con-
solation, And whole Salvation.

306. T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts we
make confessions,
Lord, of our sins and manifold
transgressions;

But thou art merciful, and grace
unmeasur'd

In thee is treasur'd.

2 Before thy cross we bow with self-
conviction, [diction;
Bewail our sins, implore thy bene-
O grant forgiveness and a confir-
mation Of our Salvation.

XV. Faith.

307.* T. 167. (1038.)

ERE we know our lost condition,
Ere we feel our inbred wo,
And exclaim with deep contrition,
'To be sav'd, what must I do?'
Nought can yield true consolation,
Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation
Gives the conscience rest and peace.

2 Living faith, with clearest vision,
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
And in him a full provision,
Righteousness and peace, our own:
Then our days are mark'd with
blessing,
Then our hearts with rapture
glow;
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

308. T. 167. (1039.)

AS the serpent, rais'd by Moses,
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear his gracious invitation:
'I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.'

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death,
Melt each stubborn heart before
thee,
Give us all the eye of faith;
From the law's condemning sen-
tence
To thy mercy we appeal:
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

309.* T. 121. (1040.)

THE Lamb of God was slain,
 Salvation to obtain;
 No sinner need to die:
 Those only who disdain
 His grace, in ruin lie,
 Since they will not flee
 To the treasury
 Of his mercy free.

2 His people now confess
 With joy unto his praise:
 'Though we by one man fell,
 By whose unrighteousness
 We all are sinners still;
 Yet through the Lamb slain,
 Through his toil and pain,
 We true life obtain.'

310.* T. 22. (269.)

IN holy writ it is avow'd,
 That Christ was Israel's Cov'nant
 God,
 The Church's everlasting Head,
 God of the living and the dead.

2 All things were made by Christ
 the Word,
 By Christ was man to life restor'd;
 The Prophets, strong in faith and
 bold,
 His coming in the flesh foretold.

3 No wonder therefore that we read,
 Abra'm to see his day was glad;
 Isaiah too his glory saw,
 And spoke of him with joy and awe.

4 'Tis sure that by his bitter pain,
 He for mankind did life obtain,
 Did for his church on earth atone,
 And for the ransom'd round the
 throne.

5 We love the Lamb of God who
 died:
 Whoever seeketh aught beside,
 Belongs not to our company;
 Christ is our All eternally.

6 Our theme within the church
 shall be [agony!
 Christ's wounds, his griefs and
 Our theme when to the world we
 call,
 His blood, the ransom paid for all.

311. T. 22. (270.)

FAITH comes by hearing God's
 record

Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
 The happy means, which heav'n
 hath blest

To bring us to the gospel-rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
 Redemption of a fallen race,
 Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,
 Which bright from faith to faith
 doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
 We have in Christ our Righteous-
 ness;

By death ' our righteousness he
 bought, [not.

Faith pleads that right, but buys it

4 True faith receives the offer'd good,
 And promise seal'd with Jesus'
 blood;

Faith gives no title to the bliss,
 But takes the Saviour's righteous-
 ness.

5 In the Redeemer, as my Head,
 The cov'nant is established:
 In him the promises are yea,
 In him Amen, and not in me.

312. T. 106. (272.)

FROM life and grace, (this we are
 bold

Before an erring world t' assert,)
 Nothing one moment doth withhold
 A man, but his unwilling heart:

In our dear Lord there's no delay,
 Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2 Should any one of serious frame,
 That long hath seem'd to seek
 his face,

His tedious tasks and trials name
 Preparatory steps of grace;
 We say, 'No, Christ requires them
 not, [wrought.'

And this fine web a false heart

3 Should any think he's so hemm'd
 With sin, as to be past relief, [in

Alas! he knows not, that the sin,
 Which binds his soul, is unbelief:

If to the cross we lift our eye,
 Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4 Ready our Saviour is indeed,
His glorious work in all to do;
To ev'ry one it must be said,
'Thou hadst been happy long ago,
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care
On Jesus Christ, who heareth pray'r.'

313. T. 14. (277.)

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of
heav'n,

And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;

None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the
heart,

'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and
By a celestial pow'r; [hell,
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 True faith obeys its Author's will,
As well as trusts his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us
free,

He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies the heart,
And seals our peace with God;
True holiness nought can impart
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

314.* T. 37. (278.)

THOUGH ev'ry child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do we feel the load
Of sinful nature;
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, though it cause us grief,
Condemn us never.

2 He's merciful and kind
Past all expression;
If we are but inclin'd
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace
And consolation.

3 He grants us, for our tears,
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals and cheers,
Dispels our sadness:
Yea, though our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves, they shall certainly
Rise to perfection.

4 My portion is the Lord,
I seek his favor;
And in his name and word
Confide for ever.

Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure!

5 Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assum'd my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood,
And bitter passion;
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation!

315.* T. 106. (268.)

NOW I have found the ground
wherein [main;
Sure my soul's anchor may re-
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin,
Was as a spotless victim slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heav'n and earth are fled
away.

2 O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far:
Thou show'st paternal tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Thy heart o'er sinners yearns with
love,
Whether thy grace they slight or
prove.

- 3 God in man's death takes no delight;
Each soul may grace and life obtain
In him, who left his glory bright,
Took flesh, and died, and rose again:
And now he knocks times numberless
At our hearts' door, and offers grace.
- 4 O Love! thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
Since Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
'Mercy, free, boundless mercy!' cries.

- 2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM!
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.
- 3 O let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasur'd in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.
- 4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

317. T. 22. (273.)

- 5 By faith I plunge into this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when sin assails, I flee,
And lean by faith on Jesus' breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear—
'Mercy' is all that's written there.
- 6 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.
- 7 Fix'd on this ground may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love!

BY various maxims, forms and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since my Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one;
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient, amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

316. T. 14. (271.)

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail!
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's
crown;
If press'd with griefs and cares be-
fore,
My soul revives, nor asks for more.
8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;
Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where, and 'as he is.

318.* T. 22. (1041.)

WHEN shall I gain the glorious
dress,
Prepar'd to clothe my nakedness?
I need it, Lord; without that vest
I cannot be a wedding guest.
2 When thus I cried in deep dis-
tress,
Christ cloth'd me with his right-
eousness;
And now, thank God, the work is
done,
I put my Lord and Saviour on.
3 When Christ our life shall once
appear,
It will be manifest and clear,
That his atoning blood from sin
Hath wash'd and kept our gar-
ments clean.

319.* T. 11. (274.)

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.
2 Fix, O fix our wav'ring mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind:
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from ev'ry sin.
3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
'Take the purchase of thy blood.
4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
'Triumph in thy pard'ning grace.

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5 Life deriving from thy death,
'They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

6 Blest are they who follow thee,
While this light of life they see;
Filled with thy sacred love
They thy quick'ning power prove.

7 Praise on earth to thee be giv'n,
Never-ceasing praise in heav'n;
Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine!

320. T. 14. (275.)

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to thee re-
pair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once ap-
plied
With trembling, for relief;
'Lord, I believe,' with tears he
cried,
'O help my unbelief.'

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the
press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in
peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

5 Conceal'd amidst the gath'ring
throng,
She would have shunn'd thine
eyes;
And if her faith was firm and
strong,
Strong were her doubts likewise.

6 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.

321.* T. 184. (276.)

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme command:

How can this body's eyes, dim-sighted,
Which by sin's gloomy misery
And earthly shadows are benighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see!

2 Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold and strengthen me.

Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious,
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee bow,

Say, 'I will be to thee propitious,
And loving kindness to thee show.'

3 O Jesus, show thy great compassion

Unto the soul that pants for thee;
Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me!

I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave;
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4 I recommend myself for ever
To thee, with filial confidence;
I pray, O Lord, regard in favor
My tears and humble penitence;
I through thy death am justified,
No condemnation is in me;
I shall remain to thee allied,
Since I am reconcil'd to thee.

5 O let thy spirit still attend me,
Nor from my soul withdraw his light,
Protect, and graciously defend me,
And order all my steps aright;
That I may, without variation,
By humbly walking in thy ways,
Suit to thy will my conversation,
While here I run my mortal race.

6 Jesus, above all else I'll love thee,

My heart, though worthless, be thine own:

Could infinite compassion move thee

To leave for me thy heav'nly throne?

Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee; fix there thy residence
Till I shall be to heav'n translated,
In joy to see thy countenance.

7 Lord, while my faith to thee ascendeth,

O may thy grace descend to me;
Thou art my joy which never endeth,

O fill my heart with love to thee.
I will adore and love thee longer,
Than while my heart its throbs repeats;

The flame of love shall break forth stronger,

When here my pulse no longer beats.

322.* T. 123. (253.)

THE language of true faith
Is this: 'Lord, my Redeemer,
O by thy blood and death,
Be thou my help and shield;
To thee myself I yield;
I'm thine, and thine will be
To all eternity.'

2 'Do what thou wilt with me;
If I am but prepared
A vessel fit for thee,
To live unto thy praise,
Cloth'd in thy righteousness;
By grace thus sanctified
I shall in thee abide.'

323. T. 14. (1043.)

THOU Friend of sinners, hear my cry,

And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

3 Faith is thy gift, thou Lamb once slain,
Gain'd by thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I on thee with confidence
For ever may abide.

324. T. 96. (1044.)

I TO my God am reconcil'd,
With joy his pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me his adopted child,
His love forbids all anxious fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Abba! Abba Father! cry.

325.* T. 184. (279.)

WHEN rising winds, and rain descending,
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to hollow trees repair;
Thus I, in faith, with sin oppress'd,
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee;
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most blessed,
From ev'ry evil shelter me.

XVI. *The Forgiveness of Sins.*

326.* T. 97. (280.)

JESUS, our glorious Head and Chief,
Dear Object of our hearts' belief,
O let us in thy nail-prints see
Our pardon and election free;
And, while we view by faith thy pierced side,
Call thee our Lord and God, who for us died.

2 The doctrine of Christ's blood and death,
Imparting life to us through faith,
A myst'ry is, which is reveal'd
To babes, but from the wise conceal'd;
Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth is known;
Of this the ransom'd sing before God's throne.

3 While human nature doth exist,
While Jesus reigns as Lord and Christ,
So long of the whole gospel this
From first to last the substance is;
All, to whom God his counsel doth reveal,
To this as truth divine can set their seal.

4 Should any virtuous seem to be,
And blameless from his infancy,
And scarcely ever have been tried
By avarice, by lust, or pride,
And therefore think, 'I am a child of God,'
He's deaf and blind, and quite mistakes the road.

5 All those who, through a beam of light,
Can see and own they are not right,
But enter on a legal strife,
To mend their former course of life,
And toil and labour hard from day to day;
Such also miss to happiness the way.

6 But sinners, who, with pungent smart,
Bewail the vileness of their heart,
Mourning because of unbelief,
Of sinners deem themselves the chief,
Despairing of their self-made righteousness,
They may depend on Jesus' saving grace.

7 To such he saith, 'Arise and live,
I freely all thy sins forgive,
I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,
Thyself in faith to me resign;

Obey my voice, and walk in all my
ways,
I'll grant to thee in heav'nly realms
a place.'

8 His Holy Spirit we receive,
And on our Saviour's word believe;
We trust in his atoning death,
As the foundation of our faith,
And in his robe of righteousness ar-
ray'd,
Are 'midst his chosen richly com-
forted.

9 The humble sinner's shame we
feel,
And pow'r divine to do God's will,
These are combin'd in ev'ry heart
That in Christ's merits hath a part;
No more, for want of strength, good
motions die,
Since Jesus gives us constant vic-
tory.

10 We rest in Christ, and yet desire,
Because his love our hearts doth
fire,
To serve his cause with all our
might,
And deem our Saviour's burden
light;
Don't we succeed, we think our-
selves to blame,
And if we do, we praise his holy
name.

11 Should self-complacency take
place,
When we review our faithfulness,
We're soon with inward shame
bow'd down,
Forget ourselves, and freely own,
That Jesus works in us whate'er is
good,
And thank him for the pow'r he
hath bestow'd.

12 Grace is the only wish and pray'r
Of all those who God's children are;
They meditate by night and day,
How they may true obedience pay
To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his
death;
And grace unmerited supports their
faith.

327.* T. 22. (281.)

THE Saviour's blood and right-
eousness

My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well array'd, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my num'rous sins t' atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expung'd the dreadful
score

Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and
death

Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain, when called
hence,

My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and
love,

And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments
swerve;

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea:
'Here is a sinner, who would fain
Through the Lamb's ransom en-
trance gain.'

7 Thus Abraham was sav'd by
grace,

Believing in Christ's righteous-
ness;

And all the ransom'd saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:

8 'All glory, pow'r, and might
pertain

Unto the Lamb, for he was slain;
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to
God.'

9 While here on earth I still re-
main,

This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;
And both in word and deed proclaim
The pow'r of Jesus' saving name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee!

That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made

Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord!

God's only Son, eternal Word!
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds and death,

I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

328.* T. 590. (282.)

GRACE! grace! O that's a welcome sound!

A joyful sound to all,
Who clearly see, and deeply feel
The mis'ry of the fall:
Who rightly know the wretched state

Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ selects them to enjoy
In heav'nly realms a place.

2 Grace! how exceeding great to those

Who, ready to despair,
Asham'd confess, and truly know
How vile and weak they are!
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,

'Directly come, who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.'

3 All we, who now are his, were first

Deeply convinc'd of sin;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,

The leprosy within:
Then life and righteousness divine,
Through faith, to us were giv'n;
Thus we a happy people are,
Joint-heirs with Christ of heav'n.

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4 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,
That in thy service we

May active, true, and faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee:

O may we still in thee abide,
For babes we are most weak,

Poor sinners still, who without thee
Can nought think, act, or speak.

5 We thirst, O Lord! give us this day
To taste more of thy grace,

More of that stream which from the rock

Flow'd through the wilderness.
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,

Grace keeps us inly poor;
And Oh! that nothing but thy grace

May rule us evermore!

329.* T. 583. (283.)

O WHAT a depth of love and boundless grace

The gospel-light to sinful men displays,

When Christ himself to us doth manifest,

And we in him find comfort, peace and rest!

2 When on the soul this blessed truth's impress'd,

That through Christ's death we may find grace and rest;

Oh, how doth this refresh the fainting heart,

And bid all anxious doubts and fears depart.

3 For such poor sinners, who of nought can boast,

Who think themselves irreparably lost,

Who groan beneath sin's heavy galling load,

The Lamb of God hath shed his precious blood.

4 Virtue goes forth from him, he gives us grace

With confidence his Father to address,

And then we boldly may to all declare,

That we, through faith in Christ, God's children are.

330.* T. 16. (284.)

WHEN a sinner in affliction
Mourneth on account of sin,
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
But no pow'r of faith within;
2 While a flood of tears is gush-
ing,
'Where shall I find Jesus,
where?'
While the troubled soul is wish-
ing,
'O that he my Saviour were!'
3 In a moment stands before us
Jesus with his pierced side;
Now we find, that he's desirous
Us from wrath to screen and
hide.
4 Thus, the soul at once obtaineth
Pardon from the sinner's Friend;
To true happiness attaineth,
And to life which hath no end.

331.* T. 14. (285.)

WHAT joy or honor could we have,
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honor were!
2 Of nothing we have ever done
To boast could we desire,
When he to judge us shall appear,
Whose eyes are flames of fire.
3 None is so holy, pure and just,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea, or self-defence,
Of any weight could prove.
4 Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Christ, who took away our sins,
His blood and righteousness.
5 We know the righteousness com-
plete,
Which he procur'd for all;
We know the kind reception giv'n
To the poor prodigal.
6 We know the Shepherd's love,
who left
The ninety-nine behind,
And through the desert anxious
went,
The hundredth sheep to find.

7 To him poor sinners may appeal
With all their misery;
The angels joy to see them come,
Christ calleth, 'Come to me.'

332.* T. 14. (286.)

HAPPY the souls who contrite are,
Them Jesus doth invite,
And gives to everlasting bliss
A never-failing right.
2 Though comforted, they still dis-
trust
Their own untoward heart;
And wonder, that the Lord to them
Such mercy could impart.
3 To world and sin they bid adieu,
His pardon daily prove,
Desiring larger draughts to drink
Of Jesus' dying love.
4 When thus the blessings of his
blood
And merits we enjoy,
Yea, from the fullness of his grace
Take daily fresh supply;
5 Then we with pity look on those
Who still in darkness are,
Inviting them to turn to Christ,
And in his mercy share.
6 For we, through grace, are taught
to think,
Each sinner that we see
May pardon, through Christ's pre-
cious blood,
'Obtain, as well as we:
7 Since Jesus' pardon, love and
grace,
Produce an humble shame,
And us excite with thankfulness
His goodness to proclaim.

333. T. 14. (287.)

WITH glorious clouds encom-
pass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Will God appear to me?
2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart!

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of
man?
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh ap-
pear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee
near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul re-
veal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds, which all my sorrows
heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith, confest
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
Array me in salvation's vest,
Declare to me thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
A Saviour crucified:
And then the pard'ning God I
know,
And feel his blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see:
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

334. T. 90. (288.)

O CAN it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his
pain?

For me, to make my peace with
God?

Amazing love! how can it be,
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all; my Maker dies!
Who can explore his vast design?

In vain the highest seraph tries
To sound the depths of love
divine;

When this became my only plea,
He freely pardon'd sinful me.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace!
Impell'd by everlasting love,
He bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
I know that Jesus saved me.

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's
night;

His eyes diffus'd a quick'ning ray,
I 'woke, the dungeon flam'd with
light,

My chains fell off immediately,
I rose, went forth, my heart was
free.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness di-
vine,

Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown thro' Christ
my own.

335. T. 14. (289.)

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his
death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd
the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be
hid?

For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which
said,

‘I freely all forgive;

This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live.’

7 Thus, while his death my sin dis-
plays

In all its blackest hue,

(Such is the mystery of grace)

It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful
joy,

My spirit now is fill’d,

That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill’d.

336. T. 582. (290.)

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,

Or wash away the stain.

2 Christ, the true Paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;

A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree;
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice!
Our curse he did remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

337. T. 151. (291.)

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
Near unto death he found me,
And snatch’d me from the grave;
To tell to all around me
His wond’rous pow’r to save.

2 A dying, risen, Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he’ll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
’Tis only—look and live.

338. T. 96. (292.)

O THOU, who pardon canst impart,
Thy pard’ning grace I wish to
feel;

Give life unto my lifeless heart,
And my diseases kindly heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

2 Vain are all other helps beside,
Relief from thee alone can flow;
Other physicians have I tried,
Yet only worse and worse I grow;
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And say unto me: ‘Be thou clean.’

339. T. 151. (293.)

MY Lord, how great the favor,
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro’ thy blood’s sweet savor,
Approach thy mercy-door!
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace,
Then wait the welcome message,
That bids me go in peace.

2 In my forlorn condition,
Who else could give me aid?
Where could I meet compassion,
But in the church’s Head!
In mercy, O receive me,
Thou God, who hearest pray’r!
From ev’ry evil save me,
Dispel each needless fear.

3 I’ll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints,
But ever be entreating
Thee, glorious King of saints,
To form me in thine image,
And fill my soul with love,
Till I to thee my homage
Pay with the saints above.

340. T. 22. (294.)

THE one thing needful, that good
part,
Which Mary chose with all her
heart,
I would pursue with heart and
mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But Oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heav'n
and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy
blood,
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

341.* T. 58. (295.)

THE more forgiveness thou dost
deign t' afford,
The more thou art belov'd, most
gracious Lord:

We are all great sinners, before
thee, Saviour,

O therefore grant to us the grace
and favor To love thee much.

2 How merciful art thou, O God
of love!

How doth each needy soul thy
comforts prove!

Who to thee can render due com-
pensation?

In heav'n and earth thy mercy and
compassion Unequal'd are!

342. T. 14. (296.)

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake
forgive,

It cannot be for mine;

My pow'r, the pardon to receive,
My faith, is all divine:

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,
And gladly own from first to last,
That I am sav'd by grace.

*XVII. The Surrender of the Heart to Jesus.***343.** T. 582. (297.)

UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who, to retrieve my loss,
Became a man and died for me
Upon th' accursed cross;
Unto the Prince of Life,
Who felt such racking pain,
While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain:

2 To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,
As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;

That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,
And from me take whate'er him
grieves,
Whate'er he sees not right.

3 How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,
And how exceeding short I fall
Of what I ought to be:
Compassionate High-Priest,
To thee I must appeal;
My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal!

4 In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,
To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,
I pray wash out my stains:
It is thy daily care,
Thy helpless sheep to feed;
To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5 Redeemer of my soul!
Whene'er thereon I think,
How thy compassion, love and
grace,
From sin and hell's dark brink
Have sav'd and rescu'd me,
And how thy cleansing blood,
Applied unto my heart by faith,
Hath brought me nigh to God:

6 I in the dust adore,
Amaz'd at grace so free,
Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,
And ask, 'How can it be,
That sinners, base and vile,
Should be so greatly lov'd,
Who cost thee so much pain and
grief,
And so ungrateful prov'd?'

7 Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care;
Thy great compassion never fail'd,
Thou heard'st my needy pray'r;
This makes me firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the
way
That leads to ZION's hill.

8 Dear Saviour, I resign
My worthless heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distress'd,
Thine, thine alone I'll be:
My only aim is this,
(O may I it fulfill!)
Thee to exalt with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

344.* T. 22. (298.)

O GOD of mercy, grace and love!
Thy yearning bowels did thee move,
To call me from death's gloomy
night
Into thy own amazing light.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
The carnal mind still bore the sway,
And hurried me a slave away.

3 It caus'd thee pain, O Son of
God,
To see the purchase of thy blood
So deeply sunk in misery,
And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4 Thou drewest me with cords of
love, [prove;
Till thou at last didst conquer
Till sin's strong pow'r thou hadst
supprest,
And till my weary soul had rest.

5 Now thro' thy wounds my soul
hath found [ground;
Peace, righteousness and solid
I've now obtained, thro' thy grace,
Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

6 I thee adore, my gracious King,
And joyful Hallelujahs sing,
My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow,
For all the mercies thou dost show.

7 Faithful to thee I now engage
To be throughout my pilgrimage;
Accept my life and soul, my King,
Pledg'd to thy service these I bring.

8 Nature's reluctance over-rule,
The worldly, carnal mind control,
O may I always have in view
Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9 Thus by thy pow'r I here shall be
Prepared for eternity, [love,
Walk with my God, him serve and
Till I shall live with him above.

345.* T. 168. (299.)

O! AT last I've found my Saviour,
Who laid down his life for me:
He (O undeserved favor!)
Own'd me as his property:
Conscious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on his direction:
I will nothing know beside
Jesus and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
In this poor world's vanity;
Meanwhile shall my heart's affection

On my Saviour fixed be,
On his meritorious suff'ring,
And sin-expiating off'ring:
To the world I bid adieu,
Christ alone I have in view.

3 Jesus cur'd my soul's infection
By his soul's dire agony:
From his death and resurrection
Life and pow'r redound to me;
By the virtue of his merit
I shall heav'nly joys inherit,
And ev'n here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;
When I'm weak he strengthens me,

Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly:
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

5 O! I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think he shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my ev'ry tear:
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heav'nly places;
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

346.* T. 22. (300.)

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God!

Cleanse us in thy atoning blood!
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be

For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and death,
[breathe,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
[wrought;
To know the wonders thou hast
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell

Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee both earth and heav'n
must bow;

Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

347. T. 580. (301.)

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,

When I was lost and dead in sin,
To hear thy quick'ning voice?
Have I obtained in thy blood
Redemption, and found peace with God!

And do I in thy name rejoice?

2 O yes, I feel I am forgiv'n,
A foretaste I enjoy of heav'n,
Thy Spirit witness bears;
By faith thy righteousness is mine,
I'm well-assur'd that I am thine,
My soul no condemnation fears.

3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
I have not this salvation known
By tracing legal ways;
Lo! 'twas thy pow'r rais'd me from sin,

Thou didst the saving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the praise.

4 May I be faithful to thy call,
Surrender unto thee my all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5 Me with thy gladd'ning oil
anoint;
The destin'd path thou dost appoint
Gladly I then shall tread;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with heav'nly manna feed.

348.* T. 106. (302.)

O GOD! whose love (immense in height,
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;

Grant unto me thy saving light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy gracious call invites me still,
How light thy burden is to prove;
Yet I'm unsteady; though my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;

Great hindrances obstruct the way,
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;

Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
At rest my wand'ring mind can't be;

Oh, when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my wishes to thee tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and be alone
The spring of ev'ry motion there:

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

349.* T. 106. (303.)

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!

My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:

O may my heart to thee aspire,
And nought on earth but thee desire.

2 Dear Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;

O banish self-will from my heart,
From all its latent mazes there;
And grant, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3 Each moment draw from earth
away

My heart, that humbly waits thy
call,

Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all!'

Thy love to taste, thy voice to hear,
Thy pow'r to prove, is all my pray'r.

350. T. 90. (304.)

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving-kindness prove,

And all within me pants anew
T' enjoy thy all-reviving love:

Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
Unto thy name is my desire.

2 But O! what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and
skies?

My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;

'Tis all I have to offer thee;
O take me as thy property.

3 O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdu'd by sin;

Guide me, my life, my truth, my
way,

Thy blood preserve my garments
clean,

O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4 Send down thy likeness from
above,

Thine image, Lord, on me im-
press;

Fill me with wisdom, patience,
love,

With purity and lowliness:

These precious gifts on me bestow,
That I may in thy knowledge grow.

5 O Lord, be thou my shield and
light,

Since I am call'd by thy great
name;

In thee my wand'ring thoughts
unite,

Of all my works be thou the
aim:

Thy grace attend me all my days,
My sole employment be thy praise!

351.* T. 376. (305.)

'GIVE me thy heart, my son,' thus
saith the Lord,
'Give me thy heart, and listen to
my word;

Observe my ways,
Walk in the path of grace;
In foll'wing my direction
I'll grant thee my protection.'

2 'Tis only this which Christ of us
desires;

He to promote our welfare this re-
quires;

How blest are they
Who Jesus' voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him our God and Saviour!

352.* T. 376. (306.)

O TAKE my heart, and whatsoe'er
is mine,

Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine;
To thee I'll live,
And soul and body give;
My words and whole behaviour
Be rul'd by thee for ever.

2 But give thyself, my Jesus, unto
me,

And dwell within my heart con-
tinually:

O Lord, remain
My joy 'midst grief and pain;
From thee, my soul's beloved,
May I ne'er be removed!

353. T. 14. (307.)

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;

So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2 I thank thee, that in mercy thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Arous'd me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

3 Complete thy work, and crown
thy grace,

That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that small still voice,
Which whispers only love.

L

4 Which teaches me what is thy
will,

And tells me what to do;
Which fills my heart with shame
when I

Do not thy will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

354. T. 74. (308.)

O LORD in me fulfil
Whatever is thy will;
To thee I now resign
Myself, and all that's mine;
'Thine, only thine I'll be,
And live alone to thee.

2 Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop and die;
Continually I've need
By faith on thee to feed.

355.* T. 155. (309.)

LORD, thou mad'st the universe,
I, though dust, am yet thy crea-
ture,

Spoil'd by nature,
Yet desire to cleave to thee;
Make thou me,
Like the clay thine hand can
fashion,

To a vessel of salvation,
Fitted for eternity.

2 Jesus, grant to me the grace
'To rely on thy direction,
And protection:

And in thee, my only guide,
'To confide,
Yea, th' unshaken trust to cherish,
'That, though heav'n and earth
must perish,

Firm thy word and truth abide.

3 I resign myself to thee,
With me do whate'er thee pleases,
Gracious Jesus;

May I have to thee always
Free access:
And in faith and love proceeding,
On celestial dainties feeding,
Grow in knowledge and in grace.

4 Banish from me what's not right,
In thy blood O cleanse me wholly,
Make me lowly;
From whate'er displeaseth thee
Set me free;
And preserve my soul and senses
From all hurtful influences;
Only thine I wish to be.

356.* T. 11. (310.)

GRANT, most gracious Lamb of
God,
Who hast bought me with thy
blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry!
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord! I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity,
To remain thy property.

357.* T. 79. (1085.)

LORD, take my sinful, worthless
heart
As thine, thy grace to me impart,
And deep thy seal impress;
Take me into thy special care,
Secure my soul from ev'ry snare,
Thyself find always free access.

2 Make me a bosom friend of
thine,
Upon thy breast may I recline,
Preserv'd from needless fears;
And when this earthly house I
leave,
Into those mansions me receive,
Where thou wilt wipe away all
tears.

358.* T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal
mind,
Consume what is not right in me,
Whether the world in chains me
bind,
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heav'n:
For thou requirest, that my heart
Without reserve to thee be giv'n,
Resolv'd for thee with all to part.

359.* T. 15. (312.)

SEARCHER of hearts, thou
know'st, thy love
My heart hath captivated;
My soul is closely to thee join'd,
Ne'er to be separated.

2 All thou demandest I give up,
Lord, without hesitation;
But never, never will I leave
Thee and thy congregation.

360. T. 184. (313.)

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our
Saviour,
Thy condescending mercy prize,
T' accept of us (O boundless fa-
vor!)
As of a holy sacrifice:
Of us, though sinful, poor and
needy:
Grant that we freely unto thee
May offer up both soul and body,
To love and serve thee faith-
fully.

361. T. 590. (314.)

PRESENT your bodies to the
Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy off'ring unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchas'd you.

XVIII. *Communion with Christ.*

362.* T. 132. (315.)

JESUS, thou art my heart's delight,
My joy and my salvation;

Thy presence yields me day and night
Abundant consolation;

Thee I desire to love and praise,
Since thy great love and boundless grace
Are every thing unto me.

2 Thou art the Way, thy Spirit is
As my Conductor given;

In foll'wing thee I cannot miss
The path to life and heaven;
Thy word be my unerring guide,
Preserve me lest I turn aside,
Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3 Thou art the Truth, in thee I've
found

All that which is essential;
Without thee all is empty sound,
In thee is strength substantial:
O Truth! set me at liberty,
That I depend on none but thee,
By whom I can be healed.

4 Thou art my Life, thy pow'r divine
Shall influence ev'ry motion;

O may thy Spirit me incline
To true, unfeign'd devotion:
Thus I eternal life shall gain,
And, till my latest breath, remain
A member of thy body.

5 Lord Jesus, thou my Shepherd art,
Who diedst for my transgression;
When lost, I caus'd thee pungent
smart,

When found, joy past expression:
Ah! best of Shepherds, ever keep
Within thy fold thy helpless sheep,
Protect me from all danger.

6 Thou art my faithful Friend in
need,

My flesh and bone, my Brother;
Thy faithfulness and love exceed
That of the fondest mother:

Thou art my Healer when I'm sick,
My Cordial strength'ning me when
weak,

My Refuge in all trouble.

7 O Lord, how very short I fall,
When on thy praise I enter!

Thou art, indeed, my All in all,
In thee my wishes centre:
Whate'er I want, thou art to me;
O let my heart incessantly
Be by thy love inspired.

363.* T. 58. (316.)

WHAT peace divine, what perfect
happiness

Our Saviour's presence to our hearts
conveys!

Unto us poor sinners thereby is
given

A blessed antepast of bliss in
heaven,

And lasting joy.

2 Although, dear Jesus, we can't
see thy face,

We richly may enjoy thy love and
grace,

Since thou hast pronounced those
souls thrice blessed,

Who, though they do not see thee,
are possessed

Of faith in thee.

3 Were we but all desirous, day
and night

Thee to enjoy, O what supreme del-
ight

Would both soul and body taste in
thy favor!

We then with all our hearts could
say, 'Dear Saviour,

Who is like thee!'

4 Long-suff'ring, merciful, and kind
to be,

Forgiving daily and abundantly,
To heal, cheer, and comfort, and

show'r thy blessing
On us, with looks thy tender love
expressing,

Is thy delight.

5 Gracious Redeemer, grant to us
while here,
In thy salvation constantly to share,
May our souls and senses, without
cessation,
Prompted by love and need, for con-
solation Unto thee look.

6 Thus in communion may we live
with thee,
Happy like children, till thy face
we see;
Though, while here we tarry, we're
often grieved,
May we apply to thee and be re-
lieved In all distress.

364.* T. 228. (317.)

HOW bright appears the Morning-
Star,
With grace and truth beyond com-
pare,

The royal Root of Jesse!
O David's Son, of Jacob's line,
My soul's belov'd, and King benign,
Thou cam'st from heav'n to bless
me.

Precious,—gracious,
Ever glorious,—and victorious,
Is my Saviour,
Nought but he can please me ever.

2 From him descends a beam of joy,
When he, with a complacent eye,
Beholds his needy creature:

Immanuel! my sov'reign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood
Renew my very nature.

Grant me,—richly,
Through thy merit—to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear my ardent supplication.

3 The Father from eternity
In mercy was inclin'd to me,
Through thee, his Well-beloved:
I, as a member of thy bride,
In thee, my Jesus, can confide:
Thy love remains uninvolved.

Oh! I—have joy,
That in heaven,—with thanksgiv-
ing,
Thee my Saviour
I shall love and praise for ever.

4 Tune all your notes to songs of
praise,

If you can earthly music raise,
To join celestial concerts;

Be Jesus your delightful theme;
In him, and in his saving name,
Are center'd all our comforts;

Joyful,—awful,

Be the phrases—of our praises,
'Tis our duty,

'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5 Before the world I make my boast,
That he in whom I place my trust,
Is Lord of light and glory:

At last he'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclos'd before me;

Amen!—Be then praise and bless-
Never ceasing, to him given, [ing,
Here, and by the hosts of heaven!

365.* T. 185. (318.)

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human
nature?

'Twas for me he man became;
While the whole world's Saviour I
confess him,

As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,
And his merits I apply
To myself especially.

2 When with him, my Lord, in
closest union,

I can all things else forget,
In his fellowship and blest com-
munion,

I heav'n's bliss anticipate;
By his presence he dispels all sad-
ness, [gladness;

Filling my poor soul with joy and
Though I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same.

3 When my mind pursues this me-
ditation,

That the all-creating Word
Hath by his humanity and passion,
To God's image man restor'd;

I regard my body as Christ's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my vessel, through his grace,
In due honor to possess.

366.* T. 68. (319.)

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share!

He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

O! his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drown'd;
Pure delight is found,
Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heav'nly bliss and consolation.
Ev'ry grief is drown'd
Where such bliss is found.

367.* T. 4. (320.)

LORD Jesus, my pray'r
Is, while I am here,
In union to be [bly.
With thee and thy people insepara-

2 Concern'd for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore,
'Fore thee to be contrite, and lowly
and poor.

3 O were my whole mind
And spirit inclin'd
To show forth thy praise,—To serve
thee with gladness, and walk
in thy ways!

4 If question'd by thee:
'Say, lovest thou me?'
I own I shall prove—deficient, O
Lord, yet thou know'st that I
love.

5 John's portion so blest,
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee, [shall be.
When time is no more, I for ever

368.* T. 159. (321.)

'TIS the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care;

This done, our steps are safe and
sure,

Our hearts' desires are render'd
pure,

And nought can pluck us from his
hand,

Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true
rest,

But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:

Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth ap-
pear

Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;

I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God:

Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,

Where countless pardon'd sinners
meet,

Adoring at his feet.

369.* T. 14. (322.)

THY child so minded ever keep,

Let me know nought beside
Thee, who wast slain me to redeem,
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2 O may we, Saviour, step for step,
Bear thee sweet company,

Thus will, whate'er we undertake,
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee in all our wants
Child-like still closer fly,

Directing still throughout our
course,

By faith to thee our eye.

4 Although but little we can do,
Yet 'tis our hearts' desire,

To do that, which affords thee joy,
More we do not require.

370.* T. 206. (323.)

THOU Lamb once slain, :||:
 Whose love the same
 Doth still abide,
 Though oft severely tried;
 I am no longer mine :||:—but thine,
 Bought with a price;—As sacrifice
 Accept the whole
 Of spirit, body, soul. :||:
 2 My King benign! :||:
 I'd fain be thine;
 Not any thing,
 No smallest hankering,
 Cause me while here I stay,
 My dearest Lord, from thee :||:
 To stray;
 No, may each breath—Exalt thy
 death,
 And sing thy praise
 For thy unbounded grace. :||:

371.* T. 36. (324.)

O LET thy countenance, most lov-
 ing Saviour,
 Shine on me day and night, and
 let me ever
 Have of thy presence, and thy gra-
 cious dealing

A tender feeling.

2 That soul and body, on thy merit
 feeding,
 May daily be from grace to grace
 proceeding,
 With thee at peace, in tend'rest
 love's communion,
 And perfect union.

372. T. 14. (325.)

JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
 Be thou my heart's delight,
 Remain my fav'rite theme always,
 My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee,
 May I be found each hour;
 Humble in heart, and constantly
 Supported by thy pow'r.

3 May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
 Throughout my future race,
 True faith and constancy impart,
 To live unto thy praise.

4 The myst'ry of redeeming love
 Be ever dear to me:
 Till I shall once in heav'n above
 For ever dwell with thee.

373. T. 14. (326.)

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my
 heart!

Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee!

2 If there's a fervor in my soul,
 And fervor sure there is,
 It shall be quite at thy control,
 To serve thee only rise.

3 'Tis vain in earthly things for
 bliss
 To seek, none can be found,
 Till Jesus Christ our object is;
 In him true joys abound.

4 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his
 love,
 To feel his quick'ning grace;
 And all the bliss I seek above,
 Is to behold his face.

374. T. 14. (327.)

'TIS heav'n on earth by faith to see
 Thy face, my gracious Lord;
 The noblest, most substantial joys
 Thy cheering smiles afford.

2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy
 saints,
 Who love thy face to see,
 Shall have, while in this vale of
 tears,
 Kind visits oft from thee.

3 O let my soul with thee converse,
 Who art my chief delight;
 For the whole world can't ease my
 heart,
 If banish'd from thy sight.

375. T. 79. (328.)

O JESUS, everlasting God,
 Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
 Upon mount Calvary,
 And finish'd there redemption's toil;
 Thus I became thy happy spoil:
 All praise and glory be to thee!

2 Fain would I think upon thy pain,
 Would find therein my life and gain,
 And firmly fix my heart
 Upon thy wounds and dying love;
 Nor ever more from thee remove,
 Till from this world I shall depart.

3 The more through grace myself I
 know,
 The more inclin'd I am to bow
 In faith beneath thy cross,
 To trust in thy atoning blood,
 And look to thee for ev'ry good,
 Yea, count all earthly gain but
 loss.

376. T. 90. (329.)

THOU hidden Source of calm re-
 pose!

Thou all-sufficient love divine!
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for thou art mine:
 Thou art my fortress, strength, and
 tow'r,
 My trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The balm to heal my broken heart,
 In storms my peace, in loss my
 gain;

My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty pow'r;
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My refuge in temptation's hour;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and
 thrall,
 My life in death, my All in all.

377. T. 22. (331.)

'TIS through the grace thou dost
 bestow,

O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
 Grant that I in humility
 For evermore may cleave to thee.

2 The privilege to be with Christ
 In union, can't enough be priz'd;
 Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
 Grant me this privilege, O God!

378. T. 79. (330.)

O THAT we could for ever sit
 With Mary, at our Saviour's feet,
 Be this our happy choice!
 Our only care, delight and bliss,
 Our joy, our heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's cheer-
 ing voice.

2 O may his love our hearts inspire,
 Nought else on earth may we de-
 sire,

Nought else in heav'n above;
 Let earth and all its trifles go,
 Give us, O Lord! thy grace to know,
 Give us to feel thy precious love.

379. T. 146. (332.)

O WHAT is Christ to me!
 Who hath for my diseases
 Found out a remedy,
 And ev'ry grief appeases;
 My ever faithful Friend,
 My Confidant most true,
 On whom I can depend,
 In joy and sorrow too.

380.* T. 230. (334.)

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
 When any trial us assaileth,
 Or when we're needlessly distrest;
 Jesus, show on each occasion,
 That thou our strength art, and sal-
 vation,
 Our shield, our hiding-place and
 rest:

O may we constantly
 Look up by faith to thee,
 Who redeem'd us:
 And daily prove
 That thou art love,
 Till we shall be with thee above.

381.* T. 79. (333.)

CAN any contemplation
 Compare with that sensation,
 O Christ, that we are thine!
 That our names on the pages
 Are written, where the wages
 Are enter'd of thy love divine.

382. T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
 When I feel thee, Saviour, mine!
 What is this world's joy or treasure
 To the thought, that I am thine?
 Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
 Cannot sooth the watchful soul:
 Joy and grief, rest and employment,
 Sacred be to thee the whole!

383.* T. 185. (336.)

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation,
 Blessed mansion, lov'd abode!
 There my Lord had oft his resting
 station,
 Converse held in friendly mood;
 With that bliss which Mary highly
 savor'd,
 I could wish this day still to be
 favor'd;
 But thy presence makes to me
 Ev'ry place a Bethany.

384.* T. 244. (335.)

THOUGH we can't see our Saviour
 With these our mortal eyes,
 Our faith, which tastes his favor,
 The want of sight supplies:
 Our hearts can feel him near,
 So that to us 'tis clear,
 His presence is as certain
 As if we saw him here.

385. T. 586. (337.)

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives
 and dwelleth
 In us, O what consummate bliss!
 This from our hearts all gloom dis-
 pelleth,
 Our life of heav'n a foretaste is.
 Lord Jesus, hear our supplication!
 Let all of us in ev'ry station,
 Be truly join'd to thee,
 Until eternally
 Thy face we see.

XIX. *The Happiness of Children of God.*

386.* T. 114. (338.)

JESUS, my King, thy kind and
 gracious sceptre [me:
 Assuageth ev'ry grief that burdens
 When I with all my heart apply to
 thee, [Preceptor;
 Then thy peace-giving Spirit's my
 Thy comforts so refresh and cheer
 my heart,
 That fear and restlessness must
 soon depart.

2 The gifts of Christ are so inesti-
 mable,
 That all the world nought equal can
 afford;
 What are the treasures which the
 worldlings hoard?
 To comfort weary souls they are
 not able;
 But Jesus can and doth abundantly;
 All earthly joys will fail, but never
 he.

3 How highly blest, how happy is
 the spirit,
 Which, weary of self-working, inly
 mourns,
 And unto him for aid and succour
 turns!
 The humble ev'ry good from him
 inherit;
 He to the troubled soul imparteth
 ease,
 Restoring to the wounded con-
 science peace.

4 That which the law could have
 imparted never, [grace;
 Is then produc'd alone by Jesus'
 This is the source of genuine holi-
 ness:
 This changes and reforms our whole
 behavior;
 From strength to strength, from
 grace to grace led on, [run.
 We safe proceed, until our race is

5 O may I look to Christ without
cessation!

Come visit me, thou Day-spring
from on high,

That in thy light the light I may
esp'y,

On grace depending as my sole
foundation;

Confirm my faith, grant that no
fault in me

May intercept the light that beams
from thee.

6 Thou Source of love, I rest in
thy embraces,

Thou art alone my everlasting
Peace!

My only treasure is thy boundless
grace;

'Tis heav'n on earth to live upon
thy mercies;

And since in thee all happiness I
find,

I seek nought else to satisfy my
mind.

387.* T. 115. (339.)

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep
of Jesus,

And to be guided by his Shepherd-
staff!

Earth's greatest honors are, how-
e'er they please us,

To this compar'd, but vain and
empty chaff:

Yea, what this world can never
give,

May, through the Shepherd's grace,
each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture rich and never-
failing,

Here living waters in abundance
flow;

None can conceive the grace with
them prevailing,

Who Jesus' Shepherd-voice obey
and know;

He banisheth all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to ever-
lasting life.

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in
lasting pleasure,

Must come to Christ, and join his
flock with speed;

Here is a feast prepar'd, rich be-
yond measure,

The world meanwhile on empty
husks must feed:

Those sheep may share in ev'ry
good,

Whose Shepherd doth possess the
treasures of God.

388.* T. 164. (340.)

O DAYS of solid happiness,

O antepast of heaven!

When, in th' accepted time of
grace,

We know our sins forgiven:

Cleans'd in the precious flood

Of Christ's atoning blood,

Enjoying in our hearts by faith

The blessings purchas'd by his
death.

2 The peace of God then fills the
soul,

And heals the wounded spirit;

The broken heart is then made

By virtue of his merit; [whole,

Yea, his sweet looks of grace

Convey such happiness,

That we, in his redeeming love,

Anticipate the bliss above.

3 But why do tears, grief and dis-
tress

Sometimes allay our gladness,

And, though we've tasted pard'ning
grace,

Still often cause us sadness?

Because we can't forget

Our former wretched state,

And that the grace on us bestow'd

Cost Jesus ev'ry drop of blood.

4 When thus we contemplate the

It fills us with amazement, [cost,

We take it prostrate in the dust,

With joy, yet deep abasement;

For all that we possess

Is undeserved grace,

By torments on the cross procur'd,

When he for rebels death endur'd.

5 How pleasant is our lot, yea good
 And great beyond expression!
 For, having cleans'd us by his blood,
 He bears us with compassion,
 Applies his healing pow'r
 To us each day and hour:
 Yea, we in Him redemption have
 In death itself and in the grave.

6 And this at last our theme shall
 be,
 When, call'd to see our Saviour,
 We join the glorious company
 Around his throne for ever;
 Then we in highest strain
 Shall praise the Lamb once slain,
 Who hath redeem'd us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to
 God.

389.* T. 218. (341.)

HOW blest am I, most gracious
 Saviour,

When filled with thy sacred love!
 With grief oppress'd, I seek thy
 favor,

And thy reviving bounty prove:
 The dismal clouds of night must
 vanish,

When joys divine my heart replen-
 ish,

While I recline upon thy breast:
 Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;
 Such comforts to all those are given,
 Who seek in thee their peace and
 rest.

2 If my sin's burden would op-
 press me,

Or legal thunders me affright,
 Or fear of death and hell distress
 me,

By faith to thee I take my flight:
 In thee I always find protection,
 'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's in-
 fection,

Thou art my Shield and Hiding-
 place;
 Though foes should join in combi-
 nation,
 Who shall condemn? Lord my
 salvation,
 My confidence is in thy grace.

3 If thou through thorny paths wilt
 lead me,
 I'll simply trust in thee, O
 Lord;

The clouds at thy command must
 feed me,
 And rocks must drink to me af-
 ford:

In thy kind leadings acquiescing,
 I'm sure to meet with nought but
 blessing;

If I have thee, it doth suffice:
 I know that souls to bliss created,
 Who shall to glory be translated,
 Must humbled be before they
 rise.

4 Friend of my soul! O how con-
 tented

Am I, when leaning upon thee!
 By sin I am no more tormented,
 Since thou dost aid and comfort
 me.

O may the heart-reviving feeling
 I have of thy most gracious deal-
 ing,

A foretaste yield of joys above.
 I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,
 For Jesus is my delectation,
 And I'm an object of his love.

390.* T. 582. (342.)

JESUS, thou hast reveal'd
 Thyself to me by faith,
 And to my heart made manifest
 Thy wounds, thy blood and
 death.

Thy name and cross alone
 To me can comfort yield,
 Since I thereby, as thy reward,
 To God am reconcil'd.

2 My soul, though deeply bow'd,
 Is cheered by thy grace,
 Now I no more need toil and strive
 In search of happiness;
 But am assur'd that thou
 Hast all my sins forgiv'n,
 And by thy painful death for me
 Procured life and heav'n.

3 Thou who didst love me first,
Teach me to trust in thee
Unshaken, till I thee above
Shall praise eternally:
Ev'n here thou art my song,
Thy grace doth richly claim,
That thy church militant on earth
Give glory to thy name.

4 Unfeigned thanks receive,
For thy unbounded grace,
From us, who in thy name believe,
And wish to walk thy ways;
And who are bound to thee,
Because thou hast us gain'd,
And for us, by thy precious blood,
Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5 The merits of thy death
Each day to us apply,
And grant, that to the throne of
grace
We boldly may draw nigh;
That we may mercy find,
And help in time of need;
Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,
From grace to grace proceed.

6 Thy cross and saving name
We freely will confess,
Thy gospel we will spread on earth,
And sound thy matchless praise;
To all mankind point out
Thee, our incarnate God,
Who hast redeem'd us from the
fall
By thy atoning blood.

391.* T. 11. (343.)

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
Who, of Jesus' grace possess,
Cleave to him by living faith,
Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ their Head they
share
Happiness beyond compare;
Since on him their hopes they build,
He is their Reward and Shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
If in him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant Friend,
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of his love,
Doth their strength in weakness
prove.

5 They who simply to him cleave,
From his fulness grace receive;
And throughout their mortal days,
Their employment is his praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,
And alleviates all their cares;
They in truth, with heart and
voice,
Evermore in Christ rejoice.

392.* T. 166. (344.)

WITH grateful hearts we all de-
clare,

That in Christ's congregation
We may substantial blessings
share,

Since he is our Salvation;
And he requires of us, that we,
Deeply abas'd before him,
Stir up each other heartily
To love, and to adore him.

2 The grace is great, unspeakable,
The privilege unbounded,
That we, although deserving hell,
By sin most deeply wounded,
Are by the virtue of Christ's death
From sin's pollution cleared,
And, cleaving unto him by faith,
Are one with him declared!

393. T. 590. (345.)

JESUS, whose hands once pierc'd
with nails

Were stretch'd upon the wood;
Out of whose wounds in plenteous
streams

Flow'd the atoning blood:
How safely rests a weary child,
Who keeps thee, Lord, in view;
Let unbelief say what it will,
This is for ever true.

- 2 The more the Lamb of God we view,
The more we walk in light;
His gracious presence doth dispel
Sin's dark and dismal night:
The cheering beams which Christ the Sun
Of righteousness displays,
Enkindle many a lifeless heart,
And love unfeigned raise.
- 3 Is there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
That warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jesus' blood alone:
This precious balm can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This stream of life makes whole!
- 4 Hark, O my soul, what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark! 'The Lamb slain' for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone;
The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, in endless day,
Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.
- 5 This, while on earth, we will declare
Cheerful, in our degree,
That through Christ's all-atoning blood
Each soul may happy be.
But thou, O Lord! make ev'ry day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy pierced side,
And worship at thy feet.
- 394. T. 132. (346.)**
O IF the Lamb had not been slain,
To save us from perdition,
And everlasting life to gain,
What had been our condition?
But since poor sinners favor'd are
To have a Friend so very dear,
We cannot but be happy.
- 2 With all our errors and mistakes
He bears, and loves us dearly;
A contrite soul He ne'er forsakes,
That acteth but sincerely.
When the whole heart to him is giv'n,
We have a foretaste here of heav'n,
In fellowship with Jesus.
- 3 When we have fail'd, and deeply mourn
That we the Spirit grieved;
And to our Lord for comfort turn,
We quickly are relieved:
Whene'er we say, with humble shame,
'Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,'
He saith, 'Thou art forgiven.'
- 4 As pardon'd sinners we rejoice,
With Jesus' congregation;
Above all other things we prize
His bitter death and passion;
His wounds, his tears, and bloody sweat,
We bear in mind, nor can forget
His unexampled mercy.
- 395. T. 115.**
O HAPPY days, days mark'd with solid blessing,
In converse spent with our best friend below!
Then streams of heav'nly comfort, rich, unceasing
From Jesus' wounds and merits to us flow;
Thus we for his appearance wait:
When we shall rest with him, our joy will be complete.
- 2 Meanwhile our lot is fall'n in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage we have indeed:
The Lamb to follow and show forth his praises,
And in his footsteps with his flock to tread.
May we, by nothing drawn aside,
Maintain our part with him, and with his chosen bride.

3 Accept us as we are, though poor
and needy,
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy
grace;
That we, as vessels for thy use
made ready,
In word and deed thy sacred name
may praise,
And care in true simplicity,
As thine espoused souls, for what
belongs to thee.

4 How precious are thy thoughts,
beloved Saviour,
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the
sum how great!
Already here we in thy sight find
favor, [ticipate:
In thy sweet nearness heav'n an-
And oh! what bliss awaits us there,
Where we with the redeem'd shall
in thy glory share.

5 But since none these great pro-
mises inherit,
But they who here are purified in
heart,
From all defilement of the flesh and
spirit
Cleanse us, to us true holiness im-
part,
That we ourselves to thee may yield,
Till thy whole counsel be in each of
us fulfill'd.

396. T. 594.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God con-
verse!
No angel's tongue t'express is able,
What feels a sinner free from curse;
Such bliss t' enjoy in all its meaning
Implies, our sinful hearts to know,
And by the holy Spirit's training
Before the cross of Christ to bow.
2 From thence true heav'nly life
deriving,
With cleansing pow'r from sin's
each stain,
Partakers of his grace reviving,
Within us all is born again;
We hunger then for food substan-
tial,

M

And thirst for life's exhaustless
stream, [tial;
In Christ we find all things essen-
And he abides our bliss supreme.

3 Thrice happy they, who by ex-
perience
Have known this change from death
to life, [patience,
Who look to him with faith and
While pilgrims in this world of
strife: [salvation,
His blood-bought grace and full
Their solace prove, while here be-
low, [probation,
And when complete their faith's
To see his face with joy they go.

397. T. 70.

OUR lot how blessed!
How great the happiness
By us possessed!
With Jesus' flock of grace
To feed upon his death and merit,
And thus be render'd with him one
spirit.

2 He sought and found us,
Who far from him had stray'd,
With love-cords bound us,
And to his flock us led:
This causes us with exultation
To joy in him and in his salvation.

3 The aim and purpose
We all know well, why he
In mercy chose us:
'Tis our high destiny,
That we, from world and sin es-
tranged, [changed.
Into his image be form'd and

4 Though we are feeble,
We humbly trust, his grace
Will us enable
To live unto his praise,
May we be still in spirit poorer,
And make our calling and election
surer.

398. T. 14. (347.)

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the
sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
to fear,

And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and
snares,

I am already come;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe
thus far,

And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord hath promis'd good to
me,

His word my hope secures;

He will my Shield and Portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart
shall fail,

And mortal life shall cease,

I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

399.* T. 97. (352.)

MY All in all, my faithful Friend!
Upon whose mercy I depend;
Than aught in earth or heav'n more
dear;

My Paschal Lamb from year to year;
My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star,
my Guide, [abide!

Thou art my God, and ever shalt

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy
band,

Beset my soul on ev'ry hand:

When fails my strength, and ev'n
the light

Of reason seems immers'd in night,
Thee, the great Counsellor I still
can trace,

Unsearchable in wisdom, pow'r and
grace.

3 Since thou to me didst being give,
And bad'st me for thy service live,
Metest thou my few remaining hours,
Thy staff support my failing pow'rs;

Inspire each thought and word, and
let my race

Be run in righteousness before thy
face.

4 And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,

To view from Calv'ry's sacred brow,
Fair Salem's tow'rs, whose builder
Thou!

That city, where thou dwell'st as
Lamb and Light:

Thus shall no danger my weak soul
affright.

5 When, all my labors o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,

I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchas'd by thee, my gracious

Lord,
Ev'n then thou know'st, my glory
and my crown

Thou Jesus shalt abide, and thou
alone.

400. T. 22. (348.)

MY Saviour left his throne, and
came

From guilt lost sinners to redeem,
That they might have their sins for-
giv'n,

And find in him their peace and
heav'n.

2 Daily may I from thee receive
That peace the world can never give,
Since thou, upon the cross's tree,
By death hast gain'd that peace for
me.

3 Lord, I am thine, O take me now,
I in the dust before thee bow,
Asham'd, that I no sooner ran
To thee, the Saviour of lost man.

401. T. 205.

HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat, O tell me where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth and fame,
All confess 'It is not here:—

Jesus crucified to know,
This alone is bliss below;

Him to see, adore and love,
Shall be perfect bliss above.

402.* T. 4. (349.)

DEAR Lord, when I trace

The offers of grace

Received from thee,—Thy draw-
ings of love from my first in-
fancy:

2 I fall at thy feet;

Thy mercy's so great,

I'm lost in amaze:—Thy love and
forbearance all thought far sur-
pass.

3 I now wish to be
Devoted to thee,
Who for me hast died;—Grant that
I may serve thee, and in thee
abide.

403.* T. 83. (351.)

O REJOICE, Christ's happy
sheep!

For your Shepherd will for ever
You, his flock, in safety keep;

You are objects of his favor:
Only fast unto him cleave,
You he'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

*XX. Gratitude of the Heart for the Incarnation,
Passion and Death of Christ.*

404.* T. 119. (353.)

THANKS and praise, :||:
Jesus, unto thee are due;
O accept our adoration,
For the blessings which accrue
From thy human life and passion;
May our hearts and lips with one
accord
Praise thee, Lord! :||:

2 For thy death :||:
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanor
Praise thee, yea each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honor,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee. :||:

3 O how great :||:
Are the blessings we derive
From the fulness of our Saviour!
They who him by faith receive,
And desire to taste his favor,
From this source may freely take
always
Grace for grace, :||:

4 Ah remain, :||:
Ah remain our highest Good!
In our hearts, dear suff'ring Saviour,
Shed thy dying love abroad;
This will rule our whole behavior;
Us with love inspire, till we shall be,
Lord, with thee. :||:

405.* T. 14. (355.)

O JESUS, for thy matchless love,
Accept our warmest praise;
Since thou didst leave thy throne
above,
To save a sinful race.

2 Thanks for thy suff'rings, tears,
and cries,
And groans in thy distress;
The source of never-fading joys,
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince
of Peace,
When hanging on the tree;
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for thee!

4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing
cry,
And meritorious death:
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

406. T. 14. (354.)

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what angel's thought
can reach?
What mortal's tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on
high,
Left the bright realms of-bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and
die!

Was ever love like this!

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say:
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O may the sweet, the blissful
theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming
name,
And join the sacred song.

407. T. 167. (356. 1052.)

SING with humble hearts your
praises,
For our Saviour's boundless
grace:

Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
Come with thanks before his
face:

Praise him for his death and bleed-
ing,

All our happiness lies there;
Praise him for his gracious leading,
Praise your faithful Shepherd's
care.

2 Praise for ev'ry scene distressing,
Praise for all thou didst endure,
Praise for ev'ry gift and blessing
Which thy griefs for us procure;
In thy ransom'd congregation
Shall thy death our theme re-
main,

Till thou com'st with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once slain!

2 Thou, to purchase our salvation,
Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be:
Fill'd with awe, and humbly bow-
ing,

At thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in all,

408.* T. 58. (1051.)

O SING, ye people rais'd from
Adam's fall,
Let Hallelujahs now ascend from
all:

Praise ye God rejoicing, for our sal-
vation

This child is born: this blest divine
donation Is God with us.

2 Praise be to Christ! for us he
vict'ry gain'd,

In judgment he our cause by right
obtain'd,

We are his through mercy: to him
our Saviour

We'll humbly cleave, till we shall
have the favor

To see his face.

3 While saints in glory praise their
heav'nly King,

Let his church militant thanksgiv-
ings bring,

Since 'tis solely owing to Jesus'
passion,

That no believer needs a separation
From God to fear.

4 Thy saving name be hallow'd
evermore,

Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom come
with pow'r;

Might all nations render to thee the
glory,

Since not one sinner is despis'd be-
fore thee, Saviour of all!

409. T. 185.

DEAREST Jesus, in this world a
stranger,

How delightful 'tis to me,
To behold thee lying in a manger,
In the deepest poverty!

How do I rejoice to see my Maker,
Of my human nature a partaker,
Urg'd by love, forsake his throne,
For my sins by death t' atone!

2 He's my God, my flesh and bone,
my Brother,

Born to suffer death for me:
He's my Saviour, I know of none
other,

He my All in all shall be:

I confess with joy and exultation,
From his birth, his life, and bitter
passion,

All my hopes and joys arise;
Him above all else I prize.

3 Oh! what comfort flows, as from
a fountain,

When I, by his spirit led
To Gethsemane and Calv'ry's
mountain,

See my Saviour, in my stead
Suff'ring, bleeding, on the cross ex-
piring,

Life and peace and rest for me ac-
quiring,

Then his merits are applied
To my heart: for me he died!

