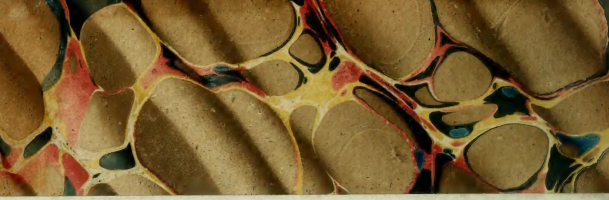

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COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES AND FAMILIES

BY HOSEA BALLOU, 2d.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs
Eph. v. 19.

THIRTEENTH EDITION.

BOSTON·
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.
1842.

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PREFACE.

The following Collection contains a greater number of hymns and probably a greater variety of topics, than any compilation hitherto made for the use of Universalist churches in this country. I will not say that it excells also in the character of the selections. It is hoped, however, that in this respect it will be found equal to other works of the kind, justly approved among us.

It has been my aim to furnish, 1. a good supply of hymns for exercises purely devotional; 2. hymns adapted to every special occasion that may be observed in our churches, or occur in the labors of the ministry; 3. hymns on all the subjects commonly urged from our pulpits, so far as they are compatible with the spirit of sacred song; and 4. hymns for private and domestic use.

In selecting for these purposes, I have paid particular attention to what I deemed correctness of sentiment on all of the important points; allowing, however, free scope to poetic figure and imagery, in the form of expression. With regard to character, style, &c., it has been my wish to exclude, on the one hand, all effeminate, insipid nicety—every thing in which cordiality and fervor are sacrificed to formal correctness; and, on the other, all downright awkwardness, fondling endearments, puerile sentimentality, and rant. It should be observed that not every species even of good poetry, and of the religious kind, is suitable for hymns. They should be as plain as possible, easy in their versification, and yet full of vig-

orous or moving spirit. On very impressive subjects, the austerest simplicity is doubtless preferable to the more brilliant style which is too often sought after. I cannot say that I have not, at times, erred in some of these respects. There may be a few pieces too wild and sparkling for hymns; and others, again, that sink down towards prosaic flatness.

The names of the authors, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are prefixed. I had wished to insert the hymns just as their authors left them, only omitting such stanzas as were superfluous or objectionable. But after spending a considerable time in tracing them back to their original state, and finding that many, which were excellent on the whole, did absolutely require some changes, I concluded to take them in the best form in which I could find them, and sometimes to venture my own hand at their improvement. But in every case of known alteration, (*except bare omission,*) I have been scrupulous to signify the fact by prefixing a star [*] to the author's name. As for the anonymous hymns, I could seldom determine what was their original state; and in them, changes have been admitted or made, without notice. The alterations, after all, will be found, I think, to be much less, than in some compilations which make greater professions of adhering to the originals.

The book is now humbly submitted, with an earnest prayer that it may prove an efficient aid to the spirit of devotion both in public and in private.

Roxbury. February, 1837. HOSEA BALLOU, 2D.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn.
ABIDE with us,—the evening shades	233
Absurd and vain attempt, to bind	601
Affliction is a stormy deep	587
Again our ears have heard the voice	44
Again the Lord of life and light	21
Ah, wretched souls that strive in vain	443
A King shall reign in righteousness	246
All hail the power of Jesus' name	236
All nature dies and lives again	480
All-powerful, self-existent God	111
All-seeing God, 'tis thine to know	602
All ye nations, praise the Lord	70
Almighty Father, gracious Lord	155
Almighty God, in humble prayer	401
Almighty God, thy wondrous works	123
Almighty Lord, before thy throne	513
Almighty Maker, Lord of all	378
Almighty Maker of my frame	460
Aloud we sing the wondrous grace	278
Am I an Israelite indeed	445
Amidst unsatisfied desires	412
And can my heart aspire so high	394
And is the gospel peace and love	275
Angels, roll the rock away	232
Another six days' work is done	19
As parched in the barren sands	596
As showers on meadows newly mown	288
As the sweet flower, which scents the morn	586
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill	212
Awake, and sing the song	238
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	237
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes	414
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	415
Awake, our drowsy souls	29
Away with our sorrow and fear	490
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne	1

	Hymn
Before the rosy dawn of day	575
Before thy throne, eternal King,	550
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	78
Begin, my soul, the lofty strain	83
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	301
Behold my servant; see him rise	198
Behold that wise, that perfect law	631
Behold, the blind their sight receive	220
Behold, the lofty sky	181
Behold the Savior on the cross	228
Behold the sure foundation-stone	258
Behold the woman's promised seed	197
Behold, what condescending love	541
Behold, what wondrous grace	632
Behold, where, breathing love divine	223
Behold, where, in a mortal form	216
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth	2
Beneath God's terrors doomed to groan	555
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head	464
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	377
Bless God, ye servants that attend	37
'Blest are the meek,' he said	438
Blest are the men of broken heart	405
Blest are the souls that hear and know	283
Blest be the everlasting God	477
Blest Instructer,—from thy ways	382
Blest is the man who fears the Lord	572
Blest is the man whose heart expands	547
Blest Spirit, source of grace divine	359
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	287
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	206
Bright source of everlasting love	551
Bright was the guiding star that led	207
CAN creatures to perfection find	97
Celestial worlds, your Maker's praise	79
Christians, brethren, ere we part	566
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	235
Clay to clay, and dust to dust	560
Come, fellow-sinners, come away	622
Come, hither, all ye weary souls	291
Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	371
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	240
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	298
Come, sing a Savior's power	265
Come, sinners, saith the mighty God	332
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	294
Come, sound his praise abroad	4
Come, thou almighty King	5
Come, thou desire of all thy saints	540

Hymn.
Come, thou long-expected Jesus 251
Come to the house of prayer 16
Come, ye that love the Lord 454
Come, ye who know the Savior's love 256

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust 625
Dear Lord, behold thy servants here 549
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord 45

EARLY, my God, without delay 32
Ere mountains reared their forms sublime 110
Eternal and immortal King 99
Eternal God, almighty Cause 89
Eternal Power, almighty God 109
Eternal Power, whose high abode 101
Eternal Source of every joy 499
Eternal Spirit, source of light 372
Eternal Spirit, 'twas thy breath 193
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise 170
Exalted Prince of Life,—we own 243
Exalt the Lord our God 123

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss 423
Faith, hope, and love now dwell on earth 424
Fallen is thy throne, O Israel, ... 624
Far as thy name is known 315
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone 419
Far from these scenes of night 486
Father adored in worlds above 355
Father divine, thy piercing eye 577
Father, how wide thy glory shines 327
Father, is not thy promise pledged 302
Father of all, omniscient Mind 113
Father of all, whose powerful voice 124
Father of angels and of men 85
Father of light, conduct my feet 385
Father of lights, we sing thy name 494
Father of mercies, God of love 383
Father of mercies, in thy word 188
Father of mercies, send thy grace 553
Father of our feeble race 349
Father, thy paternal care 580
Father whate'er of earthly bliss 380
Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound 333
Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake 386
Frequent the day of God returns 25
Friend after friend departs 473
From all that dwell below the skies 71
From Greenland's icy mountains 627
From North and South, from East and West 322

Hymn.
From the table now retiring 534
From worship now thy church dismiss 42

GIVE to our God immortal praise 153
Give to the winds thy fears 452
Glorious things of thee are spoken 316
Glory be to God on high 64
Glory to God on high 244
God, in the gospel of his Son 191
God is a name my soul adores 91
God is a spirit just and wise 346
God is my strong salvation 426
God is our Refuge in distress 142
God is the Refuge of his saints 143
God moves in a mysterious way 130
God, my supporter and my hope 366
God of eternity, from thee 457
God of mercy and of wisdom 548
God of mercy, God of love 338
God of my childhood and my youth 403
God of my life, through all its days 51
God of my life, whose gracious power 146
God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand 554
God of our salvation, hear us 48
God of the morning, at whose voice 574
God of the year, with songs of praise 496
God reigns; events in order flow 127
God, to correct the world 135
God, who is just and kind 379
Go, preach the gospel, Jesus cries 523
Go to dark Gethsemane 276
Grace! 'tis a charming sound 329
Great Cause of all things, Source of life 172
Greatest of beings, Source of life 125
Great Father of mankind 527
Great Framer of unnumbered worlds 510
Great God, attend while Zion sings 13
Great God, at whose all-powerful call 497
Great God, beneath whose piercing eye 507
Great God, how infinite art thou 103
Great God, indulge my humble claim 31
Great God, in vain man's narrow view 96
Great God of nations, now to thee 506
Great God of providence, thy ways 129
Great God of wonders, all thy ways 334
Great God, the heavens' well-ordered frame 174
Great God, this sacred day of thine 23
Great God, wert thou extreme to mark 330
Great God, we sing that mighty hand 505
Great God, with wonder and with praise 182

Hymn.
Great Jehovah, God of nations 512
Great Source of being and of love 610
Great Sovereign of the earth and sky 519
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah 398

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews 432
Hail, all hail the joyful morn 205
Hail to the Lord's Anointed 306
Happy beyond description he 425
Happy is he that fears the Lord 430
Happy is he whose early years 618
Happy the heart where graces reign 433
Happy the man who finds the grace 448
Happy the man whose cautious steps 439
Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes 208
Hark, the herald-angels sing 201
Hark, the song of Jubilee 326
Hark, the voice of love and mercy 230
Hark, what celestial notes 199
Hark, what mean those holy voices 203
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken 320
Hear what the Lord in vision said 312
He dies,—the Friend of sinners dies 231
Here in thy temple, Lord, we meet 343
High in the heavens, eternal God 93
High on the mountain's towering head 422
Holy and reverend is the name 122
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none 121
Holy, holy, holy Lord 69
How are thy servants blest, O Lord, ... 567
How beauteous are their feet 310
How beautiful the sight 435
How blest the man, how more than blest 635
How blest thy creature is, O God 606
How bright these glorious spirits shine 609
How did my heart rejoice to hear 9
How gracious and how wise 138
How gracious the promise, how soothing the word 636
How great is our Creator God 107
How happy is he born or taught 410
How large the promise, how divine 545
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign 478
How long shall earth's alluring toys 459
How oft, alas, this wretched heart 344
How pleasant, how divinely fair 11
How pleased and blest was I 10
How pleasing, Lord, to see 573
How precious is the book divine 190
How precious, Lord, thy holy word 189
How shall the young secure their hearts 186

Hymn.
How shall we praise thee, Lord of light 35
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound 214
How swift the torrent rolls 458
How various and how new 484

IF all our hopes, and all our fears 483
If high or low our station be 447
If Providence, to try my heart, ... 137
I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath 120
Imposture shrinks from light 437
In all my vast concerns with thee 116
Indulgent God, whose bounteous care 579
In duties and in sufferings too 274
In glad amazement, Lord, I stand 157
In God's eternity 335
In God's own house pronounce his praise 54
In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth 619
Inspirer of the ancient seers 194
In sweet exalted strains 516
In thee, thou all-sufficient God 375
In vain the giddy world inquires 600
In vain we lavish out our lives 290
In vision rapt, the prophet's eye 307
Is this a fast for me 514
It is the Lord our Savior's hand 465
I want a principle within 389
I want a sober mind 384
I will extol thee, Lord, on high 584
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay 482

JEHOVAH lives, and be his name 145
Jesus, and didst thou condescend 218
Jesus, bowed down by mighty woe 224
Jesus, Comforter divine 255
Jesus, exalted far on high 254
Jesus his empire shall extend 311
Jesus is gone above the skies 535
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace 261
Jesus, my truth, my way 249
Jesus, Savior of my soul 267
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun 305
Jesus, the Friend of man 537
Jesus, the man of constant grief, ... 630
John was the prophet of the Lord 213
Join all the glorious names 245
Joy to the world! the Lord is come 209

KEEP silence, all created things 104
Kind Lord, before thy face 41

Hymn.
LADEN with guilt, and full of fears 192
Let all the earth their voices raise 80
Let all the heathen writers join 184
Let every creature join 81
Let every mortal ear attend 297
Let men of high conceit and zeal 417
Let party names no more 434
Let Pharisees of high esteem 431
Let the whole race of creatures lie 105
Let us with a joyful mind 59
Lift up your joyful eyes, and see 324
Lift your voice, and joyful sing 62
Light of those whose dreary dwelling 266
Lo, God is here! let us adore 17
Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine 165
Lo, what a glorious Corner-stone 257
Lo, what a glorious sight appears 323
Lo, what an entertaining sight 436
Lo, what a speaking lustre shines 178
Look through creation and behold 481
Look, ye saints, the sight how glorious 242
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing 47
Lord, I have made thy word my choice 195
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear 30
Lord, in thy service I would spend 583
Lord, must we die! O let us die 468
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair 14
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise 517
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows 22
Lord of the sea, thy potent sway 570
Lord of the wide-extended main 569
Lord of the worlds above 12
Lord, send thy word, and let it run 303
Lord, thou art good! all nature shows 150
Lord, we adore thy wondrous grace 529
Lord, we have wandered from thy way 341
Lord, what a feeble piece 462
Lord, when iniquities abound 597
Lord, when we bend before thy throne 395
Lord, who's the happy man that may 407
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound 286
Love divine, all love excelling 369

MARK the soft-falling snow 239
Mighty God, while angels bless thee 56
Millions of souls in glory now 536
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven 420
Mortals, awake, with angels join 204
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord 273
My Father! cheering name 363

	Hymn.
My few revolving years	503
My heart and all my ways, O God	117
My God, accept my early vows	33
My God, all nature owns thy sway	169
My God, in whom are all the springs	139
My God, my everlasting hope	613
My God, my Father – may I dare	361
My God, my King, thy various praise	52
My God, permit me not to be	444
My God, permit my tongue	338
My God, the covenant of thy love	364
My God, thy boundless love I praise	149
My Maker and my King	158
My never-ceasing song shall show	299
My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name	58
My soul, repeat his praise	159
My soul, the awful hour will come	466
My Sovereign, to thy throne	582
My times of sorrow and of joy	393
NOT by the terrors of a slave	634
Not to the terrors of the Lord	281
Now let our drooping hearts revive	562
Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown	39
Now may he, who from the dead	49
Now to the Lord a noble song	239
O BLESSED souls are they	340
O bless the Lord, my soul (*Watts.*)	160
O bless the Lord, my soul (*Montg.*)	161
O bow thine ear, eternal One	518
O charity, thou heavenly grace	418
O come, loud anthems let us sing	3
O'er mountain tops, the mount of God	309
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	304
O'er the realms of pagan darkness	628
O Father, draw us after thee	368
Oft have I turned my eye within	589
O God, accept the sacred hour	539
O God, my sins are manifold	620
O God of love, with cheering ray	469
O God of Zion, from thy throne	528
O God, thou art my God alone	355
O God unseen, but not unknown	463
O God, we praise thee, and confess	77
O happy is the man who hears	449
O how can they look up to heaven	552
O how I love thy holy law	196
O how shall words, with equal warmth	581
O let your mingling voices rise	210

Hymn.
O Lord, my best desires fulfil 392
O Lord, our fathers oft have told 511
O Lord, our heavenly King 154
O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope 367
O Love, thou fathomless abyss 370
O my distrustful heart 593
One prayer I have, all prayers in one 390
One there is, above all others 260
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand 491
On thee, each morning, O my God 576
On thy church, O Power divine 318
On what has now been sown 43
On Zion, his most holy mount 285
O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song 66
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice 67
O sing to the Lord a new song 65
O that my heart was right with thee 357
O that the Lord would guide my ways 381
O Thou, enthroned in worlds above 350
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows 404
O Thou, our fathers' God 521
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry 337
O Thou, the wretched's sure retreat 336
O Thou, through all thy works adored 176
O Thou, who art above all height 522
O Thou, who hast at thy command 391
O Thou, whose arm of power surrounds 508
O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides 397
O Thou, whose power the mountains formed 387
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears 345
O, 'tis a lovely thing to see 441
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear 8
Our Father in heaven 354
Our Father, throned above the sky 360
Our Father, whose eternal sway 351
Our God, our help in ages past 456
Our God, where'er thy people meet 520
Our heavenly Father calls 538
Our heavenly Father, hear 352
Our Lord is risen from the dead 234
Our Lord shall be our hiding-place 253
Our sins, alas! how strong they be 588
Out of the depths of sad distress 342
O, who shall see the glorious day 626

PATIENCE,—O what a grace divine 440
Peace! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand 474
Permit thy suppliants, gracious Lord 34
Placed on the verge of youth, my mind 615
Praise, everlasting praise be paid 300

Hymn.
Praise, O praise the name divine 74
Praise the Lord, his glory bless 75
Praise the Lord who reigns above 76
Praise the Lord,—ye heavens adore him 84
Praise to God, immortal praise 495
Praise to thee, thou great Creator 73
Praise ye Jehovah's name 55
Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne 57
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name 53

RELIGION is the chief concern 442
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds 502
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise 319
Rise every heart and every tongue 284
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings 492

SAFELY through another week 20
Savior, bless thy word to all 43
Savior, who thy flock art feeding 543
Searcher of hearts, before thy face 383
Searcher of hearts, to thee are known 114
See how he loved—exclaimed the Jews 217
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand 542
See what a living stone 259
Shall man, O God of light and life 479
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood 593
Shall we go on to sin 629
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes 202
Show pity, Lord,—O Lord, forgive 335
Since Jesus freely did appear 553
Since o'er thy footstool, here below 94
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands 211
Sing we the song of those who stand 608
Sinners, the voice of God regard 594
So let our lips and lives express 423
Songs of immortal praise belong 118
Songs of praise the angels sang 68
Sons of men, behold from far 271
Sovereign of all the worlds on high 362
Sovereign Ruler of the skies 126
Stretched on the cross, the Savior dies 227
Sweet is the memory of thy grace 152
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies 471
Sweet is the work, my God, my King 24

TEACH me the measure of my days 461
Teach us to feel as Jesus prayed 277
Thanks for mercies, Lord, receive 46
The Christian warrior—see him stand 413
The earth is thine, Jehovah—thine 409

	Hymn.
The first almighty Cause	90
The God of glory walks his round	621
The God of love will sure indulge	563
The God of nature and of grace	171
The God who once to Israel spoke	282
The God who reigns alone	95
The heavenly spheres to thee, O God	88
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	179
The joyful morn, my God, is come	28
The King of saints, how fair his face	317
The law by Moses came	280
The little cloud increases fast	611
The Lord descended from above	100
The Lord in Zion placed his name	15
The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know	166
The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide	164
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	162
The Lord my shepherd is	163
The Lord our God is full of might	106
The mighty God from Teman came	623
The morning dawns upon the place	225
The morn of life, how fair and gay	616
The race that long in darkness pined	252
There is a fountain, filled with blood	607
There is a glorious world on high	488
There is a God,—all nature speaks	167
There is a land of pure delight	487
There is a world we have not seen	485
There seems a voice in every gale	177
There's joy in heaven, and joy on earth	603
There's not a place in earth's vast round	112
The rising morn, the closing day	500
The saints on earth, and those above	321
The Savior calls,—let every ear	296
The Savior gently calls	544
The spacious firmament on high	173
The spirit in our hearts	292
The trifling joys this world can give	599
Th' uplifted eye and bended knee	347
The wandering star and fleeting wind	591
This do in memory of your Friend	531
This is the fast the Lord doth choose	509
This stone to thee in faith we lay	515
Thou art, almighty Lord of all	92
Thou art, O God, a spirit pure	98
Thou art, O God, the life and light	168
Thou art the way,—and he who sighs	248
Thou art the way; to thee alone	247
Though faint, and sick, and worn away	585
Thou great Creator, wise and good	175

	Hymn.
Thou great First Cause! least understood	376
Thou, Lord, by mortal eyes unseen	263
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	115
Thou, Lord, through every changing scene	140
Thou only Sovereign of my heart	365
Thou, who reign'st enthroned above	61
Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven	446
Through all the changing scenes of life	141
Through all the downward tracts of time	136
Through all the various passing scenes	131
Through every age, eternal God	455
Thus Agur breathed his warm desire	402
Thus far on life's perplexing path	399
Thus far the Lord has led me on	578
Thus saith the high and lofty One	406
Thus saith the Lord who built the heavens	268
Thus spake the Savior, when he sent	524
Thus we commemorate the day	533
Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare	180
Thy gracious aid, great God, impart	38
Thy law is perfect, Lord of light	605
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord	564
Thy name, almighty Lord	72
Thy name we extol, Jehovah our King	119
Thy presence, ever-living God	565
Thy presence, gracious God, afford	36
Thy way, O God, is in the sea	132
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design	128
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	571
Time, by moments, steals away	504
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	421
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand	501
'Tis finished—so the Savior cried	229
'Tis Wisdom's earnest cry	595
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes	147
To praise the Lord be our delight	86
To thee our wants are known	50
To us a child of hope is born	250
Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns	151
'Twas by an order from the Lord	185
'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night	530
UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb	561
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	144
Upward we lift our eyes	148
WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will	134
Welcome, delightful morn	27
Welcome, sweet day of rest	26
We praise thee,—if one rescued soul	556

Hymn.
We're in a world of hopes and fears 373
What are those soul-reviving strains 222
What glory gilds the sacred page 183
What heavenly light is that which shines 272
What shall we ask of God in prayer 374
What works of wisdom, power and love 219
When all thy mercies, O my God 156
When, as returns this solemn day 18
When at a distance, Lord, we trace 221
When before thy throne we kneel 6
When darkness long has veiled my mind 400
When dread misfortune's tempests rise 612
When gathering clouds around I view 279
When God descends with men to dwell 308
When God revealed his gracious name 453
When I can read my title clear 493
When in the vale of lengthened years 614
When Israel through the desert passed 187
When I the holy grave survey 476
When musing sorrow weeps the past 429
When sinners quit their wicked ways 331
When some kind shepherd from his fold 604
When the vale of death appears 470
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay 590
Wherewith shall I approach the Lord 348
While here as wandering sheep we stray 396
While my Redeemer's near 269
While shepherds watched their flocks by night 200
While sounds of war are heard around 557
While through this changing world we roam 427
While with remorse and woe oppressed 339
While yet the youthful spirit bears 546
Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power 356
Who has believed thy word 313
Who shall towards thy chosen seat 408
Why does your face, ye humble souls 328
Why do we mourn departing friends 472
Why should we start and fear to die 467
Why sinks my weak, despouding mind 592
With all our hearts, with all our powers 60
With cheerful voices rise and sing 559
With glory clad, with strength arrayed 102
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend 525
With humble heart and tongue 617
With joy we meditate the grace 262
With mines of wealth are sinners poor 411
With reverence let the saints appear 103
With sacred joy we lift our eyes 7
With songs and honors sounding loud 498
With stately towers and bulwarks strong 314

Hymn.
With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim 264
With warm delight and grateful joy 215
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway 241
Would you behold the works of God 568

YE boundless realms of joy 82
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know 416
Ye followers of the Prince of Peace 532
Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell 489
Ye messengers of Christ 526
Ye mourning ones, whose streaming tears 475
Ye realms below the skies 87
Ye sons of men, with joy record 63
Ye thirsty souls, approach the spring 295
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears 451
Yet, saith the Lord, if David's race 633
Ye worlds of light, that roll so near 270
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor 293
Yonder, amazing sight! I see 226

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame 450

ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

I. OPENING AND CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Hymns.

Attendance and worship in the sanctuary . . . . . 1 to 17
On the Lord's day . . . . . 18—30
Morning and evening devotions . . . . . 31—37
At close of service . . . . . 38—50

II. GENERAL PRAISE.

Praise to God . . . . . 51—69
" " from all nations . . . . . 70—72
" " " creatures . . . . . 73—77
" " " nature . . . . . 78—88

III. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The being, glory, and unity of God . . . . . 89—95
God incomprehensible, spiritual, invisible . . . . . 96—99
His majesty, dominion, power and condescension . . . . . 100—109
Eternal, unchangeable, omnipresent . . . . . 110—117
His wisdom, greatness, mercy, and truth . . . . . 118—120
His holiness . . . . . 121—123
His providence: mysterious but kind . . . . . 124—138
God our protector and deliverer . . . . . 139—146
" " in prevailing sickness 147, 148
His universal goodness . . . . . 149—152

Hymns.

His goodness to man . . . . . 153—161
God our shepherd . . . . . 162—166

IV. GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE . . . . . 167—178

V. THE SCRIPTURES.

The scriptures compared with nature . . . . . 179—182
Their excellence, inspiration, instruction, and use . . . . . 183—196

VI. CHRIST. HIS LIFE, MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c.

Christ foretold 197, 198
His birth . . . . . 199—207
His coming . . . . . 208—211
John the Baptist his herald 212, 213
Christ's teaching, character, miracles, life, &c. . . . . 214—224
His crucifixion . . . . . 225—231
His resurrection, reappearance, and ascension . . . . . 231—235
Praise to Christ . . . . . 236—244
His various names, offices, characters, &c. . . . . 245—254
His names and characters (*in alphabetical order*) . . . . 255—272
His example to be imitated . . . . . 273—279

VII. THE GOSPEL

The gospel compared with the law . . . . . 280—282
Its blessedness; its provisions; efficacy . . . . . 283—289
Its invitations: its promises sure . . . . . 290—301
Its universal diffusion . . . . . 302—304

VIII. THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

Its universal blessings . . . . . 305—311
Its stability and success foretold . . . . . 312—313

IX. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH . . . . . 314—321

X. THE SALVATION OF ALL . . . . . 322—326

XI. REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON . . . . . 327—334

XII. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE . . . . . 335—345

XIII. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

True and false worship contrasted . . . . . 346—349
The Lord's prayer . . . . . 350—354
Seeking God . . . . . 355—360
Communing with God . . . . . 361—368
Invocations, to divine love, the holy Spirit . . . . . 369—372

Various petitions:—for the graces of the Spirit, 373.—for all spiritual good, 374.—for all ages and classes, 375. The universal prayer, 376.—for the divine influence at all times, 377.—for various blessings, 378.—for holy affections, 379—381.—for salvation from error and guilt, 382.—for a thankful and submissive heart, 383, 390, 392.—for a right spirit, 384.—for prudence and wisdom, 385.—for forgiveness and renewal of mind, 386, 387.—for freedom from secret sin, 388.—for tenderness of conscience, 389.—for a life devoted to God's glory, 391.—for resignation and confidence in God, 393, 394, 400.—for sincerity in worship, 395.—for the understanding and guidance of God's word, 396.—for divine light and support, 397.—for divine guidance and sustenance, 398.—for guidance to the Promised Land, 399. Solomon's prayer for wisdom, 401. Agur's prayer, 402. Aged Christian's prayer, 403. "Lord, remember me," 404.