410. T. 71.

DIDST thou forsake thy throne,
My nature to put on,

My God and Saviour:

For thy unbounded love,

O may I grateful prove,

Both now and ever!

2 Lord Jesus, who for me

By thy humanity

Hast gain'd salvation,

Take in return the whole

Of spirit, body, soul,

As an oblation.

411.* T. 244. (357.)

REDEEMED congregation,

Extol with one accord

The God of our salvation,

Sing praises to the Lord:

For us he man became;

And still abides the same;

To make us all one spirit

With him, is his blest aim.

412.* T. 590. (359.)

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb
of God,

My soul so sensibly?

'Tis when I view the fervent love,

That urged thee to die;

And feel that from thy precious

blood,

So freely shed for me,

Flows all my happiness in time,

And in eternity.

2 This grace, as long as life shall
last,

I humbly will proclaim;

I, who a sinner void of good,

Who dust and ashes am:

'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,

Eras'd it ne'er shall be,

That by thy meritorious death

Thou hast redeemed me.

3 Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,

While here below I stay:

I'm lost in wonder and amaze,

When I thy goodness weigh,

That I, poor sinner, am become

A child of thine, through grace,

And being thine, a joyful heir

Of ceaseless happiness.

4 With contrite tears I thee adore,

And thank for mercy free;

I'll in my walk show forth thy

praise,

Ev'n in my small degree,

If thou support me with thy aid,

As my most gracious Lord;

Th' imperfect service which I yield,

Will joy to thee afford.

5 Whenever my frail nature

swerves

Beyond the proper bounds,

Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain

it gives,

How grievously it wounds;

With eager haste I therefore flee,

And safely wish to hide

Within thy wounds, O God my

Rock,

And in those clefts abide.

6 O thou, who to redeem my soul

Didst on the cross expire,

Grant I may love thee in return,

Be this my fix'd desire:

Henceforth no more to cherish self,

But to thy praise to live,

Who lovedst me, and out of love

Thyself for me didst give.

7 Thy suff'rings then, and bitter

death,

My heart shall e'er retain:

And earnestly I'll shun through

grace,

All that which gives thee pain;

For nothing now which this vain world
 Can offer or devise,
 Can yield me any further joy,
 Nought but my ransom price.
 8 For ever then remain engrav'd
 Deep in my heart's recess;
 Thee whom I wish to love in truth,
 O may my mouth confess: [fold
 Grant that each sheep within thy
 Thy mark impress'd may bear,
 Until thou, at the judgment day,
 In glory shalt appear.

413.* T. 151. (360.)

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
 Pours out his life and blood,
 Thee to restore to favor,
 And reconcile to God;
 His death thy guilt erases,
 His stripes give thee relief,
 Rise then, and sing his praises
 Who turns to joy thy grief.
 2 How is my soul delighted,
 Tho' shame o'erspreads my face,
 When I, by faith excited,
 The Lamb of God can trace
 In all his bitter passion,
 Till dying on the tree!
 He bare my condemnation,
 And gained life for me.
 3 I see him in the garden
 Shed floods of bitter tears,
 Sinking beneath the burden;
 I hear his anxious pray'rs;
 I see him pine and languish,
 As on the ground he lay,
 Till, through his pores in anguish,
 The blood-sweat forc'd its way.
 4 I fully am assured
 My Saviour loveth me,
 By all he hath endured
 In his great agony; [rows,
 His back plough'd o'er with fur-
 His side pierc'd with a spear,
 And unexampled sorrows,
 His boundless love declare.
 5 My fav'rite theme is Jesus,
 All else I count but loss;
 His love all thought surpasses,
 Ah, view him on the cross!

Thence hope and consolation
 I freely can derive;
 Were he not my salvation,
 I could not bear to live.
 6 Near Jesus' cross I tarry;
 On him I fix mine eyes,
 Behold him spent and weary,
 A bleeding sacrifice;
 In heaven of his glory
 I shall obtain a sight,
 But here, his suff'ring beauty
 Remains my chief delight.

7 What undeserved favor
 Hath Jesus to me shown!
 Might I recline for ever
 Upon his breast, like John.
 'Tis my heart's inclination,
 Like Mary, oft to sit,
 Until my consummation,
 Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8 In my forlorn condition
 Thou, Lord, didst me receive,
 Thou savedst from perdition
 My soul, and bad'st me live:
 With inward spirit's ardor,
 I thank thee for thy grace;
 Thyself this heav'nly fervor
 Of love to thee increase!

414.* T. 146. (361.)

LORD Jesus, who for me
 Hast endless bliss obtained,
 And as thy property
 My soul by blood regained:
 Accept a weeping eye,
 A warm and grateful heart,
 Though a thank-off'ring poor,
 Yet take it in good part.
 2 Jesus, thy dying love,
 And thy blood-bought salvation,
 By day and night shall prove
 My fav'rite meditation.
 While I commune with thee,
 As though before mine eyes
 I saw thee bodily,
 My faith this vivifies.
 3 I look to Golgotha,
 For me I view thee languish,
 And melt like wax away
 Before thy pain and anguish;

By faith I see God's wrath
In what on thee did fall,
The fountain too and bath
For my offences all.

4 Most gracious God and Lord!
Mankind's almighty Saviour!
Worthy to be ador'd
By all both now and ever!
Those souls are blest indeed
Who thee embrace by faith,
As thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

5 In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever;
Thy suff'rings shall remain
Deep on my heart imprest,
Thou Son of God and man!
Till I with thee shall rest.

415.* T. 149. (362.)

WHEN I Christ in spirit trace
As the world's Creator,
And regard the sinfulness
Of my fallen nature;
I revere—him with fear:
But his expiration
Yields me consolation.

2 Heart-reviving is the view
Of our lovely Saviour;
Him our highest good to know,
Be our whole endeavour;
We're unclean,—full of sin,
But the stripes of Jesus
Heal all our diseases.

3 Lamb of God, all praise to thee!
Thou hast vict'ry gained,
And upon the cross for me
Endless bliss obtained;
Thou art mine,—I am thine;
May my whole demeanor
To thy name give honor.

416.* T. 146. (364, 1053, 636.)

WE sinners void of good,
Defil'd by sin and stained,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gained,

As helpless, vile and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore
For our blest lot of grace.

2 When we thy mercy weigh,
How nails and scourges tore thee,
Our debt immense to pay,
We melt in tears before thee:
Thy pain, thy stripes and wounds,
Thy death, thou Lamb once
slain,
Whence all our bliss redounds,
Our grateful praises claim.

3 Eternal thanks be thine,
Author of our salvation!
Thou didst our hearts incline,
T' accept thy invitation;
We are thy property,
O may we thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That thou for us hast died.

4 Might with an iron pen
This truth divine be graven;
For sinners Christ was slain,
To purchase life and heaven:
Unwearied we prolong,
And joyfully repeat
The blessed gospel song;
'Tis ever new and sweet.

5 Lord, teach us how to prize
Our great predestination,
And thankful to rejoice,
With thy dear congregation;
Redeemed with thy blood,
Grant us a child-like faith
Among thy flock, O God,
Until our latest breath.

417.* T. 97. (363.)

THANKS to the Man of sorrows
be,
To Jesus Christ, who set us free
From sin and death, when on the
cross
He suffer'd to retrieve our loss;
Had he not shed his blood our debt
to pay,
We still had been the devil's
wretched prey.

2 O had not Jesus' blood been shed,
 Life would a burden be indeed,
 No comfort could we ever find,
 No ray of hope to cheer our mind;
 But now on earth we may enjoy his
 grace, [his face.
 And humbly hope in heav'n to see

3 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth
 Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
 Will love our Master unto death,
 And humbly cleave to him by faith.
 Lord Jesus, be thou prais'd eter-
 nally, [we be!
 If there no Jesus were, what should

418.* T. 15. (365.)

THY blood, thy blood the deed hath
 wrought,
 That won me for thee, Saviour;
 Else had I never on thee thought,
 Nor come to thee for ever.

2 Tho' I'm a sinful creature still,
 I have a full exemption
 From serving sin, since thou didst
 quell
 Its pow'r by thy redemption.

3 I feel how much in debt I am,
 This makes me oft ashamed;
 Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd
 Lamb,
 I am through grace esteemed.

4 O let me thee behold in faith,
 As thou for me wast wounded;
 And trust in thy atoning death,
 Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;
 But under thy direction,
 Let me experience, while I live
 On earth, thy kind protection.

6 May this each day be my employ,
 The fruits of thy blest passion
 Still more completely to enjoy,
 And taste thy great salvation.

7 Till I shall once behold thy face,
 In endless bliss and glory,
 And for the wonders of thy grace,
 With humble thanks adore thee.

419.* T. 228. (366, 367.)

O LAMB once slain, my Lord and
 God!

Thy bitter suff'rings, death and
 blood

Remain my heart's confession;
 Thee, the great Author of my frame,
 Thankful I call the slaughter'd
 Lamb,

Thy love is past expression.
 For joy—weep I
 O'er thy bloody—wounded body,
 For thy passion
 Hath procur'd for me salvation.

2 Thy blood was shed for me, I
 know,

For my redemption did it flow;
 O sweetest consolation!
 Now nothing in the world beside
 Can make me truly satisfied,
 But thy blood-bought salvation:

There is—true bliss,
 Virtue healing—all that's ailing,
 Strength supplying
 Life, although my flesh be dying.

3 O happy hour! by faith I see
 My suff'ring, dying Lord for me
 Upon the cross outstretched;
 If from my view this should depart,
 Nought could relieve my troubled
 heart,

Yea, I should be most wretched:
 But he—knows me
 To be feeble,—and not able
 For a moment
 To live without his atonement.

4 A sinner I, and full of blame;
 But 'Saviour' is his precious
 name;

He nothing will deny me;
 His blood was shed for me, I
 know,

Thence blessings in abundance
 flow,

Nought else can satisfy me.
 My God!—thy blood
 Still can wash me—and refresh
 me;

It is cleansing,
 Pardon, life, and grace dispensing.

5 Therefore I'll view the Lamb of
 God,
 His body cover'd o'er with blood,
 His soul with grief oppress'd;
 This sight removes all doubt and
 fear,
 It gives me boldness to draw near,
 By whatsoe'er distressed:
 Here I—find joy,
 Heav'nly pleasure
 Beyond measure;
 Near my Saviour
 I would fain abide for ever.

420. T. 141. (368.)

LAMB of God beloved,
 Once for sinners slain,
 Thankful we remember,
 What thou didst sustain;
 Nothing thee incited
 But unbounded grace,
 To bear condemnation
 In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow
 View mount Calvary;
 But my soul rejoiceth
 O'er thy death for me:
 Since thou by thy passion
 Didst for me atone,
 Take me as an off'ring,
 Thine I'll be alone.

3 In thy wounds, O Jesus!
 I have found true peace;
 Thou in all distresses
 Art my hiding place;
 Unto thee I'll ever
 Look with humble faith,
 And rejoice, and glory
 In thy wounds and death.

4 I unworthy sinner
 Lie before thy throne;
 Though I scarce am able
 To express, I own,
 All my wants, dear Saviour,
 Yet thou know'st them well;
 Now in me the counsel
 Of thy love fulfill,

421. T. 341. (369.)

'TIS done, my God hath died,
 My love is crucified!
 Break, this stony heart of mine,
 Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood,
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine,
 Catch, my heart, the issuing
 blood!

2 To love thee, Lord,—ah! this
 Ev'n here is heav'nly bliss;
 With thy love my heart inspire,
 There by faith for ever dwell;
 This I always will desire,
 Nothing but thy love to feel.

3 He bore the curse of all,
 A spotless criminal:
 Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
 Blacken'd with imputed sin,
 Man to save, his blood he spilt,
 Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heav'n to bless
 The Lord our Righteousness;
 Sinn'd we ALL, and died in One;
 Just in One we ALL are made:
 Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
 Died for all, for all obey'd.

5 In him complete I shine,
 His death, his life is mine;
 Fully am I justified;
 Free from sin, and more than free,
 Guiltless, since for me he died,
 Righteous, since he liv'd for me.

6 Jesus! to thee I bow,
 Approach thee humbly now.
 O the depths of love divine!
 Who thy wisdom's stores can
 tell?
 Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable.

422. T. 206. (370.)

FULL to my view,
 In bloody hue,
 The Lamb of God
 Stretch'd out upon the wood,
 With wounds, and stripes and scars
 —appears!

The nails and spear
His body tear,
And open wide
The fountain in his side.

2 By his blood shed,
The Lamb hath paid
My ransom price,
Offer'd a Sacrifice
Well-pleasing unto God;
His blood
For me avails,
And never fails
To give me peace
And solid happiness.

3 His cries and pray'rs,
His bitter tears,
His bloody sweat,
And all his torments great,
His stripes and ev'ry wound,
Abound
With life and grace,
Yea, lasting bliss:
From Golgotha
My soul would never stray.

423. T. 205. (371.)

LAMB of God,—thy precious
blood,
Healing wounds, and bitter
death,

Be our trust,—our only boast,
Blessed object of our faith!

Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense:
By thy anguish, stripes and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore—thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace;
For thy cross,—whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness;
For thy death which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to
God.

3 What can we—now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love!
We're unclean—and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove:

All that's good in us we own,
Is not ours, but thine alone;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4 Through thy grace,—may we al-
ways

Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely—eternally

On thy meritorious death:
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore,
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

424. T. 159. (372.)

I'M overcome with humble shame,
And blushes fill my face,
When I behold the suff'ring Lamb,
And when my faith can trace
How Jesus paid my ransom price,
And gave himself a sacrifice:
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wish to be.

2 'Tis then, with happy John, I
view

His body mark'd with scars;
Like Mary, I his feet bedew
With floods of sinner-tears;
I'm struck with this most charming
sight,
The Lamb of God is my delight,
The glory of the Trinity
In him by faith I see.

3 Free from the noisy, busy crowd,
Here would I ever stay,
And live in union with my God,
With Jesus night and day:
Extolling his unbounded love,
Till to his presence I remove,
And there, in higher notes of praise,
My Hallelujahs raise.

425. T. 166. (373.)

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is
due!

How should this theme our souls
inspire,

When we his boundless love re-
view,

And see him in his blood expire!

Who can describe how much he lov'd,
Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,
With which his tender heart was mov'd,
When he sustain'd the pangs of [hell!

2 Beside him we will nothing know,
All things account for him but loss,
Our hearts with love to him shall glow,

We'll glory only in his cross:
He is the hungry sinner's food,
His goodness we desire to taste,
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,
It proves to us a heav'nly feast.

3 Thy wounds present to our faith's eye;
Their influence shed within our Lord,
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd;
Free from the law's condemning pow'r,

By grace alone we wish to live,
Grace must support us ev'ry hour,
Faith can alone the vict'ry give.

426. T. 16. (374.)

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 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.

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

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

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

427.* T. 147. (1045.)

IMPRESS'D with filial fear,
A breeze divine perceiving,
Its influence receiving,
With awe we thee revere:
Our eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Our souls devoutly glowing,
One thought absorbs us now:
'Thou, Jesus, only thou!'

2 Who can thy kindness prove,
Or know thy great salvation,
And not with exultation
Confess that God is love?
Thou Messenger anointed,
The Lamb, by God appointed,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To thee be praises giv'n.

428.* T. 126. (1046.)

TO earth no longer cleaving,
I look to Jesus' cross,
All this world's trifles leaving,
For Him count all things loss,
Who underwent such racking pain,
Distress of soul, and anguish,
Vile sinners to regain.

2 I'm lost in deepest wonder,
When I am led to trace
His dying love, and ponder
On his amazing grace,
How he, by giving up his breath
Procur'd life and salvation
For rebels doom'd to death.

3 Grace thro' the blood of Jesus,
The contrite soul's delight!
Nought else on earth could please us,
Should we of this lose sight,
And could we not, thro' mercy free,
Our worthless names engraven
In Jesus' nail-prints see.

4 O were his death impressed
On us indelibly!
Our lot would be most blessed;
How can we happier be,
Than when his rod and staff impart
True joy and consolation
Unto the needy heart?

429.* T. 126. (1047.)

O WHAT complete salvation
In Jesus I possess!
In his atoning passion
I find true happiness;
I'm now content on earth to live,
Since to my unseen Saviour,
Through grace, by faith, I cleave.
2 Nought but my Saviour's passion,
Can purify the heart,
And bid th' infatuation
Of world and sin depart:
The very thought is then abhorr'd,
That I those things should cherish,
Which crucified our Lord.

3 O Lamb of God tormented!
Thy pain and anguish sore
Have me to thee cemented,
And bound for evermore;
Whoe'er relies thereon alone,
Will safely be conducted,
Until his race is run.

4 I trust in Jesus' merit,
My life flows from his death,
And doth his Holy Spirit
Before the eye of faith
My crucified Redeemer paint,
I am through grace establish'd
Firm in his covenant.

430.* T. 185. (1048.)

IF to me experience had not proved,
What surpasseth human thought,
That my Saviour, by compassion
moved,
With his blood my pardon bought,
I had spent my days in anxious
grieving,
But, to him be praise, I now believ-
ing
In my Lord, by faith receive
Comforts, which the world can't
give.

2 O what blessings are from Jesus'
passion,
And atoning death deriv'd!
I refuse all other consolation,
If of these I am depriv'd,
But no sooner doth his blood be-
dew me,
And impart its healing virtue to me,
Than my soul, though sunk in grief,
Is restor'd, and finds relief.

3 When my Jesus from the cross
complacent
Casts on me a look of love,
Grateful tears flow down my cheeks
incessant,
All my soft affections move;
Could I with a mind of earth di-
vested,
By all worldly cares quite unmo-
lested,
Be engag'd with him alone,
Then were heav'n on earth begun.

431.* T. 10. (1049.)

BY faith to Jesus cleaving,
In him, my Lord, believing,
Like Thomas I can trace him,
And from the heart confess him.

2 With grateful heart's sensation
I own, that when his passion,
His cross and death are named,
My soul is then inflamed.

3 From death to life he raised
My soul—his name be praised!
Now I'm regenerated,
And all is new-created.

4 The eye of faith he giveth,
Which sight of him receiveth:
An ear, to hear with pleasure
His word, that sacred treasure.

5 He graciously conducts me,
The Holy Ghost instructs me,
To understand more fully
His mind, and know him truly.

6 From Jesus' blood and merit
I gain new life and spirit,
Forgiveness, grace, salvation,
Strength, joy, and consolation.

7 My spirit him embraces,
He all my wants redresses,
I in his love's fruition,
Am happy without vision.

8 Am I, of him possessed,
Already here so blessed,
What joys shall I be tasting,
When in his presence resting!

432.* T. 205. (1050.)

ALL the bliss which we possess,
Is deriv'd from Jesus' cross,
He to God hath by his blood
Reconcil'd and saved us;
Now his righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground,
Hence all our felicity
Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen yea, Hallelujah!

Lord, our comfort, joy and peace,
By thy cross thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness!

Since th' effects we richly prove
Of this wond'rous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to thee!

433. T. 14. (375.)

HOW can I view the Lamb once
slain,

And all his suff'rings trace,
And not sink down with humble
shame,

And give him thanks and praise!

2 This, Lord, I do with many tears,
And own with wonder fill'd,

Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs
and pray'rs,

Made me thy pardon'd child.

3 Still be thy wounds to me more
dear,

More precious ev'ry day;

Till I at thy pierc'd feet appear,
Dress'd in thy bright array.

434.* T. 14. (376.)

TH' impression of what Christ my
Friend

Hath done for worthless me,
When he his life and blood did
spend,

Attend me constantly.

2 O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I stay,
And Jesus, whom my soul doth love,
Prepare me for his day.

435.* T. 68. (377.)

BE thy wounds and cross
Ever new to us!

From thy suff'ring scenes and merit
Nothing e'er divert our spirit;
With thy blood bedew
All we think or do.

436.* T. 79. (378.)

TIME'S undefin'd dimensions,
Eternity's expansions,
In spirit I have trac'd:

But nothing hath so struck me,
As when God's Spirit took me

To GOLGOTHA: O God be prais'd!

437.* T. 228. (379.)

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise;
Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise,
O favor'd congregation!

For he became a sacrifice,
And paid in blood our ransom price,
Procuring our salvation.

Holy,—happy

Is our union—and communion
With our Saviour,

Blessed be his name for ever!

438.* T. 234. (380.)

THANKS be to thee thou Lamb
once slain!

For thy eternal love and favor;
We sinful worms with humble
shame

Acknowledge thee our only Sa-
viour;

For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,

For us thy body was tormented,

For us thou bow'dst thy sacred head,
Thus, by thy death, death's power
ended:

Now fix our hearts and eyes

On this thy sacrifice;

O that we may forget it never!

But be it always clear,

God did in Christ appear,

From judgment us to free for ever.

XXI. *The Love of Jesus.*

439.* T. 97. (381.)

THOU Source of love, thou sinners' Friend,
 Thy mercy who can comprehend?
 Who ever can presume to say,
 He lov'd, ere thou hadst shown the way?
 Thou, who hast lov'd us from eternity,
 Dost raise within us genuine love to thee.

2 Such unexampled, boundless grace
 Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,
 That God, who earth and heaven made,
 Should be in human flesh array'd,
 Thereby to save lost man from death and hell,
 Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord rebel!

3 Thy love, which always is the same,
 Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,
 Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,
 Dissolve in tears and melt away;
 Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless store,
 Man's reason here must silently adore.

4 However weak and helpless we,
 However pow'rful sin may be,
 Thou art our strength in ev'ry case;
 Through thy support and aiding grace
 We firmly trust that we shall conquerors prove,
 Since thou dost give us vict'ry from above.

5 Lo, we fall down with filial fear,
 Conscious that thou art present here;
 We humbly laud thy saving name,
 We sink, abas'd with humble shame,
 Almighty God, before thy glorious throne;
 And thee our only Lord and Saviour own.

6 Reach out thy sceptre, King of love,
 Let us thy royal favor prove,
 Who, conscious of our indigence,
 Approach thy throne with confidence;
 O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,
 Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

440.* T. 97. (382.)

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou love?
 What doth thy highest pleasure prove?
 Whom dost thou favor, cheer and bless,
 And call to endless happiness?
 Thou who art holy, great, unchangeable,
 The mighty God, yet our Immanuel!

2 The answer humble thanks doth claim, [shame:
 And fills our souls with conscious
 'I love thee, sinner, come to me,
 I will receive thee graciously;
 Though thou be sinful, ready to despair, [glory share.'
 Thou shalt my pardon, help and

3 What wonder in the soul takes place, [grace!
 When we survey thy boundless
 To know our own depraved heart,
 And thy great name, and what thou art,
 And yet to find thee still so gracious prove;
 This makes us sink abas'd with shame and love.

4 We all know who, and what we are,
 And all with one consent declare,
 That we no good in us could find
 To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:
 Yet many here with inward rapture feel
 Thy Spirit's unction, and assuring seal.

5 O ground us deeper still in thee,
 And let us thy true foll'wers be;
 And when of thee we testify,
 Fill thou our souls with heav'nly joy:
 May thy blest Spirit all our souls in-
 spire,
 And set each cold and lifeless heart
 on fire.

6 Our souls and bodies, Lord, pre-
 pare,
 That we rich fruit for thee may
 bear;
 Grant we may live unto thy praise,
 And serve thy cause with faithful-
 ness;
 Since grace and truth is our hearts'
 wish and aim,
 O glorify in us thy saving name.

441.* T. 90. (383.)

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In want, in pain, in shame, hast
 shown;
 For me thou on th' accursed tree
 Didst, by thy precious blood,
 atone:
 Thy death upon my heart impress,
 That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that my heart, which now ex-
 pands,
 May catch each drop, that tort'-
 ring pain,
 Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy
 hands,
 Thy feet, thy head, thy ev'ry vein:
 That still my breast may heave
 with sighs,
 Still tears of love o'erflow mine
 eyes.

3 O that I, like a little child,
 May follow thee; nor ever rest,
 Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy
 mild
 And lowly mind into my breast:
 O may I now and ever be
 One spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4 What in thy love possess I not?
 My Star by night, my Sun by day,
 My Spring of life, when parch'd
 with drought,
 My Wine to cheer, my Bread to
 stay,

My Strength, my Shield, my safe
 Abode,
 My Robe before the throne of God!
 5 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable thou me hast
 view'd;

Ere knew this beating heart to
 move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursu'd:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on ev'ry side.

6 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my
 pow'r;
 And when the storms of life shall
 cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

442.* T. 79. (384.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us
 Didst die upon th' accursed cross,
 To save our souls from death:
 We humbly at thy feet fall down,
 And thee thy body's Saviour own,
 On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2 Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true
 we are,
 Poor sinners, but from guilt made
 clear;
 The virtue of that blood,
 Which did for all our sins atone,
 We have experienc'd, and have
 known
 From thence the quick'ning
 pow'r of God.

3 We, deeply bow'd, can nought
 reply,
 But at thy pierced feet we lie,
 Astonish'd at thy grace,
 That vile and wretched as we are,
 Such undeserved love we share;
 To thee is due eternal praise.

4 When we thy boundless love sur-
 vey,
 Our hearts like wax then melt away,
 Our eyes with tears o'erflow,
 We are determin'd nought beside
 To know, but Jesus crucified,
 And him to follow here below.

443.* T. 79. (385.)

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord and
God,

How came I, sinner void of good,
To that blest company
Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith
United, grounded on thy death;
Why didst thou fix thy choice on
me?

2 To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I
cried:

My pray'rs were heard, my wants
supplied,

My heart, devoid of faith,
Unfeeling, dead in sins before,
Now quick'ned by thy mighty pow'r,
Glow's with love's ardor for thy
death.

3 Though I to mercy had no right,
Yet I found favor in thy sight,

Like Magd'len at thy feet;
So that I now, supremely blest,
In thee have found true peace and
rest,
Yea happiness and joy complete.

444.* T. 132. (386.)

THE Lord my Shepherd is and
Guide,

Who kindly doth direct me;
For all my wants he will provide,
From dangers will protect me.
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food is
found,

The word of his salvation.

2 He guides my soul to living
springs,

Where sweetly I'm refreshed;
His Spirit joy and comfort brings
To me whene'er abashed;
He leads me in the blessed way
Of his commandments, day by day,
To his name's praise and glory.

3 A table for me he prepares,
My soul enjoys his favor;
And thus secur'd no en'my dares
My God and me to sever:

My heart his holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears,
To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and his mercies all
Will follow me for ever,
And I'll maintain my proper call,
To cleave to my dear Saviour,
And to his congregation here;
And when call'd home, I shall live
there

With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

445.* T. 36. (387.)

THY thoughts of peace o'er me,
my gracious Saviour,

Thy mercy, love, and patience,
which ne'er waver,

These are my comfort, prompt me
to prostration,

And adoration.

2 I am the chief of sinners, yea, the
poorest

Of those, whom of thy favor thou
assurest;

Thy goodness shown to me can't be
expressed,

Or duly praised.

3 Hadst thou not sought me first,
and follow'd ever,

I had not come to thee, nor known
thy favor;

When thou hadst found me, then
with arms of mercy

Thou didst embrace me.

4 I thank thee with sincerest heart's
affection,

That thou, according to thy grace-
election,

Hast brought me to thy blood-
bought congregation,

Seal'd my salvation.

446.* T. 208. (388.)

NONE but Christ, my Saviour,
Loves with matchless fervor;

This is surely true!

Souls in him believing,

And his blessings craving,

Taste them daily new;

Yea, his mercy far exceeds

All to think or say we're able;

'Tis incomparable!

2 Weeping or rejoicing,

When from love arising,

He takes in good part;

Whoe'er cannot truly,
 Holy, holy, holy,
 Sing with cheerful heart,
 O might he but contrite be!
 Christ regards our mournful crying,
 Inward groans and sighing.
 3 Yea, his own he guideth,
 Faithful he abideth,
 Till his thoughts of peace
 Fully are accomplish'd,
 And, our race here finish'd,
 We shall see his face.
 O rejoice with heart and voice,
 Church of God, and praise for ever
 His unbounded favor.

447. T. 89. (389.)

ONE there is above all others,
 Who deserves the name of Friend,
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends, to save
 us,
 Could or would have shed his
 blood!

But our Jesus died, to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name,
 Now to heav'nly glory raised
 He rejoiceth in the same:

Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another,
 What he daily bears from us?
 Yet this glorious Friend and Bro-
 ther

Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;
 Though for good we render ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a Friend we have above;
 But when home our souls are brought
 We will love thee as we ought.

448. T. 14. (390.)

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
 The love of earthly friends;
 Bestows whate'er the sinner needs;
 Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
 So bounteous, great and free?
 Behold, I give my sinful heart,
 My life, my all to thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast,
 Than for his friend to die:

Thou for thy enemies wast slain,
 What love with thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
 With heav'nly glory crown'd,
 Thou wouldst partake of human
 flesh,

Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, ev'n on thy throne above,
 Thy love is still as great;
 Well thou remember'st Calvary,
 Nor canst thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
 The mem'ry of thy love:
 And thy dear name shall still to me
 A grateful odour prove.

449. T. 90. (391.)

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,
 Since I in thee salvation find,
 Before thy cross I humbly fall:
 My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
 With sacred flames my heart in-
 spire.

2 How couldst thou love such
 worms as we?

Why didst thou look upon our race?
 Why didst thou die upon the tree?
 What caus'd all this but bound-
 less grace? [love

'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless
 Which thee to save our souls did
 move..

3 O let thy pity thee constrain,
 Pardon our sin, its pow'r subdue,
 May all of us be born again,
 Thy image in us all renew:
 Let on us shine thy cheering face,
 Give us to know thy saving grace.

4 Be thou our strength, be thou our
song,
Be our exceeding great reward:
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time, and in eternity.

450. T. 14. (392.)

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my
song
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my
tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless
charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost by sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 God's only Son, (stupendous
grace!)
Forsook his throne above;
And swift, to save our wretched
race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'-
ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

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

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

451.* T. 74. (393.)

SAVIOUR! through grace divine
I know, that I was thine
From early infancy;
This by thy calls I see,
And drawings all along
Frequent, distinct and strong.

2 I know, through mercy free
Thine I shall ever be,
No separation here
From thee I need to fear;
In thee I can confide,
Thou faithful wilt abide.

3 I know I worthless am,
This fills my soul with shame,
Down in the dust I bow,
Lord, keep me ever low;
In thee alone I trust,
Thy love is all my boast!

452. T. 90. (394.)

BEFORE the Father's awful throne
Our High-Priest lifts his pierced
hands,
And interceding for his own,
His purchas'd property demands;
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim him as our
own,
Our Kinsman, near allied in
blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God;
We to his mercy-seat draw nigh;
He never can himself deny.

453.* T. 14. (395.)

THY mercies and thy faithfulness,
Dear Lord, are daily new,
But who can tell them to thy praise,
Upon a close review?

2 Could I exalt thee worthily,
For thy unbounded grace,
Display'd in various ways to me,
My lauds would never cease.

454.* T. 590. (396.)

O LORD, accept my worthless
heart,

And keep it ever thine;
Since thou for me, a sinful worm,
Hast shed thy blood divine,
Therewith to save my guilty soul
From endless pain and wo:
What dearest friend in all the world
Could equal kindness show!

455.* T. 56. (397.)

THOU, O Jesus, :||: art a gracious
Lord,
Ever faithful, :||: keeping to thy
word;
None can be so full of grief,
But he soon may find relief,
By the comfort :||: thy kind looks
afford.

456.* T. 37. (398.)

LORD, had I of thy love
Such an impression,
As to forget all else
In that fruition,
Still would my love fall short
Of thy great mercies;
Nor can eternity
Sing all thy praises.

457. T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
From heav'n to earth come down!
Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
Of all thy gifts the crown:
Lord, thou art all compassion,
Unbounded love thou art,
O grant us thy salvation,
Speak peace to ev'ry heart.

458. T. 184. (399.)

HOW much we're lov'd by God
our Saviour,
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favor,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing,
He'll lead us till our latest breath:
O may we all, with love unceasing,
Rejoice in him, our Lord, by faith!

XXII. *Love to Jesus.***459.*** T. 106. (400.)

THEE will I love, my strength and
tow'r,
My soul with love to thee in-
spire;
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
Thou art alone my soul's desire;
Thee will I love, my King and God,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.
2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee who canst relieve my
pain!
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.
3 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd
fires;
Give to my soul with filial fears,
The love that all heav'n's host
inspires:
That all my pow'rs, with all their
might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

460.* T. 232. (401.)

THEE, Lord, I love with sacred
awe,
Thy gracious presence ne'er with-
draw
From me, thy feeble creature.
The world is tasteless unto me,
I find no comfort but in thee,
And in thy loving nature:
Yea, when the strings of life are
broke,
Thou shalt remain my lasting Rock;
Thou art my comfort and my All,
Whose blood redeem'd me from the
fall;
Lord Jesus Christ, :||: thy saving
name
Preserve me from eternal shame.
2 All my desires are fix'd on thee;
Lord Jesus, thou art more to me
Than ev'ry earthly treasure;
Were heav'n itself without thee,
Lord,
What could all heav'nly bliss afford,
To yield me solid pleasure?

Did I not feel that thou art near,
 Whene'er I mourn, my heart to
 cheer,
 Nought in this world could comfort
 me;
 My wishes centre all in thee;
 Lord Jesus Christ! :||: if thou be
 gone,
 My ev'ry comfort is withdrawn!

3 With my whole heart I cleave
 to thee,
 And thou wilt come and dwell with
 me;
 This is my consolation!
 In joy and pain my soul depends
 On thee with humble confidence,
 Thou Rock of my salvation!
 Thou shalt remain my Portion
 blest,
 My All, by word and deed confest,
 Till these mine eyes behold thy
 face;
 Meanwhile support me by thy
 grace:
 O Jesus Christ :||: my God and
 Lord,
 In ev'ry trial help afford.

461.* T. 200. (402.)

O CHRIST, my only Life and
 Light,
 Whose loving condescension
 Refresheth me by day and night,
 Beyond my comprehension:
 Grant, that I may return thy love
 With grateful heart's devotion,
 Thus my notion
 Of mercy will improve
 With ev'ry thought and motion.

2 Let nothing dwell within my
 heart,
 But thy great love and favor:
 May this engage my soul to part
 With ev'ry sinful savor:
 With all things, whether great or
 small,
 Which breed the least division,
 Or collision,
 'Twixt me and God my All,
 Who sav'd me from perdition.

3 How blest, how excellent and
 kind,
 Arc thy great love and merit!
 Were these but fix'd within my
 mind,
 What could disturb my spirit?
 O might no thought arise in me,
 No object move my senses,
 No pretences,
 T' obstruct my love to thee:
 Thus heav'n on earth commences.

4 O that I were still more possess
 Of this great, sov'reign blessing!
 O that my cold and lifeless breast
 Might glow with love unceasing!
 Grant I may watch both day and
 night,
 To keep this heav'nly treasure
 From the seizure
 Of Satan's secret spite, [sure.
 Who seeks our wo with plea-
 5 Thou cam'st in love to my relief,
 Bar'st sin's due pain and torment,
 Hung'st on the cross just like a thief,
 Or murd'rer, without garment,
 Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore dis-
 trest:

O! let thy suff'rings enter
 To the centre
 Of this my stubborn breast,
 To melt and make it tender.
 6 The blood, which thou hast shed
 for me,
 Is precious, pure and holy;
 But this my heart, that swerves
 from thee,
 Is hard, replete with folly:
 Lord! may the virtue of thy blood
 Sink deep into the nature
 Of thy creature,
 And its kind influence spread
 Through ev'ry vein and feature.
 7 Thy love divine is perfect rest,
 The source of all true pleasure:
 O Jesus, be my soul thus blest,
 T' enjoy thee in full measure!
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad;
 O let thy blood be healing
 All that's ailing,
 And that depravity
 I am with grief bewailing.

8 Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies

That to my soul is wanting,
'Tis the true light unto mine eyes,
My cordial, when I'm fainting:
My bread and wine, my costly dress,
My joy and delectation,
My salvation,
My comfort in distress,
My refuge 'midst oppression.

9 My dearest Lord, shouldst thou remove,
Nought else could yield me pleasure;

Shouldst thou withdraw thy precious love,
I lose my only treasure.
Thee may I seek and entertain,
With inward joy receive thee,
Never leave thee,
And ne'er henceforth again
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

10 Thy love hath always been the same,

And ever did pursue me;
Before I knew thy saving name,
In mercy thou didst view me.

O let thy love, almighty Lord,
Continue to direct me,
And protect me,

Yea, help to me afford,
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.

11 Thy love uphold me when distressed,

Give strength, when I am feeble;
And when this mortal period's past,
Thou, who to save art able,
Support and strengthen my weak faith;

Apply thy pow'rful merit
To my spirit,

That I may after death,
Eternal joy inherit.

462.* T. 151. (403.)

JESUS, my highest treasure!
In thy communion blest,
I find unsullied pleasure,
True happiness and rest.

Myself as an oblation

I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou by thy passion,
Hast heal'd my sin-sick mind.

2 O joy, all joys exceeding!
Thou Bread most heavenly,

When I on thee am feeding,
Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
With comfort, joy and peace,
And fill'st my heart with gladness,
Assuaging my distress.

3 Let me perceive thy friendly,
Thy cheering countenance;

Spread through my heart its kindly
Enliv'ning influence.

Without thee, gracious Saviour,
To live, is nought but pain;

T' enjoy thy love and favor,
Is happiness and gain.

4 Earth's glory to inherit,
Is not what I desire:

My heav'nly-minded spirit
Glow's with a nobler fire;
Where Christ himself appeareth
In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
There, there I long to be.

463.* T. 156. (404.)

JESUS is my Light most fair,
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;

In his love I have a share,
This I count my highest treasure:

He alone is my delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With his love I'm penetrated;
He hath overcome me quite.

2 Round his pierced feet I'll cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;

And accurs'd be ev'ry thing,
Which my seeking him would hinder.

Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me nought of earthly treasure, [sure,
Would you please in any measure
Tell me of his lovely name.

3 But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession:
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion.
For I cannot, will not rest,
Till I've found my dearest Sa-
viour,
Till he looks on me in favor,
Till he grants me my request.

4 Jesus, thou my only rest,
O my Jesus, let me find thee;
Jesus, take me to thy breast,
With thy cords of love now bind
me.

Thou'rt the object of my mind,
I am by thy love inflamed;
Ev'ry good that can be named,
Ev'ry bliss in thee I find.

5 May I of thy chosen bride
Be a member chaste and holy;
Let me quite in thee confide,
Cleave to thee and love thee
solely:

Jesus, kindly me receive,
Thine alone may I be called;
Grant that what hath me en-
thrall'd,
May no longer me enslave.

6 Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast
bless'd;

Yet content I cannot be,
Till I am of thee possessed:

Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be my Sun resplendent,
Jesus, be my joy transcendent,
Jesus, be thou ever mine!

464.* T. 39. (405.)

I'LL glory in nothing but only in
Jesus,

As wounded and bruised from sin
to release us:

For he is my Refuge, to him I'll
cleave solely,

Thus can I, like Enoch, in this
world live holy.

2 What though the world foameth
and rageth with fury,

I in my dear crucified Jesus will
glory;

Beside him, my Saviour, I'll know
nothing ever,

From whom neither trials, nor
death me shall sever.

3 My Jesus is always desirous to
meet me,

Abounding in love, and in mercy
to greet me;

Above all I love him, for he is my
treasure,

I humbly adore him and serve him
with pleasure.

4 My heart's fix'd on Jesus, whose
love is so tender,

My life and my all unto him I
surrender;

He is and remaineth my heart's
meditation,

My faith's only object, till my con-
summation.

465.* T. 83. (406.)

JESUS will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;

Through his merits I receive
Pardon, life and consolation;

All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resign'd.

2 Nought on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth,

Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth;

He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close com-
munion;

And his bitter passion is
The foundation of this union;

Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my Rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend
With him in blest conversation!

He's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salva-
tion;

From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
 He my soul preserves and feedeth;
 He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Me to living waters leadeth:
 Blessed, who can say with me,
 Christ, I'll never part with thee!

466.* T. 22. (407.)

DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
 My heart for joy doth leap in me;
 Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
 Till faith is changed into sight.

2 When thou art near, I must confess,
 I feel a bliss I can't express:
 Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
 Fountain of bliss, and Source of joy.

3 Let me by faith behold thy face,
 Still taste thy love, and share thy grace;
 Still let my tongue confess thy
 And Jesus be my constant theme.

4 Thy love and mercies all exceed;
 The more I on these dainties feed,
 The more my eager soul is bent
 To live but in this element.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

467.* T. 11. (408.)

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
 And abide eternally;
 Friend of needy sinners, come,
 Fill and make my heart thy home.

2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
 Nothing else can give me joy;
 This is still my cry to thee:
 Dearest Jesus, come to me!

3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
 None could satisfy my soul;
 Thee, O Jesus! I adore,
 Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.

4 Jesus, thee alone I call
 My beloved Friend, my All;
 Nothing, whatso'er it be,
 Shall divide my heart with thee.

468.* T. 15. (409.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast me

To come to thee invited;
 Thy love, to love thee ardently
 Hath my cold heart excited.

2 Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,
 Thy wounds and bitter passion,
 Have wholly won my heart for thee,
 And prompt my adoration.

3 The fire of love that burns within,
 Is that divine impression,
 That thou didst suffer for my sin,
 And die for my transgression.

469.* T. 97. (410.)

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
 His death for us this fully proves;
 He lov'd the world, a sinful race,
 He loves the church, his flock of grace,
 He loveth children, yea he loveth me,
 Who nought deserv'd but endless misery.

2 O may I in his love be blest,
 Like John, reclining on his breast;
 And oft, like humble Magdalen,
 Adore the Friend of sinful men,
 With longing heart attending at his feet,
 Till with a gracious look from him
 I meet.

3 I'll weep whene'er he's not to me
 What a most cordial friend can be;
 Do I not always feel him nigh,
 And his reviving grace enjoy,
 Do I not in his sweet communion live,
 Nought else to my poor soul can
 comfort give.

470.* T. 4. (411.)

WHEN duly I weigh,
How much day by day
Thee, Lord, I have tried,
My Friend ever faithful, who for
me hast died;

2 I own the fault mine:
Thy patience divine,
Which clearly I trace,
With tears fills my eyes, with
shame covers my face.

3 As Mary ador'd
Her Master and Lord,
When her thou didst greet,
And deeply abas'd she embraced
thy feet;

4 As Thomas with awe,
When thy wounds he saw,
His Saviour avow'd,
And cried with conviction, 'My
Lord and my God!'

5 As Peter replied,
His love being tried,
'My heart thou dost prove,
Lord, thou knowest all things,
thou know'st that I love;'

6 So may I, each day,
A clearer display
Obtain of thy grace;
Thus my love O Jesus! to thee will
increase.

471.* T. 45. (412.)

WHAT splendid rays—of truth
and grace,
All other lights excelling,
I perceive, when Jesus Christ
Makes my heart his dwelling!

2 He blesseth me—so sensibly,
That spirit, soul and body,
Can in him my Saviour joy,
Though quite poor and needy.

3 His looks of grace—insure al-
ways
To me my heav'nly calling:
Am I weak, his hand preserves
Me, his child, from falling.

4 My earnest pray'r—while absent
here
From him my soul's Beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5 Could I with him—spend all my
time,
In constant love's fruition,
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6 Whene'er I mourn—and humbly
turn
For comfort to my Jesus,
'Tis a never failing proof
That he's near and gracious.

7 They who always—our Saviour's
face
Seek upon each occasion,
Never fail to be refresh'd
With his consolation.

472.* T. 167. (413.)

O COULD we but love that Sa-
viour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be!
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heav'n anticipate.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway!
O might all of us be ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul and body,
Do in God our Saviour joy!

473. T. 14. (414.)

TEN thousand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I
And satisfaction made; [know,
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiv'n,
For power to believe, [heav'n,
For present peace, and promis'd
No angel can conceive.

5 That love of thine, thou sinners'
Friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart!
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I
I first from thee obtain; [make,
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store,)
In time and in eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

474. T. 11. (415.)

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

2 'I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy
wound;

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee
right,

Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
) for grace to love thee more!

O

475. T. 14. (416.)

TEACH me yet more of thy blest
ways,

Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God!
And fix and root me in the grace
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of ev'ry grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For thee, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And ev'ry name, and ev'ry thing,
Compar'd with thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply in my heart,
That thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return thy love again.

5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.

476.* T. 232. (417.)

JESUS, I love thee fervently,
As thou upon th' accursed tree
Wast slain for my transgression;

I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
My cheeks, when I in spirit view
Thy death and bitter passion;

This gives the impulse, Lord, that I
In truth can love thee heartily:

My love to thee thou knowest best,
But yet defective 'tis confess;

Thou highest Good!

Thy precious blood,
That cleansing flood, [glow'd.
Claims that my love more ardent

477.* T. 228. (419.)

WHAT causeth me to mourn, is
this:

My warmest love not equal is
To my heart's inclination:

The more I love, the more I feel,
I should far better love thee still,

Thou God of my salvation!
Grant me—daily

More to savor—of thy favor,
Grace and blessing;

Thus my love will be increasing.

XXIII. *Brotherly Love, and Union of Spirit.*

478.* T. 583. (1054.)

HOW good and pleasant is it to
 behold
 The favor'd sheep of our good
 Shepherd's fold,
 By grace upheld, in love and know-
 ledge grow,
 Each sharing in the other's weal
 and wo!

2 Fulness of grace in him, our
 Head, abounds,
 Hence ev'ry blessing to his church
 redounds;
 He dwells among us, and his Spi-
 rit's light
 To love each other teacheth us
 aright.

3 The word of God like plenteous
 rain descends,
 And fructifying pow'r its course
 attends, [plies,
 Unto our souls it richest food sup-
 And to salvation makes us truly
 wise.

4 If love unfeign'd we in our ac-
 tions show,
 The God of peace his blessing will
 bestow;
 O Lord, preserve thy church for
 Jesus' sake,
 And bless what in thy name we
 undertake!

479. T. 11. (420.)

THEY who Jesus' foll'wers are,
 And enjoy his faithful care,
 By a mutual, hearty love
 Their belief in Jesus prove.

2 From their being join'd in one,
 By the faith of God's dear Son,
 Boundless blessings they receive,
 And to Christ desire to live.

3 None in his own wisdom trusts,
 None of his attainments boasts,
 Each his brother doth esteem,
 And himself the meanest deem.

4 They're delighted, when they all
 With one voice on Jesus call;
 And when fitly, without strife,
 Each his duty doth in life.

5 Meek they are to all mankind,
 To good offices inclin'd,
 Ready, when revil'd, to bless,
 Studious of the public peace.

6 Tender pity, love sincere
 To their enemies they bear;
 And, as Christ affords them light,
 Order all their steps aright.

7 Jesus, all our souls inspire,
 Fill us with love's sacred fire,
 Thus will all in us perceive
 That we in thy name believe.

8 May it to the world appear,
 That we thy disciples are,
 By our loving mutually,
 By our being one in thee.

480. T. 22. (421.)

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones
 we are,

Yet for thy building us prepare;
 Reject not one of us, we pray,
 Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2 O may thy flock still more in-
 crease

In mutual love, and perfect peace;
 In harmony, with fervent zeal,
 Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3 Lord, grant us a forgiving mind,
 To patience and to peace inclin'd,
 That we may with each other bear;
 To cherish love be all our care.

4 Tender 'compassion may we
 show,

Share in each other's weal and wo,
 With those who joyful are, rejoice,
 And with the weeping sympathize.

5 At all times may we ready be,
 As far as our ability
 Permits us, to relieve the want
 Of all the poor and indigent.

6 Yea, this be our concern, to seek
In nothing to offend the weak,
But bear with their infirmities,
And thus preserve the bond of peace.

7 Grant us in meekness to reclaim
Those, who have been in aught to
blame,
Mindful that we, as well as they,
Are liable from thee to stray.

8 May we, though gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Master, Lord, and
Head.

9 O make us quite conform'd to
thee,
And grant us true humility,
That we, supported by thy grace,
May in our walk show forth thy
praise.

481. T. 14. (422.)

O LET thy love our hearts con-
strain,
Jesus, thou God of love;
The bond of peace let us maintain,
All discord far remove.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law:
Let love pervade our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the
way
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing
sway
Of charity divine?

4 United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy foll'wers prove;
The frowning world must then con-
fess:
'See how these Christians love!'

482. T. 11. (423.)

CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
To the end O love thine own.

2 As our Head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be,
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and wo take share.

4 If one member honor'd be,
All rejoice most heartily;
If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5 Closely join'd to thee, our Head,
Nourished by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

483. T. 11. (424.)

JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou, who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove:
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3 Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

484.* T. 155. (425.)

NEVER yet hath in this world
Love that highest pitch attained,
Though unfeigned,
That it could compared be,
Reas'nably,
To that love our blest Creator
Show'd unto his rebel creature,
While as yet his enemy.

2 Ah! behold the Son of God!
Who for those that crucified him,
And denied him,

('Mongst whom, to my grief and
shame,
Stands my name)
Pardon from his Father craveth,
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;
This his love is still the same.

3 For our brethren we should too,
To lay down our lives be willing,
Thus fulfilling
What he of his flock desires,
Yea requires;
But, with all his flow'ry speeches,
Man in vain this lesson teaches,
Till God's love the soul inspires.

4 Brethren, would you please the
Lord,

Copy then, in your behaviour,
Him your Saviour;
That you're his, the world will own
Then alone,
When, preferring each his brother,
Ye show love to one another;
Thus are his disciples known.

5 Yet the warmest mutual love,
That to brethren you're possessing
By his blessing,
When compared with his love,
Weak doth prove;
For, to save us from damnation,
By becoming our oblation,
Love immense our God did move.

485.* T. 167. (426.)

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
Covenant with him anew;
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2 With love's ardor to be fired,
Be our aim continually,
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display!
May his holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.

3 O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite!
Ev'ry one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he join'd together
Will, according to his pray'r,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

486.* T. 167. (1055.)

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direc-
tion:

'Love each other:' we comply,
Aiming with unfeign'd affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing,
Thus it will to all appear,
That we, as on one stem growing,
In thee living branches are.

2 O that such might be our union,
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
Might forsake the path of bliss!
May our light 'fore men with bright-
ness
From thy light reflected shine,
Thus the world will bear us wit-
ness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.

487.* T. 22. (427.)

TH' enjoyment of Christ's flesh and
blood,

Which is on earth our highest good,
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2 Love he most strongly did en-
force,
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
Before in death he bow'd his head.

3 O that the Lord could quite fulfil
In us his testament and will!
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred love, our hearts inspire!

4 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promis'd land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5 Till we the Lord our Righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one in him, our Lord remain.

488.* T. 14. (428.)

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel!

2 Lord Jesus, in that very night
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
Thou didst with thy disciples urge
Love's ever sacred tie.

3 Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was ev'n thy dying care.

4 May we this testament fulfil,
One mind and spirit be,
And love with unremitting zeal
Each other fervently.

489.* T. 147. (429.)

JEHOVAH! holy Lamb,
Christ, who our hearts hast fired
With love, by thee inspired,
We praise thy saving name.
Thou giv'st us crowns of glory,
Which are not transitory,
Thou, who our flesh and blood
Assumedst, Lamb of God.

2 Thou art the loveliest,
Our only joy and treasure,
Our heart's delight and pleasure,
As long as love shall last:
And love shall ever flourish,

Though all things else must perish:
As God himself express'd,
Thou art the loveliest!

3 How fast can love-cords bind!
Thou by thy love hast bound us,
E'er since thy mercy found us,
Thou Shepherd, ever kind!
O let us taste thy favor,
And thy rich bounty savor:
We're closely to thee join'd,
How fast can love-cords bind!

4 O boundless love and grace!
When we shall sing Christ's praises
Above in heav'nly places,
Our voice we'll higher raise.
As Shepherd he will feed us,
Support, protect, and lead us,
Till we shall see his face,
O boundless love and grace!

5 The elders' holy choir,
Who are in the Lamb's presence,
And pay him their obeisance,
Cast down their crowns' attire:
We join their adoration,
And praise him with prostration;
'Fore him we humbly fall,
He is our All in all.

6 Thanks, wisdom, majesty,
His ransom'd congregation
Brings to him for salvation,
And for love's unity.
The Lamb, who did deliver
Our souls, be prais'd for ever;
Blessing and honor be
To him eternally.

490.* T. 124. (430. 1057.)

O IN love what stores of grace
Are contained!
By this band our covenant
Is maintained;
They who strangers are to love
Move our pity,
Love makes living weighty,

2 He, who is to Jesus Christ
Quite resigned,
And to walk his blessed ways
Is inclined,
On his path, by love constrain'd,
Firmly treadeth,
And straight on proceedeth.

3 When the true believer's mind
Grace o'erfloweth,
Then all labor doth succeed,
No hurt groweth;
Pilgrims trav'ling Zion-ward,
Cheer each other:
Each stirs up his brother.

4 By Christ's dying love constrain'd,
None can ever
Him to serve a burthen deem,
'Tis a favor;
Looking unto Christ, what else
Were distressing
Will become a blessing.

491. T. 165. (431.)

JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Through the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness.
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2 Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee;
And, 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbours share
In my plenty, and my pray'r:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender-hearted.

3 In the lonely house of mourning,
Through thy weeping family,
Comfort, med'cine, meat and cloth-
ing,
May I minister to thee;
Might I calm the orphan's cry,
Make the widow sing for joy,
And the captive's moan distressing
Raise to songs of praise and bless-
ing.

492. T. 39. (1058.)

WHAT brought us together? what
joined our hearts?
The pardon, which Jesus, our High-
Priest imparts:

'Tis this, which cements the dis-
ciples of Christ,
Who are into one by the Spirit bap-
tiz'd.

2 Is this our high calling, harmo-
nious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's
praises to tell,
In peace and blest union our mo-
ments to spend,
And live in communion with Christ
as our Friend?

3 O yes, having found in the Lord
our delight,
He is our chief object by day and
by night,
This knits us together, no longer
we roam,
We all have one Father, and heav'n
is our home.

493. T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity,
In Jesus' ransom'd fold,
Join'd by love's ever sacred tie,
'Tis pleasant to behold;
Like dew, his grace on them de-
scends,
Yea, his rich blessing he commands
Upon their going out to rest,
Their coming in is blest.

2 We tread on consecrated ground,
For 'tis his own abode,
The sparrow here a nest hath found,
Thine altars, O Lord God!
Blest they who to his courts repair,
To seek him in his house of pray'r:
To such he will himself reveal,
His praises they shall tell.

494. T. 159. (432.)

WE in one covenant are join'd,
And one in Jesus are;
With voices, and with hearts com-
bin'd
His praise we will declare:
In doctrine and in practice one,
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth his
praise,
Till we shall see his face.

XXIV. *Following Jesus, and bearing his Reproach.*

495.* T. 230. (433.)

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and Crown of the victorious,

Restorer of lost Paradise!

We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries:

O Lord, our Righteousness!

'Tis thy delight to bless,

We desire it;

Come then, for we

Belong to thee,

And bless us inexpressibly.

2 O thou Well-spring of salvation,

We pray thee us to form and fashion
According to thy blessed mind.

We, by nature spoil'd and marred,
Were from that happy life debarred,

Which in thy fellowship we find:

By thy almighty pow'r

Support us evermore,

Thou life's Fountain!

Without thy aid

We can't proceed,

Be thou our help in time of need.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit,
They shall the realm of heav'n inherit,

Free grace is their's, and endless bliss;

While all those who place reliance
On their own works, and bid defiance

To grace, will of salvation miss.

O may we all of thee

Learn true humility,

Lowly Jesus,

May we despise

All earthly joys

For thee, the Pearl of greatest price.

4 They that mourn, bless'd is their station,

They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread;

He prevailed while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected.

We can in no respect

Here constant joy expect,

Here is weeping:

At the Lamb's feast

Is perfect rest,

Here is a vale of tears at best.

5 Blessed are the meek in spirit,
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit;

Their life is hid with him while here;

Yet they, by their conversation,
Afford a striking demonstration,
That they in Christ true riches share:

And as the Lamb of God
The greatest meekness show'd,

His disciples

His path pursue,

And as 'tis due

Show in their conduct meekness too.

6 Blessed, who without cessation
Hunger and thirst for that salvation

Which flows from Christ's pure righteousness;

They are fill'd and satisfied,

With richest dainties are supplied,

Who long and pant for saving grace.

Christ's body and his blood

Prove their life-giving food;

Thereby nourish'd,

From year to year

They thrive, and bear

Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

7 All the merciful are blessed,
For they, when in their turn dis-
tressed,

Shall mercy find most certainly.
Water to the poor afforded
Is as an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded gen'rously.

Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed;
But wo to them
Who scorn the same,
For God remembers not their name.

8 All the pure in heart are blessed,
Of joys unspeakable possessed,
They shall behold their God in
peace.

They who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserv'd unstained
The garment of his righteous-
ness,

Shall once obtain the grace,
To see him face to face:
I entreat thee,
Impart to me
That purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9 They are objects of God's favor,
Who peace unceasingly endeavor
Among their neighbours to main-
tain:

As his children them he owneth;
He with success their labor crown-
eth,

Such souls the choicest bless-
ings gain.

Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour:
May he through grace
Make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

10 Bless'd are they who suffer
gladly

For doing good and living godly,
Who Jesus for their pattern take:
Yea, who bear their cross with
meekness,

Suff'ring with patience, 'midst all
weakness,
And earthly joys for him forsake;

For Jesus' help and love
Their consolation prove;
They who freely
For him will bear
Reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

11 Bless'd are they who are de-
spised,

In scornful manner stigmatized,
And for their Saviour's sake de-
fam'd;

As the bride deems it an honor
To take the bridegroom's name up-
on her,

Should we of Jesus be asham'd?
Far, far be this from us,
Welcome reproach and cross!

We are Christians,
Who follow thee,
Lord, cheerfully,
Through honor and through infamy.

12 Gracious Lord, who by thy pas-
sion
And death hast gained our salva-
tion,

O may we all thy name confess:
May we be by faith united
To thee, who hast us all invited
To share eternal happiness.

Constrain us by thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful foll'wers,
Dear Lord, of thee;
And grant that we
May ever love thee ardently.

496.* T. 11. (434.)

HOLY Lamb and Prince of Peace,
Hear my soul implore thy grace:
Grant, that my behavior may
Meekness, such as thine, display.

2 O that I may faithfully
To thy voice obedient be;
Valiant, steadfast, may my love
In the hardest trials prove.

3 Keep thou me, a feeble child,
Sober, watchful, undefil'd;
That where'er thy steps I see,
Simply I may follow thee.

4 Thou, the great victorious Lamb,
Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,
Grant, that by thy blood I may
Conqu'ror be till thy great day.

5 When thou shalt on Zion stand,
May I be at thy right hand;
Clothed in the glorious dress
Of thy spotless righteousness.

497.* T. 11. (1060.)

O MY soul, mark ev'ry word
Of thy kind and gracious Lord:
When he calls, without delay,
Willingly his call obey.

2 Hath he aught to say to thee,
An attentive scholar bē;
Doth he chasten thee, as son,
'Tis deserved:' humbly own.

498. T. 596. (435.)

O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me
now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that
happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus
receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless
the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort;
go, follow him, go!

6 Perhaps, with the aim
To honor his name,
I may do some service, poor dust
though I am.

7 Yet this is confest,
I count it most blest,
As at the beginning, in him to find
rest.

8 And when I'm to die,
'Receive me,' I'll cry,
'For life everlasting for me thou
didst buy.'

9 So closely in mind
'To Jesus I'm join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me
behind.

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

499.* T. 26. (436.)

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,
That soul and body should be
thine,
O take our hearts and us incline
To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compar'd with
thine!
Who hath to us so just a claim
As thou, who didst our souls re-
deem,
And for us leave thy throne divine!

3 Go, all ye wise, without control
Your empty notions still pursue;
Jesus alone I have in view,
This pow'rful magnet draws my
soul.

4 A subject I of Christ my King,
And tho' I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see
My Saviour is my ev'ry thing.

5 Thee I adore, most gracious
Lord,
Grant that my walk in truth may
be
At all times pleasing unto thee,
Directed by thy holy word.