XIV. THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

The beatitudes, 405. God dwells with the humble and contrite, 406. "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle?" 407—409. The independent and happy man, 410. The Christian's wealth, 411, 412. The Christian warrior and warfare, 413, 414. The Christian race, 415. Rising from moral death, 416. Charity, 417, 418. Communing with Christ, 419. Faith, 420—422. Faith, hope, and charity, 423. Fear of the Lord, 424. Confidence in God, 425. Hearts placed on things above, 427 Adorn the truth by godly lives, 428. Longing for heaven, in affliction, 429. Liberality rewarded, 430. Love and charity, 431—433. Mutual charity among Christians, 434—436. A candid and inquiring mind, 437. Meekness and moderation, 438, 439. Patience, 440. Prudence and peace-making, 441. Importance of religion, 442. Holy resolve, 443. Self-knowledge, 444. Self-examination, 445. Walking with God,

446. Uprightness and justice, 447. Wisdom, 448, 449. True and false zeal, 450. "Fear not," 451. The Christian encouraged, 452 The joy of conversion, 453. Heavenly joys on earth, 454.

XV. LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

Hymns.

God eternal, and man mortal . . . . . 455—456
Shortness of time, and frailty of man . . . . . 457—462
Death . . . . . 463—475
Resurrection . . . . . 476—481
The world to come . . . . . 482—493

XVI. OCCASIONAL.

The seasons, annual thanksgivings, &c. . . . . 494—501
Beginning and end of the year . . . . . 502—505
Christmas. (*See VI.*)
National celebrations . . . . . 506—508
Public fasts. (*See also XII.*) . . . . . 509—514
Laying of corner-stone; and dedication of churches . . . . . 515—521
Ordinations . . . . . 522—526
Formation of churches, and receiving members . . . . . 527—529
Communion. (*See also VI.*) . . . . . 530—540
Baptism and dedication of children . . . . . 541—545
Sunday schools . . . . . 546—548
Associations 549, 550
Charity lectures . . . . . 551—553
Temperance lectures . . . . . 554—556
Peace society 557
Weddings 558, 559
Funerals. (*See also XV.*) . . . . . 560—564
Parting and return of travellers and seamen . . . . . 565—571

XVII. OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS 572—587

XVIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Power of sin broken at death, 588. Pride, 589, 590. Inconstancy, 591. Despondency and want of faith reproved, 592, 593. Sinners ad-

monished, 594. Wisdom's voice to sinners, 595. State of the wicked and righteous, 596, 635. Prevalence of vice, 597. "Shall man be more just than God?" 598. Secular and spiritual blessings, 599. Vanity of the world, 600. Persecution, and uncharitable judgment, 601, 602. "Joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," 603, 604. "The law of the Lord is perfect," &c. 605. Influence of the Sun of Righteousness, 606. "A fountain opened," 607. Song of the church universal, 608. The martyrs in glory, 609. The river of life, 610. A time of refreshing, 611. "A hiding-place from the wind," &c. 612. Preparation for old age, 613. Old age anticipated, 614. Dangers of youth, 615. God's Word a guide for youth, 616, 617. Advantages of early piety, 618, 619. "Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven," 620. "Why stand ye idle here?" 621, 622. Terrible appearing of God in judgments, 623. The fall of Israel, 624. Restoration of Israel, 625, 626. Missionary hymns, 627, 628. "Shall we sin because grace abounds?" 629. The gospel revealed to babes, 630. The perfect law of liberty, 631. God's grace in our adoption, 632. Punishment without rejection, 633. Obedience, not from fear, but love, 634. Different ends of the virtuous and vicious, 635. "Come unto me and I will give you rest," 636.

INDEX OF PSALMS.

Psalm.	Hymns.
iv	402, 568
v	30
viii	144
xv	397, 398
xviii	90
xix	163, 164, 168, 169, 170, 171, 594
xxiii	152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 258
xxiv	224, 399
xxvii	417
xxx	574
xxxii	330
xxxiv	131
xxxvi	357
xxxvii	401
xxxviii	456
xxxix	450, 451, 452.
xliv	501
xlv	307
xlvi	132, 133
xlviii	304, 305
li	325, 327
lvii	129
lxiii	31, 32, 345, 348
lxv	491
lxvii	308
lxxi	393, 602
lxxii	295, 296
lxxiii	356
lxxxiv	11, 12, 13, 158, 159
lxxxviii	469
lxxxix	98, 273, 289, 302, 633
xc	100, 130, 445, 446
xcii	24
xciii	92
xcv	3, 4
xcvi	70
xcviii	199
xcix	113
c	1, 2
cii	455
ciii	149, 150, 151
cvii	558, 561
cxi	108
cxii	421
cxvii	60, 61, 62
cxviii	247, 248, 249
cxix	174, 185, 186, 371, 606
cxxi	134, 137, 138
cxxii	8, 9, 10, 28
cxxvi	443
cxxviii	562
cxxx	320
cxxxii	15
cxxxiii	425, 426, 563
cxxxiv	37
cxxxv	43
cxxxvi	49, 52, 143
cxxxviii	50
cxxxix	104, 105, 106
cxli	33
cxlv	42, 142
cxlvi	110
cxlvii	488
cxlviii	68, 71, 72, 74, 76
cxlix	57
cl	44, 45, 64, 65

1. L. M. *Watts.

Public Adoration. Ps. 100

1 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 sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

2. 11s & 8s M. MONTGOMERY.

Public Praise. Ps. 100.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone—
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people—his sceptre we own—
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong;
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

3. L. M. *TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks, to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great—
The King eternal over all
Whom by the title *gods* we call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand—
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that threat the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow in adoration there—
With joy and fear, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

4. S. M. WATTS.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are his works, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. 6s 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

Invocation.

1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing—
Help us to praise.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Omnipotent thou art:
O, rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 O Holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty

May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

6. 7s M. BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought—is less than nought:
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

7. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above—
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

8. C. M. *TATE.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
'Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.'

2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.

3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.

4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found—
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

6 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, 'May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.'

9. C. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!'

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment, there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell
There God, my Savior, reigns.

10. S. P. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest.
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows—
'Peace to this sacred house,
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

11. L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty: :
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length—
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

12. H. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal to rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.
Where God resorts,
I love it more to keep the door
Than shine in courts.

4 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they that love the way
To Zion's hill!

5 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length—
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God, our King, shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

13. L. M. *Watts.

Delight in Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs.
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

14. 7s M. D. TURNER.

Excellence of Public Worship.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes,
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ—
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

15. C. M. WATTS.

The Jewish Temple and Christian Church. Ps. 132.

1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name:
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad:
Where'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.

3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest:
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blessed.

4 Enter with all thy glorious train,—
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

5 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

6 Here let the Son of David reign—
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

16. S. M. *E. Taylor.

Call to the House of Prayer.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet you there—
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

17. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

House of God.

1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power;
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings! may thy praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face—
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image may we bear;
Erect thy throne within our heart,
And reign without a rival there.

18. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld

Offering of the Heart.

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

19. L. M. *Stennett.

The Lord's Day.

1 Another six-days' work is done—
Another sabbath is begun.
Enjoy, my soul, the sacred rest;
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds—
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives, this day, the food of seven.

3 This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
May heaven that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.

4 This holy calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the sons of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future mercies taste.

6 In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures—pass away.
How sweet the sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

20. 7s M. 61. *J. NEWTON.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way.
Let us now his blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day, of all the week the best—
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand,
May we not forgetful be,
Nor ungrateful, Lord, to thee.

3 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

4 Here we come thy name to praise:
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints.
Thus let all our sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above.

21. C. M. *Mrs. Barbauld.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain:
Behold, the tomb its prey restores;
Behold, he lives again.

6 And while his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken beneath his powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

22. L. M. *Doddridge.

The Heavenly Sabbath.

1 Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And let our songs and worship rise,
Like grateful incense, to the skies.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright, eternal noon.

5 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of death and sin.
Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

23. L. M. 61. Mrs. Steele.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

1 Great God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected powers.
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life dispensed to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast.
May every ear the call obey;
Be every heart a humble guest;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.

4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

24. L. M. *Watts.

Sabbath on Earth, and in Heaven. Ps. 92.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest!
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor ever break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

25. C. M. ANONYMOUS

Sabbath on Earth, and in Heaven.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive.
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine—
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ—
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

26. S. M. *WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Lord's Day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly, and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to leave this house of clay
For everlasting bliss.

27. H. M. *HAYWARD.

Invocation for Lord's Day Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
We hail thy glad return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face.
O let us feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours.
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

28. C. P. M. MERRICK.

The Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 122.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come
That calls me to thy honored dome
Thy presence to adore.
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end
The heaven-protected tribes ascend—
Their offerings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray.
How blessed who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labors shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore;
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansions of my God?

29. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band:
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise

2 At thy approaching dawn
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark tomb confined.
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And, 'midst their shouts, the Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosanna rings,
Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
Whilst justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and death in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

30. C. M. WATTS.

Devotion in the Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 5.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 The men who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled:
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

5*

31. L. M. WATTS.

Communion with God. Ps. 63.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim.
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good! thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father and my God:
And I am thine by sacred ties—
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
Oft have I seen thy glory here,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford:
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise.
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

32. C. M. WATTS.

Communing with God. Ps. 63.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand—
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour—
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

33. L. M. WATTS.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Ps. 141.

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way:
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer, my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

34. L. M. *RICHARDS.

Prayer for Divine Manifestations.

1 PERMIT thy suppliants, gracious Lord,
Again to bend th' adoring knee,
And yield their grateful hearts, O God,
In fervent, solemn prayer to thee.

2 Thyself, the way, reveal to all
Of Adam's race the globe around;
And be thy love, in Jesus Christ,
Adored to nature's utmost bound.

3 For nothing less than light and truth
The reign of sin and death can bound;
And life and love alone can flood
The world with peace and joy around.

4 Hear, thou in heaven! and grant these prayers;
Then all thy churches, filled with light,
And full of truth, and love, and peace,
Shall come with songs to Zion's height,

5 Where light and truth forever shine;
Where life and love eternal reign;
And angels, men, in rapture cry,
'So be it, Lord, amen! amen!'

35. L. M. *Bowring.

Evening Hymn.

1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light!
How shall we all thy love declare!
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer,—
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns—
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore thee, God sublime!
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light!
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

36. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

For Opening or Close of Service.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Thus, Lord, &c.

37. C. M. TATE.

Bless God in the Sanctuary. Ps. 134.

1 BLESS God, ye servants that attend
Upon his solemn state—
That in his temple's hallowed courts
With humble reverence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name:
From Zion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

38. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.

2 O speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

39. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down
By humble, fervent prayer.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain:
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine—
'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'

40. H. M. J. NEWTON.

The Same.

1 ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

41. H. M. E. TURNER.

Thanks at the Close of Service.

1 KIND Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us bestow.
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume;
Thy light, divinely spread,
Hath broke the darksome gloom.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

42. L. M. *H. Ballou.

Dismission.

1 From worship, now, thy church dismiss—
But not without thy blessing, Lord;
O grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
And seal instruction from thy word.

2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return
When we shall meet to worship thee;
Oft may our hearts within us burn
To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

3 And when these pleasant scenes are past,
To thee, our God, O may we come,
And meet th' assembled world at last,
In Zion, our eternal home.

43. 7s M. KELLEY.

The Same.

1 SAVIOR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel full success;—
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Savior, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it, and return to God.

44. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hearing and Keeping the Word.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live:
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?—
To keep it be our blest employ
Till life's extremest hour.

45. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good:
Cleanse all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

46. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

47. 8s 7s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling 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;
May thy presence
Evermore with us be found.

48. 8s 7s & 4s M. *KELLEY.

The Same.

1 GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow;
Savior, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hopes more bright of joys to come;
And when dying
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

49. 7s M. COWPER.

The Same.

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

50. H. M. COWPER.

The Same.

1 To thee our wants are known;
From thee are all our powers;—
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus
When thou and thine appear,
And follow thee to heaven, our home:
Even so, amen—Lord Jesus, come

6*

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51. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Unceasing Praise.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean those thanks I cannot speak

4 But when the final conflict 's o'er,
My spirit chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6 This cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so vast, a theme so high,
Demands a whole eternity.