6 My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart,
Thy grace and truth to me im-
part,
And let thy law be my delight.

500.* T. 83. (438.)

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and
hallow;

From believers be it far

Any other guide to follow:

Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient trea-
sure,

After Christ they're call'd to go,
His reproach they count a plea-
sure;

Under manifold distress,
Thro' the narrow gate they press.

501. T. 26. (439.)

THOU meek and patient Lamb of
God,

Who can by faith thy suff'rings
see,

And not devote himself to thee,
His life, and ev'ry drop of blood!

2 Thy dying love doth justly claim
That I should live unto thy praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

502. T. 22. (440.)

IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or aught in life,
Delude thy heart, that thou desist
From faith and love to Jesus Christ;

2 His words with due attention
hear:

'My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be.'

3 First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust,
If we on him alone depend,
He 'midst all trials proves our
Friend.

4 If once the plough in hand we
take,

Preserve us, Lord, from looking
back:

O let us, through thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5 On those who faithful prove to
death,

And show by works of love their
faith,

A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

503.* T. 90. (441.)

'MY yoke,' saith Christ, 'upon
you take,

Serve me, amidst oppression:

The world, and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:

Come, follow me, and humbly bear
My cross, and in my suff'rings
share.'

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,
Both soul and body off'ring,

Be cheerfully, with one accord,

Partakers of his suff'ring;

For they who show true faithfulness
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

504. T. 243. (442.)

AMIDST tribulation,

We follow our Saviour,

Whose name and profession

We'll honor for ever,

His shame we bear,—and gladly
share.

2 We in ev'ry nation

Will boldly confess him,

Make known his salvation,

Yea, serve him and bless him,

And him adore—for evermore.

3 Our Lord contradiction

Of sinners endured;

Him, 'midst all affliction,

We follow, assured

That we at last—with him shall rest.

505.* T. 16. (443.)

CROSS, reproach and tribulation,

Ye to me are welcome guests,

When I have this consolation,

That my soul in Jesus rests.

2 The reproach of Christ is glorious,

Those who here his burden bear

In the end shall prove victorious,

And eternal glory share.

3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Now as conqu'ror lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.

4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.

5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation,
Are our honorable crowns;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

506. T. 22. (444.)

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful worm asham'd of thee?
Forbid, it Lord! thee I confess,
Before both friends and enemies.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! of my God,
Who purchas'd me with his own blood!
Of him, who to retrieve my loss,
Despis'd the shame, endur'd the cross!

3 Asham'd of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom my heav'nly hopes depend!
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name!

4 Asham'd of Jesus! of my Lord,
By all heav'n's glorious hosts ador'd!
No, I will make my boast of thee,
In time and in eternity.

5 And when I stand before thy throne,
Me 'fore thy heav'nly Father own;
Then shall the holy angels see
Thee, Jesus, not asham'd of me!

507.* T. 14. (1062.)

GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.

2 Scorn'd and revil'd as was their Head,
When walking here below,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life replete with wo.

3 With the same faith our bosom glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those,
Who thirsted for their blood.

4 God, whom we serve, our God can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.

5 Yea, should it ev'n to man appear
At times, as though our Lord
Forsook his chosen people here,
At last he'll help afford.

6 If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill
And conqu'rors prove at length.

508.* T. 11. (1063.)

RISE, ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
Serve him midst reproach and shame,
His example keep in view,
And the narrow path pursue.

2 O all-wise, sublime decree!
He assum'd humanity,
Liv'd on earth despis'd and poor,
Died, salvation to procure.

3 See his faithful witness-train,
They endur'd the cross and pain;
(Men, the world deserved not)
Hard and cheerless was their lot.

4 Should we not rejoice to see
Our names in heav'n's registry,
With the names of those enroll'd,
Who shall reap an hundred-fold!

509.* T. 16. (1064.)

IN that glorious vest arrayed
Wherein we 'fore God can stand,
We will Jesus undismayed
Follow, joining heart and hand.

2 If our all on him we venture,
And while we on him rely,
Upon hardest trials enter,
Needful strength he will supply.

3 Of our lives we will be careful,
While reserved for his use,
But, when he demands, unfear-
ful,
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

510.* T. 56. (437.)

BLESSED Jesus :: all our hearts
incline
Thee to follow :: where thy foot-
steps shine;
At all times, and ev'ry where,
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance :: gracious Lord to
thine.

511.* T. 54. (445.)

THE suff'rings of this life's short
day
Can't be compar'd with that dis-
play
Of glory, which God's heirs shall
prove,
When they who Jesus truly love
Shall shine above.

2 Therefore we'll follow willingly
Our Saviour in adversity;
Then, after having suffer'd here,
We shall in heav'n his glory share,
Beyond compare.

512.* T. 58. (446.)

TO follow Jesus, is his people's aim,
Where'er they go, through honor or
through shame,
They themselves thrice happy es-
teem, if favor'd
In his reproach to share, which is
still savor'd With inward joy.

513.* T. 164. (447.)

HOW great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath him loved.
They who reproach here bear,
In heav'n a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with him shall ever rest.

514. T. 159. (448.)

WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity, [shame,
And under cross, reproach and
To glorify his name.

515.* T. 155. (1068.)

AMEN yea, Head of thy church,
Grant, we pray, this our petition:
In submission
To thy will, with steady pace,
In thy ways
To proceed: if thou attend us,
Cross and shame shall not offend us,
Thee we boldly will confess.

XXV. *Self-Knowledge, and Sighing for Grace.*

516. T. 37. (1071.)

THEY that are whole need not
The good Physician,
But they who know and feel
Their lost condition,
Bewail their wretched state,
To Christ appealing,
Experience of his stripes
The virtue healing.

2 We know, that in our flesh
No good thing dwelleth,
But with ne'er failing skill
Our wounds he healeth;
Thus spirit, body, soul,
Though poor and needy,
Can, to rejoice in him,
Be ever ready.

517.* T. 228. (1070. 350.)

ALAS! we're sinful, vile, and base,
Yet freely justified by grace:

A myst'ry this, concealed
From all, but those who gladly
own:—

'This truth to me had ne'er been
known,

By flesh and blood revealed;

O no! I owe my experience,

And assurance of salvation

To the Spirit's operation.'

2 He who in Jesus' death believes,
From thence all righteousness re-
ceives,

And all sanctification:

Though stripp'd of every self-made
good,

Is by the virtue of his blood

Freed from sin's condemnation;

Its voice still cries in his favor:

Christ our Saviour for him pleadeth:

This is all the plea he needeth.

3 O how enraptur'd is my heart,

That in my Jesus I have part,

He is my only treasure:

May I for evermore abide

A member of his chosen bride,

And live unto his pleasure:

O I have joy, at the favor,

That my Saviour, here already,

Join'd me to the church his body.

518.* T. 22. (449.)

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,

To thee, its Source, my spirit flies;

O turn to me thy cheering face,

I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2 Deeply convinc'd of sin, I cry,

In thy death, Saviour, let me die;

O may the world, may self and pride,

In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,

To me thy lowly mind impart,

Break nature's bonds, and let me see,

He whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in thee, and in thy ways

Delights, yet from thy presence

strays;

O keep, I pray, my wav'ring mind

Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

5 I know, that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength and wisdom
fails;

Who bids a sinful heart be clean?

Thou only, Saviour of lost men!

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,

Till, in thy light, the light I see;

Till thou in my behalf appear,

To banish ev'ry doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each self
design,

I to thy better will resign;

Impress this deeply on my breast,

That I in thee am truly blest.

8 Then ev'n in storms I thee shall
know

My sure Support, and Refuge too,

In ev'ry trial I shall prove

Assuredly, that God is Love.

519.* T. 121. (450.)

FOR grace I weep and pant,

'Tis mercy that I want;

How wretched should I be,

Did I not Jesus know!

Who to deliver me,

Suffer'd in my stead,

In a tomb was laid,

And rose from the dead.

2 Could even all the love

In heav'nly hosts above,

And in the church below,

At once united prove,

And in one bosom glow;

Jesus' love outweighs;

Yea, his boundless grace

Is beyond all praise.

3 Love is his nature still,

In me he will fulfil

His precious thoughts of peace,

If I am to his will

Resign'd in every case;

Let him do what's best,

Then, supremely blest,

I enjoy true rest.

4 O my Immanuel,

My wounded spirit heal!

I humbly seek thy face;

Yea, pungent sorrow feel,

That I've abus'd thy grace.

Jesus, pardon me!
 May I henceforth be
 Faithful unto thee.

5 O Lord, thy grace impart,
 Refresh and cheer my heart,
 Thy pard'ning love display,
 For thou my Saviour art;
 To me, poor sinner, say,
 'Thy reproach is mine,
 All my merit's thine,
 Take my peace divine.'

6 I know, that through thy grace
 Thou wilt my guilt erase,
 And banish all my fear;
 Wilt grant to me thy peace,
 And me with patience bear.
 On me grace bestow,
 Jesus, thee to know:
 Amen, be it so!

520.* T. 141. (451.)

I AM a poor sinner,
 This I surely know;
 And if my dear Saviour
 Did not love me so,
 As ne'er to forsake me,
 Worthless though I be,
 He ere now his mercy
 Had withdrawn from me.

2 Grace, and a sensation
 Of my sinfulness,
 Keep on each occasion
 In me equal pace;
 While I own ashamed,
 'I deserved wrath!'
 I rejoice, reclaimed
 From sin's pow'r, by faith.

3 Jesus, when thy blessings
 Fill my needy heart,
 Fear and anxious doubtings
 Then from me depart;
 I in thy atonement
 My election trace,
 And rejoice, astonish'd
 At my lot of grace.

4 Witness true and faithful,
 Christ, the church's Head,
 All is Yea and Amen
 Thou hast promised;
 As I am, so take me
 With my worst and best;

Ever thine preserve me
 Till with thee I rest.
 5 While we thy past dealings
 Gratefully review,
 We're assur'd, thy mercies
 Are each morning new;
 And that thou wilt freely
 Give thy promis'd grace,
 And, amidst our weakness,
 Form us to thy praise.

521.* T. 141. (452.)

JESUS' love unbounded
 None can e'er explain;
 Yet, alas, how often
 Do we cause him pain!
 Even those still grieve him,
 Who enjoy his grace,
 And, to him devoted,
 Should show forth his praise.

2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,
 Comfort us anew,
 Ah, regard our weeping,
 Thy compassion show;
 Pardon our transgressions,
 Hear our fervent cry,
 And our souls and bodies
 Heal and sanctify.

3 All our days, O Jesus,
 Hallow unto thee,
 May our conversation
 To thy honor be;
 Let us all experience,
 To the end of days,
 Thy reviving presence
 'Midst thy chosen race.

522.* T. 30. (453.)

O MY God, I come oppress'd with
 sadness,
 Fill my troubled soul with joy and
 gladness
 In thy salvation;
 No where else I find true consolati-
 on.

2 Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
 But his warning I have oft neglect-
 ed;
 Most gracious Saviour,
 Pardon and restore me to thy favor.

3 I confess, O Lord, with deep con-
trition,
My unfaithfulness, hear my peti-
tion;

Comfort and bless me,
With thy gracious presence now
refresh me.

4 O baptize me with thy fire and
spirit,
Grant me from the fulness of thy
merit

True heart's compunction,
Prim'tive love, simplicity and unction.

5 Give me grace to walk with cir-
cum-spection,
Keep me from the world's and sin's
infection,
That my behavior
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious
Saviour.

523.* T. 16. (454.)

O WHAT would be my condition,
Did not Jesus stand my Friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood:

3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and
bruises,
With believing confidence;
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

4 Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood,
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd;

5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

524.* T. 4. (455.)

WE know that we're poor,
And sinful all o'er,
In us there's no good;
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy
precious blood!

2 How wondrous thy love
And mercy do prove,
This plainly our faith
Discerns by thy agony, passion and
death.

3 Lord Jesus, receive
The thanks we can give;
O that to thy praise,
My thoughts, words, and actions
were hallow'd always!

4 We all at thy throne
Now humbly fall down;
Praise to thee, our God,
Be brought by us, sinners, redeem'd
with thy blood.

525.* T. 244. (456.)

WHEN I am conscious truly
Of my great sinfulness,
And that so very slowly
Towards the mark I press;
Nought then can comfort me,
But Jesus' mercy free,
And that he bore with patience
My sins upon the tree.

2 Yea, when I see in spirit
My Saviour shed his blood,
That I might life inherit,
And everlasting good;
Then I true happiness
And joy in him possess,
My eyes with tears flow over
For heart-felt thankfulness.

526.* T. 22. (457.)

WHILE here on earth we run our
race,
We Jesus' love and kindness trace;
Our faults are more than we can tell,
Yet did his mercy never fail.

2 When we like wand'ring sheep
had stray'd,
His boundless goodness he dis-
play'd;
He sought us, worthless as we are,
And took us in his tender care.

3 Asham'd we own our great defect,
And did not Jesus us protect,
We should be oft depress'd with
fears,
While traversing this vale of tears.

4 But Jesus' blood and death im-
part
True comfort to the needy heart:
Those who still weak and feeble
are,
He kindly in his arms will bear.

527. T. 119. (458.)

AT thy feet, :||:
At thy pierced feet I lie;
Saviour, mark my heart's contri-
tion,
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah! refuse not the petition
Of a sinner conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin! :||:

2 Make me clean, :||:
My whole nature purify,
Cleanse me in that precious foun-
tain,

Which by faith I open'd see,
Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bar'st my sin, my guilt
and shame,
Lamb once slain! :||:

3 Look on me, :||:
See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate Physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure,
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought
my soul;
Make me whole. :||:

4 Bid me live, :||:
Bid a dying sinner live,
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit;
Then to thee myself I'll give,
And, until I heav'n inherit,
Ev'ry moment in thy service spend,
Faithful Friend! :||:

528. T. 14. (459.)

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove!

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And liv'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then
view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way,
Me still in tender love pursu'd,
Who oft from thee did stray.

4 Yet O! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reas'ning and of pride!

5 How doth the old corruption strive
And fight to reign again!
There's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark and vain.

6 Thou Friend of sinners, love me
still,
The poorest and the worst;
Where sin abounded, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

7 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good:
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I so long withstood.

8 On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things pass away;
Create all new, draw me to thee,
Still nearer ev'ry day.

9 Thou know'st which way to rec-
tify
Each stubborn ill within,
How to subdue my ev'ry thought,
And conquer all that's sin.

10 Chastise me when I do amiss,
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto thee;
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11 Impress thy wounds upon my
heart,
And all thy bitter pain;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant vict'ry gain.

529. T. 58. (460.)

O LAMB of God, who wast for sin-
ners slain,
That they might pardon, life and
bliss obtain,
Give me to experience thy great
salvation,
And in my heart O fix thy habita-
tion For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul,
 I've nought to boast,
 And without thee should be for
 ever lost;
 When I am neglectful, thou dost
 reprove me,
 Yet I am well assur'd that thou
 dost love me,
 For thou forgiv'st.

3 How glad am I that thou so gra-
 cious art,
 That thou dost bless my sinful,
 worthless heart,
 And canst with such patience bear
 my behavior,
 O wert thou not exactly such a
 Saviour,

What should I do!

530. T. 151. (461.)

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me
 With cords of love to thee!
 And evermore remind me
 That thou hast died for me;
 O may thy holy Spirit
 Set this before mine eyes,
 That I thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

2 I am of my salvation
 Assured, through thy love;
 Yet ah, on each occasion
 Might I more faithful prove!
 Hast thou my sins forgiven,
 Then leaving things behind,
 May I press on to heaven,
 And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
 Though I am oft to blame;
 As thy reward, O take me
 Anew, just as I am;
 Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.

531. T. 106. (462.)

AH, Lord, how apt am I to stray
 From thee! how prone to lust
 and pride!
 Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
 And turn my heart from thee
 aside;

Yet such vile, wretched sinners
 are
 The objects of thy love and care.

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
 Bind my affections to thy cross;
 Quench all the sparks of nature's
 fire,
 May I count all for thee but loss;
 Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
 Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3 O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
 Be unto me a healing balm;
 Warm thou my heart, dispel my
 fears,
 And speak the tempest to a
 calm:
 Remove the maladies of sin,
 And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4 I gladly will show forth thy praise,
 If thou wilt gird me with thy
 pow'r,
 And sing the glories of thy grace,
 Until my pilgrimage be o'er,
 With hallow'd fire inspire my
 tongue,
 And love shall be my endless song.

532. T. 22. (463.)

VAIN are all efforts made to trace
 The way to life and happiness,
 Before 'tis on our mind imprest,
 That Jesus is our only rest!

2 By my own strength I can't procure
 True rest, nor even feel I'm poor;
 Strive I great comforts to obtain,
 Instead of joy I've nought but
 pain.

3 He shows me how from him I
 rove,
 And court my neighbor's praise
 and love,
 How self-will raises discontent
 Against my Saviour's government.

4 How soon, when Satan tempts,
 I start,
 Pass by convictions in my heart,
 Let my first love and zeal abate,
 Fall, and my very falls forget.

5 When, fill'd with humble shame,
I feel
That he hath patience with me still:
I sink abas'd before his face,
And thank him for his boundless
grace.

6 Search out, discover, and erase,
Whatever is not to thy praise,
All that might an obstruction prove
To thy blest purposes of love.

7 Complete thy work, my gracious
King,
My heart into subjection bring;
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

533. T. 22. (464.)

FROM my own works at last I
cease,

For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of wo.

3 'Tis thine alone to change the
heart,

Thou only canst good gifts impart,
I therefore will my heart resign
'To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine!

4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my
All!

I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
'My blood hath wash'd thy sins
away.'

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sick-
ness cure,

Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy im-
part,
And give thyself unto my heart.

534. T. 106. (465.)

O JESUS, could I always keep
My eye on thee, the living way,
I then, though once a wand'ring
sheep,
Should no more err or run astray;

But wheresoe'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2 O that I never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for my
sake,

To save my soul, and make me
meet

Once of thy glory to partake:
O might I oft in spirit see
How thou wast crucified for me.

3 But, gracious Lord, when I reflect
How oft I've turn'd my eye from
thee,

How treated thee with cold neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee still the same,
This fills my soul with humble
shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my highest
thought;

Henceforth be thou my All in all,
Thou who with blood my soul
hast bought;

May I henceforth more faithful
prove,
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

535. T. 79. (466.)

WHEN, having been with guilt
opprest,

My wand'ring spirit findeth rest
'Through Jesus' pard'ning grace;
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy soul doth then incline
'To be in Mary's happy place.

2 My pray'r is, 'Jesus, let me hear
'Thy voice, which can instruct and
cheer

My poor and worthless heart;
For should I cease thy words t'obey,
And from thy blessed presence
stray,

Nature would soon its pow'r as-
sert.'

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour;

Reason's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith and hope
o'erpow'r.

536. T. 22. (467.)

LORD Jesus, my most faithful
Friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour,
That sin may not thy grace o'er-
pow'r.

2 That spark, enkindled in my
heart,
Remain unquench'd, though all the
art
Of world and Satan be combin'd
To make me leave my matchless
Friend.

3 O let thy Spirit stay with me,
To groan and speak my wants to
thee;
Still let him show me ev'ry need,
And that in thee I'm help'd indeed.

4 Thy faithfulness I oft have prov'd,
In countless trials quite unmov'd;
Thy grace alone can me preserve,
When my frail heart from thee
would swerve.

537. T. 14. (468.)

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee,
I long t' enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask,
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come!

3 Search me, O God, and know my
heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast
bought,

4 My faithless heart, O gracious
Lord,
Correct with gentle hand:
In ev'ry danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

5 Without thy favor, while I live,
Life but a burden is;
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray:
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away,
In heav'n I may have place.

538. T. 96. (469.)

AH give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My inbred misery reveal:
Ah give me, Lord, (I still would
say)

A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

2 Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me
More fully with the saints below,
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

539. T. 159. (470.)

WITH what unwearied faithful-
ness,

Lord, hast thou follow'd me!
Though I, regardless of thy grace,
In darkness stray'd from thee;
How heavy hung the dismal cloud,
How did distresses on me crowd!
And I, despairing of relief,
In thee had no belief.

2 But thou, my kind, almighty
Friend,
Didst sin's dominion quell:
My mis'ry and confusion end,
And ev'ry cloud dispel;
One look, cast at the throne of grace,
One smile complacent from thy
face,
Assures me, that thy mercy free
Is not withdrawn from me.

540. T. 159. (471.)

MY case to thee is fully known,
 On thee I cast my care,
 Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
 In me, is all my pray'r;
 O may I harbor in my breast
 No thought that cannot bear the
 test,
 When thou discover'st by thy light
 To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,
 Firm root in thee to gain;
 To feel thy precious blood hath
 drown'd

Whatever gives thee pain;
 'Tis this I want, nor can I be
 Content, till I am one with thee,
 Until my life is hid in thine,
 Till thou art wholly mine.

541. T. 159. (1072.)

HOW needful, strictly to inquire,
 And ask our hearts each day,
 'Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
 My thoughts and actions sway?
 Am I a branch in Christ the vine?
 Am I his own, and is he mine?
 Do I by faith unto him cleave,
 And to his honor live?'

2 The Spirit's witness, full and
 clear,
 Will state the real case,
 And either draw a contrite tear,
 Or thanks unfeigned raise;
 Hence will the consequence ensue,
 That the full purpose we renew,
 To run in faith th' appointed race,
 Supported by his grace.

542. T. 11. (1074.)

THEY, who know our Lord in-
 deed,
 Find in him a Friend in need,
 And behold in Jesus' face,
 Nought but mercy, truth and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care
 On that Lord, who heareth pray'r,
 And when they to him draw nigh,
 He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him, their Saviour
 know,
 Lowly at his foot-stool bow:
 They, to whom his name is dear,
 Greatly to offend him fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love
 To all, who his goodness prove,
 Deep abasement, heav'nly joy,
 Their alternate thoughts employ.

5 Wonders without end we see,
 Countless mercies, great and free;
 Lord, accept our thanks and praise
 For thy goodness, truth and grace.

543. T. 14. (1075.)

WITHOUT a consciousness within
 Of poverty and need,
 An humbling sense of guilt and sin,
 We are not poor indeed.

2 But all, who know themselves
 aright,
 Are ready to confess,
 Instructed by the Spirit's light,
 Their utter helplessness.

3 How greatly he forgiveness wants,
 The contrite sinner knows,
 With inward spirit's ardor pants,
 In Christ to find repose.

4 Who is so full of tenderness,
 And patience, as thou, Lord!
 But I must own with shame, alas!
 I oft transgress thy word.

5 Oh! from my heart, God Holy
 Ghost,
 This suit I make to thee:
 Show me how much my ransom
 cost,
 How great my poverty!

544.* T. 22. (1076)

O LORD, 'fore thee abas'd I fall,
 And on thy name for mercy call,
 The faults indeed are numberless,
 Which humbly I to thee confess.

2 I give myself to thee anew,
 My soul and body are thy due,
 Form me into thy likeness here,
 By means, or gentle, or severe.

3 Grant that I may henceforth to thee
More faithful and obedient be:
O may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

545. T. 36. (1077.)

THY love unchanging is our consolation,
Thy patience and long suff'ring our salvation,
O thou, our yesterday, to-day and ever
Most faithful Saviour.

2 Thy purposes of love remain unshaken,
Though we, alas! our vows have oft forsaken:
Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy direction,
And kind protection.

3 As a thick cloud let all our sins be blotted
Out of thy book, that nothing past be noted;
As children, chasten us when we are failing,
Heal us, when ailing.

546. T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst thy ransom'd people
Have obtain'd a place,
Lord, may we be faithful
To our cov'nant found,
To thee as our Shepherd,
And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled
Own, we're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same;
In thee all the needy
Have a friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
We present to thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea;

All that is displeasing
Unto thee, forgive,
More to thy name's glory
May we henceforth live.

547. T. 244.

WITH sin oppress'd and wearied,
O whither can we turn?—
To him who hath declared,
'Blessed are they who mourn:'
He only can console
The needy, sin-sick soul:
None e'er to him for succour
Applied, but was made whole.

2 Then to your great Physician
Without reserve draw nigh:
He knows your sad condition,
Will turn your tears to joy:
If we to him approach,
By faith his garments touch,
That pow'r from him proceedeth
To heal, we can avouch.

548. T. 218.

WHEN on thy goodness, Lord, we ponder,
And think how we thy love return,
We sink before thee, lost in wonder,
O'er our ingratitude we mourn:
We thy long suff'ring and compassion,
To us display'd, account salvation,
With contrite hearts our sins confess;
O grant us still thy kind forbearance,
And love unchanging to experience:
Refresh our souls with pard'ning grace.

549. T. 14. (472.)

I KNOW the weakness of my soul,
But Jesus is my stay,
My kind Redeemer hath engag'd
To lead me in his way.

2 For ever he abides the same,
Though I to change am prone;
My welfare always he promotes,
Who chose me for his own.

550. T. 22. (473.)

THE more I know of Jesus' grace,
The more distinctly I can trace,
How much is yet not right within,
How much is unsubdu'd of sin.

2 Long this was from my sight conceal'd,

Till by the Spirit's light reveal'd:
I by that light alone can see
My danger and my remedy.

551.* T. 97. (474.)

WHATE'ER I am, whate'er I do,
'Tis grace I must ascribe it to;
This can alone my heart preserve;
For I'm so liable to swerve,
That ev'n the grace which thou to-day bestow'st,
If not renew'd, to-morrow might be lost.

552. T. 590. (475.)

THE worst of evils we can name
Is an unfaithful heart;
May none among us from our Lord
Be tempted to depart;
Our human frailty need not lead
Our souls from him astray;
For he the needful strength imparts
To walk the narrow way.

553.* T. 590. (476.)

FEAR not, without reserve disclose
The fest'ring sores of sin;
Your case the Lord, your Healer,
knows,
His blood can wash you clean;
There is a balm in Gilead,
To cure the sin-sick soul;
None e'er to Christ for refuge fled
But was by him made whole.

554.* T. 23. (1080.)

I AM needy, yet forgiven,
With thy blood my heart enliven,
Give me, Jesus, of thy passion
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array
me,
And from strength to strength convey
me,
For thy service make me ready,
Sanctify both soul and body.

555.* T. 214. (477.)

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,
Jesus' blood hath made me clean;
He my sin-sick soul hath healed,
Yea, though traces still remain
Of my former sad condition,
When to him for help I cry,
He to sooth my grief is nigh:
Lord, remain my kind Physician,
I, thy patient, then am sure
Thou wilt work a thorough cure.

556.* T. 97. (478.)

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
Our souls from mis'ry to regain,
How blest are they, who truly see
Their weakness, who derive from thee
The mercies which thou freely dost dispense,
And look to thee with filial confidence!

557.* T. 79. (479.)

LORD, shouldst thou be induced
To ask, how we have used
Thy precious gifts and grace,
And into judgment enter
With us, we durst not venture
To plead: our faults are numberless!

558.* T. 22. (1081.)

ALTHOUGH my deep depravity
Oft causeth me to mourn and sigh,
My hope, to prosper for the Lord,
Doth heart-felt joy to me afford:

2 Till to that happy fold I'm led,
Which with celestial joy is fed,
And of life's fountain drinks above,
In endless bliss and perfect love.

XXVI. *Sanctification.*

559.* T. 58. (480.)

THE Lamb of God, who saves us
by his death,
Is made unto us holiness by faith;
None besides availeth, since our
Creator
Became a man, assuming human
nature,

To ransom us.

2 To Jesus Christ is due eternal
praise,
For our high calling in these gos-
pel days;
What divine enjoyment and conso-
lation

Do we now gain from Jesus' incar-
nation And bitter death!

3 If we in Jesus' saving name be-
lieve,

And pardon of our sins from him
receive;

With his blood besprinkled, and
cleansed truly,

In soul and body we are render'd
holy, And have his mind.

4 And thus by faith we live, and
yet not we,

But Christ lives in us so effectually,
That, by him renewed and actuated,
We are in him unto good works
created, And grow in grace.

560.* T. 126. (481.)

THIS yields true joy and pleasure

To Christ, when with one voice
His people in their measure

Exalt his sacrifice,
And praise him for the wounds
which he

Receiv'd for our redemption
Upon th' accursed tree.

2 Of his complete salvation
We witness here below,
And gladly make confession,
Resolv'd nought else to know.

God in his wisdom did ordain,
That lost, repenting sinners
His righteousness should gain.

3 No holiness availeth
With God, but this alone;
The Holy Spirit sealeth
This truth, that in the Son
By faith we're freely justified,
And gain sanctification,
Because for us he died.

561.* T. 22. (482.)

JESUS, the church's Lord and
Head!

O mightst thou o'er thy flock be
glad,

Whom thou, while sinners, by thy
blood

Hast ransom'd and brought nigh to
God.

2 Since thou our wretched, lost
estate

In mercy didst commiserate,
And feeble flesh and blood assume,
To save us from the wrath to come:

3 We are, if we in thee believe,
And from thy fulness grace receive,
Cleansed and sanctified by thee,
And serve thy name acceptably.

4 Renew'd in heart, we're then in-
clin'd

To live according to thy mind,
Can we do good—with cheerfulness
We do it, and give thee the praise.

5 Whatever honors thee our Lord,
What's called virtue in thy word,
Is honest, lovely, pure and just,
By faith in thee is then produc'd.

6 Preserve, O Lord, our garments
pure,
Keep us from ev'ry harm secure;
Our members render, through thy
grace,
Blest instruments of righteousness.

7 May spirit, soul and body be
A pleasing sacrifice to thee;
Thy name we bear, our hearts thou
know'st,
In thee alone we place our trust.

562.* T. 11. (483.)

PRAISE to Christ, the Son of God!
Who assum'd our flesh and blood,
Since he death for us endur'd,
And eternal life procur'd.

2 When we see our names enroll'd
'Mongst the sheep of Jesus' fold,
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess
Undeserving of such grace.

3 And when we explore the end,
Why our Lord would condescend
To assume humanity,
Us thereby to sanctify:

4 And reflect on all the pain,
Which for us he did sustain,
On his labors, sorrows, cares,
On his tears and fervent pray'rs;

5 Poverty, and ev'ry want
To our nature incident,
Which he bore, and which for us
Are all meritorious;

6 Then, through his enabling grace,
We with joy can run our race,
While we him in mem'ry bear,
Who was tempted as we are.

7 Yea, 'midst failings numberless,
We rejoice that we are his;
And if we his word obey,
Each of us may cleanse his way.

8 Though the outward mark and
scar
Of the fall doth still appear,
Yet we're freed from sin's hard
yoke,
Since our bonds and chains he
broke.

9 Mighty God, we humbly pray,
Let thy pow'r so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

10 Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith, and love,
That our hearts to thee are giv'n,
That our treasure is in heav'n.

11 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as King o'er us he reigns,
And unrivall'd sway maintains.

12 Then shall we in ev'ry state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him, who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified.

563.* T. 14. (484.)

HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no:
Alone through Jesus' blood.

2 When through his merits we ob-
tain
The gift of pard'ning grace,
A sanctified heart we gain,
And walk in holiness.

3 If any thing in us appears
Unlike to Jesus' mind,
To own it with repenting tears,
Ah, may we be inclin'd!

4 A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be;
Though with conviction still he
grants,
That none is good but HE.

5 Oft as in spirit Christ he views,
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews,
'As thou wast, O were I!'

6 'Whate'er is carnal, through thy
grace
In me be mortified;
Thus clothed in thy righteousness,
I shall in thee abide.'

564.* T. 185. (485.)

HE who striveth for sanctification,
And is unrenew'd in heart,
Feeling yet a secret condemnation,
Since with sin he still takes part;
He who hath not yet in Christ be-
lieved,
Pardon in his blood and peace re-
ceived;

Hath not found that holiness
Which adorns a child of grace.

2 But how happy is the soul that
cleaveth

To the Friend of sinners poor;
And with humble confidence be-
lieveth,
'My diseases he can cure;'

While with shame confessing, that
 by nature
 He throughout is a depraved crea-
 ture,
 By the blood of Christ applied,
 He is cleans'd and purified.

565. T. 151. (486.)

WHO, through Christ's blood, re-
 mission

Of all his sins hath gain'd,
 And without intermission
 With Jesus hath remain'd:
 To true sanctification
 Attains through Jesus' grace,
 And in his conversation
 Shows forth his matchless praise.

2 Our pleasure and our duty,
 Though opposite before,
 Since we have seen his beauty,
 Are join'd to part no more;
 It is our highest pleasure,
 No less than duty's call,
 To love him beyond measure,
 And serve him with our all.

566. T. 166. (487.)

THOU, Jesus! more than thirty
 years

In deep humiliation
 Hast liv'd on earth, thy pray'rs and
 tears

Have purchas'd our salvation;
 Thou hast, till yielding up thy
 breath,

Unheard-of pains sustained,
 In soul and body felt our death,
 And life for us regained.

2 O what a privilege is this,
 That man, tho' fall'n by nature,
 May thro' thy grace know what it is
 To be a happy creature;
 Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds,
 from sin

And Satan's pow'r released,
 Fill'd with thy love and peace
 within,

And thus to new life raised!

3 Thou chocest us to show thy praise
 In all our conversation,

As witnesses of blood-bought grace,
 Each in his call and station:

This is our cov'nant's only ground,
 To yield thee soul and body,
 In life and death to thee we're
 bound,
 And for thy service ready.

4 How precious are thy thoughts
 of peace

O'er us, if but attained!

O may we steadfast run our race,
 Till we the crown have gained.

Grant we may never fall asleep,
 But in faith persevering,

Our lamps may always burning
 keep,

Until thy blest appearing.

567. T. 585. (841.)

BLESSED Jesus! we implore thee,

Let us, cleans'd and purified,

Walk in grace and truth before
 thee,

And in thee by faith abide.

Sanctified :::

Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us thy name's sweet savor

Is as ointment poured forth;

In thine eyes we have found favor,
 Tho' deprav'd and void of worth;

And thy banner :::

Over us is love divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,

We count all things else but loss,

What with thee our hearts divided
 Now is nailed to thy cross:

We will glory :::

In the wounded Lamb of God.

4 We will dwell on Calv'ry's moun-
 tain,

Where the flocks of Zion feed;

Oft resort unto the fountain,

Open'd when the Lord did bleed,

Thence deriving :::

Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimmed lamps we'll
 tarry,

Till the Lord comes from on high,

Watch in pray'r and ne'er be weary,

But await the midnight cry:

Haste to meet him, :::

Lo! the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation,
 May we sinners mercy find,
 Saved with complete salvation,
 And not one be left behind;
 As wise virgins :||:
 May we then before thee stand!

568.* T. 185. (488.)

WITH new life endow'd by Christ
 our Saviour,
 Might we to this world be dead;
 That great prize to gain be our en-
 deavor,
 Purchas'd when for us he bled;
 Filled with his love, may we adore
 him,
 Thinking, speaking, acting, as be-
 fore him,
 Being to his gracious mind
 Ever willingly resign'd.

2 May we all be ever so disposed
 In our hearts, by day and night,
 As when, this life's period being
 closed,
 We to him shall take our flight;
 Or as when, releas'd from condem-
 nation,
 We receiv'd the seal of our salva-
 tion,
 And obtained, through his blood,
 Happiness and peace with God!

569. T. 126. (489.)

DRAW nigh to Christ, your Bro-
 ther,
 Let no distrust take place;
 He's lovely as none other,
 Draw nigh, receive the grace
 Which flows from his humanity,
 To all who with full purpose
 Like Jesus aim to be.

2 He's yours, with all his merit,
 If you are truly his,
 And thus become one spirit
 With him who holy is,
 Who spirit, soul, and body heals,
 And is that kind Physician
 Who for his patients feels.

3 Whoe'er this truth believeth,
 With love to Jesus burns,
 But none its pow'r perceiveth,
 Until to Christ he turns.
 O blessed Jesus! grant us grace
 To grow into thy likeness,
 And live unto thy praise.

570.* T. 22. (490.)

LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,
 And make my spirit one with thee;
 Thy body torn with many a wound
 Preserve my soul and body sound.

2 The blood-sweat trickling down
 thy face,
 My condemnation doth erase;
 Thy cross, thy suff'rings, and thy
 pain
 My everlasting strength remain.

3 The water flowing from thy side,
 Which by the spear was open'd
 wide,
 Shall be my bath; thy precious
 blood
 Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to
 God.

4 Dear Jesus, grant this my re-
 quest,
 Be thou my everlasting rest,
 Protect me by thy saving arm,
 Secure my soul from ev'ry harm.

571.* T. 102. (491.)

CHRIST crucified! my soul by
 faith
 With thee desires to be united;
 For, as the purchase of thy death,
 To thy communion I'm invited.
 O hear my petition, and let me with
 thee
 Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's
 in me.

2 O that I might still more enjoy
 The blessed fruits of all thy pas-
 sion;
 Thy merits to my soul apply,
 And let me share thy great sal-
 vation;
 O hear my petition, &c.

3 Let me in all things conqu'ror
 prove,
 Deliver me from sin's infection;
 Preserve me in thy sacred love,
 As well in joy as in affliction;
 O hear my petition, &c.

572. T. 185.

TO the soul that seeks him, Christ
 is gracious,
 They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,
 But experience him a God propi-
 tious,

He the feeble doth sustain:
 Hungry souls he on rich pastures
 feedeth,
 Those who thirst, to living waters
 leadeth,
 Hears the needy sinner's cry,
 And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath he join'd us to the church,
 his body,
 O may we in him abide:
 As wise virgins be to meet him
 ready,

Be our lamps with oil supplied;
 Looking unto him for preservation,
 May we screened be from each
 temptation,
 And unto the end endure,
 Making our election sure.

573. T. 585.

HALLELUJAH! praise be given
 Unto Jesus, who for us
 Left his glorious throne in heaven,
 And was offer'd on the cross:
 That his suff'rings :::
 Might retrieve our dreadful loss.

2 We behold in him our Brother,
 Unto us by blood allied:
 He's our Strength, we need no other,
 For our wants he will provide;
 Soul and body :::
 May through him be sanctified.

574. T. 185.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly
 objects cleaving,
 Of the mark forgetful prove?
 God forbid! all worldly trifles leav-
 ing,
 Let us fix our thoughts above,

Have with Christ in heav'n our
 conversation,
 Keep in view our blessed destina-
 tion,
 As redeem'd from this world's
 thrall,
 To pursue our heav'nly call.

2 Let us watch and pray, lest we
 might slumber,
 Heedless of the foe's approach:
 Cast away, whate'er would us en-
 cumber,
 Nor the thing that's unclean
 touch;
 Lest, escaped from the world's pol-
 lution,
 We again give way to sin's delu-
 sion: [pain,
 Ah! 'twould cause us pungent
 Christ to crucify again.

3 God be prais'd! though in our-
 selves defiled,
 Though sin cleaveth to us still,
 By the tempter we need not be foiled,
 If to Jesus we appeal;
 Yet our Lord a faithful heart de-
 mandeth:
 Happy, who with list'ning ear at-
 tendeth
 To the Spirit's warning voice,
 Nor his chast'ning doth despise.

575.* T. 200. (1082.)

TO thee I send my fervent cries,
 O let them rise to heaven;
 Lord Jesus! to my pray'rs and sighs,
 A gracious ear be given:
 Thy blessed word be my support,
 May I, in thee believing,
 To thee cleaving,
 By faith be purified,
 From thee true life receiving.

2 Let neither lust nor fear prevail
 To draw me from my duty,
 By aiding grace I shall not fail
 To walk in holy beauty;
 For who hath aught, but what is
 giv'n?
 Such favor none can merit,
 But thy Spirit,
 Our guide to life and heav'n,
 Can graciously confer it.

576. T. 71. (1084.)

LORD, who didst sanctify
Thyself, and hast thereby
Procur'd that blessing,
That we before thy face
May walk in holiness,
To thee well pleasing.

2 In true simplicity,
O may we cleave to thee,
Our God and Saviour;
In all things free from blame,
To glorify thy name
Be our endeavor.

3 In heart here purified,
May we in thee abide,
Without cessation;
Thy praise be our employ;
On earth our highest joy,
Thy congregation.

577. T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy word requireth,
By works t' adorn thy grace:
O might my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind, which in thee
was.

578.* T. 68. (1090.)

WHILE we take our seat
At the Master's feet,
Urg'd by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with plea-
sure,
Doth he strength bestow,
We can all things do.

579. T. 14. (493.)

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my
heart,
O Jesus, Son of God!
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife;
O may I henceforth only thirst
For thee, the Well of life,

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,
And never more depart;
My ardent longing is, 'O Lord,
Fix at this spring my heart.'

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turn'd away from thee;
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally!

580.* T. 79. (494.)

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
Grant, that we may not only feel
Some drawings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful strength to run our
race.

2 O let us always think thee near,
As near unto us as the air
Which constantly we breathe;
Thus will from all we think or do
To thee unfeigned praises flow;
For thine we are in life and death.

3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us
be
In all things more conform'd to thee;
We're fill'd with conscious shame,
And thank thee for thy care and
love;
Thy patience, which we richly
prove,
Our heart-felt gratitude doth
claim.

581.* T. 237. (495.)

O LORD God Holy Ghost,
As sure as Christ's I am,
So sure am I in him
With thee in close communion;
Might my whole walk proclaim
With Christ a blessed union,
The pardon'd sinner's frame,
A mind to his conform'd;

2 The genuine mind of Christ,
Proceeding from a heart
Engaged with his cross,
Blest theme of meditation!
Deriving all delight
From Jesus' great salvation;
Supported day and night
With peace and joy divine.

582. T. 16. (496.)

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee
truly,
Lord, our thoughts and actions
sway,

And to ev'ry heart more fully
Thy atoning pow'r display.

3 Lead us so that we may honor
Thee, the Lord our Righteous-
ness,
And bring fruit to thee, the donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

583.* T. 23. (497.)

TO that Lord, who unconstrained
Death's dire pangs for us sustained,
May we all in our small measure
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole beha-
vior

Bear resemblance to our Saviour,
And his sanctifying merit
Hallow body, soul and spirit.

584. T. 583. (498.)

LOVE God with all thy heart, and
soul, and mind;
To friend and foe be just, and true,
and kind;

Be meek and patient, humble, so-
ber, chaste;

In these good ways be constant to
the last.

2 And when thou hast done all,
then humbly cry,

'A useless, sinful servant, Lord,
am I!

My strength and grace come from
the Holy Ghost,

My Saviour's merits are my only
boast.'

585.* T. 590. (499.)

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain;

Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain;

Q 2

Once lost it was, but is restor'd
By thy humanity;
Under thy shadow, Son of Man,
'Tis good for man to be!

586. T. 586. (500.)

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful, frail humanity,
Had not the world's almighty
Maker

Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assum'd my na-
ture,

I gladly am a human creature;

For such his mercies are,

He takes a tender share,

In all I bear.

587.* T. 244. (501.)

LORD Jesus, thy atonement

Be ever new to us;

Grant we may ev'ry moment

In spirit view thy cross:

O keep our garments pure

In the temptation's hour:

From sin's infatuation

Preserve us by thy pow'r.

588.* T. 228. (502.)

O JESUS, were we through thy
grace,

In all respects form'd to thy praise,

Like thee in thought and action;

Did we but wake and sleep to thee,

Bear pain and sickness patiently,

Trusting in thy direction!

Where'er,—we are,

Might, dear Saviour,—our beha-
vior,

Through thy blessing,

Always be to thee well-pleasing.

589.* T. 79. (503.)

THY law, O Lord, be my delight,

My gracious King, thy statutes
write

In my untoward heart;

Thy pow'r divine afford me grace

To love thee, and to walk thy ways,

And never from thee to depart.

590. T. 14. (492.)

- 1 ASK not honor, pomp or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd,
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.
- 2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to show,
That thou hast died for me.
- 3 O grant me, through thy precious
blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace;
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make:
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

591. T. 114.

GOD, who art love! the same both
now and ever,
Lift up, we pray, on us thy counte-
nance,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine
dispense, [vour;
And give us richly to enjoy thy fa-
On us thy sanctifying grace bestow,
That in thy grace and knowledge we
may grow.

XXVII. *Humility, Simplicity, and Growth in Grace.*

592.* T. 166. (1061.)

- THRICE happy I esteem my lot,
To feel true spirit's poverty,
This portion from the Lord I've got,
It yields content and peace to me:
He gave me this inheritance,
My soul's salvation to advance;
To him eternal thanks and praise
Be render'd for my call of grace.
- 2 O how exceeding rich and great
The grace of Jesus Christ appears!
He left his heav'nly Father's seat,
To share our sorrows, griefs and
tears;
No worldly pomp, or dignity
The sons of men in him could see,
When they th' Eternal Word be-
held,
His Godhead in our nature veil'd.
- 3 For us he left his heav'nly throne,
A life of pain and wo he led,
Among his nation liv'd unknown,
And freely suffer'd in our stead:
That he those, who in him believe,
Might as his property receive,
Since by his anguish, death and
blood
He reconcil'd us unto God.

- 4 Yea, though th' eternal Son of God,
A man of sorrows he became,
Took on him our sins' heavy load,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the
shame:
The Maker of creation's sphere
Did in an abject state appear,
That by his poverty the poor
Might be enriched evermore.
- 5 While here on earth no place he
had, [lay,
Where he his weary head could
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent and sad,
He learnt by suff'ring to obey;
His meat and drink was to fulfil
His heav'nly Father's holy will,
And to seek out the sons of wo,
That he to them might kindness
show.
- 6 Say, O thou love's eternal Source,
What prompted thee this step to
take?
Compassion was the mighty force,
O'er sinful man thy heart did
break;
Uncall'd thou cam'st to set him free
From sin, from curse and misery,
Yea, to enrich and crown his days
With thy salvation, joy and grace.

7 My body and my soul combine
To laud and magnify the Lord,
My Shepherd and my Guide divine,
Who leads me by his holy word,
Preserves me in the narrow way,
Works wonders for me day by day,
Whose staff to comfort never fails,
When any trial me assails.

8 Nought can such pleasure yield
to me,

While in this vale of tears I stay,
As that his glory I shall see,
And live with him in endless day;
Ev'n here of everlasting rest,
I of a foretaste am possess'd,
While in sweet union I abide
With him and with his chosen
bride.

9 Most gladly I to others leave
Their worldly treasure, pomp and
fame:

Since of Christ's fulness I receive,
I glory only in his name;
In his reproach I freely share,
Who for my sake the cross did bear,
And joy in shame and poverty,
Since Jesus poor became for me.

593.* T. 151. (1083.)

GENTLE is the coercion
Of Jesus' pow'r and love,
Without it my exertion
Must unavailing prove;
Humbled in heart and broken,
To Christ for strength I flee;
'My grace,' himself hath spoken:
'Sufficient is for thee.'

2 If ask'd: 'Hast thou already
In grace such progress made,
As with steps firm and steady
Th' appointed path to tread?'
I own: 'I'm weak and feeble,
Alone I cannot stand,
'Tis Christ, who makes me stable,
On him I must depend.'

3 Is good in contemplation,
I on my Saviour call,
Who gave the intimation,
And worketh all in all;

The wish'd-for good effected,
To him I render praise,
Who hath the work directed
By his enabling grace.

594.* T. 83. (1059.)

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,
We must first be poor in spirit,
At the feet of Jesus lie,
Trusting only in his merit,
Then our kind and loving Lord
Will to us his strength afford.

2 None from God too distant are,
None too sinful, none too
wretched,
But they may his mercy share,
For his arms are still out-
stretched:

Yet we must, when we apply,
On his grace alone rely.

3 In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace pro-
ceeding,
We press forward in his name,
And have cause to bless his
leading;
Cheered by his looks of grace,
We run our appointed race.

595.* T. 82. (1101.)

FAITHFUL Saviour, we to thee
Will look up incessantly,
Happy in thy peace and blessing,
Filial confidence possessing,
Poor in spirit, rich in grace,
We show forth thy matchless praise.

2 God be prais'd! thy love is known;
Thou expectest this alone,
That, disclaiming self-reliance,
We should yield a glad compliance,
With a mind devoutly still,
To thy good and perfect will.

596. T. 590. (504.)

O LORD, the contrite sinner's
Friend,
Most wretched should I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was shed for worthless me:

Nought could console me in distress;
Or give my soul relief;
When troubles seize my anxious
breast,
Nought could appease my grief.

2 O give me, Jesus, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, may I in grace
And in thy knowledge grow:
More clearly to me manifest
The myst'ry of thy cross;
And for this precious Pearl may I
Count all things else but dross.

597.* T. 22. (505.)

WHOE'ER in Jesus doth believe,
To soaring thoughts no room can
give;
The blessed fellowship with Christ,
And nothing else by him is priz'd.

2 Reflecting how our Lord and
Head,
When ris'n, his foll'wers visited,
We pray to share that happiness
Which, without sight, we may
possess.

3 Communing with the Lamb of
God,
With heartfelt gratitude we're
bow'd:
And walk in true humility,
As Christ's disciples constantly.

598.* T. 22. (506.)

MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:
For all the grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am
thine own;
All praise is due to thee alone,
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my
breast,
I find no happiness nor rest,
But, walking in humility,
Have perfect peace and joy in thee.

4 O keep me contrite, low and
poor!
Thus shall I praise thee evermore;
Myself thrice blessed I can call,
When I am nought and thou my
All.

599.* T. 14. (507.)

NONE God the Father's favor
share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the
Lord
Doth from their seats put down;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee;
To thee obedience show thro' grace,
And learn humility.

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my pray'r;
Since those who know their po-
verty,
To the Most High are near.

6 Thou who in heaven art ador'd,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.

7 Therefore, my soul, delight no
more
In this world's vanity;
Look forward; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee,

8 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
In knowledge and in grace!
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness each may trace.

600.* T. 583. (508.)

THOSE are partakers of our Saviour's grace,
Who, while his gifts they share
with thankfulness,
Glory in their infirmities, and boast
Of nothing but his grace, wherein
they trust.

2 His loving-kindness those shall
richly share,

Who, at a loss, and ready to despair,

Retire in secret, pray him for relief,
And consolation to assuage their
grief.

3 To those the Lord will deign his
teaching mild,

Who gladly listen to the meanest
child,

And from experience willingly allow,

That they are learners, and but
little know.

601.* T. 14. (509.)

HAPPY the man whose highest
Good

Is Christ invariably;

He shows his love and gratitude
By true humility.

2 In weakness pow'r divine he gains,
He dwells in peace and rest;

And owns with filial confidence;
'Lord, what thou dost is best.'

3 'For thou art gracious, wise and
good,

Thou know'st how help t' afford,
The time when it should be bestow'd:

Thy goodness be ador'd.'

602.* T. 141. (510.)

GO, ye flatt'ring visions,
Honors, wealth and lusts:

He who, lowly minded,

In our Saviour trusts,

Rich in grace, is blessed,

Freed from anxious care;

For the poor in spirit

Heaven's kingdom share.

603.* T. 16. (511.)

WHEN simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light:
But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who nought but Christ desireseth,

He whom nothing else can cheer
But the joy which he inspireseth,
Lending to his voice an ear;

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply foll'wing his commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head and
Lord;

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And, from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth:
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good Shepherd's
care,

From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

604.* T. 184. (512.)

O BLEST condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God are wholly given,
And Jesus' mind rules in our
hearts!

This ev'ry vain imagination
Casts down, and us subjects to
grace:

It shows the ground of our salvation
To be Christ's blood and righteousness.

2 That which is by the world esteemed,

A single mind counts vanity;
What's innocent by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:

Because the love to things terrestrial

We must deny thro' Jesus' grace,
And, to obtain the prize celestial,
Cast off whate'er impedes our
race.

3 The simple heart no care perplexeth,
That robs the world of all content;

Of envy, which so many vexeth,
Simplicity is ignorant;
And carefully preserves its treasure,
Unruffled by the worldling's
spite:

If others ask to share this pleasure,
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4 O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind impart to me,
Root out the world's infatuation,
However keen the pain may be.
Thrice happy they, who tread un-
wearied

The path of true simplicity;
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheer-
fully.

605.* T. 22. (513.)

MEEK, patient Lamb of God,
impart

Thy meekness to my stubborn
heart;

Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to pursue.

2 Thy blood preserve my garments
clean

From ev'ry spot and stain of sin:
As a wise virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3 Bestow on me a simple mind,
To ev'ry hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekness, true sincerity,
And needful wisdom, grant to me.

4 Thou holy, spotless Lamb of
God,
My worthless heart make thy
abode:

O may I in thine image grow,
And honor thee in all I do.

606. T. 106. (514.)

A SINGLE mind to me impart,
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,
Hate av'rice as idolatry;
Fix my desires on things above,
Rich in possession of thy love.

2 Let neither honors, pomp, nor
pride,
Nor this world's gaudy vanity,
Which draw the soul from thee
aside,

Beguile me from simplicity:
May this my highest honor be,
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3 Screen me in each unguarded
hour,
Lord, under thy protecting care;
Preserve me from seduction's
pow'r,
Lest fleshly lusts my soul en-
snare:

May I to av'rice, lust and pride
Say, 'Christ destroy'd you when
he died.'

607.* T. 15. (515.)

LORD, grant to me a simple mind,
By thee may I be guided,
And as thy blessed will design'd,
Have my whole course decided.

2 With this desire 'fore thee I bow,
Asham'd of my demerit,
Ah, take without exception now,
My body, soul and spirit.

608.* T. 208. (516.)

WOULD we, sinners needy,
Here on earth already
Heav'nly joys possess;

Jesus nought desireth,
Or of us requireth,
For our rest and peace,
But that we like children be:
Since he all our wants redresses,
Soothes all our distresses.

609*. T. 167. (1067.)

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,
 Christian, what doth this imply?
 Constantly to seek his favor,
 Ever watching faithfully;
 To implore his kind direction
 Day by day in all we do;
 To confide in his protection,
 Freed from ev'ry earthly view.

610.* T. 151. (517.)

AMIDST this world's profane-
 ness,
 May I thy truth confess;
 In prim'tive way and plainness,
 Thy servant be through grace;
 Nor fear, nor int'rest ever
 Cause me to turn aside,
 Or my connexion sever
 With thy redeemed bride.

611.* T. 69.

LEARN, church of Jesus,
 By faith to him to cleave,
 And in blest union
 With him, thy Lord, to live,
 While far
 From him sojourning here.

2 Grant, that sustained,
 Lord, by thy mighty grace,
 With love unfeigned,
 We our appointed race
 May run,
 Till we the prize have won.

612.* T. 22. (518.)

CHRIST is the Vine, we branches
 are;
 Without him we no fruit can bear:
 For of ourselves we cannot thrive,
 'Tis he who gives us pow'r and
 life.

2 Lord, thou hast chosen us, that
 we
 Should bear well-pleasing fruit to
 thee,
 O make us faithful to thy praise;
 Preserve us from all barrenness.

613. T. 11. (519.)

JESUS, who for me hast died,
 Grant I may in thee abide:
 Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
 Water me with show'rs of grace.
 2 Make my heart a garden fair,
 Which such pleasant fruit may
 bear
 As affords true joy to thee
 And thy Father constantly.
 3 In thy garden here below
 Water me that I may grow;
 When all grace to me is giv'n,
 Then transplant me into heav'n.

614.* T. 167. (520.)

AS the branches are connected
 With the vine, ev'n so, through
 grace,
 A close union is effected
 'Tween the Lord our Righteous-
 ness
 And believers, who, though feeble,
 Life and pow'r from him derive,
 And thereby are render'd able,
 Bearing fruit, to grow and thrive.

615.* T. 10. (521.)

WOULD we by our behavior
 Show that we love our Saviour,
 He only can instruct us,
 And in the way conduct us.
 2 Through his atonement's powers
 O may we bloom like flowers,
 And by his grace and blessing
 Bear fruits to him well-pleasing.

616.* T. 185. (522.)

IN thy love and knowledge, gra-
 cious Saviour,
 May we more and more abound:
 Thy complete atonement shall for
 ever,
 Of our doctrine be the ground.
 Grant that all may, in thy word
 believing,
 And to thee the Vine as branches
 cleaving,
 Through thy Father's nursing care,
 Fruit unto thy honor bear.

617.* T. 4. (523.)

LORD Jesus, be near!

Thou seest us here;

Unite us in heart:

Dear Lord, come and bless us; our
Brother thou art.

2 Soon make us to be
Well-pleasing to thee;

'Tis time, and 'tis right,

To bring forth some fruit which
may yield thee delight.

3 From this very day,
We will not delay

To follow the Lamb,—

To serve him with gladness, and
honor his name.

618.* T. 228. (524.)

THIS one thing needful grant to
us:

By faith to view thee on the cross,
Bleeding for our salvation;

Then, 'midst all weakness, we in-
deed

Shall still from grace to grace pro-
ceed,

Lord, in thy congregation:

May none—ground on

Empty notions—or good motions

His religion,

Without pow'r and life's fruition.

619. T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,

Lord Jesus, to be one with thee!

Grant, through thy Spirit's leading,

That we may gain yet firmer root

In thee, and bear abundant fruit,

From grace to grace proceeding:

From thee—daily

Strength receiving,—to thee cleav-
ing,

Blessed Jesus!

Thus we shall show forth thy
praises.

XXVIII. *Patience under Affliction, and Confidence in God.*

620. T. 14. (1093.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage
take,

The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble
sense,

But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain,

God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

621. T. 22. (537.)

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st
not fear,

Since God thy ev'ry pray'r doth
In his own time he'll surely grant,
As he thinks fit, what thou dost want.

2 For he thy case doth understand,
Himself will take thy cause in hand,
The scale will turn, and thou shalt be
Asham'd of thy anxiety.

622.* T. 151. (525.)

IS God my strong Salvation,
 No enemy I fear;
 He hears my supplication,
 Dispelling all my care:
 If he, my Head and Master,
 Defend me from above,
 What pain or what disaster
 Can part me from his love?

2 Of this I am persuaded:
 With joy I can declare,
 His love to me ne'er faded,
 He listens to my pray'r;
 He aid to me dispenses,
 He stands at my right hand;
 Yea, when a storm advances,
 'Tis calm at his command.

3 The ground of my profession
 Is Jesus and his blood;
 He gives me the possession
 Of everlasting good;
 Myself, and whatsoever
 Is mine, I cannot trust;
 The gifts of Christ my Saviour
 Remain my only boast.

4 My Jesus and his merit
 Are all my aim and care;
 Were he not with my spirit,
 Ah! I should soon despair,
 T' appear 'fore my Creator
 I never could desire,
 He would to my fall'n nature
 Prove a consuming fire.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh
 Away sin, death and wo,
 And by his blood he maketh
 Each spot as white as snow;
 Free from that condemnation
 Which sinners else must find,
 I joy in his salvation
 With an embolden'd mind.

6 His Spirit is the sov'reign
 Possessor of my heart;
 There he alone shall govern,
 And slavish fear depart;
 He gives his benediction,
 Yea, helpeth me to cry
 Abba, when in affliction,
 With child-like fervency.

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7 His Spirit cheers my spirit
 With many a precious word,
 That I shall joy inherit,
 By trusting in the Lord;
 Since after tribulation,
 All those who Jesus love,
 Have that blest expectation
 To live with him above.

8 Should earth lose its foundation,
 He stands my lasting Rock;
 No temp'ral desolation
 Shall give my love a shock;
 I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
 No object, small or great,
 Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
 Me from him separate.

623. T. 14. (526.)

GOD is my Saviour and my Light,
 Why should I be dismay'd;
 'Tis he defends my life; of whom
 Then need I be afraid?

2 Hear my request, O Lord, and
 give
 An answer full of grace:
 Thy face thou bid'st me seek, and I
 Reply, 'I'll seek thy face.'

3 Lord, do not in displeasure hide
 Thyself, nor me reject;
 The aid which I have had before,
 From thee I still expect.

4 Wait still on God, my soul! from
 him
 All needful strength derive:
 Though he delay, he will at length
 The fainting heart revive.

624.* T. 159. (1099.)

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy
 joy,
 With a believing mind,
 With all the ills, which thee annoy,
 The way to Jesus find;
 Here in this world thou hast no
 home,
 Nor lasting joy: to Jesus come,
 He is the Pearl of greatest price,
 Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Stedfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And ev'ry burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new:
His ways with thee are just and
right,

He puts thy enemies to flight,
However threat'ning they appear,
Take courage, he is near.

3 Thy closet enter, pray and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief,
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hand to give relief;

Though men thee hate, forsake and
grieve,
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is pass'd: he'll aid afford,
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Lift up thy heart to him on high,
And leave this sordid earth,
Behold with a believing eye
God's excellence and worth:

Devote thy life, thy all to him,
Who did thy soul from death re-
deem,

In love to thee the cross endur'd,
And life for thee procur'd.

5 Arise and seek the things above,
Let heav'n be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and
love,

And earth and sin disclaim;
The world and all its empty joy
His potent breath will once destroy;
Abiding rest and peace of mind
In Christ alone we find.

625. T. 590. (535.)

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal
love,

Unmeasurably kind,
To his unerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd; [good,
Good, when he gives, supremely
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

2 Whate'er I ask, I surely know,
And stedfastly believe,
He will the thing desir'd bestow,
Or else a better give;

To thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My ev'ry fond request,
And own, adoring at thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

626. T. 591. (1096.)

IF to Jesus for relief
My soul hath fled by pray'r,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand,
Hath he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

2 While I know, his providence
Disposeth each event,
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array,
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite un-
known,
And sin my life employ'd,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I'm reconcil'd,
Would he spare me, while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I disdain'd to pray,
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he answer nay;
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought,
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which he himself hath wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood,
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think, that meaner good
He will from me withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assur'd:
In that great redemption-price
I see the whole secur'd.

627. T. 22. (528.)

WHO can condemn, since Christ hath died?

I, by his blood, am justified:
He ever lives to intercede,
And send me help in time of need.

2 What can from Christ me separate?

Shall trials howsoever great,
Shall tribulation or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?

3 O no, I shall in all things prove
Conqu'ror through him, who me did love;

My Lord obtain'd the victory,
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4 O love unbounded! refuge sure!
My helpless soul now lives secure;
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

628. T. 590. (530.)

NO more with trembling heart I try

A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out the source
From whence salvation springs;
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2 What is my anchor? it is hope,
Encourag'd by the word,
Assuring me, that they who seek,
Shall surely find the Lord:
What is my ground? 'Tis Jesus Christ,

Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
A Refuge here each troubled soul
May find, though tempests roar.

629. T. 14. (532.)

HOW happy we, when guilt is gone!

This alters our whole frame;
The same occasions still come on,
But we are not the same.

2 The load which caus'd our anxious care

No more doth weigh us down,
For Christ the burden helps to bear,
We bear it not alone.

3 While we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease;
For if our Saviour on us smile,
'Midst trouble we have peace.

4 Sick outwardly, or in distress
We may be, 'tis confess'd:
But the believer ne'ertheless
In trials finds he's bless'd.

5 Have we through dang'rous paths
to rove,
The shades of death to pass?
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light, his glorious face.

6 Thy secret hand we bless; on thee
O Lord, we can depend,
Thou between us and misery
Of ev'ry kind dost stand.

630. T. 22. (541.)

WHEN by adversity I'm tried,
In God, my Rock, I will confide,
'Midst trials, whatsoe'er they be,
Rely on his fidelity.

2 I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
Resign'd obey his blessed will;
For each disease he knows what's fit,
He's wise and good, and I submit.

3 Although his med'cine cause me pain,
I'll not repine, much less complain:
It is with a design to cure,
I must and will his touch endure.

4 Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,
In ev'ry trial thee to praise:
O let thy sacred will be mine,
To thee myself I now resign.

631. T. 590. (543.)

WHAT tremblings seize the traveller's soul

Beneath the dark'ning sky; [roll
While awful thunders round him
And lightning flashes nigh:

Soon as the sun again is view'd,
 The clouds are all dispers'd,
 The face of nature is renew'd,
 Joys on the pilgrim burst.

2 While passing thro' this shadow'd
 To yonder blissful land, [vale,
 Black storms and tempests us assail,
 O'er which we've no command.
 Unerring Wisdom thus permits
 His children to be tried,
 But he that to God's will submits,
 With strength shall be supplied.

3 Afflicted souls, await the end
 Appointed by your God,
 From him deliv'rance shall descend
 With great increase of good.
 Whate'er the dispensation be,
 Which he to send finds meet,
 His aim obtained, each shall see,
 For him it was most fit.

4 By Christ we're screen'd with
 tender care,
 From vain and worldly noise:
 Ye, who God's happy children are,
 Can in the Lord rejoice,
 And walk in union with your God,
 Who is your nearest Friend,
 Upon life's rough and dang'rous
 road,
 In safety to the end.

632. T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succes-
 sion,
 Bright and gloomy days are seen,
 But there, without variation,
 Skies unclouded and serene;
 Suff'rings here are transitory,
 Light are ev'n the most severe,
 Set against the weight of glory,
 Which awaits the conqu'ror there.

2 Though by threat'ning storms
 surrounded,
 Or oppress'd by pain and grief,
 This poor heart is not confounded,
 For in God I find relief;
 On his pow'rful arm reclining,
 I affliction's load sustain,
 Bear the cross, without repining,
 Till the glorious crown I gain.

633. T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He
 Who worlds to being spake,
 One promise unto worthless me
 Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
 And who can doubt his truth?
 He'll lead me on throughout my
 race,
 To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?
 A cov'nant firm and sure;
 Hills may depart, and mountains
 move,
 And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis that the kindness of our God
 Shall ne'er from us depart,
 That equally his smile or rod
 Display his loving heart.

5 That He will guide us, whom no
 pow'r,
 Nor craft can e'er withstand,
 That not temptation's darkest hour
 Shall wrest us from his hand.

6 That truth and mercy, while
 we've breath,
 Shall compass us around,
 And that with him shall after death
 Our gracious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I'll cry,
 I'll humbly trust his word:
 Nothing I ask will he deny,
 For is he not my Lord?

8 O the rich blessings which ac-
 cure
 To all who love his name!
 His gifts are ev'ry morning new,
 His bounty still the same.

634.* T. 212 or 166. (533.)

THE will of God is always best,
 His will be done for ever;
 Those who confide in him are blest,
 And prove his love and favor.
 He helps indeed—in time of need,
 'Midst chastisements he saveth;
 Those who depend—on God their
 Friend,
 He never, never leaveth.

2 His comforts daily me sustain,
 He lends me his assistance;
 To what he doth for me ordain
 I'll yield without resistance:
 True is his word,—that ev'n the
 Lord
 My hairs in mercy numbers;
 He guards and wakes,—care of me
 takes,
 And all my wants remembers.

635.* T. 79. (1065, 538.)

AS thy will, O my Saviour,
 Unto thy Father's ever
 Was subject and resign'd;
 Grant that, in deep subjection,
 To follow thy direction
 I may be cheerfully inclin'd.

2 I'll spare all needless thinking,
 Nor shall my mind be shrinking,
 Concerning what may be;
 May I in each proceeding
 Submit to thy wise leading,
 That thou'rt my All sufficeth me.

636. T. 9. (539.)

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee
 down,
 Perils or temptation?
 Is not Christ upon the throne
 Still thy strong salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
 Thy almighty Saviour;
 He, who death for thee endur'd,
 Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him ev'ry want,
 Yea whate'er doth grieve thee;
 If for comfort thou dost pant,
 Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
 Quickly turn to Jesus,
 In his presence thou art blest,
 He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
 Him, whose great compassion
 Never fails, whose blood hath
 bought
 Thy complete salvation.

R 2

6 Earthly things do not regard,
 Trust in Jesus' favor,
 He will be thy great reward,
 And thy shield for ever.

637.* T. 16. (540.)

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
 Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
 Yet no danger need appal us,
 If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
 Free from care, we acquiesce
 In his ways, his consolation
 Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,
 None his power can withstand;
 In all trials whatsoever
 He will be our gracious Friend.

4 When his hour strikes for relieving,
 Help breaks forth amazingly,
 And to shame our anxious grieving,
 Often unexpectedly.

638.* T. 83. (542.)

MY Redeemer knoweth me,
 Both in joy and in affliction;
 O my soul, now joyful be,
 Trust thy Shepherd's kind direc-
 tion:

His own sheep he knows by name,
 And to bless them is his aim.

2 Unexampl'd is that love
 By which we're with him con-
 nected;

If we aught distressing prove,
 Jesus is thereby affected;
 We his watchful love and care
 In all trials richly share.

639.* T. 142. (1100, 267.)

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and
 of light!

Where all find refreshment, who
 seek it aright,

Pure spring of salvation,
 And true consolation!

From God's holy temple the living
 stream rolls,

Whose waters flow ample for all
 thirsty souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty, encour-
aging call!

Now drink of the waters, abounding
for all;

The promised blessing

Is sweetly refreshing:

All ye who are ailing and needy,
draw nigh,

This well-spring ne'er failing your
wants will supply.

3 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst
after thee;

In mercy receive me, for mercy's
my plea;

The word thou hast spoken

Can never be broken:

Thou know'st I am needy, and
greatly distress'd,

Thou callest the weary to come and
find rest.

4 Thou river of life dost refresh
heart and mind,

Those whom thou enrichest eternal
good find:

Amidst tribulation

The cup of salvation

I take, thus with gladness inspired
by thee,

All sorrow and sadness far distant
must flee.

5 I plead thy rich promise, O give
me to drink,

With fervor of spirit I wholly
would sink

Into thy love's ocean;

O let true devotion

My heart be impelling, still onward
to move,

To Zion thy dwelling, the city of
love.

6 Should bitter be mix'd with the
sweet of my cup,

O grant me with joy all self-will to
give up;

The cup of dire sorrows,

Which thou hast drank for us,

To thine thou dost offer, in this
world of pain:

With thee they here suffer, with
thee they shall reign.

7 O therefore, my Jesus, permit me
to rest,

Where saints are no longer by suff'-
ring oppress'd:

Where joys beyond measure,

And fulness of pleasure,

In glory transcendent, the con-
querors share,

And where crowns resplendent the
faithful shall wear.

640. T. 585. (1098.)

O MY soul, what means this sad-
ness, [down?

Wherefore art thou thus cast

Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,

Bid thy restless fears begone:

Look to Jesus :: And rejoice in his
great name.

2 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,

Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,

But will save from hell and sin;

He is faithful :: To perform his
gracious word.

3 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,

His right hand shall still defend
thee, [God;

Soon he'll bring thee home to

Therefore praise him :: Praise the
dear Redeemer's name!

641. T. 22. (1094.)

BE still, my heart, these anxious
cares [snares;

To thee are burdens, thorns and

They cast dishonor on thy Lord,

And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus
far, [care?

Why wilt thou now give place to

How canst thou want, if he provide,

Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to him commit,

He gave thee warrant from that
hour,

To trust his wisdom, love and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call,
And hath he not the promise pass'd,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He that hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

6 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home apace to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

642. T. 39. (1095.)

BEGONE unbelief! for my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear,
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, yet since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to provide;

Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in times past me forbiddeth to think,
He'll leave me at last unrelieved to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain then of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? for he told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners might live!

His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet with shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is food,

Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

643. T. 89. (1097.)

YES, since God himself hath said it,

On his promise I rely,
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfil,
He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide:
Lord, accept my free confession,
'I have sinn'd, but thou hast died;'

This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

644. T. 244.

NONE e'er shall be ashamed,
Who wait upon the Lord!
Their shield and rock he's named,
Who build upon his word.
He stands their constant friend;
When danger is at hand,
With confidence unshaken,
On him they can depend.

645.* T. 195. (545.)

DOTH our gracious Saviour,
In so many evils,
Which the foe at Christians levels,
Kindly guard and keep us:
Ah, how should we praise him,
In all things extol and bless him;
Love should so—ardent glow,
As to make us ever
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

646.* T. 90. (544.)

THRICE happy is the feeble soul,
Whose strength is only in his
God;

The fiercest pow'rs he can control,
By faith in Jesus' precious blood;
In combat can maintain the field,
Because Jehovah is his shield.

647. T. 79. (531.)

THAT I am thine, my Lord and
God,
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy
blood,

Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery or spite
To shake me never may have
pow'r.

2 From various cares my heart re-
tires;

Tho' deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but One,
Him, before whom the elders bow;
With him I am engaged now,
And with the souls that are his
own.

3 This is my joy, which ne'er can
fail,

To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls, convinc'd of
sin,

Yet by his precious blood made
clean,
Extol his name in ev'ry place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude
and waste,

Or through its gardens fair:
Whether the storm of malice
sweeps,

Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on, be all my care.

5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus
drawn,

In blest simplicity move on,
They trust his Shepherd-crook;
Beholders many faults will find,
But they can guess at Jesus' mind,
Content, if written in his book.

6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who Christ's atoning sacrifice
Deem foolishness, and slight,
Grant but I may (the rest's your
own)

In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well-spring of delight.

7 Indeed had Jesus ne'er been slain,
Or could aught make his ransom
vain,

That it avail'd no more;
Were his unbounded mercy fled,
Were he no more the church's
Head,

Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;

8 Then, so refers my state to him,
Unwarranted I must esteem,
And wretched all I do;

Ah! my heart throbs, and seizeth
fast

That cov'nant, which will ever last,
It knows, it knows these things
are true.

9 Yes, my dear Lord, in foll'wing
thee,

Not in the dark uncertainly
This foot obedient moves;
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10 Now then my Way, my Truth,
my Life,

Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and
strife,

Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileg'd by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy mercy
cleaves.

11 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness, strong and clear,
Of thy redeeming pow'r;
This will instruct thy child aright,
This will impart the needful light,
For exigence of ev'ry hour.

13 Now then the sequel is well
weigh'd,
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea, where none can sink;
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

648. T. 22. (546.)

GOD of my life! on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods pre-
vail,
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 fix'd re-
main,

That none shall seek thy face in
vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer
pray'r;

But a pray'r-hearing, answer'ing
God,

Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,

Yet God, my God, forgets me not;

And he is safe, and must succeed,

For whom the Lord vouchsafes to
plead.

649.* T. 79. (547.)

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide and
Friend,

Now thy protecting wings extend,

Thy children save from harm;

Would Satan seek us to devour,

Against his malice, craft and pow'r,

Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.

650.* T. 208. (527.)

JESUS, source of gladness,
Comfort in all sadness,

Thou canst end my grief;

While for thy salvation

I with expectation

Wait, I find relief.

Lamb once slain,—thy saving name

Yields to me far greater pleasure,

Than all worldly treasure.

2 God is my salvation,
Joy and consolation;

With the world I've done;

To pride's vain pretension

I pay no attention,

Av'rice I disown;

Perils, loss,—shame, death, and
cross,

Suff'rings e'er so keen, shall never

Me from Jesus sever.

3 If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,

Nought can do me harm;

Although Satan rageth,

Christ the storm assuageth

By his mighty arm:

Would the foe—his malice show,

Since Christ is my strength and
tower,

I dread not his power.

4 Gloomy thoughts must vanish,
Jesus doth replenish

Me with heav'nly peace;

Who the Saviour loveth,

By experience proveth,

Grief is chang'd to bliss;

Though I here—reproach must
bear,

Yet he turneth all my sadness

Into joy and gladness.

651.* T. 22. (529.)

JESUS, my All, my highest Good,

Who hast redeem'd me with thy
blood,

When confidence in thee I place,

My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2 Where should I turn, or how
thee leave?
Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always
found

True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3 All who possess true faith and
love,
This daily by experience prove,
That they who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.

4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd
with grief,
But he in Christ may find relief;
All misery, however great,
His comforts can alleviate.

5 Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort doth thy name afford!
No friend on earth can ever be
Compar'd for faithfulness with thee.

6 Were health, and strength, and
friends withdrawn,
Were ev'ry earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have howe'er
What me eternally can cheer.

7 O Lord, preserve me sound in
faith,
Thine let me be in life and death;
May nothing pluck me from thy
hand,
Lead me in safety to the end.

652.* T. 234. (536.)

JESUS, my All, my soul's best
Friend,

To thee myself I now deliver;
Whate'er comes from thy faithful
hand,

How hard it be, how strange so-
ever,

I'll take it with a passive heart;
And though I cannot shout for
gladness,

But keenly feel affliction's dart,
O may I not be sunk in sadness!
May I with cheerfulness
In thy ways acquiesce,

Nor murmur at thy dispensation;
But simply trusting thee,
On thy fidelity
Depend with humble resignation.

653.* T. 583. (552.)

AT last he's blest, who by the Sa-
viour's blood

Was cleans'd while here, and made
an heir of God;

Ev'n now the acceptable year draws
nigh,

The day which turns our sorrows
into joy.

2 At last God's servants ceaseless
joys shall reap,

Who, bearing precious seed, go
forth and weep,

If they, 'midst suff'ring, faithful
here abide,

They shall with Jesus there be glo-
rified.

3 My soul, though here by various
trials prov'd,

Believe that by thy Saviour thou
art lov'd:

Submit thy will to his; with pa-
tience wait,

He soon to perfect bliss will thee
translate.

654.* T. 189. (553.)

WHO overcometh shall abide for
ever

A pillar in God's temple through
his grace,

Adorned with the name of God our
Saviour,

And of Jerusalem his chosen place;
Lord, make the feeble

Watchful and able,

That they be stable,

And vict'ry gain.

655.* T. 68. (548.)

THANKS for ever be,
Jesus, unto thee,

That thy strength doth us enable
To adhere to thee, though feeble;

That thou hear'st our pray'rs,
And regard'st our tears.

656. T. 205.

JESUS, lover of my soul!

Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

XXIX. *Praise and Thanksgiving.***657.*** T. 235. (554.)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
To thee our thanks we bring.
Both heav'n and earth doth worship
Thou Father of eternity! [thee,
To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heav'ns and all the pow'rs on
high:
Cherubs and seraphim proclaim,
And cry thrice holy to thy name:
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth!

With splendor of thy glory spread
Is heav'n and earth replenished.
Th' apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise
thee.
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.
The holy church, in ev'ry place
Throughout the earth, exalts thy
praise.
Thee, Father, God on heaven's
throne,
Thy only and beloved Son,

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The church doth worship and re-
vere.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we
own
Thee to be God's eternal Son.
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb.
The pains of death o'ercome by
thee,
Made heav'n to all believers free.
At God's right hand thou hast thy
seat,
And in thy Father's glory great;
And we believe the day's decreed,
When thou shalt judge the quick
and dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants'
good,
Redeem'd with thy most precious
blood;
Among thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end.
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are thy
own:
Govern thy church, and, Lord, ad-
vance
For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly
pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day.
O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us, when we call.
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence.
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be. Amen!

658.* T. 583. (1103.)

TO thee, the Lord of all, I'll hum-
bly sing,
To thee, my Maker, I'll thank-off-
'rings bring; [display
But how can language worthily
Thy lauds, or to thy name due ho-
mage pay?

2 I've nought to give, for what I
have is thine, [not mine;
Thine is my soul and body, and
My reas'ning pow'rs, my health,
my daily food,
Are all thy gifts, and show that
thou art good.

3 That I'm an honorable vessel
made,
Is all the work of love unmerited,
And not because I'm worthy; mer-
cy free [misery.
Redeem'd my soul from sin and

4 Now while on earth I stay, to
thee I'll live, [give,
And to thy name alone all glory
Till I with all thy saints my voice
shall raise, [praise.
And join in everlasting songs of

659.* T. 132. (555.)

ALL glory to the sov'reign Good,
And Father of compassion!
To God our help and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings ev'ry day,
And taketh all our griefs away:
Give to our God the glory!

2 The heav'nly hosts with awe
show forth
The praise of their Creator;
All creatures, both in heav'n and
earth,

Whate'er exists in nature,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress'd most wisely on them all,
Give to our God the glory!

3 What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
He doth extend o'er all abroad
His father-like compassion;
Throughout the kingdom of his
grace

Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory!

4 In my distress I rais'd with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescu'd me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes my heart with thank-
fulness

Rejoice before the God of grace:
Give to our God the glory!

5 The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our Shield and Rock,
Our peace and our Salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from
fear:

Give to our God the glory!

6 Yea, when all creatures here
deny

Their help and consolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh
With succour and compassion,
And sets the humble souls at rest,
That live forsaken and opprest;
Give to our God the glory!

7 As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises;
His precious, saving name shall be
Exalted in all places;
My heart, with all thy strength
adore
The God of grace, the God of
pow'r,
And give him all the glory!

8 Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory!
Ye who his pow'r know and proclaim,
Give to our God the glory!
Rejoice, from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, he's God indeed.
Give to our God the glory!

9 Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving:
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living,
T' extol the wonders he hath wrought,
His mighty deeds, surpassing thought.
Give to our God the glory!

660.* T. 14. (556.)

I'LL praise thee with my heart
and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise and might.

2 Thou art th' eternal Source of
grace,
The Source of lasting bliss;
From thee unto the human race
Flows ev'ry happiness.

3 What are we? what do we possess,
While here on earth below,
Which thy great love and tenderness
Do not on us bestow?

4 Who spreads the lofty firmament,
And starry skies around?
Who makes the dew and rain descend,
To fructify the ground?

5 Who doth preserve our life and
health,
Our ease and safe abode?
Who doth secure our peace and
wealth?
Our ever gracious God.

6 On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depends our life and all,
Thou keepest watch around our
coasts,
Protectest great and small.

7 Thy chastisements are nought but
love:
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.

8 Thou count'st thy children's sighs
and tears, [mourn;
And know'st well why they
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thy urn.

9 Thou, when we are oppress'd with
Dost us with pity view, [grief,
Administ'ring thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.

10 Why need we mourn, as in de-
spair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we'll cast our ev'ry care,
Who gave us life and light.

11 Hath he not, from our earliest
days,
Us nourish'd and maintain'd?
Safe guarded us in all our ways,
In dangers prov'd our Friend?

12 God never yet mistakes hath
In his vast government; [made
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.

13 Then murmur not, but be re-
sign'd
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest and comfort thou wilt
My soul, in being still. [find,

661.* T. 227. (557.)

NOW unite to render praises:
To Jehovah, to our God, and
magnify
His great name in all your places,
Ye his people, ye who are his
property;
For his goodness, love and favor
To his children last for ever;
He is full of truth and grace,
Pard'ning all our trespasses;
Still his name by you be praised,
Who are seed to Abra'm raised,
Out of ev'ry tribe and nation:
Give him praises, give him thanks
and adoration!

2 Yea, with joy ourselves addressing
 To our gracious, heav'nly Father,
 we'll proclaim
 His great mercy without ceasing,
 Join with angels to exalt his
 glorious name;
 They, adoring on their faces,
 With thrice 'Holy' sing his praises,
 We too will extol the name
 Of our God, and of the Lamb;
 Be his glory ever sounded,
 And his works which are unbounded!
 We, his ransom'd congregation,
 Thank and praise him for our
 blessed destination.

3 To the throne go undismayed,
 Go with boldness and approach
 the mercy-seat,
 Since from God in Christ displayed,
 Nought but goodness, grace and
 favor you can meet;
 Full of love, he longs to bless us,
 And is ready to embrace us;
 Yea, to give his flesh and blood
 To us, as our highest good,
 To his table we're invited,
 And through grace with him united,
 So that nought which may await us
 Can from Jesus, and his love e'er
 separate us.

4 He hath now his God-head's
 treasure
 To the needy open'd, and hath
 stores enough,
 Therefore 'tis his sov'reign pleasure,
 That no sinner, that not one
 should stand aloof;
 Each may take, as were he named,
 Grace for grace, nor stand ashamed,
 Hungry souls who but believe,
 Of his fulness may receive;
 And his fulness never ceaseth,
 Our enjoyment still increaseth;
 Hence we drink, in richest measure,
 From life's fountain, draughts of
 inexhausted pleasure.

5 These our falt'ring lays, dear Sa-
 viour,
 Which, though feeble, yet our grate-
 ful hearts express,

Condescend t' accept in favor,
 Till in glory we shall see thee
 face to face;
 Then for all thy works, our praises
 Shall resound in heav'nly places;
 There we shall to thee our King
 Joyful Hallelujahs sing:
 May from ev'ry thing in nature
 Praise be giv'n to the Creator,
 And our lives and whole demeanor
 To Jehovah, to our God give praise
 and honor.

662.* T. 195. (558.)

GOD reveals his presence!
 Let us now adore him,
 And with awe appear before him;
 God is in his temple,
 All in us keep silence,
 And before him bow with rev'rence;
 Him alone—God we own:
 He's our Lord and Saviour;
 Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence,
 Whom th' angelic legions
 Serve with awe in heav'nly regions.
 Holy, Holy, Holy!
 Sing the hosts of heaven;
 Praise to God be ever given!
 Condescend—to attend
 Graciously, O Jesus!
 To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being!
 Were but soul and body
 Thee to serve at all times ready.
 Might we, like the angels
 Who behold thy glory,
 Deep abased sink before thee,
 And, through grace,—be always,
 In our whole demeanor,
 To thy praise and honor.

4 Grant us resignation,
 Hearts before thee bowed,
 With thy peace divine endowed:
 As a tender flower
 Opens and inclineth
 To the cheering sun which shineth,
 So may we—be from thee
 Rays of grace deriving,
 And thereby be thriving.

5 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us thy blest sanctuary.
O vouchsafe thy presence,
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer.
Us direct,—and protect;
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

663.* T. 341. (559.)

THOU, Jesus, art our King!
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,

Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art th' eternal Light,
And shin'st in deepest night:
Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heav'ns
beneath,

Taking thy abode with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our griefs didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe:
God's kingdom fix'd below:
Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r,
Thou heav'n's gates hast open'd
wide;

Thou thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.

5 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthron'd on high!
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n,
As the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

6 The mighty seraphs join,
And in thy praise combine;
All their choirs thy glories sing,
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

7 The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And th' Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful
prov'd,
Join t' extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they lov'd.

8 The church, through all her
bounds,

With thy high praise resounds:
The confessors fearless here
Boldly praise their heav'nly King;
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own:
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with
blood.

10 Arise, exert thy pow'r
Thou glorious Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee, above the skies,
Endless joys we may possess.

664. T. 79. (1105.)

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine!

Thy blood-bought church in mercy
own;

The church assembled round thy
throne,

Or pilgrims here; we all are thine.

2 Pilgrims on earth, here we may
rest,

The sparrow here hath found a nest,
Thine altars, O Lord God!

For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and pray'r
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3 Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here,
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honor to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear,

4 Hail! Lamb once slain, thy precious blood
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,
Worthy art thou alone!
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal church's praise,
Here, and around thy glorious throne.

665.* T. 101. (560.)

THANKSGIVING, honor, praise,
and might, [der'd,
Unto the Lamb once slain be ren-
Who brought us to his kingdom's
light, [and kindred;
And bought us from all tongues
Before the world was form'd we
were ordain'd
By him to happiness, and life which
hath no end.

2 To Him who ever doth abide,
Be ceaseless songs of praise re-
peated
By Christendom, his chosen bride,
And those in heav'nly mansions
seated;
Th' angelic hosts exalt his saving
name,
And we, with all created beings, do
the same.

3 By all the saints around his
throne,
And all th' angelic choirs in heaven,
With shouts of glory to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praise be
given.
They join with us his goodness to
rehearse,
His glorious name be prais'd
throughout the universe!

666.* T. 146. (561.)

NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who from our mothers' womb
And earliest infancy
Hath done great things for us,
Praise him eternally!

2 O gracious God bestow
On us, while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind,
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith
And christian holiness,
That when we go from hence
We may behold thy face.

667.* T. 206. (562.)

ALMIGHTY Lord! ::
Eternal Word,
Creation's Head,
By whom :: the worlds were made,
Which in heav'n's spacious*
sphere ::
Appear;
Who by thy blood
Brought'st us to God:
Thee we confess ::
The Lord our Righteousness. ::
2 Sure as thou liv'st, ::
And as Lord mov'st
On Cherubim,
And aw'st :: the Seraphim,
Jehovah, great I AM, ::
And Lamb!
So sure's thy blood
The highest good
Of sinners poor, ::
Till death shall be no more. ::

668.* T. 9. (563.)

TILL permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom ev'n here by faith to know,
I enjoy the favor:
2 Till to heav'n I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs and tears must cease,
Love alone prevailleth:
3 Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb himself will lead
Me to living fountains:
4 Till that time mine eyes I'll raise
Unto him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

* Heb. i. 2.

669. T. 90. (564.)

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy
own,

May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with rev'rence
love
The Lord, whose boundless grace
we prove.

2 The Lamb was slain! both day
and night
Th' angelic choirs his praises sing,
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's hosts celestial anthems
bring; [song,
While here poor sinners join the
And praise him with a stamm'ring
tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor works we
leave, [sure, fame,
For him despise wealth, plea-
To him our souls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections
claim: [Lord,
Henceforth we own him as our
His name be by us all ador'd.

4 Thro' him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions
In love's unfathomable sea; [all
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain,
Who died that we might life re-
gain!

5 As ground, when parch'd with
summer's heat, [show'r,
Gladly drinks in the welcome
So may we, list'ning at his feet,
Receive his words, and feel his
pow'r:
May nothing in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, 'the Lamb was
slain!'

670. T. 159. (565.)

ADORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the cross
To God, by his most precious blood,
Hath reconciled us.

All praise be giv'n to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to see,
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2 To be his priests and witnesses
Is now our happy lot,
To sing in songs of endless praise
To Jesus who us bought:
We now, like Mary, wish to sit
In spirit list'ning at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepar'd, and
drest,
For Jesus' marriage-feast.

3 Meanwhile his promises we trust,
And join our grateful lays,
In concert with the ransom'd host,
To sing redeeming grace.
While they who round his throne
appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And sing, 'The Lamb for us was
slain,'
Our hearts reply, Amen!

671. T. 132. (566.)

SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related.
Rejoicing, Hallelujah sing,
Jesus Jehovah is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not asham'd
To bear our human nature!
Yea, heirs of life we now are nam'd,
Joint heirs with our Creator!
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in ev'ry time of need,
Praise to his name for ever!

672. T. 39. (567.)

YE servants of God, your great
Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his most ex-
cellent name;
The name all victorious of Jesus
extol,
His Kingdom is glorious, He rules
over all.

- 2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty
to save,
And yet he is with us, his presence
we have;
The great congregation his triumphs
shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our
King.
- 3 Salvation be brought unto God
on the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor
the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels pro-
claim,
Fall down on their faces, and wor-
ship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore him and give
him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom,
and might,
And honor, and blessing, with an-
gels above,
And thanks never ceasing for in-
finite love.

673. T. 11. (568.)

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
Who is Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 Jesus, lo! to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the woman's promis'd Seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We thy little flock adore
Thee, our Lord, for evermore!
Evermore show us thy love,
Till we join the choirs above.

674. T. 22. (569.)

BLESS, O my soul, the God of
grace! [praise;
His favors claim thy highest
How can the wonders he hath
wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

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

3 Our youth decay'd his pow'r re-
pairs,
His mercy crowns our growing
years;
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heav'nly food.

4 Let the whole earth his pow'r
confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace;
Let us with all our powers sing,
Praise to our Saviour, God, and
King.

675. T. 14. (570.)

COME let us join our cheerful
songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousands are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,'
they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our hearts
reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can
give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

676. T. 22. (571.)

WE sing to God, whose tender love
Caus'd him to leave his throne
above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal wo.

2 On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of mis'ry saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come,
And suffer freely in their room.

3 A mortal body he assum'd,
Groan'd, bled and died, and was
entomb'd:

At length, the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4 To heav'n's bright realms he took
his flight,

Beyond the reach of mortal sight:
There pleads with God for ran-
som'd men,

Thence will in glory come again.

5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honors now be paid;
The glory of his saving name
Our tongues shall evermore pro-
claim.

677. T. 14. (572.)

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in poor sinners' ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the pow'r of
sin,
He sets the pris'ners free:
His blood can make the foulest
clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his
voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts re-
joice,
The humble poor believe.

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

678. T. 14. (573.)

NOT all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Had I an angel's heav'nly tongue
Or seraph's melody,
My theme would be his praise, who
hung
Upon the cross for me.

3 For thee he hangs! my soul re-
joice;
For thee, my soul, expires;
Then sing his love with thankful
voice,
Sing what his love inspires.

4 Till fleeting time shall have an
end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from his church
ascend,
And spread from pole to pole.

5 How sweet the precious gospel
sounds
In the believer's ear!
This balsam heals his cank'ring
wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6 But tears of joy must ever flow
For Jesus' wondrous love,
And when I leave this world below,
I'll sing his praise above.

679. T. 595. (574.)

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r:
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 'Ye blessed children, come!'
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptur'd tongues
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

680. T. 595. (575.)

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King!
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and
 death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransom'd race
 Shall meet around the throne;
 Extol him for his saving grace,
 And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God
 Wisdom and pow'r belong;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And heav'n's eternal song.

681. T. 96.

WITH thanks before the Lord ap-
 pear,

Adore his precious, saving name,
 His patience, faithfulness and care,
 Our humble, grateful praises
 claim;

His goodness none can compre-
 hend,

His tender mercies know no end.

2 Worthy the Lamb! that ev'ry
 breath

His lauds in ceaseless strains
 repeat:

Worthy the Lamb! that for his
 death

Each pulse should to his honor
 beat,

That to his throne the sacrifice
 Of pray'r and praise, like incense,
 rise.

682. T. 208.

THANKS, beloved Saviour,
 For thy ev'ry favor,
 On thy church confer'd;
 Fervent be our praises,
 While each soul retraces
 All thy mercies, Lord!
 Ev'ry day we would extol
 Thee, our constant Benefactor,
 Guardian, Guide, Instructor.

2 All our wants thou knowest,
 And such gifts bestowest,
 As our need requires;
 Each disease thou healest,
 And our pardon sealest,
 Granting our desires;
 For thy countless benefits,
 Lord, our souls shall bless thee ever,
 We'll forget them never.

683. T. 14. (1106.)

FOR mercies, countless as the
 sands,

Which daily I receive
 From God, by my Redeemer's
 hands,

My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Yet this acknowledgment I'll
 make,

For all he hath bestow'd,
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.

3 The best return for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

684.* T. 166. (1107.)

THANKS be to thee, O Lamb of
 God,

For thy unfathomable grace:
 How many benefits bestow'd
 Forgotten and unnotic'd pass!
 When I thy love astonish'd see,
 What lengths, breadths, heights,
 and depths appear!

Eternity, immensity,
 These, these its only limits are.

685. T. 83. (576.)

NOW with joyful songs appear,
And with humble adoration,
'Fore the Lord, he's always near
To his ransom'd congregation.
With the poor he deigns to dwell:
He is nam'd Immanuel.

686.* T. 121. (577.)

IN joyful hymns of praise,
Like one man, sweetly raise
Voices quite united;
With our liturgic lays
Our Saviour is delighted:
He'll with gracious ear
Our thanksgivings hear:
Feel that he is near!

687.* T. 58. (578.)

WHEN all thy mercies, Lord, to
mind we call,
Astonish'd at thy feet we humbly
fall.

Grant us still in future thy kind
direction,
Till in us all the aim of thy election
Be quite obtain'd.

688.* T. 155. (579.)

THOU, our Light, our Leading-
Star,
Who hast kindly us directed,
And protected:
When thy mercies, daily new,
We review,
In the dust we fall before thee,
Lost in wonder we adore thee:
None can give thee praises due.

689. T. 590.

O GOD, at thy command we rise
Thy glorious name to bless:
Thee, the great Lord of earth and
skies,
We joyfully confess;
Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love;
And this (transporting thought!)
shall be
Our endless work above.

690. T. 167.

WORSHIP, honor, praise and
blessing,

Christ is worthy to receive:
Grateful praises without ceasing
It is meet that we should give;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing the Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

691.* T. 114. (1108.)

THE Lamb of God, unspotted, pure
and holy,
Who by his death us reconcil'd
to God,
And from our sins hath wash'd
us in his blood,
Is worthy, that each knee bow 'fore
him lowly,
That ev'ry tongue with gladness
him confess
The only Lord, unto the Father's
praise.

692. T. 249.

WITH holy awe we sing,
To God :|: the glory bring:
To thee, Eternal King!
Blessing and praise be ever giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n;
Amen, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Amen, Hallelujah!

693.* T. 39. (581.)

O THAT we with gladness of spi-
rit for ever
Adored and praised our crucified
Saviour!
O might each pulsation thanksgiv-
ing express,
And each breath we draw be an
anthem of praise!
2 The Lamb, who by blood our sal-
vation obtained,
Took on him our curse, and death
freely sustained,
Is worthy of praises, let with one
accord
All people say Amen, O praise ye
the Lord!

694. T. 249. (580.)

IN humble, grateful lays,
The Lord :: of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, fill'd with holy awe, revere
The Father, Son, and Comforter,
Amen, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen, Hallelujah!

2 Praise to the Lamb once slain!
His love :: we will proclaim,
Who died, us to redeem;
O might each pulse thanksgiving
beat,
And ev'ry breath his praise repeat;
From angels and from men,
To the Lamb slain
All honor doth pertain!

695. T. 230. (582.)

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration,
Be giv'n to God without cessa-
tion,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious
Lord:
For his mercy, love, and favor,
To us, his flock, endure for ever:
Bless, bless his name with one
accord.
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujah!
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain!
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Amen!

XXX. *Prayer and Supplication.***696.** T. 582. (1109.)

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his cheering
face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee was
spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless,
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide:
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe,
Whate'er we ask in God's own
way,
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering pray'r
He'll ev'ry blessing grant.

697. T. 11. (1110.)

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r,
He himself hath bid thee pray,
And sends none unheard away.

2 Thou art coming to a King.
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow,
O do not my suit disdain,
None shall seek thy face in vain.

698.* T. 10. (1111.)

THE prayers of the needy,
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready:
Thy mercy and forbearance
We ev'ry day experience.

2 When thee in faith addressing,
Thou no good gift nor blessing
Unto thy church deniest,
But all her wants suppliest.

3 In thee we trust for ever,
Since thou to each believer
Afford'st that consolation:
'I've heard thy supplication.'

699.* T. 583. (583.)

THE love of Christ to me is greater
far
Than outwardly it doth to man ap-
pear;
When I before him my complaints
make known,
He sympathizeth with them as his
own.

2 As oft as I approach the holy place,
And bow 'fore him, by whom I live
through grace,
Most graciously he answers my re-
quest,
And thus my troubled heart is
sooth'd to rest.

700.* T. 136. (584.)

THIS yields me joy,
That God, in his compassion,
Doth not reject my pray'r and sup-
plication,
But graciously
Regards my poverty;
That with unwearied patience he is
ready
At all times, to attend to me his
child most needy,
And to relieve my wants is nigh,
This yields me joy!

3 Long as I live,
The promises of Jesus
'll to myself apply, to me they're
precious;

When I to him,
My faithful Saviour, cleave,
And, pond'ring on his wonders,
kneel before him,
Praise him with tears of joy, and
in the dust adore him,
I of his love fresh proofs receive,
While here I live.

3 I'm well assur'd
His love to me is tender;
Therefore I now my all to him sur-
render;
He's merciful,
A kind, forgiving Lord:
Though I may not immediately ex-
perience
The succor which I ask, I'll wait
with faith and patience,
For he at last will help afford,
I'm well assur'd.

4 Praise ye the Lord,
Whose kindness, grace and favor
Unto his congregation last for ever;
Whose presence cheers
His chosen witnesses;
Where'er we are, to him ourselves
addressing
In pray'r, we surely shall not fail
to share his blessing;
We therefore sing with one accord:
Praise ye the Lord!

701.* T. 16. (585.)

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my Friend:
Now from worldly cares receding,
I my time in pray'r will spend.

2 O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws
near,
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my pray'r!

702. T. 14. (586.)

MANY complaints to Christ I can
Ev'n by a sigh relate,
Which I can't represent to man,
They are too delicate.

703. T. 16. (587.)

NE'ER dejected—unaffected,
 May I walk before thee here;
 What distresses,—or oppresses,
 Pouring in thy faithful ear.

704.* T. 79. (588. 1167.)

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
 Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait,
 O lend a gracious ear
 Unto my manifold complaints;
 I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
 And deign thy needy child to hear.

2 Grant me an upright simple
 heart,

A cheerful mind to me impart,
 Free from sin's galling load;
 O may I of my sinfulness
 Always retain a consciousness,
 But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3 Grant me a harmless, dove-like
 mind,

To true humility inclin'd,
 Thy will be mine indeed;
 O may I labor constantly
 Endow'd with spirit's poverty,
 From ev'ry hurtful influence
 freed.

4 In peace with all may I be found,
 Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,
 In praying faithful be;

A share in others' welfare take,
 The schemes and plots of Satan
 break,

Fast bound unto thy church and
 thee.

5 Presence of mind on me bestow,
 A readiness O may I show

To execute thy will;
 When I enjoy the highest good,
 Partaking of thy flesh and blood,
 My soul with thy love's ardor fill.

6 May I be serious, childlike too,
 In all essentials firm and true;

Give me a trusty ear;
 A sympathizing, tender heart,
 In joy and sorrow to take part,
 And gladly others' burdens bear.

7 In converse make me tractable
 And mild, in storms invincible,
 And never prone to yield;
 May I maintain incessantly
 A tender fellowship with thee,
 From day to day by grace upheld.

8 Thy unction O may I obey,
 And tread the pilgrim's rugged
 way,

Grant I may shun no toil;
 In all my senses render me
 Well exercis'd, and let me be
 Anointed with thy gladd'ning oil.

9 What for myself I thus request,
 That pray I also for the rest
 Of those, who cheerfully
 Go forth salvation to proclaim
 Through faith in thy most holy
 name,

Wherever they are sent by thee.

10 Thou of all nations the Desire,
 With zeal thy ministers inspire,
 And grant, that every field,
 With gospel-seed already sown,
 In Gentile lands or in our own,
 May an abundant harvest yield.

11 O Father, us with pleasure own,
 The dear-bought purchase of thy
 Son;

O Spirit, be our Guide,
 To us thy saving light afford;
 O Christ, the Church's Head and
 Lord,

May we for ever thine abide!

705.* T. 36. (589.)

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's
 Head and Saviour,

On us, thy children, deign to look
 in favor;

Our grateful hearts with thanks
 are overflowing,
 Before thee bowing.

2 What peace do we derive, what
 consolation,

What strength from thy atoning
 death and passion!

Impress'd with holy rev'rence, we
 adore thee,

And fall before thee.

3 Thy goodness, as thy pow'r, is
past expression;
We trust, that thou, whene'er with
supplication
We seek thy face, in mercy wilt ac-
cept us, And not reject us.

4 O Lord, thou great High-Priest
of our profession,
Who at God's right hand makest
intercession,
And by thy pow'rful pray'rs to help
the needy Art ever ready:

5 The many drops of blood which
from thee flowed,
The streams of tears, which oft thy
cheeks bedewed,
Are all in our behalf for mercy
pleading And interceding.

6 O may thy church before thee
bloom like flowers,
Unto thy praise, through thy atone-
ment's powers;
Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear
Saviour, Both now and ever!

706.* T. 83. (590.)
FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
Offer fervent supplication,
Whether to rejoice, or weep,
We may now have most occasion;
When the lips no more can pray,
Sighs will find to him their way.

2 O may he so sensibly
Bless us with his grace and favor,
That we, in humility,
May rejoice in him, our Saviour;
May he, in his mercy, grant
All we weep for, all we want.

3 May his presence constantly
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that he
Will regard our supplication,
Grant our pray'rs, and much more
give
Than we're worthy to receive.

4 This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With our Lord, both day and night,
And enjoy his sweet communion;
This our heav'n, while here we stay,
Him to love, serve and obey.

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707.* T. 79. (591.)

O THOU, who in the sanctuary
Dost minister! thy church supply
With incense for her pray'r;
Grant to us all a cheerful heart;
A burning, steady light impart,
Defended from all noxious air.

2 Lord, give us an attentive ear,
Which may thy voice distinctly hear,
An eye to view thee still;
And priestly lips to tell thy praise,
And feet earth's rugged craggy ways
To traverse, without fearing ill.

3 Our hands for blessing hallow'd
be,
Our bodies temples be to thee,
Our souls enjoy thy peace:
A breeze divine our spirits cheer,
Grant us, thy still small voice to hear,
Unknown, save to thy flock of grace.

708.* T. 79. (592.)

LORD, our High-Priest and Sa-
viour!
Pour fire and spirit's fervor
On all thy priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for thy people pleading,
Give incense, and hold up our
hands.

2 By thine illumination,
Thy church's situation
In the true light we trace;
We rise from pray'r with blessing,
O'ercome what is distressing,
Through thee, and run with joy
our race.

709.* T. 114. (1112.)

WHENEVER we, with ardent
supplication,
Survey the kingdom of thy cross,
O Lord,
And recollect the promis'd, rich re-
ward
For thy soul's travail, bitter death
and passion,
The hope we cherish, that thy flock
of grace
On earth will still abundantly in-
crease.

- 2 O Father of thy people, we im-
plore thee,
The church, the fruit of Jesus' suff-
'rings, bless:
Refresh thine heritage with show'rs
of grace,
The cause is thine, and thine alone
the glory:
May Jesus thousands as a spoil ob-
tain,
And his disciples constant vict'ry
gain.
- 3 Spirit of Truth, who Christ's
blood-bought salvation,
Sett'st forth and glorifiest his sa-
crifice!
May hosts of sinners, list'ning to
thy voice,
Receive with joy the gospel-invita-
tion,
And by thee gather'd, see their
names enroll'd
Among the sheep of Jesus' ran-
som'd fold.
- 710.* T. 583. (593.)**
- LORD Jesus, may thy blood-
bought church increase
From day to day in knowledge and
in grace;
To all her choirs those special
blessings grant,
Which they in their degree and
measure want.
- 2 Thy servants and thy handmaids
keep in faith,
And ground them all on thy atoning
death;
Let those, who have the care of
souls, by thee
Be taught; thus will their labor
prosp'rous be.
- 3 May all our pastors who instruct
thy sheep,
Firm to the word of thy atonement
keep;
To act as in thy sight, O give them
grace,
In word and walk may they show
forth thy praise.
- 4 For all our meetings, for each
conference
We crave the blessings of thy
countenance:
Keep in the bond of harmony and
love
All elders, and their strength in
weakness prove.
- 5 Remain our Lord, our Shepherd,
Head and King, [bring,
And each to th' other in subjection
Thy flocks preserve in peace and
unity,
And walk amongst them with com-
placency.
- 6 From grace to grace still farther
lead us on, [begun,
And finish the good work thou hast
That we thy saving name may
magnify,
And for thy bitter torments yield
thee joy.
- 7 Thy messengers, who storms and
waves disdain
To teach the nations, and their souls
to gain,
Bless thou, and touch their lips
with hallow'd fire;
To witness of thy death, their
tongues inspire.
- 8 On Israel's scatter'd tribes look
down in grace, [race,
In mercy visit soon th' old cov'nant
Their stubbornness subdue, remove
the veil,
That they may thee as the Messiah
hail.
- 9 May thy whole flock, by thee
their Shepherd led,
Afford thee joy and in thy footsteps
tread;
Unto eternal life let us, by faith,
Feed on the merits of thy blood and
death.
- 10 May all thy people, far and near,
fulfil,
Supported by thy aid, thy holy will;
To thee all praise, all honor doth
pertain,
Let all who love thy name, reply,
Amen!

711.* T. 583. (594.)

THOU hast thy church appointed,
 Lord, through grace,
 Thy saving name to honor and
 confess,
 A church, that in itself is void of
 good, [endow'd.
 But yet by thee with pow'r divine
 2 Teach us to pray for all the ran-
 som'd fold:
 Lord! from thy church no needful
 gifts withhold,
 As Head and Ruler in thy house re-
 main, [train.
 And be the Leader of thy witness-
 3 Grant that we all may stedfastly
 adhere
 To those great truths, by thee to us
 made clear;
 Altho' we have but little strength,
 may we,
 Abiding in thy word, preserved be.
 4 O let thy congregation feel thy
 peace,
 And daily may her joy in thee in-
 crease;
 Preserve her graciously from ev'ry
 harm, [arm.
 Protect her by thy strong and mighty
 5 Grant her to thee an ever free ac-
 cess,
 That cheerful to the mark she on-
 ward press;
 And far and near, supported by thy
 aid, [gospel spread.
 Extend thy knowledge, and thy
 6 Thou know'st her wants, and
 comfort dost impart
 Unto each needy, poor, and sin-sick
 heart:
 Yea, by thy body and thy precious
 blood [ning food.
 Thou giv'st to her an ever-strength'-
 7 By thee, as Shepherd of the flock,
 we're led,
 Till we shall join the church now
 perfected:
 Fill then thy blessed aim with us
 fulfil, [will.
 And teach us in all things to do thy

712. T. 185. (597.)

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy
 congregation,
 Richly all her wants supply;
 Be our only joy and consolation,
 Till we quit mortality:
 Of each weight may we be more
 divested, [ed,
 Live beneath thy sceptre unmolest-
 In thy matchless radiance shine,
 Filled with thy love divine.
 2 Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O
 Jesus,
 Who thy dying love proclaim,
 That with joy they may to distant
 places
 Bear thy great and glorious name:
 By thy arm O may they be defended,
 Till their pilgrimage on earth is
 ended,
 And they are with thee at rest:
 Lord, we pray, hear our request.

713.* T. 22. (598.)

LORD Jesus, with thy presence
 bless,
 By land and sea, thy witnesses;
 In ev'ry danger them defend,
 In ev'ry trial prove their Friend.
 2 O may thy word in Christendom
 Be blest, and may thy kingdom
 come;
 May all thy ministers succèd
 In bringing fruit to thee their Head.
 3 Preserve in constant love and
 peace, [crease
 And, through thy blessing, still in-
 Thy little flocks, which far and near
 In towns and villages appear.
 4 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfil,
 Incline our hearts to do thy will;
 Thy gospel make more fully known,
 May all the world thy goodness
 own.

714.* T. 22. (599.)

ACCORDING to thy mercy, Lord,
 True christian faith to us afford,
 That we thy kindness, love and
 grace, [race.
 May taste throughout our future

2 Hold over us thy gracious hand,
Protect and keep us to the end
From earthly noise and misery,
Retir'd and still to walk with thee.

3 O grant that we may thine remain,
And deeper ground in thee obtain;
Yea, give us to our latest breath
T' enjoy the merits of thy death.

715. T. 22. (600.)

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our pray'r!
All things by thy appointment are;
We thee confess the sov'reign Lord,
Thy name be ev'ry where ador'd.

2 Thou who on earth the sick didst
heal,
And to the poor thy love reveal,
O comfort by a look from thee,
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;
Might all but know thy holy will:
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by thy most gracious aid
Those who have thee their Refuge
made; [blame,
Grant that, in all things free from
In meekness they may praise thy
name.

716. T. 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent pray'r,
Own thy people, seal us thine;
Thee t' obey from day to day,
By thy Spirit us incline:
Us for ever bless and keep,
Mark us as thy chosen sheep,
From thy fulness to us grant
Ev'ry grace and gift we want.

717. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, with fervent
supplication
We lift up our hearts to thee:
Bless, we pray, thy ransom'd con-
gregation,
Grant that young and old may be
Plants of thy dear heav'nly Father's
planting, [wanting:
That on thy great day none may be
Unconfounded, without fear,
Then to meet thee all prepare.

718.* T. 166. (1115.)

O JESUS, bless thy witnesses,
Spread over them thy arms of
love,
Behold them in their destin'd race,
Where bold in faith's bright path
they move;
Support them under ev'ry load,
Console them, when they weep
'fore thee,
And help them, for thy aid bestow'd,
To praise thy name continually.

719.* T. 159. (1113.)

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's
hand
Bestoweth gifts and grace,
This we in many a distant land
With inward joy can trace;
When for his work engag'd in
pray'r,
We know, he our requests will hear,
And confidently can believe,
A rich increase he'll give.

720. T. 185. (1117.)

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy con-
gregation,
Bless each choir and family:
Bless the youth, the rising genera-
tion,
Bless the children dear to thee;
Bless thy servants, grant them grace
and unction,
That they may with care discharge
their function:
Lord, on thee we humbly call,
Let thy blessing rest on all.

721.* T. 1. (602.)

O LORD, asham'd and blushing
we declare,
That we thy poor insolvent debtors
are.
2 O lift on us thy gracious coun-
tenance,
In mercy look upon our indigence.
3 Grant us each blessing purchas'd
by thy blood,
O'erstream our souls with that
atoning flood.

722.* T. 97. (601.)

OFT as the church the blessings
weighs,

Deriv'd from Jesus' saving grace,
And ponders on his faithful care,
Which she each day doth richly
share,

By love constrain'd, to pray she is
inclin'd

For the prosperity of all mankind.

2 For all put in authority

We supplicate most fervently:

The magistrates thou hast ordain'd

Support by thy almighty hand,

In guarding church and state give
them success;

The land in which we live protect
and bless.

3 From strife and tumult, God of
grace,

Preserve us, bless the land with
peace;

May all men willingly obey

Rulers, ordain'd to bear the sway;

And under their protection, grant
that we

May live in godliness and honesty.

723. T. 97. (1118.)

SINCE rulers are ordain'd that they
O'er other men should bear the
sway,

To punish evil, and protect

The good; O grant, that they may act

As in thy name, according to thy
word, [reward.

And be thyself their shield and great

2 Let the whole world thy mercy see,

Bless those, who humbly cleave to
thee,

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,

According to our confidence,

We trust, thou'lt hear our pray'rs,

yea, for each want, [grant.

More than we ask or think, unto us

724.* T. 151. (603.)

AMEN, this the conclusion

Of our petitions be:

Lord, by thy blood's effusion,

Let us belong to thee.

Thus we await, possessing

True bliss while we are here,

The time, when joys unceasing

We once with thee shall share.

XXXI. *The Church of Christ, and in particular the Congregations of the Brethren.*

725.* T. 520. (605.)

PRAISE God for ever!

Boundless is his favor

To his church and chosen flock,

Founded on Christ the Rock,

His almighty Son;

On fair mount Zion,

By his Spirit, grace and word:

Blest city of the Lord!

Thou, in spite of ev'ry pow'rful foe,

Shalt unshaken stand, and prosp'ring
grow,

Midst disgrace—to God's praise,

Both in love and unity:

Praise God eternally!

T 2

2 It plain appeareth,

As God's word declareth,

That the Lord his flock defends,

Through mercy which ne'er ends;

As he was of old

With his chosen fold,

Thus his pow'r and faithfulness

We in the church may trace:

For our God his people still pro-
tects,

And 'mongst them his righteous
throne erects.

Praises be—giv'n to thee,

Mighty God, Immanuel,

That thou with us wilt dwell!

3 God, our Salvation,
 Feeds his congregation
 With his word and sacrament;
 All evil doth prevent,
 That the weak and poor
 Here may dwell secure;
 Order is herein maintain'd
 By discipline unstain'd,
 And God's servants watch with
 faithful care
 O'er his flock, and offer fervent
 pray'r:
 God our Lord—will afford
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Until the end of days.

726. T. 167. (604.)

GLORIOUS things of thee are
 spoken
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose words can ne'er be
 broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou 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 hov'ring
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by
 day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they
 pray.
 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to
 God:

'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.
 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

727.* T. 69. (606.)

HOW amiable
 Thy habitations are!
 Wherein assemble
 Thy christian people dear,
 O Lord,—Thy praises to record.
 2 My heart with fervor
 And inward longing, pants
 Thy grace and favor
 To tell there with thy saints,
 Boldly—The truth to testify.
 3 For there thou choosest
 To dwell, my living Tow'r;
 Sweet rest diffusest
 From that place evermore,
 Which thou—Ordained hast thereto.
 4 There is asserted
 The new birth spiritual;
 Souls are converted
 By thy pure gospel's call,
 And there—In Christ's church
 grafted are.
 5 For this I'm longing,
 To be throughout my days
 Thereto belonging,
 Thy holy name to praise,
 And thee—To serve incessantly.
 6 All those are blessed
 That come into thine house,
 With awe expressed,
 Which deep conviction shows,
 And pray—And to thee homage pay.
 7 Thou dost deliver
 Thy church in all distress:
 Thou art our Saviour;
 Whate'er may us oppress,
 Vict'ry—We may obtain thro' thee.

8 One day is better
Spent in the christian church,
Thy praise to utter,
Than thousands spent in search
Of joy—In the broad worldly way.

9 This territory
The Lord, as Sun, doth light,
Gives grace and glory,
And sanctified delight
To all—Who on his mercy call.

10 Yea, his condition
How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
Whom thou admission
Dost to thy church afford,
And so—The heav'nly kingdom too!

11 Through grace afford us,
Dear Lord, church-liberty,
To each good purpose,
That we our days employ
With care—Thy holy word to hear.

728.* T. 166. (608.)

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our
King!

In stillness he collects his flock,
Leads on, doth to perfection bring,
And grounds it on himself, the Rock;
With little hurry, noise or show,
He safely guideth ev'ry soul;
No more the blinded world can do,
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought
with blood,
Despis'd of men, but dear to thee,
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
An easy yoke, thrice happy she!
When bearing thy reproach below,
She still partakes of thy free grace,
The grace thou richly doth bestow,
And which affliction's load out-
weighs.

3 Thou hast, with shepherd's faith-
fulness,
Brought many souls to thy blest
fold,
Made them partakers of thy grace,
Amongst thy foll'wers them en-
roll'd:

They yield thee pleasure and de-
light,
When they thy voice hear and
obey,
And while they in thy love unite,
Thou guid'st them through life's
narrow way.

4 We humbly pray, support the
weak,
Support thy children by thy grace;
Thou know'st for thee athirst we
seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race!
We know thy faithfulness and love,
Thy mercy all our wants supplies;
May spirit, soul and body prove
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5 By thee protected, gracious Lord,
O may we ever live secure;
Led by thy Spirit, grace, and word,
Relying on thy cov'nant sure:
Thy work O prosper and defend,
We're feeble, but confide in thee,
Let thy true foll'wers to the end
Amidst oppression conqu'rors be.

729.* T. 22. (609.)

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains,
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In ev'ry time, and ev'ry place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteous-
ness
Remains his church's glorious
dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our Corner-stone re-
main,
Our Rock, which will unshaken
stay
When heav'n and earth are fled
away.

4 The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which th' apostles were baptiz'd,
Proceeding from the church's Head,
Is giv'n to us, and makes us glad.

5 That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm:
What men can do, we need not fear,
No foe shall even touch a hair.

6 For these our God hath number'd all,
Without his leave not one can fall;
If in the least he be so true,
What will he not in greater do?

7 He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word:
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than conquer prove.

730. T. 22. (1120.)

'AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them:'

Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
'So will I guard Jerusalem.'

2 And what is then Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes
to God,
The sinners whom he calls his
own.

4 Though foes on ev'ry side assail,
This city hath a sure defence,
Against her they shall ne'er pre-
vail,
While guarded by Omnipotence.

731.* T. 126. (1124.)

THE Lord, e'er he appeared,
Upon this earth, as man,
Already had prepared
The great and glorious plan,
A church to gather to his praise,
And had before ordained,
How this should come to pass.

2 Though man, by sin deceived,
God's image forfeited,

Yet Christ this loss retrieved,
By dying in his stead;
Thou Bridegroom of the church,
once slain,

What anguish did it cost thee,
Thy faithless bride to gain!

3 O days of solid blessing,
When Christ, the Sun of grace,
All other light surpassing,
His healing beams displays!
Then, walking on the narrow way,
Our path we can discover,
Till dawn of endless day.

4 When we shall see our Jesus
In majesty most bright,
O how will this abase us,
When in his kingdom's light,
And heav'nly glory we shall share;
Lord Jesus, for thy coming
Thy church on earth prepare!

5 We shall possess for ever
Those joys divine in heav'n,
Of which to the believer
A foretaste here is giv'n,
And our redemption by his blood
Shall be our song eternal
Before the throne of God.

732. T. 97. (1121.)

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord,
how fair!