52. L. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 145.

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

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

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

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine.
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

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

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds.
Vast and unsearchable thy ways:
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

53. L. M. WATTS.

Praise in the Sanctuary. Ps. 135.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord—exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;—
To praise his name is sweet employ.
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known 'th' almighty God.'

5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name.
Among his saints he ever dwells:
His church is his Jerusalem.

54. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Saving Love. Ps. 150.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise:
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death
My soul shall praise him best.

55. 6s 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;—
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!—
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

56. 8s & 7s M. *Robinson.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

1 Mighty God, while angels bless thee
May not mortals speak thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah, &c.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Hallelujah, &c.

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow—
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah, &c. Amen.

57. L. M. H. Ballou, 2d.

The Same.

1 Praise ye the Lord around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown—
Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.

2 With mingling souls and voices join;
To him the swelling anthem raise;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.

3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords,—
Light, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

5 And, Jesus, let thy deathless name
In concert with the Father's rise;
For thou hast borne for us the shame,
And wilt exalt us to the skies.

6 Thy name be praised, for worthy thou
Unbounded honors to receive:
To thee shall every creature bow,
And everlasting glory give.

58. 10s & 11s M. PARK.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name:
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim;—
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

2 Though hid from man's sight God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

3 Those agents of power—fire, water, earth, sky—
Attest the dread might of God, the Most High,
Who rides on the whirlwind, while clouds veil his form,
Who smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed—
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

59. 7s M. *Milton

Praise to the God of Nature. Ps. 136.

1 Let us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind—
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
He by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse, and all its state;

3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main;
Did by his commanding might
Fill the new-made world with light;

4 Caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run;
And the moon to shine by night
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need.
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7

60. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Providence and Grace. Ps. 138.

1 WITH all our hearts, with all our powers,
We praise the Lord, whose bounteous hand
Unnumbered gifts profusely showers
On every nation, every land.

2 We praise him in his sacred fane;
We praise him midst the assembled throng; —
Nor will a gracious God disdain
The tribute of our earthly song.

3 We praise him for his faithful love,
We praise him for his blessed Son,
Who died for man, who reigns above
With God, the high and holy One.

61. 7s M. SANDYS.

Delight in Praise.

1 THOU, who reign'st enthroned above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou, who art most great, most high!
God, from all eternity!

2 O, how sweet, how excellent
'Tis, when hearts and tongues consent—
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues—
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?—
Giver of all good below !
Lord ! from thee these blessings flow.

5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record ;
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

62. 7s M. MERRICK.

Praise for Creation and Providence. Ps. 136

1 LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heavenly King,
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2 Honor pay to heaven's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
Through the various realms of earth
Praise him, all of human birth—

3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll—

4 Him who o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives.

5 To the great, eternal King,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing,
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

63. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to the God of Nature and Grace.

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

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,—
Those spacious fields of brilliant light
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;—
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love,—
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made!

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture, soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore.
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

64. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

1 GLORY be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Lift your voice, ye people all—
Praise the God on whom ye call.

2 God his sovereign sway maintains;
King o'er all the earth he reigns;
All to him lift up their eye;
Every want his hands supply.

3 Sons of earth, the triumph join;
Praise him with the host divine.
Emulate the heavenly powers:
Their all-gracious God is ours.

4 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore:
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
'Glory be to God on high.'

65. 8s M. *J. TAYLOR.

Praise for the Divine Perfections.

1 O SING to the Lord a new song;
The universe join in the strain;
Each day the glad tribute prolong—
His wonders, his glory maintain.
With gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends:
How great is the God we adore!
How rich are the blessings he sends!

2 In beauty of holiness bow;
O worship with fear and with love.
How solemn his temples below!
How glorious his presence above!
Proclaim to the nations around
That God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

3 O let the wide heavens rejoice—
The earth with her myriads be glad;
The ocean shall join his loud voice—
The woods in rich verdure be clad.
Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand;
Prepare, for his judgments are nigh;—
Before him all nations shall stand;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

66. 10s & 11s M. DODDRIDGE.

A Call to Praise.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
And view with complacence the offering we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight—
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord—prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

67. 10s & 11s M. *TATE & BRADY.

The Same. Ps. 149.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

68. 7s M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise through Time and Eternity.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun—
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day.
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice—
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

69. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

4 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony,
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.

5 Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!—
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

70. 7s M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Nations. Ps. 117.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;—
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise;—

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand—
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

71. L. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;—
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

72. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word—
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

73. 8s & 7s M. FAWCETT.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature—
Join the universal song.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven—
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

74. 7s M. MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine;
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;—
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply;—

2 All who vital breath enjoy
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join:
Praise, O praise the name divine.

75. 7s M. WRANGHAM

The Same. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his glory bless;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite in praise
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord our righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite:
While the stream of song is poured
Praise and magnify the Lord.

76. 7s & 6s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his court below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;—
Him from whom all good proceeds
Let heaven and earth adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim;—
Praise him every tuneful string;
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers of music, bring—
The music of the heart.

3 Him in whom they move and live
Let every creature sing—
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallowed be his name beneath—
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

77. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud—
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry—

3 'O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.'

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets, crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee—
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

78. C. P. M. *OGILVIE.

Praise from all Nature. Ps. 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.

Lo, heaven and earth and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode—
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power.
Lo, on the lightning's rapid wings
In triumph rides the King of kings:
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies—
Praise him who bids you roll.
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound—
The general burst of joy.

79. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through every shining coast:
Our God the nobler praise will claim
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day!
Praise him in thy sublime career:
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illume!
Praise him who hung you high in heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round the Eternal play!
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God adored:
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word.

6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

80. L. P. M. *Tate & Watts.

The Same. Ps. 96.

1 Let all the earth their voices raise
To sing a lofty song of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name;—
His glory let the heathen know;
His wonders to the nations show;
And all his works of grace proclaim.

2 Great is the Lord—his praise be great
Who sits on high enthroned in state:
To him alone let praise be given.
Those gods the heathen world adore
In vain pretend to sovereign power:
He only rules who made the heaven.

3 He framed the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high;
He reigns complete in glory there;—
His beams are majesty and light;
His glories how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud 'Jehovah reigns;'
For joy let fertile valleys sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring
To him whose power the world sustains.

5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own his sovereign power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

81. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 148.

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

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

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

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

6 By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

82. H. M. TATE & WATTS

The Same. Ps. 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim and seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above, and clouds that move
In liquid air.

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

4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey; his glorious sway
The sky transcends.

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

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

83. C. M. Mrs. Rowe.

The Same.

1 Begin, my soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony;

6 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

84. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same. Ps. 148.

1 PRAISE the Lord—ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Hallelujah, amen.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken:
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
Hallelujah, amen.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious:
Never shall his promise fail.
God hath made his saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail
Hallelujah, amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.
Hallelujah, amen.

85. L. M. RICHARDS.

The Same.

1 FATHER of angels and of men,
Of nature and of grace the Lord,
Be thou, in one eternal strain,
By all thy various works adored.

2 From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
Through worlds above and worlds below,
Thy boundless mercies, freely given,
In tides of bliss forever flow.

3 Sing, O ye heavens—burst into praise,
Thou earth, and let the anthem roll
Till rocks and tombs shall hear the lays,
And light and life embrace the whole.

86. L. M. *THURLOW.

The Same. Ps. 148.

1 To praise the Lord be our delight;
O praise him in the arched height;
Let hosts and angels of his own
All warble praise to him alone.

2 Ye sun and moon, the eyes of day
And dewy night, his praise display;
Ye stars, and thou, O light, awake
Loud-voiced music for his sake.

3 Ye boundless heavens spread out on high,
Ring with the golden melody;
And, all ye waters laid in store
Above the heavens, in song adore.

4 Let them in grateful concert praise
The Lord, and magnify his ways;
Be his eternal love displayed
Who spake the word, and they were made.

5 And on the earth—O praise the Lord;
Ye monstrous deeps, your praise afford;
Thou burning fire, and hail, and snow,
And vapors, your great Author know.

6 Praise him, and in his name rejoice,
Ye sons of men, with heart and voice;
O let them sing his holy worth
Whose praise is over heaven and earth.

87. H. M. H. Ballou, 2d.

The Same.

1 Ye realms below the skies,
Your Maker's praises sing;
Let boundless honors rise
To heaven's eternal King;
O bless his name whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

3 'Tis he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'Tis he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;
He swells the tempests on the main,
Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

4 Still let the waters roar
As round the earth they roll:
His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song
O'er thousand waves that floats along.

5 His praise, ye worlds on high,
Display with all your spheres,
Amid the darksome sky,
When silent night appears.
O, let his works declare his name
Through all the universal frame.

88. C. M. Bowring.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

1 The heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All-wise, all-holy! thou art praised
In song of seraphim;
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature—a temple worthy thee
That beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above,

Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
That rise along the shore,
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar—

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st—and what is man
Before thy presence, God?
A breath but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod.
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

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89. L. M. BROWNE.

The Only God.

1 ETERNAL God! almighty Cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws—
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe—
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.

5 Worship to thee alone belongs—
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone,
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

90. H. M. S. Ballou.

The Great First Cause.

1 The first almighty Cause,
Who did all things create,
Gave nature all her laws,
Unchangeable as fate,
The source of life, the spring of springs—
His praise all heaven and nature sings.

2 Where'er we cast our eyes,
With raptures we behold,
Below, or in the skies,
Wonders that can't be told:
In nature's book, in every line,
His wisdom and perfections shine.

3 On him all worlds depend;
To him all bend the knee;—
But none can comprehend
The boundless deity.
He fills all space, lives everywhere,
Sustains the whole, makes all his care.

91. L. M. *Watts.

God.

1 God is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty, the Eternal One!
Nature and grace, with all their powers
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade planets roll, and suns to shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,—
This humble dwelling-place of worms.

5 Who can behold thy blazing light!
Who can approach consuming flame!—
Thy wisdom only knows thy might;
Thy word alone can speak thy name.

92. L. M. 61. *W. Ray.

Perfection of God.

1 Thou art, almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

2 What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord?
The brightest rainbow-tints are faint;
The brightest stars of heaven afford
But dim effusions of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze.

3 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne;
And every frail and fickle beam
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee
In thy own vast immensity.

4 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

93. L. M. WATTS.

The Divine Being and Perfections. Ps. 36.

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

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

3 Thy providence is kind and large:
Both men and beasts thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

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

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

6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

94. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

The surpassing Glory of God.

1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
O what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun, at noon-day hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine:
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

4 O how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,

Upon thy glory gaze!—
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

95. 6s M. DRUMMOND.

The Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth and sea and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
Th' exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator, know.

3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind:
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blest messenger of grace!—
Th' Eternal is but one:
No second holds his place.

96. L. M. KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

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

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

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

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

97. L. M. WATTS.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heaven—'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a king of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

4 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;—
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

5 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon—
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

6 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

98. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Spirituality of God.

1 THOU art, O God, a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes—
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image, spotless, fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone:
Ours is the God that made the heavens—
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5 My soul, the purest homage pay;
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice—
Than outward forms delight him more.

99. L. M. *Doddridge.

Seeing the Invisible.

1 Eternal and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes
When God with all his glory 's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great God! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Awed by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart—
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would we urge,—
To bear thee ever in our sight,
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Our only portion and delight.

100. C. M. *Sternhold

Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

101. L. M. *Watts.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of our God—
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heaven, but man below:
Be short our tunes—our words be few.
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues

102 L. M. TATE.

The Majesty and Dominion of God. Ps. 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations firmly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

103. C. M. *WATTS.

God's Infinite and Eternal Dominion.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

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

3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

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

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

104. C. M. *Watts.

Decrees and Dominion of God.

1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;—
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

4 No creature asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
No fav'rite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name
Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

105. C. M. *Watts.

Decrees and Providence of God.

1 Let the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before the Lord:
Whate'er his mighty hand has formed
He governs with a word.

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

3 There 's not a sparrow nor a worm
O'erlooked in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
Or sinks them as he please.

4 If light attend the course we go,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun
If darkness cloud our days.

5 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love,
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees,
Awaits us here below.

6 Be this alone our fervent prayer,—
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
Our souls for heaven and thee.

106. C. M. H. K. White.

God's Power over his Works.

1 The Lord our God is full of might:
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

107. L. M. *WALLACE.

Greatness and Grandeur of God.

1 How great is our Creator, God,
In wisdom, majesty, and might,
When he displays his power abroad,
And brings his wonders forth to light!

2 Behold what cloudy columns rise,
Terrific as the shades of night!
What peals of thunder rend the skies!
The lightning, how sublimely bright!

3 How dreadful is the threatening hail!
Th' approaching tempest, O how grand!
What terror doth the mind assail
When deep convulsions shake the land!

4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan;
The bowels of the mountains flame;
The elements, affrighted, own
The awful greatness of thy name.

5 Almighty God! thy chariot wheels
In solemn pomp and grandeur roll;
Thy presence trembling nature feels,
And humble reverence fills the soul.

108. C. M. WATTS.

The Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.