What peace, what bliss inhabit
there:

With ardent hope, with strong de-
sire,

My heart, my flesh to thee aspire;
How oft I long thy heav'nly courts
and thee,

My Lord and God, the living God,
to see!

2 One wish, with holy transport
warm,

My heart hath form'd, and still
doth form,

One gift I ask, that to my end
Thine hallow'd house I may attend,
There may I joyful find a safe
abode,

There may I view the beauty of
my God.

733. T. 96. (1122.)

THE consecrated house we love,
Where God vouchsafes to place
his name,

Nor will we, Lord, from thence re-
move,

But jointly there thy praise pro-
claim,

And daily to thy courts repair,
To seek thee in the house of pray'r.

2 But oh! the house of living stones
We never can neglect nor leave,
That temple, which the world dis-
owns,

To that in life and death we cleave,
Thro' faith to ev'ry member join'd,
The church, diffus'd through all
mankind.

734.* T. 9. (1123.)

ONE there is to Christ well known,
And by him approved,
Poor and needy, yet his own,
His bride, his beloved.

2 She to Christ, her matchless
Friend,

Love sincere declareth,
And with a devoted mind
His cross gladly beareth.

3 We one Lord and Saviour own,
Even Christ our brother,
Of our flesh and of our bone,
We know of none other.

4 He upon his heart doth bear
All his souls redeemed,
As his Father's children dear,
Now through grace esteemed.

735.* T. 234. (1125.)

THOU sov'reign Lord of earth and
heav'n,

And of our hearts, to thee for ever
Be homage paid, and praises giv'n,
For thy eternal love and favor;

The subjects of thy government,
Who from thy death have life ob-
tained,

Their souls and bodies now present
To thee, as trophies dearly gained;

Thou, Lord, this gift entire
Dost of us all require,

As justly due by thee 'tis claimed;

And until all have grace
To live unto thy praise,
The faithful part must stand
ashamed.

2 We worship thee with filial fear,
As part of thy blest congregation,
With all who with us grounded are
On apostolic truth's foundation,
Where Jesus is the Corner-stone,
And give thee praise for our
election,

In thee we put our trust alone,
Thou, Lord, wilt lead us to per-
fection:

O grant us to make known
Thy truth, and freely own,
That faith from works can't be
disjoined:

That piety on grace
Must rest, and faithfulness
With faith must ever be com-
bined.

736.* T. 221. (1126.)

THOU Monarch of All, thou Lord
God of creation!

How wonderful and yet how blest
Appears in the Church thy wise
administration,
Of which thou art the Head con-
fess'd;

'Tis here for the needy all help
abounds;

To keep the eye steady fix'd on thy
wounds,

The sum is and substance with
poor contrite sinners,

Of all the wise maxims whereby
they are winners.

2 What is it, that makes us stand
fast in one spirit,

Lord Jesus, author of our faith?
What is it cements us? 'Tis only
thy merit,

Thy wounds and all-atoning death:
Ye heralds of mercy, with courage
good [blood:

Redemption proclaim ye in Jesus'
No heart e'er dissolved by Sinai's
thunder,

But rocks at the message of peace
cleave asunder.

3 Art thou not refresh'd with divine consolation,
Thou ransom'd, highly favor'd flock,

When drinking with joy of the wells of salvation,

Which freely flow from Christ the rock?

Who now would be fearful? for us he bled,

Who would not be cheerful? 'Tis finished!

This doctrine we'll hold and declare without ceasing,

His cross brings us peace, 'tis the source of all blessing.

737.* T. 26. (1128.)

CHRIST is the church's Lord and Head;

This makes us hope with confidence,

That he will be our sure defence,
And help in ev'ry time of need.

2 O may our fellowship abide
An honor to his blessed name,
May he in us fulfil his aim,
That we throughout be sanctified.

738.* T. 14. (1130.)

THE great salvation of the Lord
Abides his church's joy,

To honor him with sweet accord,
Our fav'rite, bless'd employ.

2 Into the bosom of our Friend
Both joy and grief we pour,
Until our griefs shall have an end,
And sorrows be no more.

3 What comfort, what supreme delight

Do we enjoy, what bliss,
When the Lamb slain appears in sight:

Might the whole world know this!

739.* T. 14. (1132.)

HAPPY, O Lord, are they who wait
Thy pleasure to fulfil,

Upon thy statutes meditate,
And learn to do thy will.

2 How blessed is thy family,
Thy kind support they prove;

All may be done by faith in thee,
From strength to strength they move.

740. T. 168. (1133.)

O HOW blessed is the station
Of all those who love the Lord,

Who partake of his salvation,
Trusting in his sacred word:

Bless'd, who in love's bond united,
To his altars are invited,

In his courts on earth they dwell,
There his matchless praise to tell.

741. T. 14. (612.)

HAIL, church of Christ, bought
with his blood!

The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart

With thee, thro' boundless grace;
And I will never from thee part,
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,

I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?

Who, gather'd round th' erected
cross,

Enjoy redeeming grace?

5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give,

By grace I'll keep the place I've
got,

To thee alone I'll cleave.

742.* T. 205. (614.)

RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives!

Glad we are his praise to sing,
He his people's praise receives:

On his pow'rful day they rise,
Off'ring free-will sacrifice;

His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

Ye, who Jesus' death proclaim,
 Service yield to him with joy,
 Praise with ev'ry breath his name,
 Grace t' extol be your employ;
 Grace supports us ev'ry day,
 Leads us in the narrow way;
 'Tis through grace alone that we
 Can obtain the victory.

Gracious Lord, may we believe,
 Venture all on thy free grace,
 Boldly things not seen achieve,
 Trusting in thy promises;
 Faith thy people's strong hold is,
 Their employment daily this,
 To proceed on paths unknown,
 Relying on thy grace alone.

Christ, thy all-atoning death
 Is our life while here below;
 Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
 Constantly thy aid bestow;
 In thy mercy we confide,
 Safely to the end us guide;
 When, if thy Head depart,
 Aid of life and strength thou art.

Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
 Ne'er thy congregation leave;
 Give to thee our refuge take,
 Of thy fulness we receive:
 Ev'ry other help be gone,
 Thou art our support alone,
 For on thy supreme commands
 All the universe depends.

743.* T. 26. (618.)

How can the love of Christ express
 To those, who by his blood re-
 deemed,
 Are as the heirs of life esteemed?
 He owns them as his chosen race.
 With thanks before his throne
 appear,
 And praise his name, dear con-
 gregation,
 For ev'ry proof and demonstration,
 That you his favor'd people are.
 We know his boundless love and
 grace,
 Enjoy his goodness, care and fa-
 vor,
 He keeps his covenant for ever,
 Can aught exceed his faithfulness?

4 O might this church of Christ
 always
 Be to the world a bright example,
 How, by the Holy Ghost, a tem-
 ple
 May be constructed to his praise.

744. T. 155. (619.)

JESUS, Prince of Life once slain,
 Thy remembrance ever raises
 Thanks and praises;
 And thy love, when shed abroad,
 Lamb of God,
 Prompts us, gather'd here before
 thee,
 With abasement to adore thee
 For thy suff'rings, wounds and
 blood.

2 To redeem us from the fall,
 Thou hast death for us endured,
 And procured
 For all those who trust in thee
 Mercy free;
 Now thy ransom'd congregation
 Hath thee for her sole foundation,
 Here and in eternity.

3 Since thou hast deliver'd us
 From the yoke of ev'ry stranger,
 And all danger,
 In thee, Saviour of the lost!
 Is our boast;
 From thy all-sufficient merit
 We eternal life inherit,
 For thy blood hath paid the cost.

4 May thy ransom'd people, Lord,
 To thy inmost courts admitted,
 For priests fitted,
 Off'ring pray'r and praise to thee
 Willingly,
 Prize their glorious destination,
 Yield to thee their ministrations,
 And thy faithful foll'wers be.

5 Sanctify us for thyself,
 From each thing by thy soul hated
 Separated;
 Freed from this world's sinful ways,
 Grant us grace,
 In our walk and whole demeanor,
 As new creatures, thee to honor,
 And thy holy name to praise.

6 Deep engrave it in our hearts,
How by thee we are esteemed,
Why redeemed!
Ev'n to practice in these days
Heaven's ways;
'Midst all poverty and weakness,
To grow up into thy likeness,
And at judgment be thy praise.

7 O lift up thy countenance
On thy church; in love remember
Ev'ry member;
Might none, who would not be
thine,
Enter in;
May we all in thee believing,
Grace for grace from thee receiv-
ing,
Needful strength and succor win.

745.* T. 166. (615.)

THY church, O Lamb of God, ap-
pears
Before thee, fill'd with humble
shame;
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful
tears,
With melted hearts we praise
thy name,
For the discov'ries of thy grace,
And proofs of all thy faithful
care,
Experienc'd in so various ways,
Of which each soul can witness
bear.

2 With thanks we call to mind the
day
On which the power of thy blood
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,
As sinners dead and void of good;
The willing slaves of sin and death
We were, and enemies to thee;
But, granting us a living faith,
Thou from the curse didst set us
free.

3 Is there a thing that warms the
heart,
That stirs up gratitude and love?
It is the grace thou dost impart,
Thy blood, the pow'r of which
we prove:

We sink astonish'd at thy feet,
Thy mercy's an unfathom'd sea,
How can we find expressions meet,
Who but so lately loved thee?

4 The word of Jesus' bloody sweat,
Of his dire passion, wounds and
death,
With pow'r our souls doth pene-
trate,
And quicken with life-giving
breath:

The pow'rs of hell this vanquishes,
Supports the church in ev'ry
need,
Tho' Satan to the threshold press,
Christ's blood his entrance doth
forbid.

5 Who in the Spirit's light can
trace
The church of God, he must de-
clare,

It is alone through Jesus' grace
That she abiding fruit can bear:
To him all honor doth pertain,
Who by his blood made her his
own;

Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain:
'The Lord for us great things
hath done.'

6 The church of Christ who views
aright,
He sees a glorious master-piece,
And must with wonder and delight
Adore him, who the Author is:
Her beauty plainly doth appear
To those who have discerning
eyes;

Her songs delight the ravish'd ear
Of all who know celestial joys.

7 She Christ, her faithful Shepherd,
knows,
Attends to his instructive voice,
Amidst adversity she grows,
In her election doth rejoice,
Is by the Holy Spirit led,
The blood of covenant maintains
Her union with the Lord her Head,
In whom she constant vict'ry
gains.

746. T. 164. (622.)

O THOU, who out of sin's dark
night

Hast us, thy children, called;
And hast thy glorious gospel-light
Unto our hearts revealed;
Abas'd with shame we all
Before thee humbly fall,
And render for electing grace
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks and
praise.

2 The patience, love, unwearied
care,
Abundant grace and blessing,
Thou dost bestow from year to year,
Is truly past expressing;
Great mercy thou hast shown
To us, we freely own,
Yet hath thy aim, most faithful
Friend,
With us not fully been obtain'd.

What rich returns of thankfulness
From us might be expected!
Who, that we might show forth
thy praise,
Have been through grace elected;
But here we blush for shame,
Unworthy of the name
We bear, while of our heav'nly call
As yet so very short we fall.

May we show forth continually,
In our whole conversation,
What we to others testify
Of thee and thy salvation;
May all men in us see
Our words and works agree,
When shall we of redeeming love
To others a sweet savor prove.

But are there such among us still,
Whose hearts thy love ne'er
warmed,
Who, though their wretched state
they feel,
Are not thereby alarmed?
Arouse them from death's sleep,
That they may pray and weep,
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

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747. T. 79. (620.)

THRICE happy congregation,
For thy predestination
Adore the suff'ring Lamb;
Who, mov'd by love unbounded,
To purchase thee was wounded,
The cross endur'd, despis'd the
shame.

2 It ne'er can be expressed
In words, how thou art blessed;
Thy happy lot hold fast;
Thy ransom, so expensive,
Is surely more extensive,
Than barely to be sav'd at last.

3 O yes! our free election,
By our kind Lord's direction,
Is of a nobler kind;
John's portion to inherit,
To be with Christ one spirit,
Rightly acquainted with his
mind.

4 In each state and condition,
Teach us, Lord, with precision
To execute thy will;
Be our heart's inclination,
Thy ev'ry intimation
To understand, and then fulfil.

5 To this world crucified,
For his use sanctified,
In body and in soul,
Till we to his full stature
Are grown, and of his nature
Partakers are, throughout the
whole.

6 A bow of grace, appearing
To the world, witness bearing
That God is well inclin'd;
A light, whose radiation,
From Christ's illumination
Deriv'd, may shine to all man-
kind.

7 The Father's kind inspection,
His blessing and protection,
Be daily our support;
The holy Spirit's leading,
And Jesus' pow'ful pleading,
Convey us through this world un-
hurt.

748.* T. 155. (616.)

CHURCH of Christ, sing and re-
joice,

Bring the Lord thro' all thy classes
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honor, might and pow'r,
Evermore;
Since he is our Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace and favor
Richly doth on us bestow.

2 When we on his faithfulness,
Love and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise;
For his grace,
Love and goodness never ceaseth,
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3 Highly favor'd church, thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
'Midst affliction,
By the Lord, who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd:
Therefore, may thy whole behavior
Be an honor to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4 Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Let thy faith be manifested,
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in ev'ry station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

749. T. 161. (607.)

HIGHLY favor'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the Rock!
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He's our Saviour,—whose great
favor
We've 'midst many trials proved,
We're unworthy, yet beloved.

2 Church of Christ, within thy
borders
Truth prevail, and love unfeign'd:
Be thy government and orders
With due faithfulness maintain'd;

Lord most holy!—may we truly
Prize our great predestination
In thy chosen congregation.

3 Think, my soul, how great the
favor,
In Jehovah's courts to dwell!
There poor sinners meet their Sa-
viour,

There the sin-sick souls grow well.
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

4 Here by faith we're humbly eying
Our Redeemer on the cross;
We behold him bleeding, dying,
To gain endless bliss for us:
Here is ready—for the needy,
Meat and drink at Jesus' table,
Which t'explain we are not able.

5 In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more
abound,
This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark to all around;
May we learning—and discerning
Both by doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6 Grant that with thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Foll'wing thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore:
Gracious Saviour—with heart's fer-
vor,
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed.

750.* T. 26. (613.)

REDEEMED souls, adore and
praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the blessings he bestow'd,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things hath
done,
Our warmest thanks to him are
due;
We trace his goodness when we
view
His church, where he erects his
throne.

3 We humbly take what he'll bestow,
Who would refuse his boundless grace?

O may his church in ev'ry place
His blessed views more fully know.

4 We all in spirit are agreed,
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only Rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

5 And though a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset,
It leads to true felicity.

6 The Father's garden here below
With patience must be watch'd indeed;

For, as in nature 'tis, the seed
Must die before the plant can grow.

7 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist
To serve thee 'midst reproach
and shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

8 In mutual love and harmony,
Our solemn cov'nant we renew;
Say thou in grace Amen thereto,
We give our hearts and hands to thee.

751.* T. 16. (621.)

CHURCH of Christ, thy destitution

Is to joy in him by faith;
He hath purchas'd thy salvation,
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2 Sin-sick souls, repair for healing
To his stripes and bleeding wounds;

Then retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

3 In all wants, in all distresses,
Thence deriving sure relief;
Looking daily unto Jesus,

Who to gladness turns your grief;

4 Join his church in this confession:
'I am sinful, weak and poor,
But my Saviour's birth and passion
Prove to me the richest store.'

5 'Nought but Jesus' grace, his merit,
And his blood-bought righteousness,

Is the cause why I inherit
Life and peace and holiness.'

6 Jesus' death thy strength abideth,
Church of Philadelphia;
He who in aught else confideth,
Goes Laodicea's way.

752.* T. 126. (623.)

THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,
The Saviour's happy bride,
Arise, show forth his praises
Who for thee bled and died;
Ye, though a people poor and mean,
Of God are highly honor'd,
Because the Lamb was slain.

2 In our degree and measure
His love we will proclaim;
In lowliness with pleasure
Yield service to his name;
The church with tender care he'll guide,
And will in ev'ry trial
Our sure Support abide.

753.* T. 68. (610.)

CHURCH of Christ, be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceiv'd, and this
Proves that thou art his.

2 For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation,
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth, abound
Where the Lord is found.

3 All thy strength and life
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation,
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days,

754.* T. 114. (611.)

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favor'd
congregation,
Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear
cov'nant flock,
Securely built on him th' eternal
Rock,
Rejoice in him, the God of thy sal-
vation,
Reap all the blessings he design'd
for thee,
Grow in his grace and knowledge
constantly.

2 Thy glory be to all the world dis-
played,
To all mankind his dying love pro-
claim:
Awake, put on thy strength, Jeru-
salem,
And in thy beauteous garments be
arrayed;
Break forth, extend thyself both
far and near,
That thousands still thy happiness
may share.

755. T. 16. (1129.)

HIGHLY favor'd congregation,
Lov'd by Jesus and esteem'd,
Ne'er forget thy destination,
Why from this vain world re-
deem'd.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Bless'd in his communion sweet,
Destin'd heaven to inherit,
And the church above to meet:

3 Witness here to all around thee
Of thy Saviour's dying love,
Testify: 'He sought and found me,
Else I should still restless rove.'

4 Evidence by word and action
That thy faith is not in vain,
That thy highest satisfaction
Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5 By love's closest bonds united,
As the Lord's own family,
Be to serve his name excited,
Be to him a fruitful tree.

6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
What adorns her in thy sight,
Let her walls be call'd salvation,
Be her glory, shield and light!

756. T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord! :||:
Bounteously he deals with thee,
Highly favor'd church of Jesus!
Thee he chose through mercy free,
To show forth his matchless praises,
And rich fruit, meet for the master's
use,
To produce. :||:

2 Gracious Lord :||:
Blessed is our lot indeed,
In thy ransom'd congregation:
Here we on thy merits feed,
Here the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Open are. :||:

3 As thy sheep :||:
May we all thy voice obey,
And not listen to a stranger;
Keep us, lest we go astray,
Shelter us from ev'ry danger:
No where else can we secured be,
But in thee. :||:

4 Might we all, :||:
Young and old, be witnesses
Of the pow'r of thy salvation:
And extol redeeming grace
'Midst a crooked generation;
Thus will many souls around us be
Gain'd for thee. :||:

5 We entreat, :||:
Lord lift up thy countenance
On thy ransom'd congregation;
Grace to ev'ry choir dispense:
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in thy great salvation share:
Hear our pray'r! :||:

757. T. 582.

O CHURCH, thy Saviour praise,
He chose thee for his own:
Rejoice in his electing grace,
He much for thee hath done.

2 Thanks for his boundless love,
And constant faithful care!
We for the mercies which we prove,
Insolvent debtors are.

3 Ye servants of our God,
Who in his presence stand,
Extol him for his aid bestow'd,
Upon his word depend.

4 Chief Shepherd of thy fold,
Thy servants' only Guide!
Them with thy mighty arm uphold,
And in their midst preside.

5 Thy children laud thy name!
Thy mercies daily new,
O Lord, our grateful praises claim,
To thee our thanks are due.

6 Thee for thy care we bless,
Adore thy grace and truth,
Since thou delight'st to perfect
praise
Out of the sucklings' mouth.

758. T. 16.

YE who freely offer praises,
Glorify your Saviour's name:
Do not his unbounded mercies
Justly your thanksgivings claim?

2 Yes, with grateful hearts' sensation,
We his love and goodness trace,
That on earth a congregation
He hath formed to his praise.

3 O how kindly hath he led us,
O'er us watch'd with faithful care,
On the richest pastures fed us,
Sav'd from danger, freed from fear!

4 Yet while we with joy adore him,
We indeed have cause to mourn,
To confess our faults before him,
And to him, as sinners, turn.

5 O forgive each deviation!
Lord, while we for mercy sue,
Let us joy in thy salvation,
As of old our days renew.

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759. T. 155.

CALLING gratefully to mind,
How by Christ we are elected,
And protected,
As a flock whom he hath led,
Richly fed
On the pastures of his merit,
We as one man, glad in spirit,
Magnify the church's Head.

2 Yet amidst our songs of praise,
We abased fall before him,
And implore him,
Taking to ourselves with shame
All the blame,
Grant us, Lord, full absolution!
Unto us belongs confusion,
But all glory to thy name.

760. T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance!
Be our help, joy, and salvation,
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart, O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy blest intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more di-
vested,
Freed from ev'ry earthly view
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we as thine anointed,
Walk 'fore thee, in truth and grace,
In the path thou hast appointed,
Lead us, Lord, unto thy praise.

761.* T. 58. (624.)

O THOU, whose goodness words
can ne'er express,
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving
face

On the congregation, her choirs,
and classes,

Let us perceive in all our streets
and places Thy peace divine.

2 In labor, or at rest, O Lord, bedew
With thy most precious blood, what-
e'er we do;

Let thy gracious presence surround
us ever,

As though our longing eyes enjoy'd
the favor Thee to behold.

3 With fervor all thy people's hearts
inspire,

And to enjoy thy grace be our de-
sire;

May thy love, dear Saviour, to love
constrain us,

And closely in the bond of peace
maintain us,

As one 'fore thee.

4 We surely are a work of thy own
hand,

Sinners, on whom thou'st deign'd
thy blood to spend,

By the Holy Spirit to thee directed,
A cov'nant people, by free grace
elected To serve thy name.

5 Grant that we all, both young and
old, may prove

True witnesses of thy redeeming
love;

Showing forth thy praises, may we
adore thee,

And humbly walk in grace and
truth before thee,

Till we go hence.

6 May'st thou with us thy gracious
aim obtain;

Grant that thy church may constant
vict'ry gain;

May we, truly conscious that we
are needy,

To look to thee in faith be always
ready,

And trust thy pow'r.

7 Might ev'ry one who knows us,
clearly trace

In all thy people unction, truth and
grace:

That whoe'er approacheth thy con-
gregation,

May feel, and own it from a clear
persuasion,

'The Lord is here.'

762. T. 227.

GRACIOUS Lord, who us hast
called,

By thy gospel, out of sin's dark,
dismal night,

To our hearts thy love revealed,
And in mercy brought us to thy

saving light;

Thou hast by thy kind direction,

Thanks be to thy free election!

Form'd the Brethren's Unity,

As a favor'd flock, to be

In one cov'nant closely joined:

To thy blessed will resigned,

Pledged, wholly thee to follow,

And to serve thee—spirit, soul and
body hallow!

2 Bless, O Lord, thy congregation,
As thy planting, as a work of
thine own hand:

Visit her with thy salvation,

Be the sacred bond of love therein
maintain'd;

Grant that we, in thee remaining,
And thy perfect aim attaining,

Through thy faithful nursing care,

Copious fruit to thee may bear:

Thus, from this world separated,

To thy service dedicated,

We in our degree and measure,

For the travail of thy soul, shall
yield thee pleasure!

763.* T. 26. (625.)

O LORD, lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us thine;

Impart to us thy peace divine,

And blessings unto all dispense.

2 'Tis our desire to follow thee,

And from experience to proclaim

Salvation in thy blessed name:

O bless thy servants' ministry.

3 Thy mercy is our only stay,

Direct us by thy holy word,

Thy Spirit's light to us afford,

Preserve us, lest we go astray.

4 O Well of life, we pant for thee;

In copious streams thy thirsty
flock

Desires to drink of thee, the Rock,

And thirst no more eternally.

5 Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,
This is our only plea and claim:
We blush 'fore thee with conscious shame,
Our many faults and wants we know.

6 To thee, O Lord our Righteousness,
Who by thy blood hast wash'd us clean
From ev'ry spot and stain of sin,
We give unfeigned thanks and praise.

764.* T. 244. (626.)

LORD, may the congregation,
Establish'd on thy death,
Enjoy thy great salvation,
And daily live by faith!
Believing in thy blood,
That all-atoning flood;
Grant we may cleave for ever
To thee our highest Good!

2 Unfold thy grace's treasure,
And all our hearts prepare,
That we may in full measure
In thy salvation share:
O may thy looks of grace
Insure our happiness;
Uphold us, and for ever
Set us before thy face.*

3 Let us, 'fore thee abased,
Be daily more and more
To taste thy friendship raised;
Prepare, we thee implore,
Amidst thy chosen race
Still many witnesses,
Who can from heart's experience
Proclaim redeeming grace.

4 We will of Jesus' passion
And meritorious death
Ne'er cease to make confession,
Till we give up our breath,
Till we in heav'nly light
Shall see his face most bright,
And with the saints in glory
In songs of praise unite.

* Psalm xli. 12.

765.* T. 30. (627.)

LIFT up thy pierc'd hands, most
gracious Saviour,
O'er thy church, and pour out all
that favor,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever moving.

2 To thy care ourselves we now
surrender,
Of our lives to thee we make a tender,
Protect and lead us,
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed us.

766.* T. 58. (628.)

HOLD o'er thy church, Lord, thy
protecting hand,
And in thy truth O may she ever
stand;
May thy ransom'd people show
forth thy praises,
And be devoted to thy name, Lord
Jesus,
Until thou com'st.

2 Preserve thy church, Lord Jesus,
ev'ry where,
And grant that she rich fruit for
thee may bear;
Build her outward structure, fill her
with glory,
And let each member praise thee
and adore thee,
And serve thy name.

767.* T. 582. (629.)

THE happy church of Christ
Stands to this very day;
Those who are chosen daily find
To her an open way.

2 Lord Jesus, when we trace
Thy gracious call and aim
With us thy flock, we render praise
Unto thy holy name.

3 Thou open'st us a door,
Our little strength thou know'st,
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,
To call to thee the lost.

768.* T. 583. (630.)

HOW bold and vain th' attempt to
overthrow

The blessed church of Jesus Christ
below!

For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls
and tow'rs,

Shall stand in spite of all opposing
pow'rs.

769.* T. 132. (632.)

THE Spirit of the witnesses

Rests on the congregation,

Excites her to proclaim free grace

In Christ's propitiation;

And teacheth her when to rejoice,

When to lift up her cheerful voice,

And when to weep in silence.

770.* T. 56. (631.)

THOU whose name is :: in-
expressible,

And whose counsels :: are un-
searchable,

Thou, who from eternity

Didst the time and place decree,

Where securely :: thy dear flock
should dwell:

2 Spread thy blessing :: here and
ev'ry where,

Far surpassing :: all our thought
and pray'r!

When we have performed all

To fulfil thy gracious call,

After labor :: we sweet rest shall
share.

771.* T. 590. (641. 642. 1092.)

O THOU, whose mercies far ex-
ceed

All we can think or say,

As in thy people thou indeed

Dost daily more display:

Let for our happiness, O God,

On us while here below,

By virtue of thy death and blood,

Still thousand blessings flow.

2 Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,

And ever thine remain,

We now ourselves to thee commend,

With thy whole chosen train:

Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd

With us thy thoughts of peace;

When we, in joys which never end,

Shall see thee face to face.

3 Shelter our souls most graciously

Within thy open'd side;

Move them from ev'ry harm away,

And in thy safeguard hide:

O let our names in life's blest rolls

Inscrib'd be ever found,

And in life's bundle may our souls

Be fast and firmly bound!

4 Now may the very God of peace

Us wholly sanctify,

And grant us such a rich increase

Of unction from on high,

That spirit, soul and body may,

Preserved free from stain,

Be blameless until thy great day,

Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen!

772.* T. 79. (633.)

THOU know'st, the congregation

Hath thee for her foundation,

Whate'er the world may say;

Grant us to cleave for ever

To thee, our faithful Saviour,

May love among us bear the

sway.

773.* T. 106. (634.)

LORD, may not one among us be

Who trifles with his call of grace,

None who believes not heartily

In thee, the Lord our Righteous-
ness;

But grant, that, prompted by thy
love,

We all to thee may faithful prove.

774.* T. 151. (635.)

O JESUS Christ, most holy!

Head of the church, thy bride,

Each day in us more fully

Thy name be magnified;

O may in each believer

Thy love its pow'r display,

And none among us ever

From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

775.* T. 208. (637.)

LORD, thy body's Saviour,
Shepherd and Preserver,
If times numberless,
We, thy congregation,
Paid our adoration
For electing grace,
Yet should we—great debtors be:
Take us all as an oblation
For thy bitter passion!

776. T. 586. (640.)

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church dispensation,
Lift up, we pray, thy pierced hand,
And bless thy ransom'd congregation,
In ev'ry place, by sea or land;
Before thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member;
Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us thy peace divine,
For we are thine!

777.* T. 121. (643.)

IN Jesus' love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations;
Both here, and o'er the seas,
We raise our supplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bless,
Till the end of days.

778.* T. 161. (638.)

JESUS, hear our supplication,
'Tis thy pleasure
Those to bless, who to thee cleave:
Grant us stronger demonstration
Of thy favor,
Than our weak minds can conceive;
Help the feeble,—us enable,
In thy blest path of salvation,
Bold and joyful
To go thro' each faith's gradation.

779.* T. 221. (639.)

O LORD, let thy countenance
friendly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race;
To thee we commend ourselves
jointly, to bless us,
Let ev'ry member feel thy peace:
Thy servants protect, O most gracious Lord,
And always direct by thy holy word,
Yea, grant them with boldness thy
death to proclaim,
And life and remission of sins
thro' thy name.

780.* T. 121. (644.)

LORD Jesus, by thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,
Thy agony and sweat,
Preserve the church, thy bride,
Till thou com'st again,
Prince of life once slain! ::

XXXII. *For Solemn and Festal Occasions.*

781.* T. 22. (682.)

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.
2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise:
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace.

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy face most bright,
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God the Father, and the
Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

782.* T. 141. (683.)

OWN thy congregation,
 O thou Lamb once slain!
 We are here assembled
 In thy holy name;
 Look upon thy people,
 Whom thou by thy blood
 Hast in love redeemed,
 And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
 For these many years,
 Ah! accept our praises,
 And our grateful tears;
 Grant us all the favor
 To obey thy voice,
 Yea, what thou directest
 Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayed
 In the glorious dress
 Of thy Lord and Saviour's
 Spotless righteousness,
 Be both now and ever
 By his blood kept clean,
 And in all thy members
 May his grace be seen.

783.* T. 155. (684.)

LAMB once slain, Immanuel,
 Who hast gained our salvation
 By thy passion,
 Ah! we give thee thanks and praise
 For thy grace;
 Grant that we may all inherit
 The anointing of thy Spirit,
 Which instructs us what to do.

2 Let thy spirit, which is truth,
 Raise our grov'ling thoughts to
 heaven;
 Us enliven;
 Thus adorn'd and beautified
 As thy bride,
 May our walk and conversation
 Be a striking demonstration
 That thou dwell'st and walk'st in
 us.

3 Lord, for grace we thee entreat,
 Grace, the anchor firm and stable
 Of the feeble;

Grace, whereon we must depend
 To the end;
 Grace, the sinner's consolation,
 Sure support in each temptation,
 Confidence in life and death.

4 God with us, we vow to thee
 Due allegiance now and ever;
 Gracious Saviour,
 We to serve thee ready stand,
 Take the hand,
 As a pledge and declaration
 Of the grateful hearts' sensation,
 Which thy dying love excites.

784.* T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet
 Before thy mercy-seat:
 Sacred may each moment be,
 Spent in solemn worship here:
 May our incense rise to thee,
 Songs of praise, the voice of
 pray'r.

2 Here are we richly fed,
 Refresh'd, and comforted:
 Nourish'd with celestial food,
 Bless'd with streams from thee,
 the Rock,
 We with humble gratitude
 Praise thee, Shepherd of thy
 flock.

3 O grant us new displays
 Of glory and of grace:
 Touch our lips with hallow'd
 flame,
 While, to sinners far and near,
 Of salvation in thy name
 Joyfully we witness bear.

4 O give us that good part,
 A pure and holy heart:
 Ev'ry needful gift and grace,
 Faith, and hope, and charity;
 Form us, Lord, unto thy praise,
 That we pleasure yield to thee.

5 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
 Thy people's strength remain:
 O preserve us in thy love,
 Us in thy pavilion hide;
 Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
 Be in life and death our Guide.

785. T. 583. (685.)

LORD Jesus, in thy presence we
are blest,
And thou art even now our wish'd-
for Guest;
Without thee all our meetings would
be cold,
And soon become a custom dead and
old.

2 Thou canst alone to us true life
impart,
Canst comfort, bless and cheer each
needy heart:
We are assembled here before thy
face
To take out of thy fulness grace for
grace.

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore ador'd,
We thee confess our Master, Head
and Lord;
Thy faithfulness and truth we daily
prove,
Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd
by love.

786.* T. 161. (686.)

CHOSEN souls, who now assem-
ble

Under Christ's protecting care;
Though you're weak, your foes
must tremble,

If by him you guarded are.
Of his goodness—bear ye witness:
Know ye not your high vocation,
As the Lord's own congregation?

2 To his name give thanks and
praises,

Him with deepest awe adore;
May his people in all places
Join t' exalt him evermore;
Christ, our Saviour,—be for ever
Of your building the Foundation,
And the God of your salvation.

3 Herrnhut,* the Most High's own
structure,
Built upon the grace of God,
May thy walls be without fracture,
Sprinkled be thy gates with blood!

* The first congregation of the renewed
Church of the United Brethren.

God's election—and protection
Founded and maintain our union,
Christ's the ground of our com-
munion.

4 May this place exist no longer
Than, Lord Jesus, thy own hand,
Uncontroll'd, rules in its border,
And be love our sacred band.
May we by thee—be found worthy
As a good salt to be used,
That some fruit may be produced.

5 Bless our cov'nanting together;
Make us like a burning torch,
Kindled by our heav'nly Father,
In these last days of the church.
To thee joined—and resigned,
May by each of us be further'd,
What thy holy will hath order'd.

6 Now, dear Brethren, know ye Je-
sus?

Happy who him truly knows:
He's the Head, and we are mem-
bers,

From him ev'ry blessing flows.
Who believeth—to Christ cleaveth,
Doth rejoice in ev'ry station,
'Midst reproach and tribulation.

787.* T. 114. (687.)

THOU Source of love, we pray,
impart thy favor
Each day unto thy house and fa-
mily,

Who as one man united are in thee;
O grant that ev'ry one thy grace
may savor,
And that thy church for ever may
rejoice

In thee, and praise thy name with
heart and voice.

2 O thou, whose love extends be-
yond all measure,
Thou hearest us already, ere we cry,
No soul that calls on thee thou
passtest by,
But to relieve thy children is thy
pleasure;

Thou art our Light, our Strength,
our Shield and Rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are
thy flock.

788. T. 341. (698.)

OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name:
Jesus! in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Ev'ry contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit through the
whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3 From thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face;
Each adores, with bended knee,
Thee, O Jesus! for thy grace.

789.* T. 155. (688.)

MY soul waiteth on the Lord,
And shall never be ashamed;
He is named
God our Sun, our Shield and Rock,
By his flock;
He is merciful and gracious,
And his goodness doth refresh us,
When we long and pant for him.

2 His enliv'ning countenance
To lift up on all the needy
He is ready,
And enricheth evermore
All the poor;
In our peaceful habitations,
O how many demonstrations
Of his favor do we prove!

3 We reply Amen thereto,
For his bounty never ceaseth,
Yea increaseth,
And are filled with amaze
At his grace;
Each himself unworthy deemeth
Of his love; his goodness claimeth
Our unfeigned gratitude.

790.* T. 9. (689.)

M. CHRIST our Saviour look on
thee,
Ransom'd congregation!
C. We to him belong, for he
Purchas'd our salvation.

M. 2 In electing grace rejoice,
Prize his love and favor;
Then his calling, gifts, and choice,
He'll maintain for ever.

C. 3 Yea, his sympathizing heart
Yields us consolation;
May we ne'er from Christ depart
Till our consummation.

M. 4 To his voice attentive be,
Thankfully adore him,
And with heart's fidelity
Humbly walk before him.

C 5. Thus in number and in grace
We shall be increasing,
Showing forth our Saviour's
praise,
And to him be pleasing.

791. T. 185. (690. 1169.)

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd
and Salvation,
In thy presence we appear:
Own us as thy flock and congrega-
tion,

Let us feel that thou art near;
May we all enjoy thy grace and fa-
vor,
And obey thee as our Head and Sa-
viour;
Who, by thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive our thanks and ado-
ration,
Which to thee we humbly pay,
For our calling and predestination,
Gracious Saviour, on this day;
Give us grace to walk as thine
anointed,
In the path thou hast for us ap-
pointed;
We devote most heartily
Soul and body unto thee!

3 Chosen flock, thy faithful Shepherd follow,

Who laid down his life for thee:
All thy days unto his service hallow,
Each his true disciple be:
Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure;
Be the fulness of his grace thy treasure;

Should success thy labor crown,
Give the praise to him alone.

792.* T. 166. (1170.)

O THOU, the church's Lord and Head,

Our only Refuge, Shield and Rock,
The pilgrims' guide, support, and aid,

Thou faithful Shepherd of thy flock;

Vile as we are, we're surely thine,
Thro' mercy we have life obtain'd,
As monuments of grace divine,
To our astonishment we stand.

2 As part of thy church militant,
An emblem of the church above,
To thy dear Father us present,
Thou in the bosom of his love!

That us as children he may own,
Since we're thy dearly earn'd reward,
And send his holy Spirit down,
To train us up for thee, our Lord.

3 We cast ourselves into thy arms,
While we with inward rapture glow;
The flame, which thy pure bosom warms,

Thy never-failing love we know;
Thou, who for us once tastedst death,

And wast restor'd to life again,
Thy quick'ning Spirit on us breathe,
Come, heav'nly Vine, each branch sustain!

4 We wish, (and what we wish is gain'd,
Since we thy chosen foll'wers are,
And have thy pow'r divine obtain'd,)
To thee well-pleasing fruit to bear;

X

Thy servants we will be through grace,

Thine handmaids, who look up to thee;

Set us, O Lord, unto thy praise,
Grant we may serve thee faithfully.

793. T. 151. (691.)

HEAD of thy congregation,
Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord!

Look on us with compassion,
Met here with one accord;
Accept our thanks and praises
For all thy love and care,
Which we in various cases
Repeatedly did share.

2 Our lips would gladly mention
Thy patience, love and grace,
Our hearts with due attention
Thy loving kindness trace,
Which under thy protection
'Midst trials we have prov'd;
Thy fatherly correction
Show'd us, that we're below'd.

794.* T. 101. (695.)

BOW down, ye foll'wers of the Lamb!

These are your hours of consolation;

With awe adore his saving name!
His cross and wounds are of salvation

The lasting source, for sinners who believe;

Come then, and grace for grace
freely from him receive.

2 His mercy claims our highest praise,
'Tis by his grace we were elected;
Freed from the world's deceitful ways,

We're to his chosen flock collected;

His faithful heart we know, and search it still:

May thousands more believe, and do his holy will.

3 Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to thee
 Resign anew with soul and body;
 As thy redeemed property
 Accept of us, though poor and needy;
 Out of the mouths of sucklings perfect praise,
 And magnify in us thy name and saving grace.

4 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
 That, in one covenant united,
 The bond of peace we may maintain,
 And be to mutual love excited;
 To God and to the Lamb be praises giv'n
 By sinners here below, and by the saints in heav'n!

795.* T. 9. (692.)

JESUS CHRIST, who bled and died
 For mankind's salvation,
 Shows his wounds and pierced side
 To his congregation.

2 Yea he, with uplifted hands,
 Mark'd with nail-prints bloody,
 'Midst his chosen people stands,
 Saviour of his body!

3 While he doth himself reveal,
 Oh, what consolation
 In his presence do we feel!
 'Tis beyond expression.

4 Teach us, Lord, to follow thee
 With entire devotion;
 As thy willing subjects, we
 Wait thy Spirit's motion.

5 Jesus, all-creating Word,
 King of ev'ry nation,
 But especially the Lord
 Of thy congregation!

6 To thy name be evermore
 Praise and glory given;
 Thee we worship and adore,
 Lord of earth and heaven!

796.* T. 10. (693.)

WHEN we rejoice, that Jesus
 From year to year doth bless us,
 And that his grace and favor
 Towards us never waver:

2 Or he that consolation
 Grants to his congregation,
 That we shall rest for ever
 With him, our gracious Saviour:

3 Then we forget distresses,
 And what would else oppress us;
 Are we with Christ connected,
 We need not be dejected.

797.* T. 166. (694.)

HEAD of thy church! behold us here,

Direct and rule us by thy grace;
 Hear thou each humble sinner's pray'r,

Confirming thus thy promises;
 O help us, that we may fulfil
 What in thy name we take in hand,

Concordant with thy holy will,
 And may it to thy glory tend.

2 One suit in mercy to us grant:
 Let us from all divested be
 Which furthers not our covenant,
 Or is displeasing unto thee;
 All that whence hurt to souls accrues,
 Whate'er thy doctrine doth disgrace,

Or counteracts thy blessed views,
 Root out and utterly erase.

798.* T. 15. (697.)

LORD, when before the Father's face

Thou, in thy ministration,
 Presentest the redeemed race,
 Gather'd from ev'ry nation;

2 In love remember this thy flock
 Bought by thy bitter passion:
 To thee, who art the church's Rock,
 We pay our adoration.

3 We here unite in pray'r to thee,
 And praise thee, Lord Jehovah!
 We join to sighs for mercy free
 A joyful Hallelujah!

799.* T. 97. (696.)

JESUS, O may we thee obey,
Who art the Life, the Truth, the Way;
Since thou didst for our sins atone,
With right thou claim'st us as thine
own:

Thou wast obedient unto death, that
we
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2 O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd;
The Holy Ghost to us impart,
To bear the sway in ev'ry heart;
Us with thy gracious presence daily
bless,
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy
grace.

800. T. 167.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance,
Smile upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry plant look'd fresh and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd:
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r:
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching
snare:

Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

801. T. 22. (1172.)

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

2 'There,' saith the Saviour, 'I
will be,
Amidst this little company;
To them I will unveil my face,
And shed my glories round the
place.'

3 We meet at thy command, O
Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly
love.

802.* T. 185. (1169, 705.)

GRACE and peace from God our
blessed Saviour,
Be with all, who love his name!
Church of Christ, his service deem
a favor,
Joyfully his death proclaim:
Be prepar'd for rest or for employ-
ment,
With activity combine enjoyment:
Serve, with zeal and faithfulness,
Love, enraptur'd with his grace.

2 Gracious Father, bless this con-
gregation
As the purchase of thy Son;
For his sake behold us with com-
passion,
And us all thy children own;
Jesus, grant to us thy peace and
favor;
Holy Ghost, abide with us for
ever,
And to us Christ's love explain;
Hear us, Lord our God, Amen!

803. T. 26.

OUR lot of grace how truly bless'd!
Since we are called to assemble,
And daily worship in thy temple,
Where thou dost cause thy name
to rest:

2 To thee our Shepherd ever kind,
We now ourselves anew surrender;
O plead our cause, in love remem-
ber
Thy people, closely to thee join'd,

804. T. 136.

GOOD Shepherd, hear!
Thou, who thine Israel leadest,
And with thy word and sacrament
us feedest:

Who us redeem'dst,
That thou might'st purify
Unto thyself a people who might
praise thee,
And, both in word and deed, before
the world confess thee;
To us thy ransom'd flock appear,
Good Shepherd, hear!

2 Turn us to thee,
Thus, from the world estranged,
Transform'd in mind, into thine
image changed,
We thee shall praise:
Lord, as of old renew
Our days, restore the joy of thy
salvation
To us: forsake us not, but with
divine compassion
Bear with, and tend us constantly:
Turn us to thee!

805.* T. 22. (1171.)

LORD, with thy glorious presence
bless,

Fill, and adorn this hallow'd place,
Wherein is preach'd thy holy word,
And sacramental grace conferr'd.

2 That this redeemed, happy flock
Be firmly built on Christ the Rock,
And of those blessings be possess'd,
Which on the Spirit's union rest.

3 With power from on high endue
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,
That many souls with us may feel
Thy pard'ning grace, the Spirit's
seal:

4 That thousands by our ministry
May to the truth converted be,
And we may see them flock with us,
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5 As long as we on earth remain,
We will confess the Lamb once
slain:

Until we for his victory
Shall praise him in eternity.

806. T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now ap-
pear,
Head of thy ransom'd congrega-
tion!

Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication:
Hear from the heav'n's, thy lofty
dwelling place,
And when thou hear'st, forgive thy
people's trespasses.

2 In heav'n and earth who is like
thee?

Thou keepest covenant for ever:
Maintain'st thy cause most glori-
ously,

And to thy servants showest favor:
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,
That thou the church's Head and
Shepherd wilt abide.

3 Thine eyes be open on this house,
This temple, unto thee devoted;
O consecrate it for thy use,
Thy glory be by us promoted:

And since thou cholest us, and
dost ordain

That we should fruit produce, O
may our fruit remain!

4 Now to the Lamb upon the
throne,

Who by his precious blood hath
bought us,

That he may claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought
us,

All praise and honor evermore per-
tain!

Let all who love his name, reply
thereto, Amen.

807. T. 214.

PEACE be to thy ev'ry dwelling,
City, by Jehovah bless'd!

Who, his grace to thee revealing,
Thee preserves in peace and rest:

May his presence still attend thee,
May'st thou sit by day and night
In his shadow with delight:

His all-pow'rful arm defend thee;
Prize, O prize thy lot of grace!
Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

2 Grant, we fervently implore thee,
That, while pilgrims here below,
We may walk in truth before thee,
Lord, and in thy knowledge grow,
Showing forth thy matchless
praises;

Thou who out of sin's dark night,
Hast to thine own marv'llous light
Call'd thy people: O Lord Jesus,
Keep and seal us ever thine,
Leave with us thy peace divine.

808. T. 167. (699.)

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to ev'ry soul therein;
Peace, which flows from Christ's
salvation,

Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;
Peace, that speaks its heav'nly
Giver,

Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

809. T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,

Behold us, met before thy throne:
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us, as thine, in mercy own:

We humbly cry to thee,
Send now prosperity!

Let thy beauty

On us appear,

Establish here

Our work, the work of praise and
pray'r.

810. T. 71. (1177.)

'FORE thee, Lord, we appear,
Thou list'nest to our pray'r,

Wait'st to be gracious,
Thy goodness to display
Unto thy church this day,
To own and bless us.

2 Thy pierced hands, for us
Once nailed to the cross,

Give benediction;
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,
And pard'ning grace dispense,
Without restriction.

811.* T. 69. (700.)

THIS habitation,
And all who dwell therein,
Fill with salvation;
O may in each be seen
True grace,
And lovely childlikeness.

812.* T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour!
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come, taste his favor!
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth:
With all who seek his face,
His peace he leaveth.

813.* T. 185. (1179.)

JOY divine, and heav'nly peace
with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be!
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep com-
punction

Flowing from Christ's agony:
Father, bless and keep without ces-
sation

Thy Son's dearly purchas'd congre-
gation;

Lamb once slain, thy peace divine
Seal our cov'nant, we are thine.

814. T. 159. (1176, 709.)

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made,
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in his name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down,
With thanks appear before his
throne:

He to our songs of praise and
pray'r

Will lend a gracious ear.

2 We now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart;
Once more we pledge both heart
and hand,

As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

815.* T. 166. (701.)

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
 To praise thy name in fellow-
 ship,
 We're humbly met before thy face,
 And in thy presence love-feast
 keep;
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
 Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
 Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
 In thee be truly one in heart.

816. T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and
 bless

Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and
 weak,
 As thou when here below,
 Our souls the joys celestial seek,
 That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread
 alone,
 But by that word of grace,
 In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart:
 Saviour, abide with us! and spread
 A table for the heart;

5 Then sup with us, in love divine:
 Thy body and thy blood,
 That living bread, that heav'nly
 wine,
 Be our immortal food!

817.* T. 159. (702.)

THE Sabbath is for man, that he
 Therein may find repose,
 And that the soul refreshed be
 By Christ, the church's Spouse:
 Now doth his ransom'd, happy
 bride,
 Fruit of his anguish when he died,
 Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,
 In his communion blest.

818. T. 205. (703.)

GRACIOUS Lord,—with one ac-
 cord
 We're assembled in thy name;
 Deign to hear—our fervent pray'r,
 Mercy is our only claim,
 While with tears and blushing face
 We our sins to thee confess,
 And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
 For the grace thou dost bestow.

819. T. 590. (704.)

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
 Unite us all in one,
 And in our meetings ev'ry where
 Be thou our aim alone;
 Reign thou sole Monarch of our
 hearts,
 Without a rival reign;
 Till we with angels join above
 To praise the Lamb once slain.

820.* T. 79. (706.)

O KING of peace, our Sov'reign!
 Thou shalt alone us govern,
 Come form us soon to be
 To others an example,
 The Holy Spirit's temple,
 The Father's pleasure constantly.

2 O thou our first-born Brother,
 Thou Master at the rudder,
 Who guid'st thy church, to thee
 We hearts and hands deliver,
 And promise thee for ever,
 That we thy faithful souls will be.

821.* T. 185. (707.)

WE who here together are assem-
 bled,
 Joining hearts and hands in one,
 Bind ourselves, with love that's un-
 dissembled,
 Christ to love and serve alone.
 O may our imperfect songs and
 praises
 Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord
 Jesus!
 Say, ' My peace I leave with you.'
 Amen, Amen! Be it so!

822.* T. 166. (710.)

WELCOME among thy flock of
grace

With joyful acclamation!

Thou, whom our Shepherd we confess,

Come, feed thy congregation;

We own the doctrine of thy cross

To be our sole foundation;

Accept from ev'ry one of us

The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal

Thy grace and love unceasing;

Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,

Bestow on us a blessing;

That hand, which to thy family,

With tender love's affection,

Ere thou ascendedst up on high,

Imparted benediction.

3 Though thou'rt unseen, yet we
by sight

Should scarce be more assured;

As yet thy glorious heav'nly light

Can't be by man endured:

The time will come, when these
our eyes

Shall see thy face for ever;

Faith here the want of sight supplies

In ev'ry true believer.

4 Ye who from Jesus Christ have
stray'd,

And his communion slighted,

To him return, be not afraid,

You're graciously invited;

Come all, whatever be your case,

Come without hesitation,

He'll now impart to you, thro' grace,

Peace, pardon and salvation.

5 O thou, who always dost abide

Thy body's Head and Saviour,

Who art the pilgrims' constant

Guide,

Direct thy servants ever:

O may they an example be

Unto thy congregation,

And in thy temple faithfully

Perform their ministration.

6 Thy statutes to thy church declare,

Thy truth be our confession;

Take of each member special care,

Bless pilgrims in their station:

In danger constantly defend,

And aid thy chosen people;

Of all contention make an end;

Support the weak and feeble.

7 O thou, the church's Head and
Lord,

Who as a shepherd leadest

Thy flock, and richly with thy word

And sacrament them feedest:

What shall we say? we can't express

In words our hearts' sensation;

None thee sufficiently can praise,

Thou God of our salvation.

8 Our heav'nly Father, hear our
pray'r:

By virtue of Christ's passion,

In whom we all accepted are,

O bring into completion

The hidden counsel of thy love,

Its depths still more unravel;

May we, without exception, prove

The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,

Accept our adoration;

Thou ever didst attend the Son,

And aid his ministration;

Thou teachest us the way to bliss,

Keep under thy protection

That church of which he Ruler is;

We'll follow thy direction.

823.* T. 230. (711.)

JESUS, God of our salvation!

Behold thy church with supplication

Humbly appear before thy face;

We, by fervent love constrained,

Since from thy death we life obtained,

To thee give glory, thanks and
praise.

O listen to our pray'r,

To meet thee us prepare,

With due rev'rence;

No tongue can tell

What joy we feel,

When thou, Lord, dost thyself reveal.

- 2 Thee t'approach with awe we venture,
Entreating thee our gates to enter,
Our souls and bodies are thine own.
Speak to ev'ry church division,
We'll hear thy voice with deep impression,
For we are bound to thee alone.
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn;
Want we insight,
May we by thee
Instructed be,
Then in thy light the light we see.
- 3 Be especially entreated
To own thy servants, who are seated
Before thy face, tho' poor they are;
And in all their conferences
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,
Be present with them ev'ry where;
This we request of thee,
O let us constantly
Do thy pleasure;
All our distress,
O Lord, redress,
For without thee there's no success.
- 4 Ruler of the congregations,
Which thou hast gather'd from all nations,
We thee implore thy church to lead;
Shepherd, who so kindly guidest
Thy flock, and over them presidest,
Thy sheep for ever tend and feed:
What joy, what matchless grace
Will still in future days
Be displayed,
When our good Lord,
Who keeps his word,
To the stray'd sheep will help afford!
- 5 In the dust we sink before thee,
And for thy boundless love adore thee,
Thee, Lord, our All in all we own;
We, thy people, make confession,
Thy love is great, beyond expression,
Tho' to the world it be unknown;
The pow'r which doth abound
In thee, we've always found
Efficacious;
We will proclaim
Thy saving name,
O Lord, who ever art the same.
- 6 Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy thy love and favor,
By thee our Shepherd led, we're blest;
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee in the congregation,
Whose Head and Lord thou art confest:
To th' Ancient of all days
Might, honor, pow'r and praise
Be for ever!
Lord, grant that we
Eternally
May place our confidence in thee.
- 824.** T. 341. (1180.)
TO Christ we homage pay,
We covenant this day,
Him to serve with all our strength,
Him to love with all our heart,
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heav'n our part.
- 825.*** T. 79. (708.)
INCLINE thine ear in favor
To us, most gracious Saviour,
Accept our promises:
Thy death, thy wounds and passion
Abide our hearts' confession,
Till we shall see thee face to face.
- 826.*** T. 185. (712.)
HEAD and Ruler of thy congregation,
Whom thou lov'st unspeakably,
And to whom thou often a sensation
Giv'st of thy complacency,
Graciously regard the inward glowing
Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks
bedewing;
Lord, we blush with humble shame,
And adore thy holy name.
- 2 Jesus, great High-Priest of our profession,
We in confidence draw near,
Condescend in mercy the confession
Of our grateful hearts to hear!
Thee we gladly own in ev'ry nation
Head and Master of thy congregation,
Conscious, that in ev'ry place
Thou dispensest life and grace.

3 Thy blest people trusting in thy merit,

' On the earth's extended face,
From each other far, but one in spirit,

Sound with one accord thy praise!
May we never cease to make confession,

That thy death's the cause of our salvation;

We to thee, our Head and King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing!

827. T. 97. (713.)

THOU, who so graciously didst lead

Israel of old, from bondage freed,
And by thy own almighty hand
Didst guide them to the promis'd land,

A cloud thy brightness veiling in the day,

At night thy pillar'd fire did mark their way;

2 That mighty pow'r thou then didst show,

We are assur'd attends us now,
We still thy tender, watchful care,
Though undeserving, richly share,
If we thy leadings faithfully pursue,

Foll'wing thy Spirit's teaching, as 'tis due.

3 May we to thee, our Shepherd, cleave,

Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,
And love each other heartily;
Thereby the scorning world will see,
That we're the temple of the living God,

A chosen people bought with Jesus' blood.

828.* T. 146. (714.)

O MAKER of my soul,
My ev'ry hair's Creator,
Who turn'st my tears to joy,
And heal'st my sin-sick nature;
Chief Shepherd of thy flock,
Thy servants' only Guide;
The church's Lord and Head
Thou ever dost abide.

829. T. 230. (1174.)

O THOU God of our salvation,
Behold thy blood-bought congregation

Assembled here before thy face,
Pond'ring on thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,

And joyful Hallelujahs raise:

But when we in thy light

Discern, how we requite

Thee, O Jesus,

We blush for shame,

Our's is the blame,

But praise is due unto thy name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,

To thee we turn, hear our confession,

Assure us of thy pard'ning love:

O root out whate'er impedeth

Thy Spirit's work or discord breedeth,

Each stumbling-block from us remove;

Those who have gone astray

Cause to return, we pray,

Faithful Shepherd!

With thee our Guide may we abide,
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

830. T. 68. (715.)

LORD, thy church's Rock,

Who dost rule thy flock,

Elder of this congregation,

We with humble adoration,

Thee, and thee alone,

Our chief Shepherd own.

831.* T. 166. (716.)

WHEN our great Sov'reign from on high,

Our Lord and Saviour, was aware

That he his chosen family,

O'er whom he watch'd with tender care,

Would be constrained soon to leave,

He, fill'd with love and grief intense,

To them his farewell blessing gave,

Before his suff'rings did commence.

2 Feeling beforehand all the weight,
Of those dire scenes of pain and
woe,
Which he well knew did him await,
His love towards his own to show,
He water in a bason pour'd,
And washed his disciples' feet;
Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed ev'ry
whit.

3 Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be
near,
Forgive us all our trespasses;
With joy divine our spirits cheer,
Impart to us thy pard'ning grace!
As our High-Priest lift up thy hand,
That hand the nail once pierced
through,
Thy mercy unto us extend,
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

4 Inspire our hearts with mutual
love,
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee:
In due obedience to thy word
We now have wash'd each other's
feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

5 Sure as thou art the church's
Head,
Sure as we dust and ashes are,
So sure we, by thy blood once shed,
Are now, through grace, absolv'd
and clear:
Sure as thy cross's church remains
To the blind world a spectacle,
So sure in her thy Spirit reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple
dwell.

832.* T. 22. (717.)

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

IN Jesus' name, by us ador'd
The church's Head, our gracious
Lord,
His brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you;

2 With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
T' enjoy his faithful shepherd-care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 O may our Lord, the God of grace,
While you receive the kiss of peace,
Own you his blood-bought property;
And lead, and bless you constantly.

4 With heart and hand you now we
own;
The Lord, to whom your heart is
known,
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us
to be,
His joy and your felicity.

5 The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless, till his perfect day.

833.* T. 22. (718.)

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee:
While conscious of her poverty,
She weepeth often contrite tears,
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2 But yet she can in truth rejoice,
Because she hears the Shepherd's
voice,
And owns, that by her Lord and
Head,
She's gently govern'd, train'd and
led.

3 While we the kiss of peace impart,
We own thee one with us in heart,
In Christ, who is the only ground
That in one cov'nant we are found.

4 Enjoy then, with the church,
Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house;
And in our joy, and grief, and care,
With us take thy allotted share.

5 As his redeem'd from this world's
thrall,
With us make sure thy blessed call:
That when the Bridegroom comes,
we may
Be found wise virgins in that day.

XXXIII. *The Servants of Christ.*

834.* T. 166. (645.)

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The Lord of hosts his work surveys,
He marks the souls which are his own,
And smiles on his peculiar race;
He rests well pleas'd their toil to see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

2 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
The ground for him they toil to clear;
The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands:
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

3 Where'er these faithful lab'ers are,
The steps of industry we view,
They Satan's seed root up with care,
And in its stead the gospel sow;
This seed they water with their tears,
Then long for the returning word,
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Produce some fruit to please their Lord.

4 Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down:
Then plenteous show'rs of grace bedew
And fructify the parched ground,
The plants spring up, they thrive and grow,
The earth looks fruitful all around.

5 He prospers all his servants' toils,
And us his flock in mercy chose;
Yea on us undeserved smiles,
And choicest blessings he bestows:
As humble foll'wers of the Lamb,
We firmly to his word adhere,
Of him, amidst reproach and shame,
With joy our testimony bear.

6 Here many faithful souls are found,
With genuine love to Christ endow'd,
Led by the Holy Ghost, and crown'd,
As kings and priests to serve their God;
Burning with zeal, by love divine
Constrain'd, themselves they freely give,
Their wealth and life for Christ resign,
For him they gladly die or live.

7 What can we offer thee, O Lord?
How worthily set forth thy praise?
Fain would we preach thy saving word
And dying love in ev'ry place;
In thee believe, thee love and serve;
To thee our life, our all we owe,
Who dost 'midst danger us preserve,
And mercies numberless bestow.

8 O may our lives thy pow'r proclaim,
Thy grace for ev'ry sinner free,
That thousands still may know thy name,
Humbly adore and worship thee;
Open a door, which earth and hell
Striving to shut, may strive in vain;
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain.

835.* T. 90. (647.)

PRAISE be to God the Holy Ghost,
 Who Jesus in the heart displays,
 That he the num'rous faithful host
 Of blest departed witnesses,
 Who now in heav'n are perfected,
 To Christ by his instruction led.

2 Christ crucified we own as God,
 Though we were scorn'd by all
 mankind,
 He is our Motto most avow'd;
 To such in spirit we are join'd,
 And them as brethren gladly own,
 Who by this Shibboleth are known.

3 He, who was scorned on the tree,
 He, whom his nation still disown,
 Who marks with glorious infamy
 All who are as his foll'wers
 known,
 He is the church's Lord and Head,
 By whom we graciously are led.

4 We stand unto this very hour
 In one firm bond of peace and
 love;
 We are at enmity no more,
 But reconcil'd to God above:
 As children we by him are own'd,
 Since Christ for all our sins aton'd.

5 All ye who gospel-preachers are,
 Adhere to Jesus crucified,
 And watch with unremitting care,
 That you in your first love abide;
 Whoe'er forsakes it can't but feel
 A want of apostolic zeal.

6 Heralds of grace, would ye com-
 mence,
 Of grace first self-experienc'd be;
 And by the gospel you dispense
 Yourselves be reconcil'd and free:
 When pardon, grace and life you
 find,
 Then publish it to all mankind.

7 We join the ransom'd church of
 God,
 His blood-bought, blood-besprin-
 kled train,
 To publish the good news abroad,

'That only through the Lamb once
 slain
 The world may gain a full release
 From all their sins, and endless
 grace.'

8 Christ's ransom'd people rest en-
 joy,
 Upon his arm they lean in peace;
 To follow him is their employ,
 In this most blessed time of grace:
 They preach their Saviour crucified,
 Determin'd nought to know beside.

9 In life they witness this, with
 pow'r
 That strikes and fastens in the
 heart,
 And when this mortal period's o'er,
 And they in peace to Christ de-
 part,
 Their dying looks, serene and fair,
 Bear witness that they christians
 are.

836.* T. 582. (1135.)

A MESSENGER of peace
 No higher pleasure knows,
 Than to direct the human race
 To flee to Jesus' cross,
 To Jesus' healing wounds,
 And precious cleansing blood:
 The source, whence life to us re-
 dounds,
 The fountain of all good.

2 Servant of God, be fill'd
 With Jesus' love alone,
 Upon a sure foundation build,
 On Christ the Corner-stone;
 By faith in him abide,
 Rejoicing with his saints,
 To him with confidence, when tried,
 Make known all thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,
 A life of faith in God,
 An int'rest, nothing can destroy,
 In Christ's atoning blood;
 Then though the heathen rage,
 And devils envious roar,
 The Saviour's grace in ev'ry age
 Extol for evermore.

837. T. 90. (648.)

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calv'ry
seal'd,

We sign, asserting ev'ry word
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,
As truth divine, and curs'd are
they
Who add thereto or take away.

2 We stedfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no not
one;

That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness re-
ceive.

3 Our works and merits we dis-
claim,

Opposing all self-righteousness,
Ev'n our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual; and confess,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his
trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 He is our Master, Lord and God,
The fulness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness and
blood,

Our faith's foundation is alone,
His Godhead and his death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On him we'll venture all we
have,

Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,

Nought but the Saviour will we
know;

This we subscribe with heart and
hand,

Resolv'd through grace thereby to
stand.

6 This now with heav'n's resplen-
dent host

We echo thro' the church of God,
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Jesus' saving death and blood;

We loud, like many waters, join,
In showing forth his love divine.

838.* T. 82. (1137.)

PREACHERS of the gospel-word,
Seek ye first to know the Lord,
And to live in the enjoyment
Of his grace, then your employment
Rays of light will shed abroad
In the family of God:

2 Not for your own worthiness,
(All you are, you are through grace)
But because your Lord and Saviour,
Whose bless'd purposes ne'er wa-
ver,

Is your sure support and aid,
Counsellor and friend in need.

3 Leaders, would ye faithful prove,
Ev'ry other gift above,

Of obedience be possessed:
With this duty unimpressed,
How could ye at home preside?
How the flocks of Jesus guide?

839.* T. 22. (650.)

SHALL I, through fear of feeble
man,

The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most
High?

2 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy
throng,

Soften thy truth, and smooth my
tongue?

To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endur'd, my God, by thee?

3 No, fearless I'll in deed and
word

Witness of thee, my gracious Lord;
My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
I no reproach nor suff'rings dread,
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of
pow'r,

Then let winds blow, or thunders
roar,

I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

840.* T. 166. (651.)

WE often, in our course through
time,

Have rugged roads to travel;
Faith's fortitude must sometimes
climb,

And paths uneven level;
But Jesus, through his tender care,
Which is at all times present,
Revives the weary traveller
Again by ways more pleasant.

2 O thou, the sole defence and aid
Of all the weak and feeble,
Thou strong support in time of
need,

And Saviour of thy people:
Uphold us, Lord, most pow'rfully,
With thy divine assistance,
And grant us constant victory
When meeting with resistance.

3 We offer gladly unto thee
Our spirit, soul and body;
We promise thee fidelity
And loyalty most steady:
Thou surely wilt thy cause main-
tain,

Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;
Thy servants many conquests gain,
Tho' in appearance vanquish'd.

841. T. 56. (654.)

YE who called :: to Christ's ser-
vice are,

Join together :: both in work and
pray'r;

Venture all on him our Lord,
Who assures us in his word,
That we're constant :: objects of
his care.

2 Show'rs of blessing :: from the
Lord proceed,
Strength supplying :: in the time
of need;

For no servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing;
He will never :: break the bruised
reed.

3 Lord have mercy :: on each land
and place

Where thy servants :: preach the
word of peace,

Life and pow'r on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :: they may
thee confess.

4 May we faithful :: in our service
be,

Truly careful :: in our ministry;
Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping :: grateful tears
'fore thee.

842.* T. 14. (653.)

LORD JESUS, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amidst reproach and shame;

2 We thee entreat with one accord:
Thy ministers prepare
To lead thy flock, and preach thy
word,
With meekness, zeal and care.

3 Without thy aid we nought can do,
But by thy pow'r we know,
Weak as we are, we're heroes too,
Who conquer where we go.

843.* T. 583. (658.)

SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious
Lamb of God,

We thy poor children, purchas'd by
thy blood,

With gratitude acknowledge, that
we share

Thy boundless favor and protecting
care.

2 From day to day may we with
rapture feel

Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spi-
rit's seal,

The pow'rful drawings of thy love
and grace,

And zeal to serve thy cause with
faithfulness.

3 With each of us obtain thy gracious aim,
That we, thy servants, may exalt thy name;
Enabled by thy grace, may we declare
The greatness of thy ransom ev'ry where.

4 We feel our insufficiency, to bear
The weighty charge committed to our care;
To thee, who dost thy people's cause defend,
We the concerns of thy whole church commend.

844. T. 166. (649.)

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thou know'st the thoughts of ev'ry breast,
To thee each servant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove, for peace and rest.
Indeed the waters overflow
The world all o'er, and us withstand;
Few will our mind and purpose know,
Few comprehend thy blest command.

2 But we can hope thy word and grace
Will soften many a heart of stone;
What means can help the human race?
The same which our poor hearts have won.
Though carnal reason stand to faith
Oppos'd, the wounded conscience flies
To the blest doctrine of thy death,
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3 Thy pow'rful presence, Lord, display,
Or else in vain the sun we see;
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,
We have no comfort, but in thee:

Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord,
Where'er obedient to thy call
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in all.

845.* T. 58. (652.)

REDEEMER of mankind, God of all grace,
Pour fire and Spirit on thy witnesses,
Preaching thy salvation, by love constrained:
Thus thousands more for thee shall still be gained,
By thy blest word.

2 O may thy ransom'd people ev'ry where
Of this great truth for ever witness bear,
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption,
May find free grace, and a complete exemption From serving sin.

3 Our elders and all other servants bless,
To all their undertakings give success;
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spirit's unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil the function,
To which they're call'd.

4 Grant, none amongst us may inactive be,
Enable us to serve thee cheerfully,
Render thou successful each step and action,
Which we perform, Lord, under thy direction, And in thy name.

5 Let more unto thy church collected be
In ev'ry quarter, to yield joy to thee,
Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her stations;
And, O impart to the most savage nations Thy saving grace!

846. T. 22. (656.)

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do!

2 O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand, and to fulfil;
When human insight fails, give
light,
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength
and stay
In our employ from day to day;
Our thoughts and our activity
Thro' Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

847.* T. 146. (655.)

LORD, grant thy servants grace,
The needful gifts and unction,
That with due faithfulness
They may discharge their func-
tion;
That all things as they ought
May punctually be done;
And with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2 We pray thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavor,
In their important call,
To serve thee, gracious Saviour;
Thou list'nest to our pray'rs,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of thy redeemed fold.

848.* T. 26. (657.)

MOST faithful Lord, thyself re-
veal;
My eyes with contrite tears o'er-
flow,
My heart with gratitude doth glow,
But adequate expressions fail.

2 Give me what thy own mind de-
crees,
And what thy children must pos-
sess,
If they shall serve thee with suc-
cess:
A neck which with thy yoke agrees.

3 Give me a lowly, faithful mind,
With patience and undauntedness;
If thou my poor endeavors bless,
Action and rest may be combin'd.

4 Give me an inly cheerful heart,
Besprinkled with thy blood, made
clean:

O may it in my works be seen
That thou its sole Possessor art!

5 Grant me to know thy blessed
ways;
With all both joy and grief to share;
And lips thy mercy to declare
To all that mourning seek thy face.

849.* T. 185. (659.)

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to
inherit
Everlasting happiness,
And without the unction of the
Spirit

We the way to him can't trace,
Grant us therefore, Holy Ghost, the
favor,

Both in doctrine and in our beha-
vior

By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2 Faithful Lord, my only joy and
pleasure
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and
highest Treasure,
To adore, serve and obey;
Though I in myself am weak and
feeble,

Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will
All thy purpose to fulfil.

850.* T. 228. (660.)

BODY and soul's at thy command,
And we with gladness ready stand
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus!
Since thy blest Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wast
slain,

Nought else on earth can please
us:

O no,—although
We are feeble—and unstable,
Thou'rt our Treasure,
And to serve thee is our pleasure!

2 Unto ourselves no praise is due;
 And should we even something do,
 That in thy sight were pleasing,
 To thee we render all the praise,
 Thou giv'st thereto enabling grace,
 And grantest us thy blessing:
 Unless—thy grace
 Sway our nature,—ev'ry creature
 Is unwilling
 Aught that's good to be fulfilling.

851.* T. 166. (661.)

TAKE me into thy hands anew,
 Out of which none is plucked,
 By which thy children are brought
 through,
 And servants are conducted:
 Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me
 In ev'ry future station,
 That I may serve thee faithfully
 Until my consummation.

2 With mouth and hand I give to
 thee
 Myself as thy own booty,
 T'increase each talent thou gav'st
 me
 Shall be my pleasant duty;
 O let my soul ne'er moved be
 From thee, my faithful Saviour;
 Both late and early show to me
 Thy mercy and thy favor.

852. T. 39. (662.)

LORD, grant us, though deeply
 abased with shame,
 With true christian courage to act
 in thy name;
 May we in thy blessed work always
 abound,
 And may with success all our labor
 be crown'd.

2 Give grace, that as brethren we
 join hands in love,
 Engaging to thee ever faithful to
 prove,
 Whene'er to thy service appointed
 we stand,
 To sow, or to reap, at thy call and
 command.

853.* T. 4. (1138.)

O JESUS, my Lord,
 For ever ador'd,
 My Portion, my All,
 At thy holy feet with abasement I
 fall.

2 As sure as I prove
 Thy mercy and love
 To me, thy poor child,
 As sure as thou art my Reward and
 my Shield,

3 So sure will I be
 Devoted to thee,
 And cheerfully stand,
 Prepared to follow thy ev'ry com-
 mand.

4 Keep me through thy grace
 So minded always,
 That I nought beside
 May know but thee only, and thee
 crucified.

5 Whene'er I survey
 In stillness, and weigh
 The proofs of thy grace,
 Experienc'd by me in so manifold
 ways,

6 I then at thy throne
 Adoring sink down,
 With joy and deep shame;
 Thy love to my grateful return hath
 a claim.

7 For ever be blest,
 Thou source of true rest;
 Thanks be to thy hand,
 Which led me, and safely will lead
 to the end.

8 Now am I, though dust,
 Thy property just,
 With thee one in heart,
 May nought from thy love me, poor
 sinner, e'er part.

9 Soul, spirit and mind
 To thee be resign'd,
 Thy throne there erect,
 Till thou thy whole purpose in me
 canst effect.

10 Whatever I do,
With thy blood bedew,
May ev'ry thought be
Intent on enjoying communion with
thee.

11 Make me thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepar'd for thy service, and form'd
to thy praise.

12 The cov'nant is made
With thee, as my Head;
Lord, grant my request,
To love and to serve thee, till with
thee I rest.

854.* T. 97. (1139.)

ATTEND, Lord Jesus, to my pray'r,
Unto thyself O draw me near;
Thou know'st the frailty of my
heart,
Thy unction unto me impart,
For vain were all my zeal and
faithfulness,
Unless supported by thy aiding
grace.

2 May I, in thy communion blest,
Enjoy an undisturbed rest,
Make soul and body thine abode,
A temple of the living God:
Thus, Lord, for thy appearing may
I wait,
Then will my joy in thee be quite
complete.

855.* T. 14. (1140.)

O GRANT thy servant, through
thy grace,
An understanding heart,
Thy dealings with thy church to
trace,
And counsel to impart.

2 With heav'nly wisdom me endow,
Thy peace O may I feel,
Presence of mind on me bestow,
To execute thy will.

3 Thus strengthen'd in the inner
man,
Supported by thy aid,
I shall thy gracious aim obtain,
And in thy path proceed.

856. T. 9. (1147.)

SHEPHERD, help thy chosen
few,
Thee in truth to follow;
With thy blood, whate'er we do,
Be thou pleas'd to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more
Of thy church's beauty:
Give the impulse and the pow'r
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet
On thy service venture;
Thy hard labor makes all sweet,
When on toil we enter.

857.* T. 22. (663.)

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in thy service we may do,
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assign'd.

2 Grant we, impelled by thy love,
In smallest things may faithful
prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be,
Devoted wholly unto thee.

858.* T. 155. (664.)

FIT us for thy service, Lord,
Each one in thy congregation,
In his station;
Set us in th' appointed place
To thy praise;
Make us in thy service stable,
Willing, lively, faithful, able,
Till in thee we end our race.

859.* T. 166. (665.)

O MAY the witness-spirit rest,
Lord, on thy congregation,
May godly zeal inspire each breast
To publish thy salvation;
We gladly promise faithfulness
To do what we are able;
Sufficient is for us thy grace,
Which doth support the feeble.

860.* T. 79. (1141.)

WITH gladness we will follow thee,
 We vow allegiance, bend the knee
 To thee, our Lord and Head;
 We'll venture freely ev'ry thing,
 At thy command, O Christ our King,
 By thee alone we will be led.

861. T. 590. (1142.)

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
 Thy chosen flock's defence,
 Upon thee stay'd, my mind is kept
 At ease, though in suspense!
 Most graciously I'm onward led,
 Beneath thy tender care;
 Thy arm prepares my way, thine eye
 Looks out before me far.

862. T. 146. (1144.)

O BLESS the ministry,
 To which I am appointed,
 'Midst weakness may I be
 With pow'r divine anointed;
 A lowly mind bestow,
 Obedient, sway'd by grace;
 Give me thy will to know,
 Then will my works thee praise.

863.* T. 97. (1145.)

THOU Master of thy family,
 In humble faith we look to thee;
 Dispose our hearts, thy blessed will
 With resignation to fulfil;
 Call forth thy servants: grant them
 needful grace,
 And say to each: 'I leave with
 thee my peace.'

864.* T. 232. (1148.)

JESUS, who died upon the cross,
 And shed his precious blood for us,
 ('To God a pure oblation!')
 Is the bless'd object of our faith;
 We show the virtue of his death,
 Of him we make confession:
 O may his love our hearts inspire,
 And touch our lips with hallow'd
 fire;
 Led by his Spirit and his grace,
 May we set forth his matchless
 praise;
 Thus will the Lord, his due reward,
 Well-pleas'd regard,
 Receiving honor through our word.

865.* T. 205. (1143.)

LET thy presence go with me,
 Saviour, else I dare not move;
 With thy aid and led by thee,
 I will go, constrain'd by love;
 Serve thy cause with all my might,
 Deeming ev'ry burden light,
 And, if favor'd with success,
 To thee render all the praise.

866.* T. 14. (1149.)

THE day will come, when Jesus
 Christ,
 The righteous Judge declar'd,
 Will be his servants' crown of joy,
 Their endless, great reward.
 2 Meanwhile they tread the narrow
 path,
 From worldly fetters freed,
 Obedient to their Lord, in hope
 They sow the gospel-seed.

XXXIV. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

867.* T. 22. (1150.)

ALL is the Lord's: the spacious
 earth
 Sets his creative wisdom forth:
 What man of all the human race
 Is not an object of his grace?

2 Gladly we spend our life and
 blood,
 To serve our Lord, the living God;
 Ourselves to Christ an off'ring
 give,
 Who died, that we through him
 might live.

3 What true disciple e'er would
choose,
At home to follow selfish views,
If, though with hardship and with
pain,
One soul for Jesus he might gain?
4 God sends you forth—his will be
done,
Your destin'd race with patience
run,
To all mankind his word declare,
Christ's ransom publish ev'ry
where.
5 But lay your own foundation
sure,
Be clean in heart, in spirit poor,
Devoted wholly to the Lord,
Then will he needful strength af-
ford.
6 Fall down in faith beneath his
cross,
Cry: 'God be merciful to us!'
Lord, let us hear thy cheering voice,
And ever in thy name rejoice.

868.* T. 590. (646.)

IS this indeed our happy lot,
T' exalt thee, Lamb once slain!
Who art thou! who can right de-
scribe
Thy great and glorious name!
And who are we, that we should
take
This mighty task in hand!
We helpless sinners, base and vile,
Sure we must blushing stand.
2 There hast thou us, most gra-
cious King!
To thee our hearts are bound;
Our knowledge yet extends not far,
O grant us deeper ground,
That each beholder may in us
Thy image clearly trace,
And in our words and walk discern
That we are led by grace.
3 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us show'r,
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore;

O may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.
4 In these our days exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread,
That for the travail of thy soul,
Thou may'st behold thy seed;
O may thy knowledge fill the earth,
Increase the number still
Of those who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.
5 Thanks, Jesus, for thy sacred
blood,
That precious healing stream,
All without this is cold and dead,
However good it seem;
That virtue is of no avail,
Which takes not hence its rise:
Thy blood were else of no effect,
That blood of so great price.

6 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare,
To follow thy command;
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be us'd,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and pray'r,
As incense, day and night.
7 Hereto we cheerful say Amen!
We have this truth avow'd,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd
our hearts,
And conquer'd us by love;
To him we have engag'd ourselves,
O may we faithful prove!

869.* T. 166. (666.)

O LORD, we highly magnify
And bless thy saving Jesus-name:
The love that prompted thee to die
We will to all mankind proclaim;
Thou bidst the sparks of grace
arise,
Which kindle many a lifeless
heart;
Thou hear'st the needy sinner's
cries,
And pardon freely dost impart.

2 If we are to thy cause but true,
Upright, obedient to thy will,
Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,
Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil.
In all things we may trust thy
grace,
And rest on thy almighty arm;
Keep thou our souls in constant
peace,
And shelter us from ev'ry harm.

870.* T. 22. (667.)

IN our short warfare here below,
May our experience daily show,
That in our weakness, through thy
aid,
Thy strength divine is perfected.

2 Without thy blessing how could
we
Be servants pleasing unto thee?
But we can by experience sing,
Thy word hath pow'r and fruit doth
bring.

3 Ah, could we preach in ev'ry place
Our Saviour's boundless love and
grace,
That thousands who are yet en-
slav'd,
Might in these gospel-times be
sav'd!

4 There's but a small beginning
made,
The earth is still o'ercast with
shade:
Break forth, thou Sun of righteous-
ness,
And spread thy all-enliv'ning rays!

5 Whene'er we to mankind pro-
claim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness,
Lord,
By thy blest Spirit, grace and
word.

6 Lord of the harvest! lab'ers send,
Who willing are their lives to spend
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7 When all our labor here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no
more,
When our endeavors have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

871.* T. 114. (668.)

THOU Saviour of the world, great
Mediator,
O may'st thou for the travail of thy
soul
Behold thy seed extend from pole
to pole:
Thy boundless mercy show to ev'ry
creature;
With old and young thy gracious
aim obtain;
Thy pray'rs and tears can never
plead in vain.

2 Thy glorious gospel spread
through ev'ry nation,
Give us an open door, thy saving
name
In the most distant regions to pro-
claim,
With pow'r and with the Spirit's
demonstration;
And grant us joyfully to feed by
faith
In peace upon the merits of thy
death.

872. T. 74. (669.)

THINK on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the gospel-word
In spirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat, and cold;
Thou art their Strength and Shield,
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,
And spirit, grace and pow'r,
To tell what thou hast done
For mankind to atone,
That thus in ev'ry place
We may declare thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;
To ev'ry sinner show
What need he hath of thee,
And then most pow'rfully
Convince each human heart,
That thou our Saviour art.

4 O let thy strength and might
Subdue the en'my's spite:

Our weakness well thou know'st,
Of nothing we can boast,
But that we trust thy word,
And know, thou art our Lord!

5 Our weak endeavors bless,
And crown them with success.
Thou Workman great and wise!
Who shall thy work despise?
A tool that's us'd by thee
Can wonders do, we see.

873.* T. 97. (670. 1119.)

THE Lord himself gave forth the
word,

We preach most gladly Christ the
Lord;

May thousands, Lord, thy voice
obey,

And turn to thee without delay;
To those who hear us grant an
open ear,

And when we point thee out, do
thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That, in the earth's remotest parts,
The love of God to all mankind
Be preach'd to heathen base and
blind;

For Jesus saves from sin all who
believe,
And th' offer'd pardon in his blood
receive.

3 Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,
To Christ we render for his grace,
With ev'ry breath may we proclaim
His goodness, and extol his name;
O Lord, thy knowledge spread both
far and near,

May all in thy redemption have a
share.

874. T. 97. (671.)

AS'twas of old, we now may trace,
In these most blessed times of grace,
How the reviving gospel-sound
Of blood-bought grace is spreading
round;

We see with joy the work of God
increase,

And thousands who through Jesus
find release.

2 We see in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteousness arise,
And that his all-enliv'ning rays
Of Satan's slaves makes sons of
grace,

Who are increasing daily more and
more,
And who the Lamb once slain with
us adore.

3 Great is the harvest, truly great,
Saviour of all! we thee entreat,
To send forth lab'ers, who with joy
Of thy atonement testify,
And to prepare still many wit-
nesses,

Who from experience may pro-
claim thy grace.

875.* T. 22. (672.)

LORD, at thy feet amaz'd we sink,
When on thy wondrous grace we
think,

Which now so strikingly appears:
The glory of this vale of tears.

2 The gospel in these blessed days,
Throughout the earth its beams
displays;

Nations, that never heard of thee,
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3 That mystery from ages seal'd,
God, by his Spirit, hath reveal'd,
That heav'nly thrones and pow'rs
might know

God's wisdom by the church be-
low.

4 Though hated, though despis'd
and mean,

Yet while we on thy mercy lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
We will confess thee evermore.

876.* T. 121. (673.)

YE people of the Lord,
Be still, and trust his word:

Bring your supplications
'Fore him with one accord,
That many heathen nations
May his word receive,
And in him believe. :||

2 O might we clearly trace,
In these blest times of grace,
'Mongst the Brethren's people
In each a willingness
To be the Lord's disciple,
To spend life and blood
In the cause of God. :||:

877.* T. 206. (674.)

LET the world hear! :||:
God's Son and Heir,
Who to us came,
And bore :||: our sin and shame,
Who liv'd among his own :||:
Unknown,
Despis'd and mean,—and then was
slain,
The ransom HE :||:
For all the world and me. :||:
2 Hereby we stand, :||:
With life in hand,
Us help afford
To bear :||: this witness, Lord:
That thousands may embrace :||:
Thy grace:
We will diffuse—the gospel-news
In ev'ry land; :||:
The Lord will by us stand. :||:

878. T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from
Christ the rock bursting,
And flowing thro' the wilderness,
Refresh and enliven his heritage
thirsting,
Abundant are the show'rs of
grace.
As rain oversteaming the parched
ground,
With plenty now teeming, spreads
verdure round,
The promised blessing its influence
diffuses,
And fruit, to the husbandman grate-
ful, produces.
2 'I'll bless thee and thou shalt be
set for a blessing,'
Thus saith the Lord, 'to all
around;'
O may we in grace and in number
increasing,
In faith which works by love
abound:

Upon thy grace founded immov-
ably,
And rooted and grounded in love
to thee,
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word,
and behavior,
To others of life unto life prove a
savor.

879.* T. 583. (1165. 675.)

THE earth's the Lord's! to culti-
vate the land,
And sow the gospel-seed we ready
stand;
In hope, that for his travail Christ
may see
A rich reward, and reap abun-
dantly.
2 O Lord, command us what we
are to do,
Where thou wilt call us we desire
to go,
Because thy orders do imply suc-
cess,
To break through roads we else
could never pass.

3 May many wild uncultivated
parts,
Where Satan bears the sway in
heathen's hearts,
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O
Lord,
And thousands be converted by thy
word.

880.* T. 205. (1152.)

WOULD the world our passport see,
By which we free entrance gain,
Or ask our authority,
We reply: 'the Lamb was slain!'
This is ev'ry where our boast,
He that higher soars is lost;
For that pow'ful word we raise,
Christ, to thee eternal praise.
2 Ev'ry where with shoutings loud,
Shouts, that shake the gates of hell,
Thy anointed witness cloud
Of thy great redemption tell;
Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
By its virtue we shall be
From the dread destroyer free.

881.* T. 136. (1153.)

GOD'S boundless grace
 Preserves each faithful servant:
 All share his aid, in cold and heat
 most fervent,
 'Midst ice and rocks,
 Or on the stormy seas,
 Are soul and body under his direc-
 tion:
 The shadow of his wings affords
 complete protection;
 The Lord will be about our ways,
 O boundless grace!

2 Our life, our death,
 Be to thy joy and honor,
 Who art of life, and each good gift
 the donor;
 We say, Amen!
 Thou Author of our faith,
 Thy name be glorified in our beha-
 vior,
 Whether our pilgrimage be rough
 or smooth, dear Saviour;
 Be thou our strength, while we have
 breath,
 Our life in death.

882.* T. 221. (679.)

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd
 ev'ry moment,
 Ye ministers of Christ confest,
 Go forth, and proclaim ye the word
 of atonement
 Both far and near, and when op-
 prest
 By hardships and trials, be bold in
 God,
 And gladly for him spend your life
 and blood.
 'Midst tempests and billows, and
 through deserts go,
 The seed of the gospel 'mongst
 heathen to sow.

883.* T. 205. (1154.)

GROUNDEN on th' eternal Rock
 Jesus Christ, his church's stay,
 Strong and firm 'midst ev'ry shock,
 Humble, but without dismay;
 Such the pilgrim, who in faith
 Safely walks the narrow path:

He proceeds from grace to grace,
 Till with joy he ends his race.

2 More and more our joys increase,
 As we humbly travel on,
 Jesus gives abundant grace,
 While we lean on him alone;
 Through the virtue of his blood,
 Source of life and ev'ry good,
 We preserve a cheerful mind,
 His bless'd will to do inclin'd.
 3 Then we suit ourselves to those,
 Who with us yoke-fellows are,
 Glad to soften all their woes,
 Glad their ev'ry joy to share;
 If to Christ the Vine we cleave,
 Daily strength from him receive,
 Thro' his pow'r we shall produce
 Goodly fruit, matur'd for use.

884.* T. 582. (1156.)

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
 Know ye the way you go!
 It is a path not strew'd with flow'rs,
 But yielding thorns and wo;
 All who Christ crucified
 Their only Saviour own,
 Meet oftentimes with treatment base,
 Unto their Master shown.
 2 Oaly against offence
 With circumspection guard;
 By craft or force, in ev'ry place
 The fiend is striving hard
 God's work to overthrow,
 That in the trying hour,
 The servants of the Lord may fall,
 Bereft of faith and pow'r.
 3 But see, the fields are white,
 Go therefore, lab'ers, go,
 The Lord leads on to victory,
 His pow'r and grace ye know;
 Christ, whom we Saviour call,
 Of all is sov'reign Lord,
 He is the Captain of the host,
 We conquer through his word.

885. T. 11. (1158.)

BRETHREN, what do you desire?
 After what do you aspire?
 Whither do your labors tend?—
 To preach Christ, the sinners'
 Friend.

2 Seems this subject ever new?
Can you give it praises due?
Ne'er be weary to proclaim
Jesus' lovely, saving name.

3 Never, never will we cease
To proclaim the news of peace,
Never, till our latest breath;
Fervent, faithful unto death.

886.* T. 79. (677.)

GO, witness of the suff'ring
Of Christ, who as our off'ring
Our guilt and curse did bear;
Proclaim his great salvation
To many a heathen nation,
And spread his gospel far and
near.

887.* T. 205. (1161.)

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall;
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way;
In the strength of Jesus boast,
Never, never quit thy post.

888.* T. 185. (1162.)

WHAT affords the christian war-
rior vigor,
Who climbs rocks, or sinks in
sands,
Braving now of northern storms the
rigor,
Scorched then in southern lands?
Here no care avails, no circumspec-
tion,
But depending on his Lord's pro-
tection,
In his heav'nly armour clad,
He moves on, serene and glad.

889. T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest, O
Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their shield Omnipotence.

Z

2 In foreign realms, and lands re-
mote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass
unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please,
Where on the mountains they pro-
claim
Thy reign, O Prince of Peace!

4 The love of Christ constraining
them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully, on icy plains,
And in eternal snows.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and
deaths,
Thy goodness they adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies
past,
And humbly hope for more.

890.* T. 161. (1159.)

URG'D by love, on ev'ry station,
To the fallen human race
We will publish Christ's salvation,
And declare his blood-bought
grace:
To display him—and pourtray him
In his suff'ring form and beauty,
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

891.* T. 155. (1168.)

O WHAT songs in highest strain
Will the ransom'd sing in heaven,
With thanksgiving,
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of ev'ry tongue and nation,
There will be with exultation
But one flock and Shepherd known.
2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish;
Ye his servants, ready stand,
In each land,
Yea in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises,
And make known his saving name.

892. T. 590. (680.)

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,
 Their Shield and Portion be,
 And let their lives the world convince

That they belong to thee:
 Extend thy help to distant parts,
 Thy servants send to call,
 Reveal thy grace to heathens' hearts
 Thy grace extend to all.

893. T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3 Enter his gates with thankful songs,
 And in his courts your voices raise;
 Let earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Sound forth, O gracious Lord,
 thy praise.

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

894. T. 195. (681.)

LORD God, our Salvation!
 Let thy grace and favor
 Rest upon thy church for ever:
 Jesus, thee to follow
 Be our blessed function;
 Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,
 To declare—every where
 The complete salvation,
 Purchas'd by thy passion.

895. T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,

And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

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

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord:*

O rend the heavens, and come down,
 And make each rebel heart thy own!

896. T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place
 Where we our Saviour oft have met,

And while we feast upon his grace,
 Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,
 Or with affliction daily fed,
 It makes amends, if we can come
 To God's own house for heav'nly bread!

3 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:

Here we thy promis'd presence seek;

Open thine hand, with blessings stor'd,

And give us manna for the week.

* *Isaiah liv. 2.*

897. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

2 Praise ye, then, his glorious
name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations spread it round;
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see!
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

898. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,
In our esteem is dear;
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim:
'Tis good to sojourn here!

2 We see his beauty, and admire
The glories of his house;
Into his will we here inquire,
And here we pay our vows.

3 Now, Saviour, bless us from on
high,
Infuse thy love and fear;
And let our lives exemplify
The precious truths we hear.

4 And as successively we quit
This mortal, dying frame,
May others here before thee meet
To bless thy holy name.

899. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought
sheep!

Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on thee.

2 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

3 Show them what their ways have
been,
Show them the desert of sin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.

4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

5 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
Thy rich grace and dying love.

900.* T. 90. (676.)

CHRIST Jesus is that precious
grain,
Which fell into the ground and
died;

Now since he for our sins was
slain,
He doth no more alone abide,
But, for the travail of his soul,
His seed appears from pole to pole.

901. T. 22.

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

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

902. T. 585.

LORD, dismiss us with thy bless-
ing,

Fill our hearts with joy and
peace;

Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O refresh us, :::

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
King of Glory! :::
Sway thy sceptre all around.

XXXV. *Holy Baptism.*

903. T. 58. (719.)

WHEN we baptize a sinner in
Christ's death,
Then is the blood and water his
true bath:
Not with water only came the
Lord Jesus:
He came with water and with
blood to bless us.

Praise be to God!

2 The water is in baptism seen by
eyes;
On Jesus' blood not seen our faith
relies;
We are well persuaded this foun-
tain cleanseth
Polluted sinners, and true grace
dispenseth

To live to him.

3 This precious blood is full of
energy,
It washes clean, and cures effec-
tually;
And the Holy Spirit, unto us ten-
der'd,
Bears witness pow'rfully that we
are render'd

Children of God.

4 O come then, Father, Son, and
Holy Ghost!
While we of Jesus' bitter passion
boast;
While on him relying, we are bap-
tizing
This sinner in Christ's death, that
he be rising

With Jesus too.

5 Besprinkle him, O Jesus, Son of
God,
Now with thy precious all-atoning
blood;
Cleanse both soul and body from
all pollution,
And grant to him the seal of abso-
lution,

Thy peace divine.

904. T. 590. (720.)

HEAV'N'S kingdom none shall
enter in

But he who is a child:

Therefore are children by our God
Heirs of his kingdom styl'd.
Is heaven theirs? none shall for-
bid

A child to come to him;

Who shall forbid the water-flood
A babe to overstream?

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here:
We trust in Jesus' saving name,
To us his words are dear.
We now baptize a little child
Into the Saviour's death;
'Tis his command, and we perform
This solemn act in faith.

905. T. 590. (721.)

LORD Jesus, from thy pierced side
Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide
For man, from sin redeem'd;
Thou saidst, 'Preach pardon to the
lost,

Baptize them in the name

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
We now will do the same.

2 Be present with us, Lord our God!
Though water fails from sin
To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood
Can wash this infant clean:
Accept this child we now baptize
And here present to thee;
His soul be precious in thine eyes,
Now and eternally!

906. T. 22. (722.)

BURIED in baptism with our
Lord,

We rise with him, to life restor'd:
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Christ by his blood aton'd for sin,
This precious blood can wash us
clean,

And he arrays us in the dress
Of his unspotted righteousness.

907. T. 582. (723.)

OUR baptism first declares
That we must cleansed be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's
heirs

Dispenseth purity.

2 Water the body laves;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

908. T. 14. (724.)

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord!
(In him our Father too)

O bless, we pray with one accord,
The work we have to do.

2 Jesus! as water well applied
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

3 O Holy Ghost! with pow'r apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify:
'This is a child of God.'

909. T. 39. (725.)

THOU who in the days of thy flesh
didst receive

The children, and to them thy
blessing didst give,
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favor
bestow

On him we present thee, we pray,
bless him now.

2 Receive him, O Christ, as a lamb
thou hadst lost,
And think what a price his redemp-
tion hath cost!

Thy name on his forehead, thy seal
on his breast,

Be by thee, our Shepherd and
Bishop, impress'd.

3 Vouchsafe to be present, thou
Father ador'd;

And thou our Redeemer, and mer-
ciful Lord;

O Holy Ghost, come with thy unc-
tion and fire,

And all with thy love and salva-
tion inspire.

910.* T. 201.

THE eye sees water, nothing more,
As it is pour'd out by men,

But faith alone conceives the pow'r
Of Jesus' blood to make us clean:

Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,
Which overstreams the soul with
grace,

Heals ev'ry wound and makes all
good,

That Adam brought on us his race,
And all that we ourselves have done.

911. T. 22. (726.)

O BLEST Redeemer! in thy side
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount in which we're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are
drown'd.

2 Water and blood in streams ran
hence,

And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water to sanctify and cleanse;

Blood to atone for heinous guilt.

3 This wondrous grace to place in
view,

Baptismal waters were design'd,
In which thou, Lord, wast buried
too,

To thy great Father's will re-
sign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,
With thee are buried in thy grave,

Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And though their bodies turn to
dust,

This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just

Shall render them once bright
and pure.

912. T. 582. (727.)

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing
blood,
And call upon his name.

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot
them out,
Remember them no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love and
tell
What he hath done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd:
Garments of praise adorn you
now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Ye with your Lord are ris'n;
Aspire to things above,
Mansions for you your Lord pre-
pares,
In realms of light and love.

XXXVI. *The Holy Communion.***913.*** T. 599. (1181.)

LORD Jesus, who before thy pas-
sion,
Distress'd and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
In thy last supper didst bequeath,
Accept our praise, thou bounteous
Giver
Of life to ev'ry true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts sur-
passing,
And while we thee in mem'ry bear,
At each returning celebration,
We show thy death for our salva-
tion.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealed
Is in this sacrament renew'd,
The soul with peace and joy is filled,
With thy atoning blood bedew'd,
This from unrighteousness us
cleanseth,
And life abundantly dispenseth.

4 That bond of love, that mystic
union,
By which to thee, our Head,
we're join'd,

Is closer drawn at each commu-
nion,
By love inspir'd we know thy
mind,
And feeding on thy death and me-
rit
Are render'd one with thee in spi-
rit.

5 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is
nourish'd,
When faint, thy blood doth us re-
vive,
And while our faith thereby is
cherish'd,
To serve thee and thy house we
strive;
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

6 While thus thou feed'st the poor
and needy,
Life from thy death pervades the
whole:
And the true members of thy body
In thee, their Head, one heart
and soul,
For whom one bread and cup suf-
ficed,
Into one spirit are baptized.

7 Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and vile,
Shall from the dust be rais'd to heaven,
And with unfading glories smile,
And soul and body be for ever
At home with thee our Lord and Saviour.

8 O what a striking exhibition
Of love divine is here bestow'd;
Our hungry souls in this fruition,
Find here on earth our highest good:
It proves amidst all tribulation,
Of heav'nly bliss th' anticipation.

914.* T. 69. (1182.)

WITH deep devotion
We in Christ's suff'rings trace
Th' unfathom'd ocean
Of his unbounded grace:
He gave—Himself, our souls to save.

2 His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As he hath spoken,
Was giv'n to death for us;
We feed—On everlasting bread.

3 That precious fountain
Of blood, which from him flow'd
On Calv'ry's mountain,
Is now on us bestow'd;
Here we—Life's well-spring open see.

4 O well-spring flowing
Unto eternal life,
Our souls bedewing,
By thee alone we thrive,
And are—Enabled fruit to bear.

5 The Lord draws near us,
Let us to meet him haste,
He comes to cheer us,
His flesh is our repast,
His blood—Our drink and highest good.

6 In sweet communion
With Christ our paschal Lamb,
And holy union
With all who love his name,
May we—Abide continually.

915. T. 160. (728.)

SEE Jesus seated 'midst his own,
With pensive mind oppress'd,
Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,
Amazed and distressed;
Strong fears beset—but stronger yet
Love's pow'r his soul then moved,
And love the conqu'ror proved.

2 With great desire he long'd before
His final, bitter suff'ring,
To eat the passover once more,
Type of his body's off'ring;
And in a last—farewell repast,
To give a sacred token
Of his love's bond unbroken.

3 In that most dark and doleful night,
When Jesus was betrayed,
And, viewing hell's collected might,
As man felt sore dismayed,
Yet see his face—with matchless grace
Shine on his flock with healing,
Pardon and peace revealing.

4 In bread and wine to them he gave
His sacred body broken,
His blood, shed guilty souls to save;
For thus the Lord hath spoken,
And we believe,—adore, receive,
Yea, feel the pow'r mysterious
To heal, revive and cheer us.

5 Lord Christ, I thank thee for thy grace,
Since by thy invitation,
Here at thy table I take place,
And taste of thy oblation;
Now seal me thine—and be thou mine,
That nought on earth me ever
From thy communion sever.

6 'Tis here my needy soul is fed,
But not with food terrestrial;
Thy body is my living bread,
Thy blood my drink celestial:
And at thy feet—my rest how sweet!
Here may I have my station,
A trophy of thy passion.

7 And when I once, of heav'nly bliss
 And perfect love possessed,
 Shall see my Saviour as he is,
 The Lamb for ever blessed,
 Still shall each breath—show forth
 his death:
 My voice shall swell the chorus,
 To sing that song most glorious.

916. T. 166. (729.)

IN that most dark, and doleful
 night,

In which our Saviour was betray'd,
 Before his suff'rings, he took bread,
 Blessed, and brake it, and then said:
 'Take, eat; this is my body giv'n
 For you, and offer'd on the tree;
 Perform this ord'nance as I do,
 And doing it, remember ME.'

2 Then after supper took the cup,
 And having given thanks, he said:
 'Tis the New Test'ment in my
 blood,

The blood for you and many shed;
 Take this, and drink ye all of it,
 Your sins' remission here you see;
 Oft as this ord'nance ye perform,
 It in remembrance do of ME.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
 We'll ne'er forgèt thy love divine:
 Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
 Which made thee ours, and made
 us thine.

We thus commemorate thy death,
 Till thou shalt once again appear:
 Meanwhile remember, gracious
 Lord,

Us thy unworthy foll'wers here.

917.* T. 205. (730.)

HAPPY race—of witnesses!

Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
 To make known—what God hath
 done;

Ye can only vict'ry gain
 By that sacred cov'nant blood,
 Which the Fathers, bold in God,
 Wrote in faith on ev'ry door,
 That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed—from slav'ry freed,
 Eat with joy their Paschal Lamb;
 But the bride—of Christ, who died
 Her from bondage to redeem,
 Hath another passover;
 (There the shadow, substance here:)
 She enjoys the flesh and blood
 Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3 Here we now—most humbly bow,
 Being met in Jesus' name,
 Who for us—died on the cross,
 Bearing our reproach and shame;
 'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 With the countless heav'nly host,
 And the assembly of the just.

4 Ere we taste—the rich repast,
 Which he offers graciously,
 On our food,—his flesh and blood,
 Feasting in the sanctuary,
 Ere the sacrament t'enjoy,
 We with awe to him draw nigh,
 We in love and fellowship
 This communion love-feast keep.

5 Eat and rest—at this great feast;
 Then to serve him freely go,
 As it is—for pilgrims fit,
 As disciples ought to do;
 We, when Jesus we shall see
 Coming in his majesty,
 Shall the marriage-supper share,
 If we his true foll'wers are.

6 Then will be—of ransom'd souls
 An innumerable throng:
 'Lamb once slain,—to thee pertain
 Thanks and praise' will be their
 song:
 'Hallelujah' will they cry,
 Singing in sweet harmony,
 'Midst all trials we o'ercame
 Only by thy blood, O Lamb!'

918.* T. 594. (731.)

JESUS, how great was thy desire,
 Once more to eat the paschal
 lamb
 With thy dear flock! O what love's
 fire,
 Did here thy sorr'wing soul in-
 flame!

Each precious word thy kindness
showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest:
The love that in thy bosom gloweth
Is herein render'd manifest.

2 Thy love is great beyond all
measure,

Thence we derive eternal good;
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!
Thy holy body, and thy blood;
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou should'st die for our
offence,

But, out of love, thou ev'ry patient
Wouldst heal, and make thy re-
sidence!

3 O love divine! how strong, how
ardent!

More strong than death! our life to
gain,

Th' incarnate God, through love
most fervent,

Was as a Lamb for sinners slain.
Love urg'd the sov'reign great
Creator,

'Fore whom the universe doth
shake,

By whom all things subsist in na-
ture,

Once in the earth his grave to
make!

919. T. 590. (732.)

THAT doleful night before his
death,

The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee:

Help each poor sinner to repeat,
'For me he died, for me.'

2 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred
sign

To our remembrance brings;

We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things.

O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee,

That each may gratefully proclaim,
'My Saviour died for me!'

920. T. 166. (1187.)

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death, and praise
thy name,

Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb;

In mem'ry of our dying Lord,
The church on earth, till time
shall end,

Meets at his table to record
The love of her departed Friend.

921. T. 9. (737.)

SUFF'RING Saviour, Lamb of
God,

How hast thou been used!

With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised!

2 We, for whom thou once wast
slain,

We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do,
When temptations seize us!
Nought have we to look unto
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity;
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heav'nly city.

5 O sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood
When we're faint and weary.

6 Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often.

922.* T. 581. (738.)

TO avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;]

By an ignominious death

He a full atonement made:

And by his most precious blood
Brought us sinners nigh to God.

2 That we never should forget
 This great love on us bestow'd,
 He gave us his flesh to eat,
 And to drink his precious blood:
 All who sick and needy are
 May receive in him a share.

3 Hither each afflicted soul
 May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;
 To the sick, not to the whole,
 The Physician brings relief:
 Fear not therefore, but draw nigh,
 He will all your wants supply.

4 He who in self-righteousness
 Fixeth any hope or stay,
 Hath not on a wedding dress,
 And with shame is sent away;
 To the hungry, weary heart,
 He will food and rest impart.

5 But examine first your case,
 Whether you be in the faith;
 Do you mourn for pard'ning grace?
 Is your only hope his death?
 Then, howe'er your soul's oppress'd,
 Come, you are a worthy guest.

6 He who Jesus' mercy knows,
 Is from wrath and envy freed;
 Love unto our neighbor shows
 That we are his flock indeed:
 Thus we may in all our ways
 Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

923.* T. 58. (739.)

CHRIST was revealed in the flesh
 for us,
 To suffer death upon the shameful
 cross;
 Now his holy body, for sinners
 given,
 Is our soul's food, until we shall in
 heaven Adore his name.

2 With thirsty souls we drink the
 sacred blood,
 Which flow'd from Jesus Christ,
 the Lamb of God,
 To procure for sinners complete
 salvation,
 When he became the full propitia-
 tion For all our sins.

3 While we partake thereof in hum-
 ble faith,
 We show forth Jesus' sin-aton-
 ing death,
 And with deep abasement the con-
 gregation
 Gives glory, honor, praise and ado-
 ration Unto the Lamb.

924.* T. 126. (741.)

IS that my dearest Brother,
 (Saith one of low degree,)
 Who, though the Father's equal,
 Became a man like me,
 And on the ignominious tree
 Aton'd for my transgressions?—
 'Tis he most certainly!

2 Ye who believe on Jesus,
 And on account of sin
 Have mourn'd with pungent sorrow,
 But now feel joy within,
 What think ye, that to him on high,
 'Fore whom ev'n John did trem-
 ble,
 Ye dare approach so nigh?

3 He show'rs his choicest blessings
 This day upon each heart,
 And thus to soul and body
 Salvation doth impart.
 That blood which on the cross he
 shed
 Our drink is, and his body
 Is our true heav'nly bread.

4 He said, 'My flesh is truly
 Meat, and my blood is drink:'
 So did, unto his glory,
 The Lord's disciples think.
 We with the heart believe it too,
 And can with full assurance
 Declare it to be true.

5 In spirit we behold him
 As dying in our stead;
 We may approach with boldness
 To him in all our need.
 Th' enjoyment of this heav'nly
 feast
 Makes us, his congregation,
 In soul and body chaste.

6 Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,
 Increase in love and faith,
 United to thy Saviour;
 Be faithful unto death,
 And own him God for evermore,
 Who took our human nature;
 Him in the dust adore.

925. T. 232. (740.)

THE holy bread which now we
 break,

The cup of which we all partake,

Is the participation

Of Jesus' flesh and blood, for us

A ransom giv'n upon the cross,

To purchase our salvation.

He said, 'My flesh is truly meat;

This is my body, take and eat:'

He also took the cup, and said,

'This is my blood, for you 'tis shed.'

Lord, we draw near

Thy table here

With childlike fear:

Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2 Most holy Lord, thou know'st
 our wants,

And how each needy sinner pants

For thee, our Lord and Saviour:

O may our hungry souls be fed

With thee, the true life-giving

Bread,

And taste thy matchless favor:

O may thy blood, the stream of life,

Our thirst assuage, our souls revive.

Thou living Vine, each branch

supply;

Our souls and bodies sanctify:

And grant that we

Abide in thee

Continually;

Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3 O Lord, who dost thyself impart

In mercy to each contrite heart,

Enjoying the communion:

Grant that we may be one in thee,

May love each other heartily,

And thus abide in union.

Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take

place

Which tends thy doctrine to dis-
 grace;

By faith and love in all we do,

O may we, to thy honor, show

In all our ways

The boundless grace

Thy love displays,

Which in the sacrament we trace.

4 Now bless and praise the slaugh-
 ter'd Lamb,

Extol his saving Jesus' name,

Thou favor'd congregation!

Which at the table of our Lord

Hast ate and drank with one ac-
 cord;

Thou know'st thy destination

Is to abide in Christ by faith,

And to show forth our Saviour's

death:

Walk then as children of the light,

Live to his praise by day and night;

O Lamb once slain,

We vow again

Thine to remain:

Confirm our promises. Amen!

926.* T. 9. (742.)

TILL the hour shall come, with
 tears

By the church desired,

When our Lord again appears,

Now from sight retired:

2 He hath with a pledge of grace

His dear flock supplied,

Whereby his own witness race

Shows forth that he died.

3 'Tis his body and his blood

Which the soul refreshes;

Church of Christ, this highest good

Claims thy thanks and praises!

4 By this sacrament we are

To our Lord united;

To due watchfulness and pray'r,

And good works excited.

5 With deep rev'rence we draw nigh,

Falling down before thee;

While we this repast enjoy,

We with awe adore thee.

6 Us thy congregation own,

Let us taste thy favor,

And by faith recline, like John,

On thy breast, dear Saviour.

927.* T. 23. (743.)

SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above thy scanty reason;
To the light approach, where clear-
est;
Duly mind what dress thou wear-
est.

2 Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation;
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3 Hasten, as for brides is fitting,
Give thy bridegroom soon the meet-
ing,
Say, 'Dear Lord, let me receive
thee,
Hold thee fast, and never leave
thee.'

4 Heav'nly joy and holy trembling
I feel in me, past dissembling;
Since by sharing this communion
I'm with God in closest union.

5 Human reason is too shallow
In this myst'ry thee to follow,
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven:

6 How the blood which from thee
flowed,
Is in wine on us bestowed:
O the myst'ry deep and blessed,
By God's Spirit here expressed!

7 Thy communion's celebration;
Bows me down to deep prostration;
May I never unprepared,
To my condemnation share it.

928.* T. 23. (744.)

COME, approach to Jesus' table,
Taste that food incomparable,
Which to us is freely given,
As an antepast of heaven.

2 Jesus' bride, his congregation,
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion,
With his body she is nourish'd,
With his blood refresh'd and
cherish'd.

3 Far be gone all carnal reason,
At this awful blessed season;
Lamb once slain! we now desire it
By thy love to be inspired.

4 This mysterious, heav'nly bless-
ing
Is all thought by far surpassing;
Deeply bow'd may we adore thee,
Soul and body sink before thee.

5 Now is come our time sabbatic,
Lord, we feel thy pow'r emphatic;
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste thy grace and favor!

929.* T. 71. (745.)

MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour; at his feet
Fall down adoring;
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2 How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension!
O grace! beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension!

3 How should I, holy Lamb,
Who dust and ashes am,
A worm, and earthy,
To taste such boundless grace,
And have so high a place
Be counted worthy!

4 Ah, why am I thus blest,
That such a heav'nly Guest
My house will enter!
Dare I, thou highest Good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture?

5 Upon thy call I'm here,
I venture to draw near,
Because thou'rt gracious:
I on thy word rely,
Thou wilt my soul supply
With food delicious.

6 Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee, by thy death,
I am united.

To cure and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

7 Thy body slain for me,
My food, my foretaste be
Of heav'n's fruition!
And by its pow'r may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

8 Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses:
And to my needy heart
Life, peace, and health impart,
Thus heav'n commences.

9 Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gav'st this token:
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

10 Didst thou thyself devise
To be my sacrifice,
My Lord, my Treasure!
Grant that continually
To live alone for thee
May be my pleasure.

11 Cause me, who now am thine,
As branch to thee the Vine
To cleave unceasing;
Receiving strength and juice,
That I may fruit produce
To thee well pleasing.

12 Such grace on me is spent,
That none hath its extent
Aright explained:
Grant now that I may show
To fellow-sinners too
A love unfeigned.

13 May ev'ry drop of blood
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified:
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat,
Who for me died.

A a

930.* T. 22. (746.)

THE congregation while below,
Being imperfect, tears must sow;
But we expect once joy to reap,
Since we for Jesus' mercy weep.

2 Meanwhile that we might bear in
mind
His dying love to lost mankind,
He hath, as his last testament,
To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3 He, when this feast was first or-
dain'd,
Its solemn import thus explain'd:
'This is my body, take and eat,
That you may never me forget.'

4 'This is my blood, of which
whene'er
Ye drink, my death in mem'ry bear.'
The church believes, and thus in
faith
Partakes, and showeth forth Christ's
death.

5 But words can never fully tell
What in our melted hearts we feel:
We taste, experience, and possess
True joy, and weep for thankful-
ness.

931.* T. 242. (733.)

AS oft as we expect the favor,
That in the sacrament our Saviour
Himself will unto his people give,
We weep for joy and grief:
For joy, that we're thus brought
nigh to God

By Jesus' blood;
For grief, that we so little honor
Afford to him in word and in de-
meanor;

Yea, sometimes frustrate his gra-
cious views

And purposes with us:
Ah, then in faith we sigh,
And to our Saviour cry:
O that thy hand, for us once pierced
through,
Might bless all of us now,
And give absolving grace:
Lord, leave with us thy peace!

932. T. 211. (1188.)

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
 Hear thy people's fervent pray'r,
 Us to meet thee now prepare,
 We with awe appear before thee;
 Longing to enjoy thy favor,
 In this consecrated place,
 We approach the throne of grace:
 Lord, Lord God,
 Thee we own our only Saviour. :||:
 Blessed, truly blessed they,
 Who to thee have found the way,
 Who of thy body and thy blood ev'n
 here partakers are,
 And of the supper of the Lamb in
 heav'nly realms above shall
 share.

933. T. 151. (734.)

DEAR Lord! this congregation
 Is poor, despise her not;
 She's taken with thy passion,
 As were she on the spot,
 When, earning her election,
 Thy heart-strings broke in death;
 That stirs up her affection,
 And gives her life and breath.
 2 Shouldst thou desire her beauty,
 For shame she hides her face;
 And shouldst thou look for duty,
 Her only plea is grace:
 Though we are poor and needy,
 Yet we're thy property;
 When we enjoy thy body
 And blood, how blest are we!

934.* T. 15. (1186.)

AH! come, thou most beloved guest,
 My joy and delectation,
 With whose indwelling I am blest,
 Source of all consolation.
 2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with
 me,
 A sinner poor and needy,
 Since thou invit'st me graciously,
 'Come, all things now are ready.'
 3 I open heart and soul to thee,
 Lord Jesus, to receive thee,
 For thee I long most ardently,
 O may I never leave thee.

935.* T. 146. (735.)

WHERE my Redeemer's blood
 And sweat the earth did cover,
 May ev'ry sinful thought
 Be now interr'd for ever;
 Lord Jesus, grant my wish,
 That I may thine abide,
 And by thy holy flesh
 And blood be sanctified.

936.* T. 4. (736.)

O GLORIFIED Head,
 Since mortals may tread
 The holiest of all,
 And deeply abas'd 'fore the mercy-
 seat fall;

2 Admit us, we pray,
 On this solemn day,
 To thee to draw nigh,
 And thy holy body and blood to en-
 joy.

937. T. 14. (747.)

WHEN we before our Saviour's
 face
 Appear with contrite hearts,
 He soothes our griefs, and pard'-
 ning grace
 To ev'ry one imparts.

2 When we commemorate his love,
 He saith, 'For you I died:
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 And view my wounded side.'

3 'These are the wounds I bore for
 you,
 The tokens of my pain:
 By which I for your guilty souls
 Eternal life did gain.'

4 We eat his body, slain for us,
 And giv'n a sacrifice;
 Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,
 That precious ransom-price.

5 Ah then we feel, that life divine
 From Jesus' death redounds,
 Eternal blessings from his cross,
 And healing from his wounds.

938. T. 14. (748.)

LORD, how divine thy comforts
are!

How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred
feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our
God,
And heav'nly glories shine;
There Jesus saith, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3 'Here,' saith our kind redeeming
Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
'Behold the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.'

4 What shall we pay our heav'nly
King
For grace so vast as this!
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

939. T. 14. (749.)

TOGETHER with these symbols,
Lord,
Thy blessed self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus'
love
Prepare us for this feast;
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

940.* T. 141. (750.)

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed,
As thy testament,
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.

2 Like the king of Salem,
Thou with wine and bread
Com'st to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed.
O preserve th' enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
While we live by faith.

941. T. 56.

THEY who hunger :: after Christ,
are fed,
All the thirsty :: to life's fountain
led;
He the needy doth supply,
With good things abundantly,
From his fulness :: they are nour-
ished.

2 Since he welcomes :: ev'ry soul
distress'd,
And hath promis'd :: to the weary
rest,
At his call we now draw nigh,
He invites each graciously,
Come poor sinner, :: come and
share my feast.

942.* T. 151. (753.)

THOSE souls are truly blessed,
Who to our Saviour cleave,
Of living faith possessed,
And in his name believe;
For what is still denied
To sight, while here below,
Is by our faith enjoyed,
And makes our hearts to glow.

2 Faith on Christ's declaration
With confidence relies:
He now his congregation
With heav'nly food supplies;
Would we as branches flourish
On Jesus the true Vine,
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3 Draw near to Jesus' table,
Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick and feeble
His choicest dainties share.
Let Jesus' death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
Eternal life you gain.

943.* T. 22. (752.)

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw
near

With humble joy, and filial fear;
According to his testament,
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2 Here all our wants are well sup-
plied,

And we show forth that Jesus died:
May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3 Th' enjoyment of the flesh and
blood

Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
Endoweth us with strength and
grace

To love and serve him all our days.

944.* T. 99. (754.)

ACT full of godlike majesty!

O Love's abyss! I'm lost in thee,
O myst'ry, all our thoughts sur-
passing!

Now all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

945. T. 185. (751.)

GREAT the feast, to which thou,
Lord, hast bidden

Such a worthless guest as me;
'Tis an awful myst'ry, deep and
hidden,

'Tis a heav'nly legacy:
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin in-
fected,
Are made welcome, not one is re-
jected,

Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

2 Thou thy table spreadest for the
needy,

Who may feast and take their fill;
Thou to grant thy heav'nly gifts art
ready,

And thy goodness to reveal;
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life,
nutrition;

And we, as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

946.* T. 119. (755.)

BREAD of life, :||:

Christ, by whom alone we live,
Bread, that came to us from heaven!
My poor soul can never thrive
Unless thou appease its craving;
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me. :||:

947.* T. 22. (757.)

O THAT in Jesus' church, his
bride,

Sin might henceforth be mortified
By him, who us to save was slain,
And underwent such racking pain!

2 O might our souls and bodies be
From sinful influences free,
Might we, while still on earth we
live,

To him the Vine as branches cleave.

3 O were we free from strange de-
sire,

And from depraved nature's fire,
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness!

4 Lord, by the power of thy death,
Renew in us a living faith,
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5 O church, rejoice, though trem-
blingly,

The Lord's death now pervadeth
thee;

O may his sacred body cure,
And make our souls and bodies pure.

948. T. 26. (772.)

AH! who are we, thou God of love!
That we should hear, through grace
abounding,

The solemn invitation sounding:
'Prepare for the Lamb's feast
above.'

2 Prostrate before the mercy-seat
We sinners lie, with holy trem-
bling,

The elders' blissful choir resem-
bling,

Who cast their crowns before thy
feet.