1 With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!—
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth, compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll—
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace,
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

109. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL Power! almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God! and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below—
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

4 But O to show thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange, how awful, is thy love!—
With trembling we adore.
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel-tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God! permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.

110. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Eternity of God. Ps. 90.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or the fair earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 T[illegible] us, O Lord, the wisdom give
So every precious hour to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

111. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

God Eternal and Unchangeable.

1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine
Through ages infinite shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Yon shining orbs may leave their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track;

5 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same—
I AM is thy memorial still.

112. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God Omnipresent.

1 THERE 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare;
Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
For God is everywhere.

113. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

The Same.

1 FATHER of all! omniscient Mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?

3 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise,
In splendor there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame;
It glows in every vital part,
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.

6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

114. L. M. 61. MONTGOMERY.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient. Ps. 139.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest—
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue—all my ways.

2 No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
Witness thou art to all my deeds—
Before, behind, forever near.
Such knowledge is for me too high:
I live but in my Maker's eye.

3 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day;

4 If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,

Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

5 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me !—how great the sum !—
New every morn, they never cease :
They were, they are, and yet shall come
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand or ocean's shore.

6 Search me, O God, and know my heart ;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way :
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

115. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Same. Ps. 139.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee—
Known long before conceived by me.

5 Surrounded by thy power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand.
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

3 O could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun
Or whither from thy presence run ?

4 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

5 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

6 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

116. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 139.

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

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest—
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

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

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

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

117. C. M. ARBUCKLE.

The Same.

1 My heart, and all my ways, O God,
By thee are searched and seen;
My outward acts thine eye observes—
My secret thoughts within.

2 Attendant on my steps, all day
Thy providence I see,
And in the solitude of night
I'm present still with thee.

3 No spot the boundless realms of space,
Whence thou art absent, know:
In heaven thou reign'st a glorious king—
An awful judge below.

4 Lord! if within my thoughtless heart
Thou aught should'st disapprove,
The secret evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.

5 If e'er my ways have been perverse
Or foolish in thy view,
Recal my steps to thy commands,
And form my life anew.

118. C. M. *Watts.

God's Wisdom in his Works. Ps. 111.

1 Songs of immortal praise belong
To our almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

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

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

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

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

119. 10s & 11s M. Proud.

God's Greatness and Mercy.

1 Thy name we extol, Jehovah our King;
Forever in thee we'll triumph and sing;
From morning to evening thy goodness we'll praise,
And, while we have being, thy honor we'll raise.

2 How great is the Lord! no tongue can make known
The infinite God; eternal his throne;
And great be his praises, by all be they given,
By men and by angels, on earth and in heaven.

3 The works of his hand declare his vast might;
His terrible acts are holy and right;
His truth and his justice are seen in his ways,
And his mighty wonders demand highest praise.

4 His goodness and truth, how rich do they prove!
No anger he bears—his nature is love;
To all he is tender, and good doth impart:
To him will we render the praise of the heart.

120. L. P. M. WATTS.

God's enduring Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.

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

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

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God;—he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train,

His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

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

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

121. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none ;
Thy holiness is all thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy glory we alone declare,
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored !
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy dreadful majesty.

122. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry—
'Thrice holy,' let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compared,
How mean they look and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots
When once compared with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce His name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach:
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

123. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 99.

1 EXALT the Lord, our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;—
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

124. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Providence and Perfections of God.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same!

2 Thou, by thy word, upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thine every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

3 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid.

4 Wisdom and might and love are thine:
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And own thee sovereign Lord of all.

5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess
That move on earth, or sea, or sky—
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
And bow before thy piercing eye.

6 All ye who owe to him your breath,
In praise your every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns—be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

125. L. M. DYER.

God's Care over All.

1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power—but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;

3 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb—
Who, sickening at the present scene,
Sigh for that better state to come;

4 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

5 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,

6 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

126. 7s M. *Ryland.

All our Times in God's Hand.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me by thy power;
Thou wilt guide me hour by hour;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree.

3 Times of sickness—times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

4 Times temptation's power to prove;
Times to taste a Savior's love;—
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 O thou gracious, wise, and just!
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I aught that 's dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

127. C. M. SCOTT.

Divine Providence.

1 GOD reigns;—events in order flow
Man's industry to guide;
But in a differen: channel go
To humble human pride.

2 The swift not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labors of the wise.

3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all thy ways we humbly own
Thy providential power;
Entrusted to thy care alone,
The lot of every hour.

128. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Providence Mysterious.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way:
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

129. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Same.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight—
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

130. C. M. COWPER.

The Same.

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

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

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;—
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

131. L. M. ANONYMOUS

Providence Kind and Sure.

1 THROUGH all the various passing scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

4 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That silent dims the widow's eye.

5 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

6 This be my care—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be,—
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed, O God, my soul on thee.'

132. C. M. FAWCETT.

Providence Unsearchable.

1 THY way, O God! is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.

3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why.

4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love:
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 'Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight.
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

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

133. C. M. BEDDOME.

Providence and Grace Unsearchable.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!
Creatures in vain explore;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.

3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

134. L. M. *BEDDOME.

Providence Unsearchable.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.

2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws;
His work performs—conceals the cause;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And age to age has still confessed
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, mid the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

135. S. M. *Jervis.

God's Providence in National Overturns.

1 God, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise,
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.

2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,
And, stained with blood, with terrors marked,
Spread wonder and despair.

3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost—
Empires o'erturned—thrones, sceptres, crowns
In wild confusion tost.

4 While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide,
In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
The righteous still confide.

5 Mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way;
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.

6 He'll curb the lawless power,
The deadly wrath, of man,
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.

136. C. M. HERVEY.

God's Providence always Kind.

1 THROUGH all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys:
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind:
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good
Nor less when he denies;
Even crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

137. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God Just and Wise in Afflictions.

1 IF Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.

2 Whate'er he orders must be just;
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.

3 The mind to which I owe my own
To guide this mind is wise,
And he to whom my faults are known
The fittest to chastise.

4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach me, Power Divine,
Still to reply, 'Thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.'

138. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

God Wise and Merciful in Chastisements.

1 How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O how rich the blessings are
That blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

5 Our Father! we consent
To discipline divine,
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

139. L. M. WATTS.

God's Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. 57.

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

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

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

4 My heart is fixed—my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

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

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

140. L. M. Doddridge.

God our Refuge and Home. Ps. 90.

1 Thou, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been—
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

5 So, when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

12*

141. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Deliverer and Comforter. Ps. 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 Their drooping hearts were soon refreshed
Who looked to him for aid;
Desired success in every face
A cheerful air displayed.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 O, make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

142. L. P. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Refuge. Ps. 46.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress—
A present help when dangers press:
In him, undaunted, we'll confide,

Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill—
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

143. L. M. WATTS.

God the Refuge of his Saints. Ps. 46.

1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world:
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God—
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;—
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

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

144. L. M. WATTS.

God our Protector and Guide. Ps. 121.

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

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

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

4 Israel (a name divinely blest)
May rise secure, securely rest:
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

145. C. M. *PROUD.

God our Protector and Savior.

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests low'r;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs:
We give Jehovah praise—
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Deliverer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
He makes our souls in safety dwell,
And mighty is his arm.

5 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise;
We'll spread his power and mercy round,
And songs of honor raise.

146. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

God our Protector and Guide.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither, should I fly
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

147. C. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver in Times of Sickness. Ps. 121.

1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;—
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide nor fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

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

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

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

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

148. H. M. *Watts.

The Same. Ps. 121.

1 Upward we lift our eyes:
From God is all our aid,—
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower
To which we fly; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

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

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath.

We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till, from on high,
Thou call us home.

149. C. P. M. H. Moore

God's Love seen in Nature.

1 My God! thy boundless love I praise:
How bright on high its glories blaze—
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale;
Its bounties richly spread the plain—
The blushing fruit, the golden grain—
And smile on every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude—
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend
My soul's eternal good.

150. C. M. BROWNE.

The Same.

1 LORD! thou art good—all nature shows
Its mighty author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone,
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies—
Spreads joy through every part.
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart;

6 My highest admiration raise;
My best affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

151. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Universal Love of God.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains,
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our mortal frame
The fairest temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art—
With grateful love, and reverend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

152. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 145.

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

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies:
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

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

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

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

153. L. M. WATTS.

God's Mercy to the Human Race. Ps. 136.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise:
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.

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

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

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

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong—
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

154. S. M. *Watts.

God's Condescension and Goodness to Man. Ps. 8.

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

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

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms—
Lord, what is man, that feeble thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

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

5 How rich thy bounties are!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

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

155. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

God's constant Mercy.

1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye!
How many passed almost unknown
Or unregarded by!

4 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

5 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.

6 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine,—
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

156. C. M. Addison.

The Same.

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

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

157. L. M. Doddridge.

God's Mercies above all Return.

1 In glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand:
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O what poor returns I make!
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
Lord, I confess, with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my laboring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice;—
It sinks beneath the mighty load,
'What shall I render to my God?'

4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days;
Yet what, at best, can I pretend
Worthy such gifts from such a friend!

5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
My emptiness and poverty:
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heaven may echo with my song:
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of long eternity.

158. S. M. Mrs. Steele.

God our constant Benefactor.

1 My Maker, and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O what can I impart
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

159. S. M. WATTS.

God's abounding Compassion. Ps. 103.

1 My soul, repeat his praise
  Whose mercies are so great—
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
  So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
  Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
  Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

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

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

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

160. S. M. WATTS.

Bless the Lord for his Mercies. Ps. 103.

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

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

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

4 He crowns thy life with love
When ransomed from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

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

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

161. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Same. Ps. 103.

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

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide—
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole—
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.

162. L. M. 61. *Addison.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

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

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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

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

163. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is:
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

164. 11s M. *Byrom.

The Same. Ps. 23.

1 The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound;
His care and protection his flock will surround.

2 The Lord is our shepherd—what, then, shall we fear?
Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near?
O, no—when he calls us, we'll walk through the vale,
The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not fail.

3 Afraid by ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay:
We know, by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song;
His blessings have followed us all our life long;—
His name will we praise while he lends to us breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

165. 7s M. Merrick.

The Same. Ps. 23.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows.

5 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

166. 11s M. *MONTGOMERY.

The Same. Ps. 23.

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

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

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

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

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

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167. L. M. *Mrs. Steele.

Nature proclaiming God.

1 There is a God all nature speaks
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies:
See, from the clouds his glory breaks
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around:
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Are with a thousand blessings crowned.

4 The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art:
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

5 Almighty goodness, power divine,
The mountains, forests, streams display;
They speak the hand that drew their line,
And gave them all their bright array.

6 Shall we, who trace his works abroad,
Refuse to own his skill and power?
O let us here confess our God,
And bow before him, and adore.

168. L. M. 61. T. Moore.

God the Life and Light of the World. Ps. 84.

1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreaths
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

169. L. M. Miss Williams.

God seen in the Revolutions of Nature. Ps. 84.

1 My God! all nature owns thy sway;
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day;
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour—
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire—
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain,
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise.

170. C. M. WATTS.

God seen in Nature and Grace.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

171. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

God seen in his Works.

1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned:
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the firmament your eye—
Thither his path pursue:
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 He bows the heavens;—the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land—
'Tis Eden where he trod.

5 The forests in his strength rejoice:
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

172. L. M. *Dyer.

All Things speak of God.

1 Great Cause of all things! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills
And every flower, and every tree—
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

173. L. M. ADDISON.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

174. L. P. M. *Watts.

The Same. Ps. 19.

1 Great God, the heaven's well-ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine—
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;

The sun, in robes of splendor drest
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God;
All nature joins him in the praise.
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

175. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Nature inviting to praise God.

1 THOU great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
It decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

176. L. M. ENFIELD.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1 O THOU, through all thy works adored!
Great power supreme! almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey!

2 To thee, Most High, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee we will attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honor of their Maker shine.

4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,—
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the colored bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

5 Tempests obey thy mighty will:
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

6 Yet, pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters, with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth and sea and air.

177. L. M. Mrs. Opie.

Uniting with Nature in God's Praise.

1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thine indulgence, love and power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'mid Nature's loud acclaim !
No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And Nature's debt is small to mine—
Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
But (matchless proof of love divine !)
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

3 The Savior left his heavenly throne
A ransom for our souls to give ;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deigned to die that we might live.
But thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

178. C. M. *E. Turner.

God's Works and Law show forth his Glory. Ps. 19

1 Lo, what a speaking lustre shines
In all the works of God!
His wisdom writ in fairest lines—
His power declared abroad.

2 The heavens, adorned with moon and stars,
Express his glorious skill;
The day his strong impression bears;
The night attends his will.

3 Their language through the earth is heard,
One all-extending voice
Proclaims abroad the cheering word,
And bids the world rejoice.

4 Behold yon glowing, radiant sun,
Great source of blissful light!
Rejoicing in his course to run,
And shed effulgence bright.

5 Such is thy law, O God of grace!
Which renovates the soul,—
A law of love, and truth, and peace,
That makes the sinner whole.