3 Here more than Tabor's glories
shine:

Heart-captivating meditation!
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congrega-
tion
With heav'nly manna, food divine!

4 Here it is good for us to be!
Our souls imbibe, while here we
tarry,
The breezes of the sanctuary,
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5 Rise, and your pilgrim-path pur-
sue,
Revived by this rich fruition;
Soon shall the beatific vision,
The Lamb in glory, meet your
view.

949.* T. 97. (758.)

THE breath which can the dead
bones raise,
And to Christ's members life con-
veys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of
God,
And Jesus' sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty
soul;
It cheers the mourners, makes the
wounded whole.

2 O church of God, lift up thy
heart,
The Vine its power doth impart;
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine and ev'ry sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so
freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and ev'ry sin-
ner's guilt.

950.* T. 152 or 9. (87.)

WHEN the Lord of glory died,
Not a bone was broken;
But a soldier pierc'd his side,
For a lasting token:
From thence stream'd a double flood,
Of a cleansing nature;
Both the water and the blood
Wash the guilty creature.

A a 2

951. T. 582. (759.)

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood.
Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

952. T. 166. (760.)

YE foll'wers of the Lamb once
slain!
Draw near, and take the cup of
God:
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchas'd grace;
That blood, which takes away all
guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience
peace.

953.* T. 146. (761.)

BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,
Which flow'd in thy soul's an-
guish
From thee, O Lamb of God,
When thou for us didst languish
In sad Gethsemane,
And with our sins oppress'd,
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,
That sinners might be bless'd;
2 Yea, by thy blood once shed
For us, when scourges wounded
Thy back, and when thy head
A thorny crown surrounded;
Oh, by that blood which flow'd
When nails thy body tore,
Bless us, O Lord our God,
Who humbly thee adore!
3 Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shedst for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

954.* T. 149. (762.)

O WHAT happiness divine!
 What a lot most precious,
 Confidently to recline
 On the breast of Jesus!
 Where who will—Takes his fill,
 And yet longs for ever
 For more grace and favor.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfil
 All thy heart desireth,
 Doth himself to thee reveal,
 Thee with love inspireth;
 His blood spilt—All thy guilt
 Will erase for ever,
 And thy sins will cover.

955. T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters
 bursting,
 In copious streams, at God's
 command,
 His people to refresh, when thirst-
 ing
 With drought, parch'd in a bar-
 ren land:
 Thus plenteous flow'd on Calv'ry's
 mountain,
 The blood from Jesus' healing
 wounds:
 Here is for sin an open fountain,
 Here everlasting life abounds.

956. T. 97. (764.)

JESUS, thou Source of life, impart
 Thy blood unto my thirsting heart,
 Panting I seek that fountain-head,
 Whence waters so divine proceed;
 Still near this living stream may I
 abide,
 By which my needy soul is satisfied.

957. T. 124. (765.)

MAY the stream from thee, the
 Rock,
 Gracious Jesus,
 Richly bless thy thirsting flock,
 And refresh us!
 'Tis the source of pow'r, of life,
 And salvation,
 To thy congregation.

958.* T. 79. (766.)

THY precious, all-atoning blood
 Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
 An ocean of free grace.
 All those, who venture to draw nigh
 To thee, can witness bear with joy,
 They ne'er go empty from thy
 face.

959.* T. 23. (767.)

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation,
 View the well-springs of salvation!
 Drink and live,—with an emotion
 Of unfeigned heart's devotion!

2 May to Jesus, while we're living,
 From our works redound thanks-
 giving,
 And our lowly, meek behaviour
 Clearly show we love our Saviour.

960. T. 581.

ROCK of ages, rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and
 pow'r.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling,
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

961.* T. 82. (768.)

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
 I'm his sheep, and know his voice:
 He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
 And his pastures are delicious,
 Constant love to me he shows,
 Yea, my worthless name he knows!

2 Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure;
When athirst to him I cry,
Living water he'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as his sheep;
For when these blest days are
over,

To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be convey'd to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest!

962.* T. 83. (769.)

MORE than shepherd's faithful-
ness

To his flock our Saviour show-
eth;

From the treasures of his grace
He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
As his sheep by him we're own'd,
Since his blood for us aton'd.

2 They who feel their want and
need,

Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall, when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

963. T. 582. (770.)

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died;
With all that's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied;
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2 My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living Bread,
And eat most joyfully;
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil,
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil,

3 When faith and hope shall
cease,
And love prevail alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as I am known;
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise, and him adore,
And in his Father's house shall
share
True bliss for evermore.

964.* T. 583. (771.)

HOW blest are we, when we enjoy
thy love,
And in the sacrament thy bounty
prove!

When we with humble shame, O
Lamb of God,
Feed on thy body and thy precious
blood.

2 Whenever we this highest good
enjoy,
We promise thee anew fidelity;
Pow'r to perform thou hast for us
obtain'd,

When, by thy death, life was for
man regain'd.

3 Make thou us monuments of
grace to show
What wonders thou on sinners vile
canst do;

O were in our whole walk this to
be seen,
That of thy feast we have partakers
been.

4 We humbly pray that, with thy
chosen train,
From this repast we may new
strength obtain;

O deaden all that would thy grace
withstand,
Or to its influence refuse to bend.

5 We have nought good in us to
bring 'fore thee,

Yet thou art ours, and we're thy
property,
Preserve to us this grace, we thee
implore,
To have our part in thee for ever-
more.

965.* T. 11. (773.)

COULD we sinners fully tell,
How our hearts with rapture swell,
Gladly then we would declare
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2 But since words the happiness
Which we feel, can ne'er express,
We adoring 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3 Angels sing before his throne,
While we at his feet sink down;
Gracious Jesus, Man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd!

966.* T. 583. (774.)

SINCE Jesus died, my guilty soul
to save,
Heav'n's foretaste I may here al-
ready have:

O how unutterably blest am I,
Partaking of him sacramentally!

2 When heav'nly bread he gives
my soul to eat,
That I may henceforth never him
forget;

When I, a needy sheep of his blest
flock,

Drink of the stream that flows from
Christ, the Rock!

3 I live now, and to God myself
will give,

But yet not I, but Christ in me shall
live;

His mercy and his goodness I shall
taste

Both here below, and when with
him at rest.

967.* T. 11. (775.)

JESUS, who to save hast pow'r,
And who livest evermore
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;

2 Thou, who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the needy sinner's food;

3 Let thy pow'r divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the spirit goes to rest.

968.* T. 22. (776.)

FOR that amazing love and grace,
Which doth our thoughts by far
surpass,

To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of
God!

2 Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3. Thy precious blood, for sinners
spilt,
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our
guilt,

The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we're to happiness restor'd.

4 Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this blest repast.

969.* T. 151. (777.)

LORD Christ! I give thee praises,
Thy hand ne'er intermits

To show'r, as each day passes,
On me thy benefits;

Thy name, all names exceeding,
I'll praise, for thou art good,

Art with thy flesh me feeding,
To drink giv'st me thy blood.

970.* T. 185. (778.)

PRAISE be giv'n to Christ our
soul's Beloved,

By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, [far re-
moved

From angelic purity:
Yet when he to his rich pastures
leads us,

Where he with his sacred body
feeds us,

And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted,

971.* T. 590. (782.)

THOU, who art present with thy church,

According to thy word,
When, to enjoy thy flesh and blood,
We meet with one accord;
O grant us to show forth thy death,
Until thou shalt appear;
And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy foll'wers are.

2 May we so captivated be
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that's carnal be subdu'd,
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

972.* T. 96. (783.)

SINCE Jesus' body I have ate,
And drank the blood he shed for me,

O may I never him forget!
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore!

973.* T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people blest,
With thee, as their Head, united:
Though of thee by faith possess'd,
Still we, by thy love excited,
Tears of ardent longing shed;
Thou'rt our highest Good indeed!

974. T. 582. (779.)

COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living Bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

975.* T. 14. (1184.)

NO words can ever fully tell,
What blessings Christ bestows
On us, when we on Calv'ry dwell,
And weep beneath his cross.

2 He, who unto his flesh and blood
Can ne'er himself deny,
Saith unto us: 'Take courage good,
Your Brother, lo! am I.'

3 His loving heart we open see,
Replete with tenderness;
He as his blood-bought property
Doth even us confess.

4 We are forgiv'n and reconcil'd,
Our happiness renew'd,
Our hearts with deep abasement
fill'd,
And with his blood bedew'd.

5 From all anxiety and dread,
Which else our souls oppress'd,
Thanks be to him, we now are freed,
Our cares are sooth'd to rest.

976.* T. 26. (780.)

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh
and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us,
Upon the altar of the cross,
Are to our souls delicious food.

2 This makes us all with one ac-
cord
To love each other fervently,
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious
Lord.

977.* T. 22. (781.)

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of
grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,
He did himself to me impart,
And made a cov'nant with my
heart.

2 Ah, might in my behavior shine
The pow'r of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking, and his finding me!

XXXVII. *For different Ages and Stations in Life.*

978. T. 83. (784.)

EACH division of thy fold,
Freed from this world's vain tra-
dition,

Male or female, young or old,
In thee hath true joy's fruition;
All, in their allotted place,
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2 Grant us a contented mind,
That, in his peculiar station,
Each may be to thee resign'd,
Seeking only thy salvation.
By thy staff we're safely led,
Till in thee we're perfected.

A. FOR CHILDREN.

979. T. 22. (785.)

THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd
Lamb:

He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, 'Let children come to
me.'

3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart
An humble, meek and docile heart;
O cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me, through thy
grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

980. T. 14. (786.)

THOUGH Christ was God and all
things made,

Himself he humbled thus:
That he, a Servant in our stead,
Might minister to us.

2 Our Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight,
In his behavior meek and mild,
And always acted right.

3 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never misbehave.

4 A child true happiness may find,
And humbly ought to pray:
'Lord Jesus, make my heart in-
clin'd
To love, and to obey.'

5 'I'm often stubborn, vain and
wild,
Self-will'd and hard in heart;
O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild,
Thy holy mind impart.'

981. T. 14. (787.)

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate continually,
How day by day to blame!

2 Lord, look on me 'midst all my
faults;
And, when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words and foolish
thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3 In that most precious river cleanse,
And wash my crimes away,
My selfishness, and that offence
Which I have done to-day.

4 When thou, dear Jesus, wast a
child,
Thou hadst no sin like me;
No wicked words thy lips defil'd,
No fault appear'd in thee.

5 Thou wast more spotless than a
dove,
More harmless than a lamb,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6 But I am proud, and headstrong
too,
Oft sadly misbehave;
I am not meek, like thee, and low;
Me, Lord, in mercy save!

7 O might I but resemble thee,
That ev'ry one might know,
I love the Saviour, and will be
His foll'wer here below.

8 Imprint thine image in my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart;
Then I shall not be lost.

982. T. 14. (788.)

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How bad am I, and how defil'd,
How prone to ev'ry sin!

2 O change my vile, and stubborn
heart,
Like thee, O make me pure;
To me thy love divine impart,
Keep me from sin secure.

3 Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey;
Thy Spirit shall my Teacher be,
And guide me in thy way.

4 O may I never speak a word
But what I truly mean,
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,
By whom each thought is seen.

5 I'll make thy wondrous, dying
love,
Dear Lord, my daily song!
And joys like theirs who sing above,
Shall tune my infant tongue.

983. T. 11. (789.)

LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek and mild.

2 Due obedience thou didst show,
O make me obedient too;
Thou wast merciful and kind,
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heav'nly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In thy hands secure I am;
Fix thy temple in my heart,
Never from thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth thy
praise,
Love and serve thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the holy child, in me!

984.* T. 14. (790.)

THOU, gracious Saviour, for my
good
Wast pleas'd a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious
blood
Upon the cross for me.

2 O take me as thy property,
Take me just as I am,
I know that I belong to thee,
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3 Low at thy feet O may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.

4 Preserve, I pray, my heart se-
cure
From ev'ry hurt and stain;
First make it, and then keep it
pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

5 If early thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be!
Since endless bliss will then com-
mence,
When I shall live with thee.

6 If thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and
day,
While I am here below.

7 Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me to thyself in peace,
To sing thy praise above!

985. T. 11. (791.)

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the suff'rings thou didst bear.

2 Be our Shepherd ev'ry day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray;
Whensoe'er we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

986. T. 22. (792.)

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, be-
hold
Us little ones of thy dear fold;
Take us into thy special care,
Secure our souls from ev'ry snare.

2 Let nothing in our minds take
place,
But what is sanctified by grace;
May that sink deep into each heart,
And may nought else have any
part.

3 Set on our breasts thy Spirit's
seal,
Within our hearts thy love reveal,
And our poor souls securely keep
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

987. T. 14. (793.)

LOVER of little children! thee,
O Jesus, we adore;
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thy arms,
Then we are truly blest;
Thy new-born babes are safe from
harms,
While leaning on thy breast.

3 Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow,
That daily more we thee may praise,
More of thy mercy know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
From malice, subtlety and pride,
O Lord, preserve us still.

988. T. 14. (794, 811.)

JESUS, the Lord, our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem;
Our present and eternal bliss
Were both procur'd by him.

2 His mercy ev'ry sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares;
The sheep he gently leads, the
lambs
He in his bosom bears..

3 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclin'd;
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

4 Then let us thank him for his
grace,
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,
For his unbounded love.

5 When children honor Jesus thus,
And thank him for his grace,
Out of the mouths of babes, like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Ourselves we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back, and
see
We were in childhood thine.

7 Let the sweet work of pray'r and
praise
Employ our infant breath;
Thus we're prepar'd for length of
days,
Or fit for early death.

989.* T. 22. (795.)

JESUS! the children's dearest
Friend,
Who dost to all our wants attend,
Thou wast a child, and knowest
well,
How we, thy helpless children,
feel.

2 Grant unto us continually
The blessings of thy infancy;
Let us, thro' each succeeding year,
The merits of thy childhood share.

3 Thee, gracious Lord, we now im-
plore,
To manifest thyself still more,
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happiness.

4 May we thy mind still better know:
May we in grace and knowledge
grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine ev'ry way.

5 O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praise and
pray'r,

May we in thy blest fellowship
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6 Thus will our infant tongues re-
cord
Thy birth and passion, gracious
Lord,
That thou, who diedst in our stead,
Art God, by whom all things were
made.

990.* T. 22. (796.)

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,
As thou on earth didst formerly,
When children once were brought
to thee.

2 We are baptiz'd into thy death,
And call'd to praise thee with each
breath;

Thou bought'st us with thy blood
divine,

O take and keep us ever thine!

3 Thy youth unspotted, full of
grace,

Teach us all virtue and all praise;
Thou art our Pattern, grant that we
In all things may resemble thee.

4 From year to year, while we in-
crease

In stature, may we grow in grace;
In learning and obedience too,
May we thy blessed path pursue.

B b

5 By day and night our steps direct,
And soul and body, Lord, protect
From ev'ry thing that grieveth thee,
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6 Impart to us that needful good,
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,
Wholly devoted unto thee,
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7 That grace upon us all bestow,
Thee more and more by faith to
know,
We then the glories of thy name
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

991.* T. 22. (797.)

HERE are we children poor and
mean,

Corrupt throughout, defil'd by sin,
But by Christ's purifying blood
We're made acceptable to God.

2 May none of us, while we abide
On earth, be weaned from thy side;
But grant that we be found in thee,
And thou in us eternally.

992. T. 22. (798.)

I LOVE the Lord, who died for me,
I love his grace divine and free;
I love the scriptures, there I read
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2 I love his tears and suff'rings
great,

I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood, were that not spilt
I could not have been freed from
guilt.

3 I love to hear that he was slain,
I love his ev'ry grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calv'ry, where his
love

Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk his dol'rous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6 I love to think the time will
come,
When I shall be with him at home,
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

993. T. 22. (799.)

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolv'd alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art
gone,
Up to thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be, O be thou mine!
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employ'd to
bless
The Lord, who is my Righteous-
ness;
My pleasure only to pursue
His mind, and him my Saviour
know.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather live eternally.

994. T. 14. (800.)

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look;
May we, assisted by thy grace,
With pleasure learn our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclin'd
To useful industry.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning's store;
And still, O Lord, as more we
know,
Let us obey thee more.

4 Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve;
But more than all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

995. T. 14. (801.)

STILL may we keep the aim in
mind,
For which we hither came,
In search of useful learning join'd,
As foll'wers of the Lamb.

2 Daily to Jesus we'll look up,
As soon as we awake,
And for his constant blessing hope
In all we undertake.

3 His meritorious industry,
His labor, toil and sweat,
Shall our support and pattern be,
Him we will imitate.

4 If he his grace on us confer,
We then shall learn apace,
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heav'nly Father's praise.

996. T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heav'n and
earth,
How sweet thy mercies are!
How rich to those of lowly birth,
The children of thy care!

2 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious
God!
Thy little flock behold:
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

3 We praise thy name that we were
brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are wisdom's lessons
taught,
The children of thy grace.

4 O may our friends, thy servants
here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heav'n appear,
The children of thy love!

997. T. 590. (802.)

O THOU, before whose Father's
face

The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the
grace

That thy angelic band
May watch my ways, and guard
my bed,

And minister to me,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

998. T. 159. (803.)

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerus'lem willingly
To suffer in our stead!

When he approach'd, the multitude
Their garments spread and branches
strew'd,

Crying 'Hosanna' to his praise,
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children join'd
the rest,

And hail'd him with a song;
With one accord his name confess'd,
Amidst the joyful throng;

With them may we unite our lays,
And, though in feeble accents, raise
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

999. T. 243. (804.)

THE holy child Jesus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to release us,
We'll worship for ever,
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his
name.

2 In liveliest manner
O let us before him
With joy sing Hosanna,
And praise and adore him;
Our childlike cries—he'll not de-
spise.

3 Come then, let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His name let us hallow,
Whose blood us releases:
O Christ, to thee—all glory be!

4 Hosanna! Hosanna!
Thou Son of king David:
Hosanna! Hosanna!

For thou hast us saved:
For ever reign—thou Lamb once
slain!

1000. T. 39. (805.)

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that
thou wast a child,
And hast us thereby unto God re-
concil'd:

We thank thee for suff'ring, and
dying in pain,
For thy being buried, and rising
again.

2 We thank thee, that thou wilt the
children permit
To offer their praises and songs at
thy feet;

That thou, Lord, dost deign their
petitions to hear,
And always to help them and save
them art near.

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Re-
deemer, and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to
the end;

O render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children for ever
may be.

1001. T. 39. (806.)

WHEREIN is for children true
bliss to be found?—

When by Jesus Christ as his sheep
they are own'd,

In him they find pasture while here
they remain,

And joys everlasting in heaven ob-
tain.

2 We sing and we hear, how our
Maker came down

To earth, and for us left his hea-
venly throne,

Assuming our nature, became a
poor child,

And us by his suff'rings to God re-
concil'd.

3 O myst'ry of godliness! wonder
of grace!

May we without ceasing adore him
and praise;

May all of us know what a Saviour
we have,

Yea love him sincerely, and in him
believe.

4 We now, with the angels, unite
to declare

The praises of him, who our sor-
rows did bear,

With hearts and with voices exalt-
ing the Lamb,

Who died on the cross our poor
souls to redeem.

1002. T. 39. (807.)

DEAR children, assembled to hear
of the Lord,

You're here to be taught by his
Spirit and word;

O think what great favors on you
are conferr'd!

A.—For this may his name by us
all be rever'd.

2 The Father in heav'n us as chil-
dren will own,

And we are beloved by Jesus, his
Son,

The Spirit of truth will instruct us
to pray,

And he will direct us throughout
our whole way.

3 Ah! should not the mercies, which
daily you prove,

Excite you our Saviour to praise
and to love?

A.—Yes, we are desirous to value
his grace,

To love and adore him, and live to
his praise.

4 O merciful Saviour, so grant it to
be,

Nor suffer us ever to wander from
thee;

We're poor little children, preserve
us, we pray,

And may we our love by obedience
display.

1003. T. 14. (808.)

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learn'd to know the Lord!

Who, through his grace, escape the
crimes

Forbidden in his word;

2 Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid

In Jesus' meritorious death;

Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence re-
mov'd,

He will their souls receive;

For they, who Jesus here have lov'd,
With him shall ever live.

1004. T. 14. (809.)

HAPPY the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace!

Who stand around his glorious
throne,

Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour, whom they lov'd
when here,

Hath wip'd their tears away;

They never more can grieve or fear,
Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view
Our Saviour's smiling face;

That face once bruis'd, in which be-
low

Men saw no comeliness.

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
(Ten thousands do the same:)

Salvation to th' immortal King!

To God and to the Lamb!

5 O that I may so favor'd be,
With them above to join:

O that, like them, I Christ may see,
And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great
High-Priest;

And when I'm here no more,

Convey me safe to endless rest,
Where thou art gone before.

1005. T. 587. (810.)

THE child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the
Lamb's guests.

2 He ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers, he's got
safe on shore.

3 His body is dead,
And in the grave laid,
But shall, again raised, to life be
convey'd.

4 The spirit is gone
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, where
we shall be soon.

5 He sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, he thence shall
remove.

6 He rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Hath happily finish'd thus early his
race.

7 For that blessed day
We earnestly pray,
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and
make no delay!

1006. T. 586. (857.)

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Crea-
tor,

Who, to redeem us by thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,

We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care,
In largest measure share;
For thine they are.

B. FOR BOYS.**1007.* T. 164. (812.)**

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Christ, your Saviour,
And to extol his saving name
In word and in behavior,

B b 2

With an obedient mind
Be to his will resign'd,
He by his blood will wash you
clean,
And free you from the pow'r of sin.

2 O might it be our hearts' delight,
Amidst his flock with pleasure
T' obey him, walk as in his sight,
And serve him in our measure;
For ev'ry thing that's good
And just flows from his blood;
A virtuous mind, chaste and un-
stain'd,
May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3 Yea, an obedient, simple mind,
Faithful in ev'ry station,
To true humility inclin'd,
And perfect resignation,
The blest effect will prove
Of that unfeigned love
To Christ, which is produc'd by
faith
In him, and his atoning death.

1008.* T. 37. (813.)

WOULD our youth grow in grace,
Wisdom, and favor;
As truly was the case
With Christ, our Saviour;
Let them continually
View him in spirit,
To them he will apply
His precious merit.

2 He who without delay
To Jesus turneth,
With confidence doth pray,
And humbly mourneth,
Doth certainly receive
(O boundless favor!)
Forgiveness of his sins
From Christ our Saviour.

3 If we, with uprightness,
'Fore him discover
Our wants, then our distress
Will soon be over;
He'll cure most graciously
Our worst diseases,
And fill us constantly
With thanks and praises.

1009. T. 23. (814.)

JESUS hath procur'd salvation
For mankind in ev'ry station:
Ev'ry youth that loves our Saviour
Imitates his chaste behavior.

2 If we, when by guilt oppress'd,
Look to Christ, our Pattern blessed,
He will graciously direct us,
And from ev'ry sin protect us.

1010. T. 79. (817.)

MIGHT we unto our Saviour
Lift up our hearts with fervor,
Each day, and pray for grace
T' obtain a true sensation
Of Jesus' great salvation,
And of our fall and sinfulness!

1011.* T. 166. (818.)

O MIGHT we all Christ's name
confess
In our whole conversation,
And each one, through our Sa-
viour's grace,
Be faithful in his station;
Might in our very looks be seen
That we, through Jesus' merit,
Are humble, steady, chaste, and
clean,
And guided by his Spirit!

1012.* T. 58. (819.)

WHAT glorious pattern for the heart
and mind,
O Jesus, doth each true believer find
In thy words and actions, and whole
behavior!
We pray thee, grant unto our youth
the favor To follow thee.

C. FOR UNMARRIED MEN.

1013. T. 590. (820.)

HOW shall a young man cleanse
his way?
By foll'wing close his word
Who once on earth a young man
was,
Jesus, our God and Lord:
His word is spirit, and is pow'r;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his sacred flesh, our drink
His blood, that healing stream.

2 We now no longer need remain
Fast bound in chains of sin;
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And by his word made clean:
Since Jesus on th' accursed cross
The pow'r of sin did quell,
When sin assaileth us, we look
To him, and soon grow well.

3 Ye chosen people of the Lord,
Which Jesus' pow'r displays,
If in obedience to his word
You're render'd clean through
grace;

His dying love be yet impress'd
More clearly on each heart!
And whether you're at work or rest,
To love him be your part!

4 Ye purchas'd souls, Christ's hap-
py flock,

Be to his will resign'd,
And gladly offer up to him
Your body, soul and mind.
O! if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who died us to redeem,
But call, who can his call with-
stand!
Who would not follow him!

1014. T. 185. (822.)

BRETHREN, 'tis but meet to ren-
der praises

To Immanuel, our Lord;
Who to bless his children never
ceases,

Since to favor they're restor'd;
'Midst a sense of our own imper-
fection,

We can magnify that free election
Of his grace, by which we stand
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2 Yes, we feel indeed our own de-
merit,

And our imperfections great;
Had we not been led by Jesus' Spi-
rit,

Never could we thus have met:
We deserv'd eternal condemnation,
But his death procur'd our salva-
tion:

And since we've experienc'd this,
We're determin'd to be his.

1015.* T. 166. (823.)

DEAR brethren, let us take to heart

The teaching of the Spirit;
He'll ev'ry grace to us impart,
Which Jesus Christ did merit:
Who, by all he hath done and said
In his humiliation,
Hath boundless blessings merited,
And sanctified our station.

1016. T. 45. (824.)

THEE God's own Son—with joy
we own

To be our dearest Brother;
Heav'n and earth do not afford
Like to thee another.

2 But, Oh! might we—such brethren be,

Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;
Might, by all we do, thy grace
Loudly be proclaimed.

1017.* T. 166. (825.)

JESUS, we now devote to thee
Our body, soul, and spirit,

Since thou to us prosperity
Impartest through thy merit.
In thought and deed we wish to be
Like thee, that each who sees us
May in us some resemblance see
Of our great Pattern, Jesus.

1018. T. 56. (826.)

BLESSED Saviour :||: with love's
sacred fire,

We entreat thee :||: all our souls
inspire:

By thy death O set us free
From sin's cruel slavery:
Then to serve thee :||: will be our
desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :||: wherewith
men are bound,

Now are broken, :||: and a help is
found;

They who gladly would be free,
May by Christ deliver'd be;
This to sinners :||: is a joyful sound.

3 Nought but blessings :||: he for
us intends,
And his mercy :||: never, never ends;
Let us look unto the cross,
Where he died to ransom us,
On that off'ring :||: faith alone de-
pends.

4 As thy chosen, :||: blood-bought
property,

We'll know nothing, :||: Lamb once
slain, but thee;
Thou shalt be our Lord and God,
Of redemption in thy blood
To all nations :||: we will testify.

1019. T. 97. (827.)

YE brethren, sav'd by Jesus' blood,
Let us prepare to serve our God,
Remember our Redeemer's toil,
Supply our lamps of faith with oil;
To him devote ourselves each day
anew

With soul and body, for they are
his due.

2 Then let us rise and serve the
Lord,

Go when he calls, proclaim the
word

Of his atonement far and near,
Count not our lives for him too
dear,

Declare to negroes, savages, and
slaves,

That Jesus' blood the vilest sinners
saves.

1020. T. 185. (828.)

TO thy brethren ever be propi-
tious,

In our hearts thy love reveal;
Grant that we may follow thee,
Lord Jesus;

Fill our souls with ardent zeal,
To proclaim to many a heathen
nation

Thy atoning death for our salva-
tion:

Grant us, Jesus, to increase
Both in number and in grace.

D. FOR GIRLS.

1021.* T. 14. (829.)

OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend
To all our tears and sighs,
And us his maidens will defend
From vain perplexities.

2 Blest Mary, with a cheerful voice,
To all around declar'd:
'In God my Saviour I rejoice,
For he my pray'r hath heard.

3 'The Lord hath highly favor'd
me;
His handmaid's low estate
He hath regarded graciously,
The poor he doth elate.'

4 Thus all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest,
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consol'd and blest.

5 We're poor and needy; but,
through grace,
His Spirit teacheth us
To look, with all our sinfulness,
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6 When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pard'ning grace we feel.

7 Most gracious Saviour! to confide
In thee, O grant us grace:
Preserve us all from self and pride,
That bane of happiness.

8 Meekness, and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

1022. T. 16. (830.)

BLESS'D are they whose medita-
tion

Is directed oft by faith
To their Saviour's incarnation,
Human life and painful death.

2 Bless'd are they, who as poor
sinners
Gain from Jesus life and grace;

Tho' they be but young beginners,
And by nature vile and base.

3 Blessed they, who live to Jesus,
Who to him their hearts devote,
Wishing to show forth his praises:
Truly blessed is their lot!

1023.* T. 168. (831.)

UNTO thee, most gracious Saviour,
We ourselves anew commend!
Look on us in grace and favor,
To our pray'rs and wants attend;
Grant us all a tender feeling
Of thy love and gracious dealing,
That our hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady
In the simple path of grace,
And when any thing seems ready
To disturb our happiness,
Lord, in mercy us deliver,
Yea, protect and keep us ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure!

1024.* T. 185. (832.)

WHEN bemoaning our undone
condition,
Weeping for redeeming grace,
We with heart-felt and sincere con-
trition,
Pant for peace and happiness,
Found alone by living faith in
Jesus,
Who was slain, from sorrow to re-
lease us,
We find then most certainly
Life, and true felicity.

2 Then, renew'd by grace, the heart
desireth
To be Jesus' property;
Yea his dying love our souls in-
spireth
Him to love most fervently;
Though we feel, that we are poor
and needy,
Yet to yield him joy we're ever
ready,
Thinking always how we may
Love unfeign'd to him display.

1025. T. 56. (833.)

O BE mindful :: of us, gracious
Lord,

'Midst our weakness :: aid to us
afford;

Human frailty well thou know'st;
We of nothing else can boast

But the blessings :: which thy
death procur'd.

2 Lord, assist us :: in the needful
hour,

In temptation :: grant us help and
pow'r:

We in thee alone confide,
In this world be thou our Guide,

Keep us humble, :: and in spirit
poor.

3 From each idol :: O deliver us,
Make us willing :: to take up our
cross;

Our diseases kindly heal,
To our hearts thy love reveal;

All besides thee :: may we count
but loss.

1026.* T. 168. (834.)

BLESSED are we, if believing
In the Lord our Righteousness,

And in lowliness receiving
From his fulness grace for grace;

When we find in him salvation,
Happiness and consolation,

And obey the Shepherd's voice,
Then we truly can rejoice.

2 Though we feel that soul and body
Are corrupt and void of good,

Yet the Lord is ever ready
To apply his cleansing blood;

With our weaknesses he beareth,
All our pray'rs he kindly heareth,

And we daily may increase
In his knowledge and in grace.

E. FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

1027.* T. 185. (835.)

WOULD you know the grace and
peace enjoyed

By a child of God, through faith;
See a virgin, who alone employed

With her Saviour and his death,

Vanity and worldly ways despiseth,
While the converse with her Lord
she prizeth,

And thus, on this side the grave,
Foretaste sweet of heav'n may
have.

2 Therefore, this be our concern
for ever,

Since we're with this knowledge
blest,

To have our eternal Bridegroom's
favor,

Then we find true peace and
rest;

But indeed it is from each ex-
pected,

That the heart be by his grace
directed,

Nor have any other aim,
Than to love the Lamb once slain.

3 Happy they who feel the healing
power

Of Christ's blood in ev'ry case!

May we follow him, and seek each
hour

To preserve ourselves through
grace;

May the virtue of our Saviour's
passion

Sanctify our walk and conversa-
tion;

We ourselves to him commend,
May his aim with us be gain'd.

1028.* T. 583. (836.)

WE virgins, who enjoy our Sa-
viour's grace,

Are happier far than words can e'er
express;

Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls,
supplies

Our wants, and soul and body
sanctifies.

2 His love produceth love; con-
strain'd thereby,

Our sole intention is to yield him
joy.

When in our hearts his love is shed
abroad,

We then, like Mary, favor find with
God,

- 3 Lord, may thy love with gratitude inspire
Our souls, and to thy name be our desire!
We thee entreat to form us to thy praise,
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.
- 4 If we thy rich forgiveness daily prove,
This will unite us, Lord, to thee in love,
O make us all devoted unto thee;
Let us thy chaste and faithful virgins be.

1029. T. 16. (837.)

HAPPY they, who oft for Jesus
Weep, from need as well as love,
They experience him propitious,
And his favor richly prove.

- 2 Happy they, who are excited
Him to follow ev'ry where,
And are with his ways delighted,
He to such is truly dear.
- 3 Happy is each virgin's station,
Whom he kindly owns as his,
And who counts his great salvation
As her highest good and bliss.
- 4 Happy, who thus find in Jesus
All their wishes satisfied:
Ah! to them how dear and precious
Is that Friend, who for us died!

1030. T. 16. (838.)

BLEST are they, who human nature
Feel as vile, corrupt and base,
But that ev'ry fallen creature
May be heal'd by Jesus' grace.

2 Mourning souls are truly blessed,
They that seek will surely find;
Jesus comforts the distressed,
To the contrite he is kind.

3 Christ the Bread, that came from heaven,
Doth the hungry soul revive,
Unto those who thirst, is given
Water from the well of life.

- 4 Blest are they, who through his favor,
Here in heart are purified;
They shall there behold their Saviour
Who by faith in him abide.
- 5 Blest are they, who in his merits
Have a share, tho' here despis'd,
All is theirs; what flesh inherits
They renounce, he's only priz'd.
- 6 Blest are they, who, foll'wing Jesus,
Virgins are in deed and truth;
They have cause to give him praises;
Both the aged and the youth.

1031. T. 79.

THE Bridegroom of our souls we praise,
To him our grateful songs we raise,
That, freed from this world's thrall,
His purpose is, that sanctified
Throughout, we may in him abide,
With joy to him devote our all.

2 Would we for those things only care,
Which are the Lord's, O let us bear
In mind the promise giv'n:
'Bless'd are the pure in heart, for they
Shall live with me in endless day,
And shall behold my face in heav'n.'

3 The purity our God requires,
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,
And ev'ry subtle wile,
By which the world the soul ensnares;
Or those the tempter's art prepares,
The weak and careless to beguile.

4 May happy Mary's better part
Be the fix'd choice of ev'ry heart,
At Jesus' feet to dwell,
To ponder there upon his love,
And in that meditation prove,
Joy, heav'nly, great, unspeakable.

5 Let us stand ready, let each light,
Trim'd carefully, burn clear and
bright,

Each lamp be well supplied;
May we, by faith, so walk below,
That all the friends of Christ may
know,
We live to Him, who for us died.

1032. T. 56. (840.)

WE, O Jesus, :: claim thy special
care,

Lord, preserve us :: from each
hurtful snare;

May our hearts and senses be
Fix'd, in true simplicity,
On the suff'rings :: thou for us
didst bear.

2 Us deliver :: from the world and
sin,

Let thy Spirit :: rule alone within,
Ev'ry vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :: by thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :: may we firmly
stand,

Ever watchful :: as thou dost com-
mand;

Without thee we nought can do,
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :: by thy mighty hand.

4 Fix thy temple :: Saviour! in
each breast,

Undisturbed :: be our peace and
rest!

Let us on thy merits feed,
In the path of grace proceed,
Be, in union :: with thee, ever
blest.

1033. T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises
To your faithful cov'nant God,
For the undeserved mercies,
Freely upon you bestow'd:

Salem's daughters ::
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the mighty, He the holy,
From their seats puts down the
proud,

While he lifts on high the lowly,

Fills the hungry soul with good;

He regardeth ::
His handmaidens' low estate.

3 He his mercy doth remember,
This all they who fear him prove:
Are we not of that blest number,
Who are objects of his love?
Hallelujah! ::

He for us great things hath done.

1034. T. 22. (843.)

THOU Bridegroom of the soul!
behold

This part of thy beloved fold,
Thy virgins, who before thee met,
Here to perceive thy presence wait.

2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
And let the sanctifying grace
Which flows from thy humanity,
Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3 O may we feel thy healing pow'r
And influence, ev'ry day and hour;
Thus all thy mercies which we
prove,
Will us excite to praise and love.

F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

1035. T. 71.

O PRECIOUS thoughts of peace!
O undeserved grace,
That our Creator,
By love constrained, gave
Himself, that he might save
His rebel creature.

2 The church, his ransom'd bride,
By him who for her died
Is much esteemed:
Unfeigned love in her,
Doth to that Friend appear,
Who her redeemed.

3 O might this myst'ry great
Be in our marriage state
By our behavior
Exemplified; and we
Be truly one in thee,
Our Head and Saviour.

1036. T. 22. (844.)

LORD, who ordain'dst the marriage
state,

When thou didst man at first create,
Thou, who thy body's Saviour art,
To all of us thy grace impart.

2 The husbands sanctify and bless,
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,

Teach them thy Spirit to obey
In all they do, we humbly pray.

3 Unto the wives that grace dis-
pense,

To cleave to thee with confidence,
Grant they may love thee fervently,
And walk in true humility.

4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,
To train our children, gracious Lord,
That in thy knowledge they may
grow,

Themselves and thee, their Saviour,
know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each married
pair

In all their walk thy praise declare;
O may their rule in all things be,
The union of thy church with thee.

1037. T. 159. (845.)

THE love which Jesus Christ dis-
plays

Towards the church his bride,
None can describe, it far outweighs
All other love beside:

Believing husbands are to prove,
By holy and unfeigned love
Towards their wives, that they in-
deed

Resemble Christ our Head.

2 The Church submits to Christ,
her Lord;

'Thy will be done,' we pray:

This teacheth wives, who love
God's word,

With meekness to obey;

Adorned with humility
They aid their husbands willingly;
Are clothed with the beauteous
dress

Of Jesus' righteousness.

3 To thee our vows with sweet ac-
cord,

Head of thy church, we pay:

We and our house will serve thee,
Lord,

Thy word we will obey:

Grant us and all our children grace,
In word and deed thy name to
praise,

Yea, in each family, thy will,
And purpose to fulfil.

1038. T. 590. (846.)

WE humbly thee adore, O Lord,
For thy unbounded grace;

Astonish'd, in thy sacred word
Thy love divine we trace:

Thou hast the Church in love re-
deem'd,

Thou gav'st thyself for us;

We know we are by thee esteem'd,
When we behold thy cross.

2 The Holy Spirit hath reveal'd
To us this myst'ry great,

That Christ hath chosen, hallow'd,
seal'd

Himself the marriage state,

Him and his church to represent,
By love and unity;

Lord, may we ever be intent
On wholly foll'wing thee!

3 Grant unto ev'ry married pair,
By chaste, unfeigned love,

By meekness, patience, faith and
pray'r,

And all we do, to prove

That we, united unto thee,
Are truly one in heart;

Thus we shall live eternally
With thee, and never part.

1039. T. 205.

JESUS, lead each married pair
In the paths of righteousness:

For thy service us prepare,

May we walk in truth and grace:

By the virtue of thy blood
Consecrate us priests to God,

That our marriage covenant
Thee and thy church represent.

2 Be the carnal mind subdu'd,
All into subjection brought;
Purified, in heart renew'd,
By thy Holy Spirit taught,
May we more and more improve
In the lessons of thy love,
And unto our family
Edifying patterns be.

1040. T. 341. (849.)

FOUNTAIN of life and light,
Sole Well-spring of delight!
Jesus, let thy blessings flow
Upon ev'ry married pair,
May we in thy knowledge grow,
Fruit unto thy honor bear.

2 O may our marriage state,
In duties small and great,
In relations far and near,
In its trials numberless,
In all cases whatsoever,
Serve Christ's holy name to
bless.

3 May we, by Jesus' love
Constrained, clearly prove,
That we are his flock indeed,
Living branches in the Vine,
Heav'nly plants, a holy seed,
Lights, who in Christ's image
shine.

1041. T. 16. (850.)

HEAD of thy blest congregation,
Look on ev'ry married pair,
Be our strength and our salvation,
Keep us from all needless care.

2 For our sake, most gracious Sa-
viour,
Thou thy life and blood hast
spent;
May we now in our behavior
Thee and thy church represent.

3 No spoil'd creature had been
able
E'er to guide his steps aright
In this state so venerable,
Or to act as in thy sight;

C c

4 Hadst thou not life and salva-
tion
By thy suff'rings for us gain'd,
And thereby sanctification
For the marriage state obtain'd.

5 Bless, O Lord, thy married peo-
ple,
In thy blood, O wash us clean;
Help us, for we're weak and feeble,
And preserve us from all sin.

1042.* T. 9. (852.)

LOOK on ev'ry married pair,
Jesus! with compassion,
Grant that each may richly share
In thy great salvation.

2 Be thou with us, then indeed
We shall lack no blessing,
But with thee, O Christ, proceed
To meet joys unceasing.

3 O may we in all we do
Follow thy direction;
We commend ourselves anew
To thy kind protection.

4 Let our children, gracious Lord,
Share with us thy favor,
Grant they may be a reward
Of thy death for ever.

1043. T. 22. (853.)

O LORD, who number'st all our
days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In whom we live, and move, and
are,
Who know'st our wants, and hear-
est pray'r;

2 To this thy handmaid grant thy
peace,
Who comes to offer thanks and
praise
To thee, her faithful cov'nant-God,
For the support thou hast bestow'd.

3 Thy pow'rful aid thou, gracious
Lord,
In travail didst to her afford;
Her sorrows now are turn'd to
praise,
Her sighs and tears to grateful lays.

4 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep!
Both child and mother bless and
keep,

May they enjoy in their degree
The fruits of thy humanity.

5 Endow the parents with thy love,
And give them wisdom from above
To educate this child for thee,
As thy redeemed property.

6 Grant us, and all our children,
grace,

So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heav'n may meet, and
sing

Eternal praise to thee, our King.

1044. T. 581. (854.)

PARENTS, weigh before the Lord
The importance of your state;
Learn from his most holy word,
Your whole walk to regulate,
That each to his family
May a blessed pattern be!

2 All your children are his own,
He hath bought them with his
blood!

Unto him their souls are known,
Full of sin and void of good!
Yet he saith most graciously,
'Suffer them to come to me!'

3 'Tis by you they should be led
In the way that leads to bliss;
Grace is not inherited

As a worldly fortune is,
'Tis free mercy, we must own,
And the gift of God alone.

4 In this vain and wretched world
Children are expos'd and tried;
Many are to ruin hurl'd,

Few in Jesus Christ abide;
And no human prudence can
Save the soul of fallen man.

5 Here's a task, may parents think,
Far beyond the reach of art;
But let not your courage sink,
Grace and wisdom he'll impart:
Your sincere endeavours bless,
Hear your pray'rs, and grant suc-
cess.

6 Hear, O Lord, a parent's pray'r,
Let my tears prevail 'fore thee!
How should I in heav'n appear,
If my child were not with me!
Therefore thou my steps direct,
Lest my duty I neglect.

7 In thy grace my children keep,
That when once, on that great
day,

Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,
I may gladly to thee say:

'Here am I, through mercy free,
And each child thou gavest me!'

1045. T. 166. (855.)

OUR children, gracious Lord and
God,

With fervor we to thee com-
mend:

Thou hast redeem'd them by thy
blood,

They are by thee to bliss ordain'd.
Kind Shepherd, take each little
lamb

Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know thy saving
name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with care and faithful-
ness,

May lead them thee, our Lord, to
know,

T' obey thy word, and seek thy
face.

Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,

Our children so to educate
That they may love and follow
thee.

1046. T. 83. (856.)

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and pray'rs,
When for them before thee
weeping;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

1047. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,
 A consecrated house to thee;
 May we by word, and by example
 To all around us patterns be:
 To ev'ry husband grant that blessing
 To lift up holy hands unceasing;
 And to the wives give grace,
 Array'd in lowliness,
 Thy name to praise.

G. FOR WIDOWERS.**1048. T. 22. (858.)**

IN God, the mighty Lord of hosts,
 A happy wid'wer gladly boasts;
 No trials need oppress the mind,
 For we in Christ may comfort find.

2 Whene'er by faith our Lord we
 see
 Clothed with frail humanity,
 Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,
 This doth alleviate all distress.

3 He is our Saviour and High-
 Priest,
 Who, when we suffer in the least,
 Sustains us by his pow'r and grace,
 And in each hard and trying case.

4 Yea, he supports us ev'ry day,
 He is our Comfort, Help and Stay;
 We'll trust his boundless love and
 pow'r
 Until our happy dying hour.

1049.* T. 22. (859.)

JESUS, accept the thanks and
 praise,
 We wid'wers offer for the grace
 Which thou so richly hast display'd
 Unto us, as the church's Head.

2 Grant that we all, with heart and
 voice,
 In thee, our Saviour, may rejoice;
 Let us, in our sabbatic state,
 The joys of heav'n anticipate.

3 Fill us with peace, and joy and
 love,
 And our support in trials prove;
 When weaknesses of age appear,
 Keep thou our mind and senses
 clear.

4 This be our aim on earth, thy will
 To seek in all things to fulfil;
 And, when thou call'st, prepar'd to
 be

To leave this world and go to thee.

5 Then, at the end of all distress,
 We shall depart to thee in peace:
 Meanwhile thy coming we await,
 Like Simeon, ready thee to meet.

1050. T. 14. (860.)

JESUS, our Helper in all need,
 And comfort in distress,
 Thou art the wid'wer's only Stay
 And Hope in loneliness.

2 A foretaste of eternal joys,
 O Lord, to us dispense,
 And 'midst our weakness bear us up,
 Till we are called hence.

1051. T. 167. (861.)

THEY who for true consolation,
 Like old Simeon, humbly wait,
 Shall behold the Lord's salvation,
 Then their joy will be complete:
 May we follow his example,
 Trusting in God's promises,
 Wait for Jesus in his temple,
 Daily offer pray'r and praise.

1052. T. 11. (862.)

ON our God we will rely;
 Boldly unto him draw nigh;
 And the Lord our Righteousness
 Both with hearts and voices bless.

2 We can from experience trace,
 That, in ev'ry trying case,
 Jesus truly can impart
 Joy and comfort to the heart.

3 May we fix the eye of faith
 On our Lord's atoning death,
 Till we shall in heav'nly bliss
 See our Saviour as he is,

H. FOR WIDOWS.

1053. T. 22. (863.)

'TIS true, the lonely widow'd state
With various trials is replete,
But Christ, the widow's faithful
Friend,

Will guide us safely to the end.

2 He saith to us repeatedly:
'Cast all your burden upon me,
For I in all things kindly care
For you, and in your troubles share.'

3 Therefore whate'er our trials be,
Or weaknesses, or poverty,
Sickness of body, soul's distress,
Or sorrows which we can't express:

4 Our comfort is, that he doth
feel

Whene'er his needy children ail;
He sympathizeth with the weak,
Relieves the poor, and heals the
sick.

5 He graciously regards our pray'rs,
And counteth all our sighs and
tears;

Afflictions, whether small or great,
His comforts can alleviate.

6 Might we, like Anna, persevere,
By day and night, in constant pray'r,
And thus for his appearing wait,
In joyful hope the Lord to meet.

1054.* T. 22. (864.)

GOD will the widows ne'er for-
sake,

To him we may our refuge take,
And on his care and faithfulness
Our whole dependence firmly place.

2 A widow, who her son belov'd
With tears bemoan'd, his pity
mov'd;

His mother he did recommend,
When on the cross, to John, his
friend.

3 Widows are objects of his care,
Since scripture plainly doth declare,
That to the church this charge he
gave,
Widows to honor and relieve.

4 To Christ O may we closely
cleave,

And in communion with him live;
To love the Lord, be our first care,
The next, to serve his people here.

5 Till we, who here must often
weep,

In heav'n eternal joys shall reap;
Till he shall say to us, 'Ye blest,
Enter into my joy and rest.'

1055. T. 185. (865.)

WE with joy confess, beloved Sa-
viour,

Thee, the widow's special Friend;
We are objects of thy love and fa-
vor:

Thou on us thy life didst spend;
Thou with more than husband's
love dost lead us,
Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily
feed us;

All our wants thou dost supply;
Thus our cruise is never dry.

2 Thou hast promis'd for our con-
solation,

That we shall not come behind
In the gifts, which to thy congrega-
tion

Thou dispensest, of each kind;
May we, to thy service dedicated,
And for thee our Bridegroom de-
corated,

For thy blest appearing wait;
Then our bliss will be complete.

1056. T. 74. (866.)

CHRIST is the widow's Friend,
Our cause he doth defend,
All our complaints he hears,
And listens to our pray'rs.
His care and faithfulness
We prove in ev'ry case.

2 The feeble he makes strong,
With us he beareth long,
On him the weak can lean,
The youthful he keeps clean;
Each may in him confide,
Whate'er may her betide.

1057. T. 121. (868.)

BEFORE thee we appear,
 Lord Jesus, hear our pray'r:
 Fill our hearts with gladness,
 O wipe away each tear,
 Dispelling all our sadness;
 Make thy face to shine
 On us, we are thine.

1058. T. 74. (867.)

O LORD, the widow's Friend,
 To us thy Spirit send!
 Be in our husbands' place,
 Revive us with thy grace,
 Give us whate'er we need
 Widows to be indeed.

1059. T. 184. (869.)

THOU art our comfort, blessed
 Jesus,
 To thee by faith O may we cleave!
 For all thy mercies give thee praises,
 In happy union with thee live!
 Whene'er we call, thou, Lord, wilt
 hear us,
 And blessings on us all bestow,
 Yea for that awful time prepare us,
 When we in peace to thee shall
 go.

2 The needy share thy consolation,
 The poor are objects of thy love,
 Thou on the weakly hast compas-
 sion,
 Thy sure support the aged prove:
 Thou helpest us in our distresses,
 Supplying kindly all our wants;
 We'll cast each burden that op-
 presses
 On thee, who hearest our com-
 plaints.

1060. T. 168. (870.)

'MIDST the trials we experience,
 Let us not give way to fears,
 But possess our souls in patience,
 While here in this vale of tears;
 Wean'd thereby from things ter-
 restrial,
 Let us look for joys celestial,
 Waiting for that time, when we
 From all sorrow shall be free.
 2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
 Is our pledge of joys to come,
 Of the bliss we shall inherit
 When above with Christ at home;
 O! this blessed meditation
 Yields us solid consolation,
 That we shall, when time is o'er,
 With the Lord be evermore.

XXXVIII. *Hymns for various Occasions.*

A. FOR THE NEW YEAR.

1061.* T. 10. (871.)

YEAR after year commenceth,
 And, as our life advanceth,
 We, strength from Christ deriving,
 Each year by faith are thriving.

2 As, in tempestuous weather,
 A kind and tender mother
 Her babe from harm protecteth,
 And safely home conducteth;

3 So shelters Christ our Saviour
 His children by his favor,
 And proves in each temptation
 Their refuge and salvation.

4 Lord, grant thy benediction
 To ev'ry thought and action;
 On youth and age declining,
 Thou Sun of grace be shining.

5 O keep our souls and senses
 Under the influences
 Of thy most Holy Spirit,
 Until we heav'n inherit.

6 O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us savor
In this new year thy favor.

1062. T. 585. (1104.)

WHILE successive years are
wasting,

Still our God abides the same;
All his words are everlasting,
All his works his love proclaim;
Men and angels :||:
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2 Out of love he man created,
And ordain'd him God's delight,
Nor was this his love abated,
When man lost God's image
bright;
Then compassion :||:
Brought redemption's plan to
light.

3 Here is love divine pourtrayed,
So that man the lines may trace,
See, O man, God's love displayed
In thy Saviour's marred face;
Wouldst thou praise him :||:
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4 Bear in mind, how Jesus suffer'd,
He the righteous, for th' unjust,
How his sinless soul he offer'd,
Unto God for sinful dust;
Love thus triumph'd :||:
Mighty now to save the lost.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood,
Now all enmity is ended,
Man is reconcil'd to God;
All the ruin :||:
Of his fall is now made good.

6 We shall see our Lord returning,
Then the sav'd their heads shall
raise,
He will change their grief and
mourning
Into notes of endless praise;
As Jehovah :||:
Ev'ry tongue will him confess,

7 Sing with glad anticipation,
Mortals and immortals, sing,
Jesus comes with full salvation,
Jesus doth his glory bring;
Hallelujah! :||:
Lord of hosts, of kings the King!

1063. T. 14. (872.)

AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments
run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Now a new scene of time begins,
Pursue the way to heav'n;
Seek pardon of thy former sins,
By Christ it will be giv'n.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
Unwearied walk the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1064.* T. 167. (1073.)

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's
blessing

Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking: 'are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
'Than we were in seasons past?'

2 Great defects are still revealed;
Short we fall of his blest aim;
Then the conscious soul is filled
With a deep, but wholesome
shame;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading
 In times past, we humbly raise
 Our thanksgiving, thus proceeding
 Onward in the path of grace;
 While another year we enter,
 We renew our vows of love,
 All for thee resolv'd to venture,
 Our benign Conductor prove!

1065. T. 166. (874.)

LORD Jesus, 'midst thy flock ap-
 pear,
 Thy ransom'd congregation bless;
 We're met to close another year,
 Accept the thanks our hearts ex-
 press;
 We are not able to record
 The boundless favors we have
 prov'd,
 They show that we, most gracious
 Lord,
 'Midst our defects, by thee are
 lov'd.

1066. T. 97. (873.)

WHO can rehearse, most gracious
 Lord,
 The mercy which thou dost afford
 Unto thy people ev'ry year?
 We thy poor congregation here
 Desire to thank and praise thee
 evermore,
 And humbly in the dust thy name
 adore.

2 For we, unworthy as we are,
 Enjoy'd thy faithful Shepherd's
 care;
 Thou always comfort didst impart
 To ev'ry needy contrite heart;
 Thou didst to us thy dying love dis-
 play,
 And wast our help and refuge ev'ry
 day.

3 The hearing of thy precious word,
 Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,
 Have cheer'd our hearts abundant-
 ly,
 When met in fellowship 'fore thee:
 But, O what blessings were on us
 bestow'd,
 When we enjoy'd thy body and thy
 blood!

4 Lord Jesus, we would fain ex-
 press
 To thee our cordial thankfulness
 For all thy boundless love and
 grace;
 But how imperfect are our lays!
 O take our hearts, to thee ourselves
 we give,
 In future more unto thy praise to
 live.

1067. T. 184. (1178. 875.)

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,
 The sacrifice of praise and pray'r:
 Upon thy gracious invitation
 Unto thy altars we repair:
 Thou bidst us come: all things are
 ready,
 The treasure of thy boundless
 grace
 Is open to the poor and needy,
 They ne'er go empty from thy
 face.

2 Thee we approach, most gra-
 cious Saviour!
 We pray thee, mark our sighs
 and tears,
 Accept our thanks for all thy favor,
 Bestow'd on us these many
 years;
 We conscious are of our trans-
 gression,
 Ah! cleanse us with thy pre-
 cious blood,
 Seal with thy pardon our confes-
 sion,
 Thine are we, and thou art our
 God.

3 Thou God of mercy! thy salva-
 tion
 Remain'd throughout this year
 our stay;
 Thy care of us, thy congregation,
 Was manifested ev'ry day:
 Yea, even trials and affliction
 Prov'd thee our gracious God
 and Lord:
 In all we felt thy benediction:
 Thee we now praise with one ac-
 cord!

4 O gracious Lord, thy name be
blessed

By us, for all thy proofs of grace!
For all the gifts by us possessed;
Thou crownest all our years and
days.

Though we with deep humiliation
Own, that we basely thee re-
quite:

Yet will we joy in thy salvation,
Thou art our Lord, and Help,
and Light.

1068. T. 595. (876.)

LET hearts and tongues unite
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant
tongue
To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die;
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Though strangers to his love and
truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6 E'er since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen!

7 Now through another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our *Ebenezer here,
'The Lord hath help'd thus far.'

8 Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou say'st, 'Leave all to me.'

* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

**B. MORNING AND EVENING
HYMNS.**

1069. T. 22. (877.)

AWAKE, my soul, and with the
sun

Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy former mispent time re-
deem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Thy conversation be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day
clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and
ways.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath
kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I
slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death
shall wake,
I may of heav'nly bliss partake.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their
might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all bless-
ings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here be-
low!
Praise him above, ye heav'nly
host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost!

1070.* T. 10. (878.)

MY soul, awake and render
To God, thy great Defender,
Thy pray'r and adoration
For his kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour!
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning sacrifices.

3 Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious,
Grant me thy kind protection
From ev'ry sin's infection.

4 Bless ev'ry thought and action;
Afford me thy direction;
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be thou my only treasure,
Fulfil in me thy pleasure,
May I in ev'ry station,
Give thee due adoration.

1071. T. 26. (881.)

THAT favor grant to us, O Lord,
That we maintain our part in thee,
Unto thy voice attentive be,
And seek instruction in thy word.

2 Tho' often of encumb'ring care,
With busy Martha, we complain;
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain
In Mary's happy lot a share.

1072.* T. 79. (882.)

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing
Attend me without ceasing:
Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordain'd.

1073. T. 22. (879.)

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have
me do,
Suggest whate'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength con-
fide;

Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all, from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind Protector ever prove;
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

1074. T. 582. (880.)

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to view;
And what I do in any thing,
For thee alone to do.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,
Ev'n servile labors shine;
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

1075.* T. 89. (883.)

GOD, omnipotent Creator,
Who mad'st all things by thy
might,
Rulest ev'ry thing in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy pow'r alone dost guide:

2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word!
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand;
Strengthen'd by thy pow'rful merit,
Let me follow thy command:
Thou my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thy own.

1076. T. 79. (884.)

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee,
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant;
To me th' enjoyment of thy love
Than life itself doth dearer prove;
Renewed strength from thee I
want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my
mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to
find,

And when I wake at night:
Since thou to me dost succor bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

1077. T. 14. (885.)

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-
Star,
And thou my rising Sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me
shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercies
mine,
And whispers I am his.

1078.* T. 22. (887.)

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night be near to thee,
Both when I close at night my eyes,
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life and
light,
I wish to love thee day and night;
Preserve my steps and guide my
ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

1079.* T. 14. (886.)

LORD, in the morning when I rise,
Accept my humble praise:
And when at night I close mine
eyes,
Grant me thy pard'ning grace.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, who is like
thee!
Thou art, both day and night,
The Source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

3 Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy
love,
And great fidelity,
O may I truly thankful prove
To all eternity.

1080. T. 106. (888.)

O JESUS, may our whole beha-
vior
Rejoice thine heart and please
thine eyes;
In thy communion, gracious Sa-
viour,
May we retire to rest, and rise;
Be present with us constantly,
Then shall we sleep, and wake, to
thee.

1081.* T. 79. (889.)

IN lying down to take my rest,
In rising, and in being drest,
In all I think or do,
In eating, drinking, on the way,
In sickness, and in health, I pray,
Thy blessing, Lord, on me be-
stow.

1082.* T. 36. (890.)

LORD Jesus, through all temp'ral
variation,
Thy loving kindness be my conso-
lation,
By night and day, whene'er I rest
am taking,
Or when I'm waking.

1083.* T. 22. (891.)

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend;

To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
And thee for ev'ry mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware:
Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare;

O Christ, our souls from guilt acquit,
Take us into thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,

Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship,
Thus under thy protection blest
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

1084. T. 14. (892.)

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest:

O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast!

2 This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode,

I gladly would myself divest
Of ev'ry thing but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend

In fellowship above;
Would hold communion with my

Lord,
And feast upon his love.

4 Dead to the world, when I'm asleep,

I'd be alive to God;
My soul would rest at peace with him

Who bought me with his blood.

5 O may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,

With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my Guest.

1085. T. 22. (893.)

THE hours' decline and setting sun
Show, that my course this day is run;

The evening shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,

And who his own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I thee this day did grieve,

O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And, with a mind from trouble freed,

Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

1086. T. 22. (894.)

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,

For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,

Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Lord, for the sake of thy dear Son,

Forgive the ill that I 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
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,

Sleep that may me more vig'rous make

To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

1087. T. 14. (895.)

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promis'd rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1088.* T. 165. (896.)

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord!
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction,
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies thou hast shown;
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above,
And bestow on me the favor
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan:
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

1089.* T. 164. (897.)