6 Nor shall its moral light grow dim
Or ever fade away;
The present gentle, rising beam
Shall shed a boundless day.

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179. L. M. WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

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

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

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

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

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;—
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.

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

180. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY

The Same. Ps. 19.

1 THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare;
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing cloud, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song
When, one by one, the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense:
My soul thy goodness longs to see,—
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

181. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 19

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before your eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

182. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

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

2 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

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

4 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

5 O let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

183. C. M. *COWPER.

Glory of the Sacred Page.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display:
It makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

184. C. M. WATTS.

Perfection of the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below:
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 In vain we boast perfection here
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far
They scarce deserve the name.

5 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

185. L. M. *Watts.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
Their pens the sacred truth record,
That distant times may read the word.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the blest volume of thy book:
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

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

186. C. M. Watts.

Instruction from the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey;
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

187. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Scriptures a Pillar of Fire.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favored lands, who have this word!
Ye saints, who feel its saving power!
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

188. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer! gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

189. L. P. M. *WATTS.

Uses of the Scriptures.

1 How precious, Lord, thy holy word!
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
While gospel-truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

3 From the discoveries of thy law
What perfect rules of life we draw!
Be these our study and delight;
May every deed, and word, and thought,
To truth and duty's standard brought,
Become well-pleasing in thy sight.

4 O may thy word those faults reveal
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

190. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Scriptures a Lamp to our Feet.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

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

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

191. L. M. *BEDDOME.

Worth and Influence of the Scriptures.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Here love, in all its glory, shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to our heart and near our eye,
Till life's last hour our souls engage,
And be our chosen heritage.

3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
It brings our future home to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

5 O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

192. C. M. *WATTS.

The Same.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
There I behold my Savior's face
In every sacred page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Then blest is he who wisely tries
To make that pearl his own.

4 Here living water gently flows
To wash me from my sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where sense and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 May thy wise counsels, O my God,
These roving feet command;
And may I ne'er forsake the road
That leads to thy right hand.

193. L. M. *Scott.

Inspiration and Preservation of the Scriptures

1 Eternal Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

2 Filled with thy great, almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts, they spread the news
Of pardon through a Savior's blood,
And to a numerous seeking crowd
Marked out the path to his abode.

4 The powers of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence, through every age,
Securely guards the book divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee
Its sacred wonders to explore.

194. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Spirit of God's Word.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page!
The same through all succeeding years!
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe its life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy truth from thee proceed
Our souls to waken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
And thee, our God, through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince, and bring us wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
And make us in thy will complete;
Perfect thy work of saving love,
And fit us for thy courts above.

5 Supplied from out thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

195. C. M. WATTS.

The Scriptures our Heritage. Ps. 119.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies:

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

196. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 O How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise

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197. L. M. WATTS.

Christ foretold.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised Seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of the law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased—
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;—
Jesus, we worship at thy feet;
And nations own the promised Seed.

198. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Coming foretold.

1 BEHOLD my servant! see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak he'll not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline;
And foreign lands, and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

199. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Birth.

1 HARK! what celestial notes,
What melody, we hear!
Soft on the morn it floats,
And fills the ravished ear.

The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre, and vocal choir,
The concert swell.

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

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

200. C. M. PATRICK.

The Same.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.'

201. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 HARK! the herald-angels sing
'Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Man to God is reconciled.'

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

3 Mild, he lays his glories by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

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

202. C. M. *Watts.

The Same.

1 'Shepherds! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies—
Salvation's born to-day.

2 'Jesus, your Lord, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 'No gold, nor purple swathing bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the king of kings.

4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 'Glory to God that reigns above;
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.'

203. 8s & 7s M. *Cawood

The Same.

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

2 Listen to the wondrous story,—
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
'Glory in the highest,—glory!
Glory be to God most high.

3 'Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 'Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.'

5 Mortals, join! repeat the story;
Sing our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

204. C. M. Medley

The Same.

1 Mortals, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

205. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 HAIL, all hail the joyful morn:
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a Son is given.

2 Angels, bending from the sky,
Chanted, at the wondrous birth,
'Glory be to God on high,
Peace—good-will to man on earth.'

3 Join we then our feeble lays
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

206. 11s & 10s M. *Heber.

The Same.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! th' horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Monarch, Redeemer and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ampler oblation,—
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! th' horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

207. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Guiding Star.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
We'll meekly follow Christ on earth,
And reign with him in heaven.

208. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Coming.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

209. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 98.

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

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

210. C. P. M. MISS ROSCOE.

The Same.

1 O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Savior's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Savior's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

17*

211. C. M. *Watts.

The Same. Ps. 96.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations from their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

212. 11s M. Drummond.

The Voice of One crying in the Wilderness.

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil.
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high;
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And th' olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

213. C. M. WATTS.

John the Herald of Christ.

1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face;
The herald which the Prince of Peace
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 'Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries,
'That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er his head
On his baptizing day.

3 'Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

4 'The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that 's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

5 'Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.'

214. L. M. BOWRING.

Christ teaching the People.

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

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

215. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Character.

1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thoughts employ,—
On him, whom, though unseen, we love.

2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,
To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven!

3 What constancy, what pious zeal,
To do his heavenly Father's will,
His law and mercy to reveal,
And his all-gracious plans fulfil!

4 In all, with gratitude we view
The steady purpose of his soul
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the powers of sin control.

5 Father of all! his God and ours!
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our soul's united powers,
For thy rich grace through him, we raise.

216. C. M. ENFIELD.

The Same.

1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood!
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
While humble prayer and holy faith
His fainting strength renewed.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done!'

6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

217. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

'See how he loved!'

1 'SEE how he loved!' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved,—who travelled on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he loved,—who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved,—who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5 See how he loved,—who died for man,
Who labored thus, and thus endured,
To finish all the gracious plan
Which life and heaven to man secured.

6 Such love can we unmoved survey?
O may our breasts with ardor glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

218. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Miracles.

1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?—
O pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more!

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—O save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

219. L. M. BUTCHER.

The Same.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove,
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!

2 On eyes that never saw the day
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

220. L. M. *WATTS.

Christ's Miracles a Proof of his Mission.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

221. L. M. *Doddridge.

Christ's Transfiguration.

1 When at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours through all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
I see the King of Glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.

3 On Tabor, thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'

4 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine:

5 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'T is good to dwell forever there!
And death, the envoy of our God,
Shall bear us to that blest abode.

222. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
That echo thus o'er Salem's plains?
What anthems, loud and louder still,
Come swelling forth from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! Salem's crowds in chorus sing
Hosanna to their promised King;
The Savior comes! and babes proclaim
The royal honors of his name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,—
For we will join the song of praise,
And Gentiles, Jews, together own
And hail the heir of David's throne.

4 His name from age to age shall rise
With wider, fuller symphonies,
Till all the earth's unnumbered throng
Unite to swell the choral song:

5 'Hosanna in the highest strains!
The mighty Son of David reigns!
All praise to him on earth be given,
And glory crown the song in heaven!'

223. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christ's New Command to his Disciples.

1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

3 'Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

4 'Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

5 'Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

6 'To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.'

224. C. P. M. *Richards.

Christ in the Garden.

1 Jesus, bowed down by mighty woe,
Unfelt, unknown to all below
Except the Son of God,
In agonizing pangs of soul
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest bowl,
And sweats great drops of blood.

2 See his disciples slumbering round;
Nor pitying friend on earth is found;
He treads the press alone:
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes;
No respite waits him from the skies;
His death it must atone.

3 'O Father, hear! this cup remove—
Save thou the darling of thy love,'
The prostrate victim said,
'Yet not my will but thine be done,
Should that extend to count thy Son
Amid the sleeping dead.'

4 His earnest prayers, his deepening groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the sky.
'Go strengthen Christ,' Jehovah said;
Th' astonished seraph bowed his head,
And left the realms on high.

5 Made strong in strength renewed from heaven,
Jesus receives the cup as given;
Submiss, resigned in all,
He drinks—nor leaves a dreg behind;
And bears away from human kind
The wormwood mixed with gall.

225. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Crucifixion.

1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold his face,—
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murd'rers he remains.

4 But hark!—he prays,—'tis for his foes;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and paradise bestows;
He bows his head; the conflict ends.

5 Truly this was the Son of God!
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath his Father's rod:
Not for himself,—for man, he dies.

226. C. M. S. STENNETT.

The Same.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amazed centurion cry,
'This is the Son of God.'

4 So great—so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

227. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Same.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

228. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

'It is finished!'

1 BEHOLD the Savior on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow—

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finished'—was his latest voice:
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

5 'Tis finished—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain and toils
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finished—ritual worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
A new world is begun.

229. L. M. *STENNETT.

The Same.

1 'Tis finished! so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Savior of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this my last, expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished—man is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled,
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard by all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through earth below, and worlds on high.

230. 8s 7s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth—and veils the sky!
'It is finished!'
Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 'It is finished!'—oh, what pleasure
Do these sacred words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
'It is finished!'—
Saints, the dying words record!

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

231. L. M. WATTS.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

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

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richest blood!

3 Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;—
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb—
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, 'Live forever, wondrous king,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;'
Then ask the monster, 'Where 's thy sting?
And where 's thy victory, boasting grave?'

232. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ Rising and Ascending. Ps. 24.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah, &c.

2 'Tis the Savior! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious Jesus, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Every note with wonder swell,—
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell:
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah, &c.

233. L. M. RAFFLES.

'Abide with us.'

1 ABIDE with us—the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

2 Abide with us—the night is chill,
And damp and cheerless is the air;
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.

3 Abide with us—thy converse sweet
Has well beguiled the tedious way;
With such a friend we joy to meet;
We supplicate thy longer stay.

4 Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst,—we pant for more.

5 Abide with us—our hearts are cold;
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,—
And, Stranger, we complain no more.

6 Abide with us—amazed, they cry,
As, suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head!

234. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ Risen and Ascending. Ps. 24.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

3 Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!

4 'Who is the King of glory—who?'
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,—
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

235. 7s M. ANONYMOUS

Christ is Risen.

1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save—
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet, triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou.

236. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

'Crown him Lord of all!'

1 ALL-HAIL, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

237. L. M. *MEDLEY.

Praise for his Loving-kindness.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness O how free!

2 He saw me dead in sin and thrall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all,
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

238. S. M. HAMMOND

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Savior's name!

2 Sing of his dying love—
Sing of his rising power—
Sing how he intercedes above
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners—sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
'Ye blessed children, come!'
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

239. L. M. WATTS.

The Brightness of God's Glory.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star;

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

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

19*

240. C. M. WATTS.

Christ Worthy to be Exalted.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus;'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore to Lamb!

241. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Universal Praise to Christ.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his sceptre fall.

2 Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumbered hither bring;
The tribute pour before his feet,
And own the honors of your king.

3 From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise
His mighty blessings shall proclaim,—
Blessings that earth to glory raise,—
And fill creation with his name.

242. 8s 7s & 4s M. KELLEY.

Every Knee bowing to Christ.

1 LOOK! ye saints—the sight how glorious:
See the man of sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!—
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Hark!—those bursts of acclamation—
Hark!—those loud, triumphant chords—
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

243. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ exalted as Prince and Savior.

1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne:
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Savior, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live,
And loud proclaim thy healing breath
Which works their life who wrought thy death.

244. 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

'Worthy the Lamb.'

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,—
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;

To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

245. H. M. WATTS.

Various Names and Offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore—
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of death subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Be thou my Counsellor,
My patron and my guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way!

4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 My Master and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

246. L. M. S. STREETER.

The Same.

1 A KING shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
He 's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.

2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.

3 In burning sands and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found,
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.

4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty;
All ears shall hearken, and obtain
The words of life from Christ the Lamb

247. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 THOU art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to taste,
Whose joys eternal flow.

248. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THOU art the Way—and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow—
By thee must come, thou Gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

2 Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The word whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

3 Thou art the Life—the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic pillar given
Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

249. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Various Names and Offices of Christ.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light!
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

250. C. M. ANONYMOUS

The Same.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

251. 8s & 7s M. HART.

The Same.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

252. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

253. C. M. *H. BALLOU.

The Same.

1 OUR Lord shall be our hiding-place,
A covert from the storm;
And, by the riches of his grace,
Secure from every harm.

2 As in a dry and barren place
Rivers of water flow,
Jesus the riches of his grace
Makes fainting mortals know.

3 As a tall shadow of a rock
Within a weary land,
Is Jesus to his fainting flock—
He guards them with his hand.

4 Clearness of sight he will bestow,
Our dimness take away,
And make us all his goodness know
In an eternal day.

5 There we shall hear the joyful sound,
Salvation in the Lord;
And on the fair celestial ground
Our thankful songs record.

254. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

A Name above every Name.

1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,—
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

3 O may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee:
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!

4 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here
And share thy throne above.

255. 7s M. RICHARDS.

Our Comforter.

1 JESUS, comforter divine!
Consolations, Lord, are thine;
Mightiest comforts, full of good,
Worthy of the living God.

2 Thou shalt wipe all tears away
Mid the blessed realms of day;
Thou shalt hush each rising sigh;
Sorrow, pain, and death, shall die.

3 Highest praises wait thy name,
Great unchanging, glorious same;
Jesus, comforter divine!
Praises, praises, Lord, be thine.

256. L. M. MEDLEY.

The Same.

1 COME, ye who know the Savior's love
And his indulgent mercies prove,
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For he'll not leave you comfortless.

2 He ever acts the Savior's part,
With strong compassions in his heart;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless.

3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share;
He will their every fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

4 While they sojourners are below,
And travel through this world of woe,
In storms and floods of deep distress
He will not leave them comfortless.

5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh and mortal powers shall fail,
Their dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.

6 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,
For every promise in thy word;
But, O, with this our hearts impress,
'I will not leave you comfortless.'

257. L. M. WATTS.

The Corner-Stone. Ps. 118.

1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Savior rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blest!
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their king
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

258. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 118.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

259. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 118.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the king
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

260. P. M. *Newton.

Our Friend.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well 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
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth ill-treated,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory seated,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, like him 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.

261. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Our Head.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth and those above
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O, may my faith each hour derive
Thy spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

262. C. M. WATTS

Our High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

263. L. M. MASON.

The Image of the Invisible God.

1 THOU, Lord! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.

2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays
When shining with reflected light;

3 So, in thy Son, thy power divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.

4 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
Contemptuous turned away their face,
Yet those who trusted in his name
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

5 O thou! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

6 While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

264. L. M. *Doddridge.

Immutable.

1 With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Assembled round our Savior's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known

2 Through all succeeding ages he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

3 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his people high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

265. H. M. E. Turner.

The Universal King.

1 Come, sing a Savior's power,
And praise his mighty name;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
Wide o'er the world a king shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield;

His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield:
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld;
And from his bounteous hand
All hearts with joy be filled.
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

266. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,—
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, the light of every creature,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

4 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou prince of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

5 By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

267. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Our Refuge.

1 JESUS! Savior of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Helpless hangs my soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our sin;
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep us pure within.

268. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God's Servant.

1 THUS saith the Lord who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And formed the human soul:—

2 'Behold my Servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

3 'On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

4 'The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.'

269. S. M. MRS. STEELE

Our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest;
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

270. L. M. *Beddome

The Morning Star.

1 Ye worlds of light, that roll so near
The Savior's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are—
How faint and few, compared with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love:
See, how its rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the wildered Christian's way:
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
Enlightened with a constant day.

4 Thus, when the eastern wise men brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears—
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

271. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Jacob's Star.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guiding wildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

272. L. M. S. STREETER.

The Sun of Righteousness.

1 WHAT heavenly light is that which shines
In soft refulgence from the east,
And, pouring splendor through all climes,
Makes every child of sorrow blest?

2 It is the Sun of Righteousness,
The brightness of the great I AM!
In him Jehovah manifests
His mercy, love, and grace to man.

3 God made from darkness light to shine;
And, through the mighty Savior's grace,
Will give the light of life divine
To every child of Adam's race.

4 Immortal Source of light and life,
In brighter flames of brilliance move,
Till all are turned from sin and strife,
To sing the deathless song of love.

273. L. M. WATTS.

Imitating Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

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

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

274. C. M. BEDDOME.

Imitating Christ in Duties and Sufferings.

1 In duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

275. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Christ our Example.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
If then we bear the Savior's name,
By his example let us move.

6 Thy fair example may we trace
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Savior, daily more like thee.

276. 7s M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Sufferings.

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

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:

O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
—Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes—
Savior, teach us so to rise.

277. L. M. *H. Ballou.

Christ's Example in Forgiving.

1 Teach us to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

2 Till death he loved his foes, and said,
'Father, forgive,'—then groaned and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.

3 For such a heart and such a love,
O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That we may like our Savior be.

278. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Example of Love to Enemies.

1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his foes did bear;
Which made the torturing cross its throne
And hung its trophies there.

2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And, whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Swayed by thy blest example, we
For enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred—and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

279. L. M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Example and Support in all Trials.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,—
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ·
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By all that shared his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Savior, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for thou hast died;
And point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

280. S. M. WATTS

The Law and the Gospel.

1 The law by Moses came;
  But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name
  Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
  Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
  But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
  Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
  The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
  The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
  For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
  On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
  And dare resist his grace.

281. C. M. WATTS.

Sinai and Zion.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,—
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

282. L. M. *J. Newton.

The Voice of Sinai and Zion.

1 The God who once to Israel spoke
From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow;
He speaks in love from Zion now:
It is the voice of Jesus' blood
That calls us, wanderers, back to God.

3 His servant Moses quaked and feared,
When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
But gospel grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.

4 What other arguments can move
The heart that slights a Savior's love?
O may that heavenly power be felt,
And cause the stony heart to melt!

283. C. M. Watts.

Blessedness of the Gospel. Ps. 89.

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

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

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy king forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

284. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

God's surprising Mercies in the Gospel.

1 RISE, every heart and every tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song;
Surprising mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.

2 See what the gracious God of heaven
Hath now to his own Israel given!
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.

3 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church revealed his mind;
But we enjoy a wondrous store
Of mercies never known before.

4 The sun of heaven illumes the soul·
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.

5 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be;
His greatest mercies stand confessed,
And Zion is divinely blessed.

6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record;
To us are richest favors given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

285. C. M. ANONYMOUS

The Gospel Feast.

1 ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare;
And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows;
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given!
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven!

4 The pained, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

286. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Gospel Jubilee.

1 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

4 The rich inheritance of heaven,—
Your joy, your boast,—is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great—
The joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound!
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

287. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full assurance made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

288. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

289. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy of the Gospel.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven from whence it fell
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 'So,' saith the God of grace,
'My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.'

290. C. M. *WATTS.

The Gospel Satisfying and Cleansing.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by covenant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls
From every loathsome trace,
In the blest fountain that his Son
Has opened for our race.

4 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as night before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

5 Here shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

6 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

291. L. M. WATTS.

Gospel Invitations.

1 'COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 'Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand
To mould and guide us at thy will.

292. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.'

1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whisp'ring, sinners, come!
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, come!

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ the fountain come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

293. C. M. *Mrs. Steele.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest!

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms!
He calls, he bids you come;—
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,—
But see, there yet is room!

3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;—
Approach, there yet is room.

294. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 'Have me excused'—why will you say?—
From health, and life, and liberty,
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness, and heaven!

3 Come, then, ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye weary wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes!
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His boundless love doth all embrace;
And we are freely saved by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true
Shall sup with him, and he with you;
Come to the feast, you're saved from sin,
And Jesus waits to take you in.

295. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

'Ho, every one that thirsteth!'

1 YE thirsty souls, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain, all
Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.

4 With you a covenant I will make,
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladdened David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.

5 Behold, he comes! your leader comes,
With might and honor crowned;
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.

6 See, nations hasten to his call
From every distant shore;
Islands unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore.

296. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Same.

1 THE Savior calls,—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

297. C. M. WATTS.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die—
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

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

298. 7s M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Weary, Pained, and Guilty, Invited.

1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

299. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Covenant sure. Ps. 89.

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

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

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

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

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

300. L. M. WATTS.

The Promises sure.

1 Praise, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.

4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar;

6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

301. C. M. *Watts.

The Same.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some lofty thing;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King!

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
Or sound his power abroad;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To sinful, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The gracious promise shines:
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

302. C. M. *Gibbons.

All Nations promised to Christ.

1 Father, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 'Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Beneath th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!

6 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim!

303. C. M. GIBBONS.

Universal Spread of the Gospel.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it run,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait;—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold!

6 Amen,—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen,—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply!

304. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night.

3 May the glorious day approaching
On their grossest darkness flame,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase.

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305. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Blessings of Christ's Reign. Ps. 72.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands, with their kings,
And Europe, her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to their king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

306. 7s & 6s M. MONTGOMERY.

The Same. Ps. 72.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

[3 By such shall he be feared
While sun and moon endure,—
Beloved, obeyed, revered,
For he shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.]

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

PART. II.

[5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bend the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

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

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

8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing, and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

307. C. M. 8l. *Hogg.

Blessedness of Christ's Reign Predicted.

1 In vision rapt, the prophet's eyes
Beheld that future day—
He saw the scenes before him rise
That far in distance lay:
'Who 's this,' he cried, 'comes from the way
Of Edom, all divine?
Travelling in splendor, whose array
Is red, but not with wine?

2 'Blest be the Herald of our king,
That comes to set us free!
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee!
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

3 'The child shall frolic in the way
Of dragons with delight;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite;

The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see;—
Hail to the Journeyer, in his might
Who comes to set us free!'

308. L. M. *H. Ballou.

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glories view?

2 Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

3 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parched ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree;

4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold;
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,—
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

309. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall the whole world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer host, encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

310. S. M. WATTS.

The Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Savior king!
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

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

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

311. C. M. *H. Ballou

The Same.

1 Jesus his empire shall extend;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend
And his commands obey.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest;
We hear the noise of war no more,—
He gives his people rest.

3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,
When spring renews her reign;
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill and plain;—

4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.

5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Savior shall his sceptre sway
With unresisted might.

6 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Savior shall restore;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
Shall give us blessings more.

312. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Reign Foretold. Ps. 89.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
'Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The spirit of my grace.

3 'High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

5 'Me for his Father and his God
He shall forever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode;—
And I'll support my Son.

6 'My covenant stands forever fast;
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.'

313. S. M. *Watts.

Christ Despised, but Exalted to a Kingdom

1 Who has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.

3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of love was pleased to bruise
His best beloved Son.

5 'But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure,' saith the God of grace,
'Shall prosper in his hand.

6 'Ten thousand captive slaves,
Released from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his power divine.'

24*

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314. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Jewish, and the Christian Zion. Ps. 48.

1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence;
How weak, how powerless is each arm,
Against Omnipotence!

315. S. M. WATTS.

The Beauty and Order of the Church. Ps. 48.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,—
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

316. 8s & 7s M. J. Newton.

'Glorious Things spoken of Zion.'

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

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 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.

5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

317. L. M. *Watts.

Christ and the Church. Ps. 45.

1 The King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;—
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he 's thy Savior and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies!
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

318. 7s M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

Future Glory of the Church. Ps. 67.

1 On thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

319. 10s M. *POPE.

The Same.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

320. 8s & 7s M. *Cowper.

The Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Cares and heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 'There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.

3 'Ye no more, your suns descending—
Waning moons—no more shall see;
But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.'

321. C. M. *C. Wesley.

The Church on Earth and in Heaven, One.

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make:
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our king
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The swelling stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,—
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This passing moment, go;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must follow too.

6 O God, be thou our constant guide!
And when the word is given,
Sustain us o'er the fearful tide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

THE SALVATION OF ALL.

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322. L. M. *Butcher.

All Mankind in Heaven.

1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest:
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3 Howe'er divided once below,
One bliss, one spirit here they know!
Here all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

323. C. M. Watts.

Prospect of Universal Blessedness.

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending king.

4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.'

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

324. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 LIFT up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secured by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms, shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

3 O happy day! when all our race
Complete in glory shall be found;
And, like their great, their mystic head,
Be with eternal honors crowned.

325. S. M. *H. Ballou.

The Same.

1 In God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

326. 7s M. Montgomery.

Jubilee of Christ's Universal Triumph.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:—

'Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!'
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
Heard through earth, and through the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled.
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens are passed away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

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327. C. M. *Watts.

Surpassing Glories of Redemption.

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

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom, power, and goodness shine
In their most glorious forms,

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;
We love and we adore;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

328. C. M. WATTS.

Grace abounding over Sin.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colors wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!
Behold, a dying Savior's veins
The sacred flood increase!

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

329. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grace first and last in Salvation.

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

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

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

330. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Pardon through Christ. Ps. 130.

1 GREAT God, wert thou extreme to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand,
Who claim thy promised bliss?
But, O! all merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought;
A gracious Savior has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin and death
And grief shall flee away.

331. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Pardon on Repentance.

1 WHEN sinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps return
Returning grace will show.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice divine:—
'My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

3 'But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend;
So far my thoughts, so far my ways
Your thoughts and ways transcend.

4 'Like as the showers from heaven distil,
Nor thither rise again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain;

5 'So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

6 'Where briers grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through her utmost bounds,
Eternal praises sing.'

332. L. M. *Stennett.

'Come now, and let us reason together.'

1 'Come, sinners,' saith the mighty God,
'Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.

2 'No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No fearful lightnings flash around;
I come with words of life and peace:—
Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound.'

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
O make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

333. L. M. *Gibbons.

Forgiveness.

1 Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound
To sinners of so deep a dye!
Publish the bliss the world around,—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing time

3 O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size
The seas of sovereign grace expand-
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honor shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardors glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

334. L. M. 61. *DAVIES.

'Who is a pardoning God like Thee!'