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under thy protection keep,
Let me enjoy thy favor!
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If thou to me art near;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also doth with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse beats
My spirit would embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats
May I adore and praise thee;
Thus I can go to rest
In thy communion blest,
United unto thee by faith;
Thou art my joy, in life and death.

1090. T. 157. (898.)

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry favor,
Which my God—hath bestow'd,
I will bless my Saviour:
O my Lord! what shall I render
Unto thee?—Thou shalt be
This night my Defender.

2 Thou my Rock, my Strength and Tower!
While I sleep,—deign to keep
Watch from hour to hour;
Visit me with thy salvation;
Be thou near,—that thy care,
Guard my habitation.

1091. T. 14. (899.)

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace divine,
Unto thy cross I flee,
And to thy care my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

2 Besprinkled with thy precious blood
May I lie down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

1092. T. 14. (900.)

CHRIST'S precious blood, which
from each vein
Our sin and curse forth press'd,
When overwhelm'd with grief and
pain,
His soul was sore amaz'd;
2 May that refresh us while we
sleep,
And sanctify our rest,
And while we dream our spirit
keep
With him in union blest.

1093. T. 79. (901.)

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day,
Turn in, my Lord, with me;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take,
Thus day and night I spend with
thee.

1094.* T. 79. (902.)

TO rest I now again retire,
Thou know'st thy presence I desire,
Of thee I wish to dream;
Still near to thee by faith to keep,
And taste thy goodness while I
sleep,
Who didst my soul with blood
redeem.

1095.* T. 68. (903.)

JESUS, hear our pray'r,
For thy children care;
While we sleep, protect and bless
us,
With thy pardon now refresh us;
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

CRADLE HYMNS.

1096. T. 16. (904.)

HUSH, dear child, lie still and
slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly blessings without num-
ber
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and
raiment,
House and home, thy friends pro-
vide,
All without thy care and pay-
ment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

D d

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour
lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

5 Was there nothing but a man-
ger
Fallen sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly Stranger,
Did they thus neglect our Lord?

6 See the joyful shepherds round
him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they
found him,
With his virgin-mother by.

7 'Twas to save thee, child, from
dying,
That thy blest Redeemer came;
He by groans and bitter crying
Saved thee from burning flame.

8 May'st thou live to know and fear
him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

1097.* T. 22. (905.)

SLEEP well, dear child! sleep
safe and sound,
The holy angels thee surround,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber nights nor
days.

2 God fill thee with his heav'nly
light,
To steer thy christian course aright;
Make thee a tree of blessed root,
That ever bends with godly fruit.

3 Those children are to God most
dear,
Who him, with rev'rence, love and
fear;
And infants are by Jesus Christ
Most kindly bless'd, and highly
priz'd.

4 Are not the joys of God above
Giv'n to the children of his love?
He who desires to see his face,
Must here become a child of grace.

5 Be thou, dear child, in thy de-
gree

Like Jesus, in his infancy:
He soon did ev'ry grace display,
Tho' he was God, he learnt t'obey.

6 He hath, by all he did and said,
For thee rich blessings merited;
'Twas thine entailed misery
Made him become a child like thee.

7 If thou partakest of his grace,
Thou wilt enjoy that happiness,
Which our incarnate God regain'd
For all whom Adam's sin had
stain'd.

8 Soon in this world will finish'd be
The task God may design for thee;
May'st thou, when this short life is
o'er,

With Jesus live for evermore.

9 Sleep now, dear child, and take
thy rest;

If thou with riper years art blest,
Increase in wisdom and in grace,
Till thou shalt see thy Saviour's
face.

C. BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

1098. T. 14. (906.)

THEE we address in humble
pray'r,

Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy thy saving grace,
Thy goodness taste and see,
Athirst for blood-bought righteous-
ness,
And hungry after thee.

1099.* T. 10. (907.)

TO God the Lord be praises
For all the gifts and graces
He hath to us dispensed,
E'er since our lives commenced.

2 No blessing he denieth,
Us all with food supplieth,
Grants us his preservation
In ev'ry age and station.

1100. T. 90. (908.)

THOU sov'reign Author of all
good,

Whose providence for all doth
care,

Giver of life, of health, and food,
Be present with thy children here,

And to our use O sanctify
The gifts thy bounty doth supply.

2 All creatures, Lord, on thee de-
pend,

And by thy pow'r and bounty
live;

May we each blessing thou dost
send

With truly grateful hearts receive,
In ev'ry gift thou dost dispense

Admiring thy wise providence.

3 We can't thy boundless mercies
share,

And thee, the Spring of life, for-
get;

For all thy goodness, love and care,
Our thanks we offer at thy feet.

Lord, may we always taste thy
grace,

Until we end our mortal race.

1101. T. 595. (909.)

SURE God is present here,
His gifts demand our praise;
The present instance of his care
Speaks him a God of grace.

2 In him we live and move,
In him our being have;
We thank thee, Jesus, Source of
love,
Who cam'st our souls to save.

1102. T. 11. (910.)

JESUS' mercies never fail,
This we prove at ev'ry meal;
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too:
But no gift can to the heart
Be, what thou our Saviour art.

3 Praise our God! it is but just,
He hath rais'd us from the dust,
Gave us being, gave us breath,
Saves us from eternal death.

1103. T. 79. (911.)

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour,
Is due for ev'ry favor,
Ev'n for my daily food!
Each crumb thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

1104. T. 22. (912.)

BE present at our table, Lord!
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd;
From thy all-bounteous hand our
food
May we receive with gratitude.

2 We humbly thank thee, Lord our
God,
For all thy gifts on us bestow'd;
And pray thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we
want.

1105. T. 22. (913.)

LORD, bless what thou provided
hast!

Give grace, that we at this repast
May have, in all we think or do,
The glory of our God in view.

2 Thy name be hallow'd evermore,
O God, thy kingdom come with
pow'r,
Thy will be done, and ev'ry day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

3 Lord, evermore to us be giv'n
That living Bread which came from
heav'n;
Water of life on us bestow,
Which doth from thee, the Foun-
tain, flow!

D. FOR TRAVELLERS.

1106. T. 79. (914.)

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I
With thy command, O Lord, com-
ply,

I go where thou dost send:
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;
Open my lips to sing thy praise,
For blessings freely giv'n;
In all my journies here below
Let thy kind presence with me go;
Yea, grant me once to rest in
heav'n.

1107. T. 79. (915.)

THE Lord be with me ev'ry where,
And screen me with paternal care
By his almighty arm.

No trav'ller needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all
harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and
day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar:
Bring me, when ev'ry peril's past,
Safe to the destin'd place at last,
There to extol thy help and pow'r.

1108. T. 157. (916.)

JESUS, thou art my salvation!
Bow thine ear,—hear my pray'r,
Grant my supplication:
Lo! thou seest me here a stranger;
Unto me—gracious be;
Lord, avert all danger.

2 In distress be thou my Saviour;
Hear my pray'rs,—see my tears,
Show thy servant favor,
Thro' life's journey safely lead me;
Guide my way,—lest I stray
From the hand that made me.

1109.* T. 22. (917.)

LORD, in thy name we go our way;
Be thou our Guide, Support and
Stay,
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
Where'er we go, by sea or land.

1110.* T. 26. (918.)

LORD, let thy presence with us go,
Throughout our journey us direct,
Thy angels guard us and protect,
Yea, prosper thou whate'er we do.

1111. T. 583. (919.)

PRESERVE this ship and com-
pany, O Lord,
And thy protecting aid to them af-
ford;
Be their support when waves and
tempests roar,
And bring them safely to their
destin'd shore.

1112.* T. 97. (920.)

WHEN Jesus calls, we ready stand,
Our future life is in his hand;
Though separated for a time,
We yet continue one in him;
And therefore, while we part, need
not complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

1113. T. 14. (921.)

BLESS'D be that sacred cov'nant
love,

Uniting, though we part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else es-
teem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor
place,
Nor life nor death can part
Those, who enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.

5 Soon will he wipe off ev'ry tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all, who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

E. FOR THE SICK.**1114. T. 166. (922.)**

WHEN pining sickness wastes the
frame,
Acute disease or weak'ning pain;
When life fast spends its feeble
flame,
And all the help of man proves
vain;
Joyless and flat all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the
flesh,
No med'cines ease, nor cordials
cheer,
Food can't support, nor sleep re-
fresh;

2 Then, then to have recourse to
God,

To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a Friend indeed.
And this, O christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith,
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3 When flesh decays, when vigor
fails,
He will thy strength and portion
be;

Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, 'trust in me.'
Himself will be thy helping Friend,
Thy good Physician, yea thy
Nurse,

*To make thy bed will condescend,
And from affliction take the curse.

1115. T. 22. (923.)

THOUGH I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heav'nly comfort gain;
And, should I die, I'm not afraid,
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd.

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,
Nor ask, tho' sick, to be releas'd;
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

1116. T. 22. (924.)

MY body's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with sickness, and with sin;
My strength decays, my spirits
droop,

Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look
up.

2 To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst
die

For guilty sinners, such as I.

3 Sin's rankling sores my soul cor-
rode,

Oh, heal them with thy precious
blood;

And if thou wilt my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

1117. T. 22. (925.)

OH, how I long to go and see
The Lamb of God, who died for me;
How do I languish, night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!

2 He loves and values me; I him;
Therefore I all things dross esteem
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain
To be releas'd from all my pain,

4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels
charge

To set my longing soul at large:
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5 My loving friends, farewell, fare-
well,

I go with Jesus Christ to dwell,
Welcome, my heav'nly country now,
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

**F. CONCERNING THE HOLY
ANGELS.**

1118.* T. 22. (926.)

TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks and praise;
He makes his love and wisdom
known

By angels who surround his throne.

2 The angels, whom his breath in-
spires,

His ministers, are flaming fires,
With joy they in his service move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3 With gladness they obey his will,
And all his purposes fulfil;
All those who Jesus' children are,
Are special objects of his care.

4 Our God defends us day by day
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who for ever keep
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless thee all our
days,

Our souls shall glory in thy grace:
Thy praise shall dwell upon our
tongues,

All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heav'nly
host

Be guardians of our land and coast,
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of
grace,

That we may lead a life of peace.

1119. T. 22. (927.)

NOW let us join our hearts and
tongues,

And emulate the angels' songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once
was slain,

But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, 'He suffer'd thus:'
But, that 'He suffer'd all for us.'

3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan
To save and honor fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
He, who redeem'd us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

5 Immanuel, our Brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his
name,
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

6 But, ah, how faint our praises
rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold, and unconcern'd should
prove.

7 O glorious hour, it comes with
speed,
When we from sin and darkness
freed,
Shall see our God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels
can.

1120.* T. 70. (928.)

THE holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before him,
Their God, with holy fear,
And with profound humiliation,
Pay him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,
Redeemed with Christ's blood,
Their ministration
Demands our gratitude;
They'll guard us till we shall as-
semble,
Where our joint voices shall fill the
temple.

1121.* T. 249. (929.)

THE seraphim of God
Exalt :: their voices loud,
With joy 'fore him they shout;
Their holy choirs in heav'nly blaze
Sing constantly with cover'd face,
Holy, Holy is God,—Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth!

2 Thereto the church of Christ,
His flesh :: and bone confess'd,
Sings, Amen! God be prais'd!
Above and here one voice doth
sound:

Praise him who hath for us aton'd!
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be! Amen.

3 When Christ, once crucified,
Returns :: with his pierc'd side
In glory, to his bride,
And all the world shall quake with
fear,
Then will with joy 'fore him appear
The countless ransom'd race,
And sing his praise
In never-ceasing lays.

1122. T. 14. (930.)

YE angels, who excel in pow'r,
Praise ye and bless the Lord!
Ye who delight to do his will,
Laud him with one accord.

2 Yea, all his works, in ev'ry place,
Extol his holy name!
My thankful heart, my mind and
soul,
Unite to praise the same!

1123. T. 590.

THEE, Lord, th' angelic armies
praise,
Thou first-born Son of Light!
But cannot look on Jesus' face,
And bear the dazzling sight:
Ranks upon ranks, they fall before
His all-abasing name,
In silent ecstasy t'adore
The glories of the Lamb.

1124.* T. 583. (931.)

THANKS to our Lord for all the
faithfulness
Wherewith his angels guard his
chosen race;
When they, obedient to his blest
commands,
Receive the charge to bear us in
their hands.

1125.* T. 141. (1163.)

WHILE the pilgrim travels
 On this earthly ground,
 Watchful, guardian angels
 Compass him around;
 Like Elisha's servant,
 He in faith espies
 Hosts with fiery horses,
 Flaming chariots rise.

1126. T. 166. (932.)

ANGELS astonish'd view their
 God
 As Son of man to sinners giv'n;
 With awe they saw his streaming
 blood,
 Were struck, and silence was in
 heav'n;

Now they with all the saints in
 light
 Worship the Lamb enthron'd
 above,
 And praise the length, the breadth,
 the height,
 And depth of God's stupendous
 love.

1127. T. 141. (933.)

HOLY, holy, holy,
 Sings th' angelic choir;
 Might we, sinners, truly
 Glow with heav'nly fire;
 Praising all together,
 Deeply bow'd in dust,
 God, Jehovah, Father,
 Son, and Holy Ghost.

XXXIX. *Our Departure to the Lord, and the Resurrection of the Body.*

1128.* T. 151. (935.)

FAREWELL henceforth for ever,
 All empty worldly joys;
 Farewell, for Christ my Saviour
 Alone my thoughts employs;
 In heav'n's my conversation,
 Where the redeem'd possess
 In him complete salvation,
 The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
 According to thy heart;
 Heal thou all my diseases,
 And ev'ry harm avert:
 Be thou my consolation
 While here on earth I live,
 And at my expiration
 Me to thyself receive.

3 May in my heart's recesses
 Thy name and cross always
 Shine forth, with all their graces,
 To yield me joy and peace:
 Stand 'fore me in that figure,
 Wherein thou bar'st for us
 Justice in all its rigor,
 Expiring on the cross.

1129.* T. 146. (936.)

THE grace enjoy'd by faith
 In Jesus' incarnation,
 His wounds and bitter death,
 Assures us of salvation;
 Engageth our whole heart,
 Prompts us to sing his praise,
 Until we hence depart
 To see him face to face.

2 If Jesus should appear
 Now at this very moment,
 What think ye, should ye fear?
 No, we with deep abasement,
 Yet joyful, would adore
 The Lamb who shed his blood,
 And own him evermore
 Our Saviour, Lord and God.

3 Ah, might the time soon come,
 When thou, our soul's Beloved,
 Shalt fetch thy children home;
 Our inmost soul is moved,
 To think we shall behold
 Him, whom by faith we know,
 Chief Shepherd of his fold,
 In whom we're one, and grow.

4 Hear thou our hearts' desire,
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,
Let us in peace expire,
And rise to meet thy favor;
And when thou shalt assign
His doom to ev'ry one,
Thy righteousness divine
Shall be our boast alone.

1130.* T. 74. (937.)

THE Lord my Portion is,
I know no other bliss,
Here nor eternally,
But that which flows to me
From Jesus' blood and death,
Whereon I trust by faith.

2 Thou know'st, O God, that I,
Were I just now to die,
No Saviour have beside,
But Christ who for me died;
He is my faithful Friend,
Whose mercies never end.

3 I shall, when time is o'er,
Behold for evermore
My Saviour, Lord and God,
Who bought me with his blood,
And view the wounds which he
Received once for me.

4 The time to him is known,
Meanwhile be this alone
My care, that through his grace
I so may run my race,
That I in faith may die,
And live eternally.

1131.* T. 149. (938.)

YE who Jesus' patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where ye wish to share
Bliss that's never ending;
O may ye—constantly,
Wean'd from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2 Fixing all our thoughts above,
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praise the Lord for ever,
Here, by faith—in his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

1132.* T. 119. (1189.)

HAD we nought, :||:
Nought beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heav'nly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and
death,
Vain our faith. :||:

2 Here on earth, :||:
Here on earth in tears we sow;
He, who here goes forth and
weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below,
Brings his sheaves with him and
reapeth
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows
o'er,
Evermore. :||:

1133.* T. 132. (934.)

THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee:
Though not by thee forsaken,
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2 I tell the hours and days and years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile with haste I forward
press,
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,
At my desired haven.

3 Come, saith thy bride, who longs
for thee,
Of all else she is weary,
And prays to thee incessantly,
Come, come, and do not tarry;
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,
Thou know'st, O Lord, my soul to thee
Already is betrothed.

4 I am assur'd, nor life nor death
Me from thy love can sever,
While I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favor;
What tho' this time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

1134.* T. 244. (939.)

HOW soon, exalted Jesus,
 Thou wilt to us reveal
 Thy countenance most glorious,
 That none as yet can tell;
 So as thou didst appear
 To thy disciples here;
 Meanwhile, by frequent visits,
 Us thy poor foll'wers cheer.

2 Till then, thou wilt call over,
 Out of thy family,
 Now one, and then another,
 To be at rest with thee:
 O grant us needful grace,
 That we may run our race
 Relying on thy mercy,
 Till we shall see thy face.

1135. T. 11. (940.)

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
 Be they then at thy command;
 Let me live to thee alone,
 Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
 Lord, for shelter, but to thee?
 Thou hast gone before, in grace,
 To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sin's heavy load,
 All thy steps were mark'd with
 blood,

From the garden to the cross,
 Suff'ring to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,
 By thy life pour'd out for me,
 O let me, a sinner, find
 In my God a Friend most kind.

1136.* T. 14. (941.)

WHETHER the period of this life
 Be long or short, we know,
 'Tis in itself of no great weight,
 We're pilgrims here below.

2 Thrice happy they, who in this
 time
 In Jesus Christ believe,
 And as a living sacrifice
 To him their bodies give.*

* *Rom. xii. 1.*

3 He is, as long as life shall last,
 The Source of all their bliss,
 And when they from this world de-
 part,
 They see him as he is.

4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
 To thee O may I die,
 For thine I am in life and death,
 Thine, thine eternally.

1137. T. 97. (942.)

ALTHOUGH a pardon'd sinner's
 mind

To be with Christ is most inclin'd,
 Yet, long as he remaineth here,
 Be it a day, a month, or year,
 If but his heart be daily cheer'd by
 grace,

With patience he can run his des-
 tin'd race.

2 We in this world no city have
 Where we to fix our dwelling crave;
 For as a trav'ller on the road
 Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,
 Life's comforts thus we welcome,
 not pursue,
 But keep our heav'nly mansion still
 in view.

1138. T. 166. (943.)

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
 When I go hence, but to thy
 breast?

For I have sought no other home,
 For I have found no other rest.
 When earthly cares engross the
 mind,
 And turn my thoughts aside from
 thee,

Then the successive days and nights
 Seem long and wearisome to me.

2 My God, and can a needy child,
 That loves thee in humility,
 From thy dear presence be exil'd,
 Or ever separated be?

O no, for in thy wounded hands
 By faith my name engrav'd I see;
 Firm and secure thy promise stands,
 That where thou art thy friends
 shall be.

1139. T. 96. (944.)

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm re-
deem!

Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and
heart!

O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

1140.* T. 168. (945.)

MAKE my calling and election,

Jesus, ev'ry day more sure;

Keep me under thy direction,

Till I, thro' thy godlike pow'r,

Unto endless glory raised,

In thy mansions shall be placed:

When in thee I end my race,

Weeping shall for ever cease.

1141.* T. 37. (946.)

MY happy lot is here

The Lamb to follow;

Be this my only care

Each step to hallow,

And thus await the time

When Christ my Saviour

Will call me hence, with him

To live for ever.

1142.* T. 124. (947.)

THEE we love and long to see,

Yea, dear Saviour,

We desire to be with thee;

But the favor

To have thee, though still unseen,

Ever near us—doth revive and
cheer us.

1143. T. 590. (948.)

OUR conversation is in heav'n,

Whence also we expect

The Lord our Saviour Christ to
come,

And gather his elect.

Then shall he our vile body change,

And fashion it like his,

A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

1144.* T. 83. (949.)

CHRIST, my Rock, my sure De-
fence,

Jesus, my Redeemer, liveth!

O! what pleasing hopes from thence

My believing heart deriveth!

Else death's long and gloomy night

Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,

Thou shalt rise too, saith my

Saviour;

Of what should I be afraid!

I with him shall live for ever.

Can the HEAD forsake HIS limb,

And not draw me unto him?

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,

This, this is my consolation;

And my body in the grave

Rests in hope and expectation,

That this mortal flesh shall see

Incorruptibility.

4 Closely by love's sacred bands

I am join'd to him already,

And my faith's outstretched hands

To embrace my Lord are ready;

Death itself shall never part

Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5 Flesh I bear, and therefore must

Unto dust be once reduced,

This I own, but from the dust

I shall be to life produced,

And, convey'd to endless bliss,

Live where my Redeemer is.

6 In my body, when restor'd

To the likeness of his body,

I shall see my God, my Lord,

My Beloved in his glory;

In my flesh eternally

My Redeemer I shall see.

7 These mine eyes most certainly

Shall behold and know my Sa-
viour,

viour,

I, no stranger, no, ev'n I,

Him to see shall have the favor:

Grieving, pining in that day

Ever shall be done away.

- 8 What here sickens, sighs and groans,
There o'er death shall prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown my bones,
Heav'nly they shall rise, and glorious:
What is natural sown here,
Shall as spiritual rise there.
- 9 Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transitory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory:
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.
- 1145.* T. 22. (950.)**
- MY life I now to God resign,
At his decree I'll not repine,
Will he prolong my mournful days,
He'll help me well to end my race.
- 2 I go hence at th' appointed hour,
Nor would I wish to go before,
My hairs the Lord hath number'd all,
Without his will not one can fall.
- 3 Lord, what is man! a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth,
Brought nothing with him when he came,
And naked leaves this earthly frame.
- 4 Teach us to number so our days
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all, both young and old, must die.
- 5 Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas! I count my pilgrim-days;
When God shall call his servant home,
In hope of joy I'll meet the tomb.
- 6 How should I live in constant dread,
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,
Did I not know, God gave his Son,
Who did for all my sins atone!
- 7 'Tis he, my Saviour Jesus Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrific'd,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
That he my soul from death might save.
- 8 To him I yield my life and breath,
His love will guide my soul thro' death,
And bring me to the blissful place,
Where I shall see him face to face.
- 9 My flesh meanwhile doth rest in hope,
Till in his likeness raised up;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
My body he'll to life recall.
- 10 This gives me comfort and relief,
In all my greatest pain and grief;
He'll wipe away my ev'ry tear,
When he in glory shall appear.
- 11 Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee address;
Ah! clothe me in thy righteousness;
Arrayed in salvation's vest,
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.
- 12 Amen! thou sov'reign God of love,
O grant that when we hence remove,
Our souls redeemed with thy blood,
May find in thee their sure abode.
- 1146.* T. 22. (951.)**
- LORD Jesus, Fountain of my life!
Sole comfort in this world of strife!
I come, both weary and opprest,
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest!
- 2 When I shall yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3 By all thou hast for me endur'd,
Thou hast eternal life procur'd;
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny
crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown!

4 Thy stripes have me, a sinner,
heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5 Unto my heart, when speech I
want,
The utt'rance of thy Spirit grant:
O that my soul to heav'n may rise,
When death in darkness seals my
eyes.

6 Thy bitter death shall sweeten
mine,
My soul I to thy care resign:
Thou, since thou gav'st thy life for
me,
Wilt keep me to eternity.

7 How glad am I, that I have
known,
What thou to ransom me hast
done:

How glad am I, that I believe,
Thou, when I die, wilt me re-
ceive.

8 Thanks be to thee, who hast en-
dur'd
My curse, and life for me procur'd:
Nor doth the grave to me appear
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9 What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues em-
ploy!
How shall I to eternity
Exalt thy love and mercy free!

1147.* T. 132. (953.)

JESUS, by thy almighty pow'r
My soul from death deliver,
In that important, awful hour,
When soul and body sever;
Into thy ever faithful hand
My spirit will I then commend,
I trust thou wilt receive it.

2 Though guilt would fill my soul
with dread,
Despair and consternation,
I know I need not be afraid,
Since Christ is my salvation:
His precious blood, his wounds and
death,

Shall, when I draw my latest breath,
Be my support and comfort.

3 I of his body am a limb,
This is my consolation;
And death between my soul and
him

Shall make no separation;
He in me, I in him abide,
In him, who for me liv'd and died,
I've found life everlasting.

4 Since he did from the dead arise,
And then ascend victorious,
I likewise in the hope rejoice,
To rise again more glorious;
Thus free from fear, I can in peace
Depart to see him as he is,
And live with him for ever.

1148.* T. 244. (1192.)

IN spirit I am waiting,
Lord Jesus, near to thee,
Thy suff'rings contemplating:
I know, they were for me!
I thee behold by faith
Bow down thine head in death,
I hear thee cry: ' 'Tis finish'd,'
And watch thy latest breath.

2 Thy sighs, thy groans in anguish,
The tears, which from thee flow'd
When thou for me didst languish,
Thy wounds and precious blood,
Be present night and day
To me, while here I stay,
And at my dissolution
My soul to heav'n convey.

3 'Midst joy beyond expression,
I shall abased be
With deep humiliation,
When called home to thee;
When I, completely bless'd,
Have leave with thee to rest,
Thy holy feet with rapture
By me shall be embrac'd.

4 O hasten thy appearance!
 Yet as it pleaseth thee;
 Meanwhile to me thy presence
 Vouchsafe continually.
 Fix thou my heart and eyes
 Upon thy sacrifice,
 Until, my race here finish'd,
 I shall obtain the prize.

1149.* T. 151. (955.)

WHEN I shall gain permission
 To leave this mortal tent,
 And get from pain dismissal,
 Jesus! thyself present;
 And let me, when expiring,
 Recline upon thy breast,
 Thus I shall be acquiring
 Eternal life and rest.

1150.* T. 232. (956.)

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands
 Convey my soul into thy hands,
 When soul and body sever;
 My body, though reduc'd to dust,
 Thou wilt (O Lord, I firmly trust)
 Raise up to live for ever.
 Then shall I see thee face to face,
 In everlasting joy and peace,
 And sing, with all the saints above,
 The wonders of redeeming love.
 O Christ, my Lord, :: I'll thee
 adore
 Here, and above for evermore.

1151.* T. 14. (1193.)

O HOW I long with Christ to be,
 And in his presence rest,
 He draws my soul most pow'rfully,
 I to his bosom haste.

2 Meanwhile may I in spirit view
 His suff'rings, cross and death,
 These to my heart be daily new,
 Till I resign my breath.

3 Me for thy coming, Lord, pre-
 pare,
 Grant I may ready, be,
 Whene'er thou callest, without fear
 To meet and welcome thee.

E e

4 Thou know'st my insufficiency,
 All my diseases cure,
 O let thy stripes and wounds on me
 Exert their healing pow'r.

5 Thus will my wants be well sup-
 plied,
 Thus will my soul with grace
 Abundantly be satisfied,
 And kept in heav'nly peace;

6 Until the hour shall strike at last,
 When I, from sorrow free,
 Shall hasten to thy arms and breast,
 And ever live with thee.

1152. T. 582. (954, 957.)

THE spirits of the just,
 Confin'd in bodies, groan,
 Till death consigns the corpse to
 dust,

And then the conflict's done.
 Jesus, who came to save,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
 And made ev'n death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust
 The place where Jesus lay;
 He'll raise our bodies from the dust,
 And unto life convey.

Sin's pardon'd, we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside,
 The law gives sin condemning
 pow'r,

But Jesus for us died.
 3 Confiding in thy name,
 Jesus, the church's Head,
 We give to earth the breathless
 frame,

Rememb'ring thou wast dead:
 A bitter death indeed
 Was thine, O Lamb of God;
 But from the curse thou hast us
 freed,

By thy atoning blood.
 4 O death, where is thy sting?
 O grave, thy victory?

He that believes in Christ can sing:
 'He hath redeemed me!'
 Trusting in him by faith
 We now the vict'ry gain;
 In him we triumph over death,
 Who for us rose again.

1153. T. 102. (958.)

WHERE is this infant? It is gone!
To whom? To Jesus who redeem'd it:
It now appears before his throne,
Where he continues still to tend it,
His favor—for ever
To prove: he doth bear
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in
his care.

2 He took such in his arms on earth,
And show'd to them peculiar favor;
Hence we may know, that from
their birth
He is their ever gracious Saviour!
He gave them,—he takes them,
Whene'er he sees best
For them to come to him, and with
him to rest.

3 This infant rests now happily
In Christ, the Source of our salva-
tion,
Rejoicing to eternity,
Join'd to the perfect congregation.
The body,—we bury;
We know, that from pain
Released, we once shall behold it
again.

1154. T. 14. (960.)

HOW sweetly this our *Brother*
sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace,
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,
Is now *his* resting-place.

2 Nought can disturb this heir of
life,
All worldly cares are fled;
To be with Christ was *his* desire,
And *he's* now perfected.

1155. T. 16. (1195.)

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below,
Thou, by angel-guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1156.* T. 79. (1196.)

WHEN children, bless'd by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,
They are not lost, for heaven
To children shall be given,
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distressed,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit;
With his redeemed, happy sheep.

1157.* T. 14. (961.)

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost
thou rest,
From ev'ry toil and care,
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

2 His suff'rings have deliver'd thee
From mis'ry, wo and death;
His word, 'Tis finish'd!' prov'd to
be
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these re-
mains
In hope committed be!
Until the body chang'd obtains
Blést immortality.

1158.* T. 483. (962.)

NOW rest in peace!
Our pray'rs, when dying, thee at-
tended,
Thou hast ended
Thy mortal life, and now, through
grace,
Beholdest Jesus face to face;
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day:
There bless thee, God the Father,
and the Son,
And Holy Ghost,
Jehovah, Three in One!
With saints adore the Lamb that
sitteth on the throne!

XL. *The Last Judgment.*

1159. T. 585. (1197.)

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,

Cloth'd in majesty divine;

Ye, who love the Lord's appearing,

Then shall say: 'this God is mine!'

Gracious Saviour, :||:

Own me on that day as thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea,

All the pow'rs of nature shaken,

At his call prepare to flee:

Careless sinner, :||:

What will then become of thee?

4 To all those, who have confessed,

Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,

He will say: 'Come near ye blessed,

'See the kingdom I bestow:

You for ever :||:

Shall my love and glory know.'

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,

May this thought our courage

raise,

Swiftly God's great day approaches,

Sighs will then be turn'd to praise:

We shall triumph :||:

While the world is in a blaze.

1160.* T. 132. (963.)

'TIS sure that awful time will come,

When Christ, the Lord of glory,

Shall from his throne give men their

doom,

And change things transitory:

This will strike dumb each impious

jeer,

When all will be consum'd by fire,

And heav'n and earth dissolved.

2 The wak'ning trumpet all shall

hear,

The dead shall then be raised,

And 'fore the judgment-seat appear,

On th' right and left hand placed;

Those in the body at that time

Shall, in a manner most sublime,

Endure a transmutation.

3 Wo then to him, that hath despis'd

God's word and revelation,

And here done nothing but devis'd

His lust's gratification;

Then how confounded will he stand,

When he must go, at Christ's com-

mand,

To everlasting torment!

4 When all with awe shall stand

around,

To hear their doom allotted,

O may my worthless name be found

In the Lamb's book unblotted;

Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,

That thou, my Saviour, by thy death

Hast purchas'd my salvation.

5 Before thou shalt as Judge appear,

Plead as my Intercessor;

And on that awful day declare

That I am thy confessor,

Then bring me to that blessed place

Where I shall see, with open face,

The glory of thy kingdom.

6 O Jesus, shorten the delay,

And hasten thy salvation,

That we may see that glorious day

Produce a new creation:

Lord Jesus come, our Judge and

King,

[to sing

Come, change our mournful notes,

Thy praise for ever! Amen.

1161. T. 581. (964.)

HARK! the trump of God is heard:

And th' archangel's voice on high:

Yea, the Lord himself descends

With a shout that rends the sky;

Lo! the bars of death are burst,

See the dead in Christ rise first;

2 His blest people, still on earth,

In a moment chang'd, all rise

In the clouds, caught up with them,

Meet their Saviour in the skies;

Fears and doubts are far remov'd,
Him they see whom here they lov'd.

3 See this transient mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O death, where is thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have
Vict'ry over death and grave.

4 Now all tears are wip'd away;
Free from curse and free from
pain,
All Christ's people now with him
Kings and priests for ever reign.
Henceforth his unbounded grace
Is their theme of endless praise.

5 In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found;
Stedfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

1162. T. 585. (965.)

LO! he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in!
'Midst ten thousand saints and an-
gels
See our Judge and Saviour shine!
Hallelujah! :||:
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once
slain!

2 Now the song of all the saved,
'Worthy is the Lamb!' resounds:
Now resplendent shine his nail-
prints,
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds!
Great his glory! :||:
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away;
All his enemies, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim his day:
Come to judgment! :||:
Stand before the Son of man!

4 All who love him, view his glory,
In his bright, once marred face:
Jesus cometh, all his people
Now their heads with gladness
raise:
Happy mourners! :||:
Lo, on clouds he comes! he comes.

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All his people, once despised,
Joyful meet him in the air:
Hallelujah! :||:
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes!

1163. T. 590. (966.)

MY faith shall triumph o'er the
grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
Ere long I know he shall appear
In pow'r and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh
devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with pow'r,
On the last judgment-day:
When God shall stand upon the
earth,
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe
the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs,
and fears,
Shall cease eternally;
How long, dear Saviour, O how
long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

1164. T. 14. (967.)

WHEN rising from the bed of
death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?
2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror
shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand
disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
How then shall I appear?

4 But thou declarest in thy word,
That sinners who to thee,
While here they live, repenting turn,
Shall live eternally.

5 Grant that I never may despair
Full pardon to obtain,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the cross was slain.

1165.* T. 592. (969.)

THIS transient world is not our
home,

No soul finds here or rest, or bliss;
The man by this vain world o'er-
come,

Will of salvation surely miss:
Jesus alone yields comfort true,
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;

His mercies ev'ry day are new,
His friendship's fire doth still re-
main.

The scorn'd, selected few thrice
happy are

Who have in Jesus' love and grace
a share.

2 His shame to all will be display'd,
However specious here his dress,
Who is not in the robe array'd

Of Jesus' perfect righteousness;
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er re-
ceiv'd,

Will tremble at the judgment-day;
However righteous here believ'd,
Then naked must he go away:

Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice
happy they

Who to the mercy-seat have found
their way!

1166.* T. 22. (970.)

REJOICE, thou happy little flock,
Which, grounded firm on Christ the
Rock,

Shalt dwell with him in lasting day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass
away.

E e 2

2 Who doth not turn to him while
here,
And love him truly, shall with fear
And trembling seek a shelt'ring
place,

To hide himself from Jesus' face.

3 May Christ continue still to keep,
To feed and tend his dear-bought
sheep,

Until his ransom'd flock shall be
Gather'd to him eternally.

4 Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray
That we be ready ev'ry day,
To stand before thee through thy
grace,

And in thy kingdom have a place.

1167. T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
To hear the trumpet sound,

That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around,

O then among that number,
May we thy call obey,

Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day.

1168.* T. 16. (971.)

JUDGE me now, my God and Sa-
viour,

Ev'n before the judgment-day;

Then to me, a worm, thy favor

Through eternity display.

1169.* T. 205. (972.)

ARE you form'd a creature new,
Cleans'd by Jesus' precious blood?

Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconcil'd by him to God?

Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row,

Have you oil, you need not fear,
Though this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;

Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:

Then whene'er you hear the cry,
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh!

You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

2 Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from
toil,

Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil;
Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On his happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

1170.* T. 588. (973.)

YE virgins, be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh He:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning,
Him ye shall see
In majesty.

2 Now ready stand,
Yea, always ready stand;
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not, nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber,
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

1171.* T. 244. (974.)
PREPARE your lamps, stand
ready,

Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and body,
Your wishes then can't fail;
Hark! 'tis the midnight cry,
'The Bridegroom draweth nigh,'
Arise, go forth to meet him,
With songs of praise and joy.

1172.* T. 79. (1198, 975.)
BEFORE us place in dread array,
Lord Jesus, that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell us, Lord, that we shall there
Receive from thee a blissful doom.

2 Lord, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound,
O let us day and night be found
Waiting with joy to welcome
thee.

XLI. *The Church Triumphant, and the Glory of Eternal Life.*

1173. T. 159. (976.)
MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of
God,

Who for our sins aton'd,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthron'd;
Where his redeem'd and chosen
bride

Through endless ages shall reside;
Is here, through faith in Jesus' name,
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death,
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall, with all the saints in
light,
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore
His saving name adore.

3 Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ, in lasting
day,

True holiness obtain;
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent pray'r,
Us needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

1174.* T. 97. (977.)

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,
That, by my faithful Shepherd's
choice,

My name is certainly enroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold!
May I by nothing e'er be drawn
aside,
But be a happy member of his
bride.

2 My faith victorious now doth rise
Above all earthly vanities,
And hath Jerus'lem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Through faith in Christ I am God's
child and heir,
And shall the glories of his king-
dom share.

3 Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;
Our voices then in higher strains
shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

1175.* T. 585. (979.)

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
All his suff'rings, death and pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain;
Hallelujah, :||:
Christ's our Life, hence death is
gain.

2 On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning
guilt;
Sing his triumphs, :||:
'Twas for us his blood was spilt!

3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies!
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory :||:
Only in his sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body, once interred,
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
And the place which keeps their
bodies,
Since earth lodg'd that heav'nly
Guest,
Now is hallow'd; :||:
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,
O what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Rais'd to glory, like our Lord;
Blessed Saviour, :||:
Ever be by us ador'd!

6 Conqu'ring Lord, to heav'n as-
cended,
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Here, our faith rests on thy grace,
There, in glory, :||:
We shall see thee face to face.

7 Jesus! at thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief and
pain,
We, restored to thy likeness,
Then shall join thy happy train;
Make us ready, :||:
Lord, thy glory to obtain!

1176.* T. 58. (980.)

HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happi-
ness
Can ne'er rejoice but with a blush-
ing face,
For it is mere mercy, remains a
wonder
Of Christ's long suff'ring, when
thereon I ponder,
Now and always.

2 In the glorious presence
Of God my Saviour,
Though with abasement, this great
truth I'll ever
Own to his praise:

3 That his incarnation,
His bitter passion,
And meritorious death procur'd sal-
vation, And life for me.

4 In his great atonement
I'll trust unshaken,
Until I once to see Him shall be
taken, Whom here I love.

5 Grant to me, Lord Jesus,
The special favor,
Depending on thy grace both now
and ever, To look to thee;

6 In that ever lovely,
Heart-piercing figure,
As for us bearing justice in its rigor,
Upon the cross.

7 What ecstatic pleasure
Shall I then savor,
When face to face beholding thee
for ever, So as thou art!

8 On what joys celestial
Shall I be feasting,
When, in thy presence from all la-
bor resting, I sabbath keep!

9 O! what songs of praises
Will then in heaven
Resound, when all the ransom'd
souls thanksgiving
To Jesus bring!

10 Lamb, once slain for sinners,
Receive our praises,
Honor and glory from all choirs and
classes,
To thee they're due.

11 Now let all say Amen,
The Lord be praised,
In heav'n and earth his name for
ever blessed
By all that breathe!

1177.* T. 71. (983.)

WHAT shall I feel, when I
The glorious choirs espy
In bliss unceasing!
Already in my heart
Rays from bright Salem dart,
With hopes most pleasing.

2 I hear th' enraptur'd song
Rais'd by the blessed throng
Of the redeemed:
Seated upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain, alone
Is worthy deemed.

3 Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
When here thy race is run,
Shalt have the favor
To go and join the blest,
And there at home to rest
With Christ, thy Saviour.

4 Then shall our wo and grief
Find a most sure relief
In joys unbounded;
Triumphant songs shall be
To the blest Trinity
For ever sounded.

5 How blest when we can say,
All else is fled away,
And love prevaieth!

No longer faith and hope
We need to bear us up,
Love never faileth.

6 See, how the victors go
In raiment white as snow,
With glory crowned!
He grants to them, through grace,
Around his throne a place,
On whom death frowned.

7 The Bridegroom now appears,
He wipes off all our tears,
And ends all sadness;
To him I had resign'd
Myself, and now am join'd
In perfect gladness.

8 O Lord, grant my request,
To be in heav'n at rest,
When 'tis thy pleasure;
Then, to eternity,
I ne'er shall parted be
From thee, my Treasure.

9 At thy through-pierced feet
I'll humbly take my seat,
There's heav'n's enjoyment:
To give thee thanks and praise,
For all thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10 While here, I live by faith,
Relying on thy death,
For thou'rt my Saviour;
There I shall sweetly rest,
Reclining on thy breast,
In peace for ever.

1178. T. 136. (984. 1091.)

MY Lord and God!
Who hast for me atoned,
And in death's agony for me hast
groaned;

I weep for joy,
And raise my feeble song:
For both in life and death this me-
ditation

Proves unto me a sweet and strength-
ning consolation;
My pardon's sealed with thy blood,
My Lord! my God!

2 The time will come,
When endless consolation
Will be their lot, who wait for
Christ's salvation.

'I am redeem'd,'
Saith a believing heart;
'Ev'n here the Lord, whose mercy
never endeth,
Wipes oft my tears away, and all
my steps attendeth;
The time, to be with him at home,
At last will come.'

3 Come soon, O come,
Ye hours, wherein for ever,
With hosts of saints I too shall
have the favor
To see my Lord!
With joy I for him wait;
Who knows but I this day may
leave the body,
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom:
may he find me ready;
I long to be with him at home;
Come soon, O come!

4 O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church
in close communion;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need,
To feed by faith upon his death and
merit,
And, purified in heart, become with
him one spirit:
To love him, tho' we see him not,
O happy lot!

5 O happy lot!
To live with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance for
ever;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise;
To thank him for our blessed con-
summation,
And view his wounds, those pledges
of complete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot;
O happy lot!

1179. T. 30.

O YE heav'nly souls, true joys pos-
sessing,
At the fountain-head of ev'ry bless-
ing!
From your bright legions

Waft your praises to these lowly
regions.

2 Songs of vict'ry to the Lamb once
wounded,
With immortal glory now sur-
rounded,
O'erwhelm my senses,
And my heav'n already here com-
mences.

3 Hear I not the golden harps re-
sounding?
See I not the crowds the throne sur-
rounding?
'Adore, adore him!'
They exclaim, and prostrate fall
before him.

4 O that I could join their adoration,
Lie with them in awful, deep pros-
tration,
His feet embracing;
Bath'd in tears, yet hymns of glad-
ness raising!

5 O Jerusalem, from God descend-
ing,
To thy pinnacles my flight I'm
bending:
Begone for ever
World and sin! and welcome Christ
my Saviour!

6 But what gentle voice my flight
prevented?
Whisp'ring to my spirit, 'be con-
tented,
Thy days are number'd,
And thy sighs and pray'rs 'fore God
remember'd!'

7 Am I longer here, 'midst tribula-
tion,
As a pilgrim to maintain my sta-
tion?
May I unmoved
Rest upon the arm of my Beloved.

8 May the tears and sweat of
Ol'vet's mountain,
May the scene of Calv'ry's purple
fountain,
The dying Saviour!
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for
ever.

9 Till allow'd to join the happy chorus,
Of the ransom'd who have gone before us,
And now are seated
Round his throne, to perfect bliss admitted.

10 Lamb of God, once slain for our transgression,
To thy name we now ascribe salvation:

Here, and in heaven,
Everlasting praise to thee be given!

1180.* T. 83. (1191. 987.)

JESUS' suff'rings were for me,
That my hence departing spirit
Full of joy and peace might be,
And eternal life inherit:
I'm from judgment freed, by faith
In his meritorious death.

2 When I leave this world in peace,
I shall have the grace and favor
To behold him face to face,
Whom I love, ev'n God my Saviour:

Then I shall for evermore
Him in endless joy adore.

3 When I shall permitted be,
To enjoy in fullest measure,
What his suff'rings gain'd for me,
And possess salvation's treasure,
With what rapture shall I sing
Hallelujah to my King!

1181.* T. 119. (988.)

O WHAT joy, :||:
O what joy awaiteth me!
I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him, the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless
bliss,

As he is. :||:

2 Yea, Amen! :||:
Pardon'd sinners here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice,
Sing in the great congregation,
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh
to God

By thy blood! :||:

1182.* T. 45. (989.)

MY lot of grace—will be always
Beyond description blessed;
Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy
Cannot be expressed.

2 Him I shall see—whose love to me
My heart hath captivated;
From his presence I no more
Shall be separated.

1183.* T. 208. (990.)

WHAT hast thou, Lord Jesus,
To redeem and bless us,
For us undergone!

Here we know but partly,
But there will be shortly
More of this depth known:
When above—we shall remove,
And shall live with thee for ever,
Our beloved Saviour.

2 I am lost in wonder,
When I duly ponder,
Jesus, on thy grace;
That I shall in glory
Evermore adore thee,
And that, face to face,
I shall see—eternally
Thee, the God of my salvation;
O what consolation!

1184.* T. 58. (1200.)

WHEN Jesus had to his disciples
giv'n
His farewell blessing, and went up
to heav'n,
With deep sorrow filled, they up-
wards gazed,
Then to Jerusalem their steps re-
traced

With inward joy.

2 When he in like manner
Shall be returning,
His church on earth will change
her grief and mourning,
To songs of praise.

3 This reflection fills us
With joy unbounded,
That we the Lord, who for our sins
was wounded,
Shall once behold.

4 O might we, poor sinners,
For his salvation
Hunger and thirst, until our consum-
mation, By day and night.

5 Thus shall we believing,
Ne'er be confounded,
And here already with his peace sur-
rounded, Taste heav'nly joys.

6 May we cleave to Jesus,
Till we've obtained
The prize, and till our faith and hope
have gained
Their highest aim.

7 So as she believed,
Christ's congregation
Shall find it, and behold the Lord's
salvation, In endless bliss.

8 At his blest appearing,
Freed from all weakness,
Our bodies shall be chang'd into his
likeness,
By his great pow'r.

9 Amen, Lord, afford us
Thy kind direction,
Keep us from evil, under thy pro-
tection, Always secure;

10 Till we shall in heaven
Behold thy glory,
And free from sin and sorrow there
adore thee,
World without end.

1185.* T. 205. (981.)

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord,
With the angels him adore;
Thank him for the faithfulness
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heav'n are perfected,
Through great tribulation led.

2 Here, by Jesus' precious blood
Cleans'd from sin and render'd
chaste,
They, as ministers of God,
Him by word and deed confess'd;
In their Lord's reproach a share,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now they, with th' angelic train,
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 They with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope
Of the prize, at last the crown
Have obtain'd, for them laid up;
Now they serve the Lamb of God,
(Having in his precious blood
Wash'd their robes and made them
white,)

In his temple day and night.
4 In fine, spotless linen dress'd,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no sorrows e'er oppress'd,
Unmolested now by care,
Free from hunger, thirst and heat,
They, possessing joys complete,
Unto living fountains led,
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5 Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness through grace,
And by foll'wing Jesus, gain
With the saints in heav'n a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

6 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

7 Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Thro' the blood of Christ alone;
That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

1186.* T. 166. (982.)

UNTO ourselves with deepest awe
The spirits of the righteous
We represent, and comfort draw
From hence, when trials fright us:
Rejoicing, we behold them now,
In Jesus' presence blessed,
From the church militant below
To the triumphant raised.

2 There sits the princely company
 Of those, who did surrender,
 For Jesus' sake, most willingly,
 Their lives and worldly grandeur:
 Undaunted meeting fire and sword,
 No toils too great esteemed,
 If they to preach his precious word
 By him were worthy deemed.

3 All who in Jesus' presence live,
 Remov'd from mortal vision,
 The crown of righteousness receive,
 In endless life's fruition;
 They are now with the Lord at
 home;
 Our humble expectation
 Is, that he'll let us also come
 To join that congregation.

1187.* T. 149. (985.)

O HOW excellent and fair,
 Great beyond all measure,
 Will to us our lot appear,
 And how rich our treasure,
 When we see—bodily
 Our beloved Saviour,
 As he is for ever!

2 Countless hosts before God's
 throne,
 (Where the Lamb resideth,
 And, as God and Man, his own
 To life's fountain guideth,)
 Now possess—perfect bliss,
 Which to us is wanting,
 And for which we're panting.

3 What here sickens, sighs and
 groans,
 There will prove victorious;
 Earthly here are sown our bones,
 They shall rise most glorious;
 Death and wo—ev'ry foe
 Which us here annoyed,
 There will be destroyed.

4 May this ever blessed hope
 Fill our hearts with gladness,
 And, 'midst weakness, bear us up,
 Till from sin and sadness
 We shall be—wholly free,
 And above for ever
 Praise our gracious Saviour.

1188.* T. 594. (986.)

AT God's right hand the countless
 numbers
 Of just, made perfect, joyful stand,
 Freed from whate'er on earth en-
 cumbers,
 They gain with joy the heav'nly land:
 Our souls, with sweet anticipation,
 By faith these glorious realms de-
 sery:
 And from each kindred tongue, and
 nation
 We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 When, O when shall I have the
 favor
 To see th' approach of those blest
 days,
 When I shall welcome my dear
 Saviour
 With solemn strains, with joyful
 lays?
 How blest will then be my condition,
 When in my flesh I Christ shall see!
 Though happy in his love's fruition
 Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3 What heav'nly joy and consolation
 This hope affords unto my heart,
 That Christ, the God of my salvation,
 Will me receive when I depart!
 Then in his presence I for ever,
 With the redeem'd shall sing his
 praise;
 O make me ready, blessed Saviour,
 To leave this world, and see thy face.

1189. T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day,
 That calls our longing souls away,
 What transports fill the breast!
 For lo! our great Redeemer's pow'r
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 Which leads us to eternal rest.

2 Ev'n now to our expecting eyes,
 The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem
 rise,
 Ev'n now, with glad survey,
 We view her mansions, that contain
 Th' angelic form, the blessed train,
 And shine with everlasting day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring,
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
To sing his praise is their employ,
To hail with songs th' immortal King.

4 We too shall join the choir above,
Where all is peace, and joy and love,
Where faith is chang'd to sight:
Then shall we mix with that blest throng,
And raise the ransom'd sinner's song,
In realms of everlasting light.

1190. T. 14. (978.)

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and above;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his saving grace
Prepareth me for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit giv'n.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace:
But we would rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1191. T. 14. (991.)

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

1192. T. 14. (992.)

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name,
We do the same below.

3 Him in his glorious realm they praise,
And bow before his throne;
We in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

1193. T. 14. (993.)

THERE, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I shall a long eternity
Spend in ne'er ceasing praise.

2 Dear Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Will fresh endearments bring;
And streams of ever new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

3 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

1194. T. 14. (994.)

GOD hath laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

1195.* T. 205. (995.)

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,
Thou wilt near thy child abide,
Till thy perfect aim t'attain,
I throughout am sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess,
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wip'd away.

2 Amen, yea, Hallelujah!

Jesus, praise to thee be giv'n,
That a place for me, through grace,
Is by thee prepar'd in heav'n:
Ah, how blest will be my case,
When I shall behold thy face,
And from pain and sorrow free,
Live for evermore with thee!

1196. T. 114. (996.)

THE just made perfect, who in glory
seated

Around God's throne enjoy eternal
bliss,

Behold our God and Saviour as he is;
Ah, when shall I poor trav'ler be
permitted

To join that happy, num'rous com-
pany,

And my Redeemer face to face to see!

1197.* T. 588. (998.)

WHAT happiness,
What joy and happiness,
Lord, shall we then possess,
When we adore thee,
With angels fall before thee,
And see thy face,
What happiness!

2 Amen, Amen!

Then will, in highest strain,
Unto the Lamb once slain,
Eternal praises

Resound in heav'nly places;
Hallelujah,—Hallelujah!

1198. T. 249.

TO God we render praise,
Who grants :||: us new displays
Of mercy all our days:
When Christ, the Son of man again
Shall come—the angels in his train,
May all of us, who here
'Fore him appear,
Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joy will be,
In heav'n, :||: O Lord, where we
Thy glorious face shall see:
We then shall thee for evermore,
As the Lamb slain for us adore:
In realms of glory bright,
With saints in light,
In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
Worthy :||: the Lamb once slain!
Let all reply: Amen!

Blessing, and pow'r, and majesty,
Through endless ages be to thee,
Who us by blood hast bought,
In mercy sought,
And to thy fold us brought!

1199.* T. 159. (999.)

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of
tears

Dost lift thy gracious face,
Upon thy church which thee re-
veres,

And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heav'nly bliss, for which we
wait,

In thee rejoicing here below,
Ev'n while in tears we sow:

2 O form us all, while we remain
On earth, unto thy praise!

That each one fully may obtain
Thy blessed aim, through grace:
Till we in heav'n thy face shall see
May spirit, soul and body be
Preserv'd by thee, till thy great day,
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

CONCLUSION.

1200. T. 159. (1000.)

SING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;

Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd
host,

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join th'angelic lays;
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise:
'He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to
God;

For us, for us the Lamb was slain.
Praise ye the Lord!

AMEN.

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<p style="margin: 0;">R</p>			
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		U	
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9	256, 636, 668, 734, 790, 795,		185, 187, 216, 217, 219, 221,
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	208, 223, 225, 249, 253, 260,	123	322.
	261, 341, 363, 408, 512, 529,	124	98, 490, 957, 1142.
	559, 687, 761, 766, 845, 903,	125	232, 250.
66	923, 1012, 1176, 1184.	126 (or 597)	41, 106, 116, 428, 429,
	502.		560, 569, 731, 752, 924.
68	201, 234, 245, 366, 435, 578,	127	99.
	655, 753, 830, 1095.	132	19, 157, 166, 175, 199, 218,
69	611, 727, 811, 914.		226, 287, 289, 362, 394, 444,
70	397, 1120.		659, 671, 769, 1133, 1147,
71	96, 410, 576, 810, 929, 1035,		1160.
	1177.	136	142, 700, 804, 881, 1178.
74	354, 451, 872, 1056, 1058,	141	420, 520, 521, 546, 602, 782,
	1130.		940, 1125, 1127.
75	288.	142	639.
79	23, 30, 43, 82, 86, 102,	146	70, 172, 379, 414, 416, 666,
	163, 174, 230, 265, 304,		828, 847, 862, 935, 953, 1129.
	347, 357, 375, 378, 381, 436,	147	427, 489.
	442, 443, 535, 557, 577, 580,	149	415, 954, 1131, 1187.
	589, 635, 647, 649, 664, 704,	151	34, 92, 100, 118, 138, 191,
	707, 708, 723, 747, 772, 820,		197, 282, 303, 337, 339, 413,
	825, 860, 886, 958, 1010,		457, 462, 530, 565, 593, 610,
	1031, 1072, 1076, 1081, 1093,		622, 724, 774, 793, 933, 942,
	1094, 1103, 1106, 1107, 1156,		969, 1128, 1149, 1167.
	1172, 1189.	152	109, 950.
82	595, 838, 961.	155	60, 203, 355, 484, 515, 688,
83	14, 52, 170, 403, 465, 500,		744, 748, 759, 783, 789, 858,
	594, 638, 685, 706, 962, 973,		891.
	978, 1046, 1144, 1180.	156	463.
84	3.	157	37, 1090, 1108.
89	15, 21, 447, 643, 1075.	159	65, 368, 424, 493, 494, 514,
90 see and 106	228, 271, 283, 334, 350,		539, 540, 541, 624, 670, 719,
	376, 441, 449, 452, 503,		814, 817, 998, 1037, 1173,
	646, 669, 835, 837, 900, 1100.		1199, 1200.
96	87, 132, 222, 244, 292, 324,	160	915.
	338, 538, 681, 733, 972, 1139.	161	749, 778, 786, 890.
97	9, 10, 31, 200, 239, 285, 326,	164	388, 513, 746, 1007, 1089.
	399, 417, 439, 440, 469, 551,	165	103, 105, 491, 1088.
	556, 722, 732, 799, 827, 854,	166	20, 38, 135, 182, 186, 211,
	863, 873, 874, 949, 956, 1019,		231, 358, 392, 425, 566, 592,
	1066, 1112, 1137, 1174.		684, 718, 728, 745, 792, 797,
99	88, 97, 944.		815, 822, 831, 834, 840, 844,
101	665, 794, 806.		851, 859, 869, 916, 920, 952,
102	571, 1153.		1011, 1015, 1017, 1045, 1065,
106	4, 192, 195, 229, 281, 312, 315,		1114, 1126, 1138, 1186.
	348, 349, 459, 531, 534, 606,	167	66, 94, 107, 152, 209, 307,
	773, 1080.		308, 382, 407, 472, 485, 486,
107 (see T. 599)	913.		609, 614, 632, 690, 726, 800,
114	85, 146, 386, 591, 691, 709,		808, 1051, 1064.
	754, 787, 871, 1196.	168	77, 104, 111, 112, 119, 345,
115	387, 395.		740, 1023, 1026, 1060, 1140.
119	1, 74, 149, 404, 527, 756, 946,	169	42.
	1132, 1181.	172	236.
121	309, 519, 686, 777, 780, 876,	184 (see 594)	136, 321, 325, 360,
	1057.		458, 604, 955, 1059, 1067.

<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>	<i>Tune.</i>	<i>No. of the Hymn.</i>
185	91, 143, 153, 167, 212, 214, 365, 383, 409, 430, 564, 568, 572, 574, 616, 712, 717, 720, 791, 802, 813, 821, 826, 849, 888, 945, 970, 1014, 1020, 1024, 1027, 1055.	376	351, 352.
189	654.	483	1158.
195	645, 662, 894.	519	156.
200	461, 575.	520	725.
201	910.	581	145, 198, 295, 922, 960, 1044, 1161.
203	252.	582 (see T. 595)	26, 54, 122, 129, 259, 263, 284, 296, 297, 336, 343, 390, 696, 757, 767, 836, 884, 907, 912, 951, 963, 974, 1074, 1152.
205	67, 154, 168, 274, 280, 294, 300, 401, 423, 432, 656, 716, 742, 818, 865, 880, 883, 887, 917, 1039, 1169, 1185, 1195.	583	134, 268, 272, 329, 478, 584, 600, 653, 658, 699, 710, 711, 768, 785, 843, 879, 964, 966, 1028, 1111, 1124.
206	205, 370, 422, 667, 877.	585	50, 53, 55, 57, 275, 567, 573, 640, 902, 1033, 1062, 1159, 1162, 1175.
208	144, 147, 446, 608, 650, 682, 775, 1183.	586	64, 385, 586, 776, 1006, 1047.
211	932.	587 (or 596)	498, 1005.
212	18, 634.	588	139, 1170, 1197.
214	188, 555, 807.	590 (see 593)	22, 33, 40, 158, 159, 177, 190, 210, 328, 361, 393, 412, 454, 552, 553, 585, 596, 625, 628, 631, 689, 771, 819, 861, 868, 892, 904, 905, 919, 971, 997, 1013, 1038, 1123, 1143, 1163.
216	108.	591	276, 626.
217	113, 273.	592	1165.
218	389, 548.	593 (see T. 14.)	
221	24, 736, 779, 878, 882.	593 B. (see T. 590.)	
227	661, 762.	594 (see T. 184)	93, 114, 396, 918, 1188.
228	364, 419, 437, 477, 517, 588, 618, 619, 850.	595 (see T. 582)	161, 179, 196, 215, 240, 241, 243, 679, 680, 1068, 1101.
230	202, 269, 380, 495, 695, 809, 823, 829.	596 (see T. 587.)	
232	137, 460, 476, 864, 925, 1150.	597 (see T. 126.)	
234	438, 652, 735.	598	150.
235	657.	599 (or rather T. 107)	913.
237	581.		
240	63, 141.		
242	931.		
243	95, 504, 999.		
244	117, 384, 411, 525, 547, 587, 644, 764, 1134, 1148, 1171.		
249	68, 247, 692, 694, 1121, 1198.		
341	224, 238, 246, 262, 421, 663, 784, 788, 824, 1040.		

FINIS.