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike and divine;
But the bright glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

2 Sins of such baseness to forgive,
Such thankless, guilty worms to spare,—
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honor share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,

A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

4 O may this great, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

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335. L. M. *Watts.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon. Ps. 51.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My sins are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

336. C. M. MRS. CARTER.

The Same.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And, with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord!
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

337. L. M. *WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 51.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

338. 7s M. J. TAYLOR.

Confession, and Prayer for Pardon.

1 GOD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own;
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs!

339. L. M. JERVIS.

Relief experienced in Forgiveness.

1 WHILE with remorse and woe oppressed,
Distraction haunts the guilty breast;
The broken heart, the troubled mind,
In God alone shall succor find.

2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal,
The charms of mercy to reveal;
He grants the penitent relief,
And cheers the soul o'erwhelmed with grief.

3 When, by temptation's billows tost,
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost,
Still, hope, the anchor of the soul,
Shall folly's beating wave control.

4 To all the world's delusive joys,
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,
The sinner bids a long farewell,
And loves with purity to dwell.

5 In her secure and calm retreat,
He now enjoys a tranquil state;
Conscious that God will deign to hear
The contrite, humble, and sincere.

340. S. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Confessing and Forsaking Sin. Ps. 32.

1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

341. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

A Wanderer pleading to be reclaimed.

1 LORD! we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us that we stray no more.

342. L. M. 6l. DENHAM.

Imploring Divine Mercy.

1 OUT of the depths of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heaven we raise our warm address;
Deign, O our God! to hear our prayer:
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.

2 Shouldst thou, O God, minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!

3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord;
Before his throne our souls attend;
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fixed, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.

4 Ye pious minds, on God rely;
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will at length absolve his heirs
From all their guilt and all their fears.

343. C. M. S. STREETER.

Humiliation for Sin.

1 HERE in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
And bow before thy throne;
Abased and guilty at thy feet,
We seek thy grace alone.

2 Our sins rise up in dread array,
And fill our hearts with fear;
Our trembling spirits melt away,
But find no helper near.

3 Still, Lord, thy mercy 's rich and free,
And runs an endless round;
A boundless, purifying sea,
Where all our sins are drowned.

4 O send thy pity from on high
With pardon all divine;
Bring now thy gracious spirit nigh,
And make us wholly thine.

5 We humbly mourn our follies past
Each guilty path deplore;
Resolved, while feeble life shall last,
To tread those paths no more.

344. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Rejoicing to return.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return:'
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet
Dear Savior, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

345. C. M. MRS. STEELE

Desiring to return.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, 'Return?'

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

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346. C. M. WATTS.

Heartless Worship an Abomination.

1 GOD is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

347. L. M. SCOTT.

Forms of Worship vain without Virtue.

1 TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;

4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine;
Or than, if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.

5 'Be just and kind, and humble too,
In all you say, in all you do;
To men your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart.'

6 This truth, by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirmed from heaven;
And, deep engraved, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand.

348. C. M. BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
O! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?

3 O no, my soul; 'twere fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favor can obtain.

4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice

349. 7s M. J. TAYLOR.

Acceptable Offering.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:

Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:—
Teach us, O thou heavenly king,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

350. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 O THOU, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend!
Lo, at the footstool of thy love
Thy children humbly bend.

2 All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.

3 Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thine exhaustless store,
From day to day with daily bread,—
Nor would we ask for more.

4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve;
From every ill defend.

5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now, and evermore.

351. C. P. M. *J. Strapham.

The Same.

1 Our Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O, lend a pitying ear,
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O, condescend to hear.

2 Far may thy glorious reign extend;
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sovereign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:

Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon our sins, O God, that rise
Like gloomy clouds against the skies;
And, while we are forgiven,
Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbor, in that breast
That feels the love of heaven.

5 Protect us in the dangerous hour,
And from the wily tempter's power,
O, set our spirits free;
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the power; to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,—
All glory to thy name:
Let every creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise,
Thy wonders to proclaim.

352. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Same.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

353. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In thy compassion let us share
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour,—
Thy kind protection we implore.
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

354. 11s M. MRS. HALE.

The Same.

1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same!
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever—Amen.

355. L. M. *MONTGOMERY.

Following after God. Ps. 63.

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

27*

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

356. C. M. Miss H. M. Williams.

Seeking God in habitual Devotion.

1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;—
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;—
That heart shall rest on thee.

357. L. M. TOPLADY.

Seeking the Light of God's Presence.

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night
Till thou dost in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious sun! and light
An everlasting morning there.

3 O, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the heavenly blessing down;
Eye-sight impart,—for I am blind,—
And seal me thine adopted son.

358. S. M. WATTS.

Seeking God. **Ps. 63.**

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

359. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking God, the Fountain of living Waters.

1 BLEST Spirit! source of grace divine!
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
'Spring forth, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.'

4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

360. L. M. SCOTT.

Seeking God's Blessing.

1 OUR Father, throned above the sky!
To thee our empty hands we spread;
Thy children at thy footstool lie,
And ask thy blessings on their head.

2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,
In that august and precious name
By thee ordained, we now draw near,
And would the promised blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

4 Our heavenly Father! how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise,
And open thine unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries!

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience, to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.

6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient supplicant has blessed;
And all thy saints, with one accord,
The prevalence of prayer attest.

361. L. M. ANONYMOUS

'Art Thou my Father!'

1 My God, my Father! may I dare,—
I, all debased, with sin defiled,—
These awful, soothing names to join!
Am I thy creature, and thy child!

2 Art thou my Father!—then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair;
My Father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

3 Art thou my Father!—let me strive
With all my powers to do thy will,
To make thy service all my care,
And all thy kind commands fulfil.

4 Art thou my Father!—then I know,
When pain, or wants, or griefs oppress,
They come but from a Father's hand,
That wounds to heal,—afflicts to bless.

5 Art thou my Father!—then, in doubt
And darkness when I grope my way,
Thy light shall shine upon my path,
And make my darkness like thy day.

6 My God, my Father!—I am vile,
Prone to forget thee, weak and blind;
Be thou my hope, my strength, my trust
Hope of my heart, light of my mind.

362. C. M. *Doddridge.

'Abba, Father.'

1 Sovereign of all the worlds on high!
O hear our humble claim;
Nor, while we own our numerous sins,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 Our Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On our expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
We share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering we believe;
And 'Abba, Father,' humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

363. S. M. *Mrs. Steele.

Cheerful Acquiescence in our Father's Will.

1 My Father!—cheering name!
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye!

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known
To my weak erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father!—blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

364. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Confidence in God.

1 My God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in his matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

365. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Communing with God.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart—
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,—
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

376. C. M. WATTS.

God our Portion. Ps. 73.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

367. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

God the sure Resort of Saints. Ps. 36.

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head
Of joys that shall forever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favor gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

368. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

Invocation of our Father's Presence.

1 O FATHER,—draw us after thee!
So shall we run and never tire;
Thy presence still our comfort be,

Our hope, our joy, our sole desire;
Thy spirit grant;—for neither fear
Nor sin can come, while that is here.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable, thou hast us viewed;
Before these beating hearts did move,
Thy tender mercies us pursued:
Ever with us may they abide,
And close us in on every side.

3 In suffering be thy love our peace,
In weakness be thy love our power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
O God! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou our guide,
And bear us through death's whelming tide.

369. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Invocation to Divine Love.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

370. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

Rejoicing in Divine Love.

1 O LOVE, thou fathomless abyss!
Our sins are swallowed up in thee;—
From all our past unrighteousness
And condemnation we are free;
While Jesus' voice, through earth and skies,
Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries.

2 In faith we cast our souls on thee!
Here is our hope, our joy, our rest;
Hither, when fears assail, we flee:
We look into our Savior's breast.
Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,—
Mercy is all that 's written there!

3 Though waves and storms go o'er our head,—
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,—
Though joys be withered all, and dead,—
Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
Steadfast on this our soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fixed on this ground would we remain,
Though our heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall our soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power we then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

371. C. M. WATTS.

Invocation of the Divine Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

372. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire!
Descend, and, with celestial heat,

Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

373. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Saving Graces.

1 WE'RE in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide us in the doubtful way;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach us the flattering path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin for their bliss.

4 Each sacred principle impart:
The faith that sanctifies the heart;
Hope that to endless life aspires;
And love that warms with holy fires.

5 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride
Allure our wandering souls aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead us to thy heavenly hill.

6 There glories shine and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possessed of boundless bliss in thee.

374. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

For all Spiritual Good.

1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies,—thou,
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now
And answer, and forgive.

3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart,—
In thee may we have peace.

375. L. M. *GIBBONS.

Prayer for all Ages and Classes of Men.

1 In thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this thirsty land below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.

2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.

4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace;
Give to the mourners heavenly day;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

376. C. M. *Pope.

The Universal Prayer.

1 Thou great First Cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind!

2 Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

6 This day be bread and peace my lot;—
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done

377. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Divine Influence in all Things.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,—
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness,—let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put 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 abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

378. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

For various Blessings.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker! Lord of all!
My wandering passions guide;
And from my heart's recesses drive
Impenitence and pride.

2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,—
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

3 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

4 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known;
O, give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

5 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth or fame;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

6 May still my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

379. S. M. PATRICK.

For Holy Affections.

1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail
Which on thy truth is built.

380. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

For a Pious Mind in Life and Death.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

381. C. M. WATTS.

For Holiness. Ps. 119.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To seek his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

382. 7s M. MERRICK

For Salvation from Error and Guilt.

1 BLEST Instructer! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth our mind;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 So our lot shall ne'er be joined
With the men, whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

4 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the works approved by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

5 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God, our strength! propitious hear.

383. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

For a Thankful and Submissive Heart.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence bear
The lessons of thy rod.

5 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then will I close my eyes in death
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

384. S. M. 8l. ANONYMOUS.

For a Right Spirit.

1 I WANT a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

385. C. M. SMART.

For Prudence and Wisdom.

1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

386. L. M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

For Forgiveness and Renewal of Mind.

1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live,—
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept on our hearts;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine
Thy people, and forever thine.

387. C. M. H. Ballou.

For Remission of Sins, and Divine Light.

1 O thou, whose power the mountains formed
And made the sea its bed;
Who set the raging waves their bound,
And all their caverns hid;—

2 The mountains thy commands obey,
The seas thy power confess;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word
Their lofty summits bend.

4 And o'er the raging seas of guilt
May thy rich grace abound,
While in the blood that Jesus spilt
Each angry wave is drowned.

5 In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display,
And to the visual power impart
Thine own eternal day.

388. C. M. *Doddridge.

For Freedom from Secret Sin.

1 Searcher of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the hateful stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

389. C. M. C. Wesley.

For Tenderness of Conscience.

1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A dread and hatred of all sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,—
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me mourn, and weep, and pray,
For having grieved thy love.

6 O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
That I may find that grace again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

390. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

For Grateful Submission.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine;
'Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.'

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

391. L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

For a Life devoted to God's Glory.

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

392. C. M. COWPER.

For Submission and Divine Guidance.

1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

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

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

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

393. C. M. BEDDOME.

For Resignation.

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

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickling thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,—
The honey's mixed with gall:
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

394. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

For Resignation and Confidence.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, 'My Father! God!'
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
And bid me wait serene
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead its humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

395. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

For Sincerity in Worship.

1 LORD! when we bend before the throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine transported, tell—
'Thou, God, art Father too!'

396. L. M. 61. MERRICK.

For the Understanding and Influence of God's Word.

1 WHILE here as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,

To love thy word, to keep thy law;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

2 Great source of light to all below!
Teach us thy holy will to know:
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight;
That, purged from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.

3 Maker, instructer, judge of all,
O hear us when on thee we call!
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence!
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise!

397. 10s M. DR. JOHNSON.

For Divine Light and Support.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,—
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

398. 8s 7s & 4s M. *OLIVER.

For Divine Guidance and Sustenance.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield and banner;
Be the Lord my Righteousness.
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

399. L. M. 61 MONTGOMERY.

For Guidance to the Promised Land.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharmed though floods o'erhung our head:
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Protect us through the wilderness,
From every peril, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.

4 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness, shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.

5 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

400. L. M. *COWPER.

For Confidence in God.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

401. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

402. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Agur's Wish.

1 THUS Agur breathed his warm desire—
'My God, two favors I require;
In neither my request deny,
Vouchsafe them both before I die:—

2 'Far from my heart and tents exclude
Those enemies to all that 's good,—
Folly, whose pleasures end in death,
And Falsehood's pestilential breath.

3 'Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
Below the dome, above the cot,
Let me my life unanxious lead,
And know not luxury nor need.'

4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own;
O, shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!

5 But, shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' abundance—still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store!

6 Or, should we feel the pains of want,—
Submission, resignation, grant;
Till thou shalt send the wished supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

403. C. M. WATTS.

The Aged Christian's Prayer. Ps. 71.

1 God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

5 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

494. C. M. T. Humphries.

'*Lord, remember Me.*'

1 O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

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405. L. M. *Watts.

The Beatitudes.

1 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The love of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

6 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

406. L. M. WATTS.

God dwells with the Humble and Contrite.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity!

2 'But I descend to worlds below!—
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble soul my words revive;
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 'When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath forever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.'

5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

407. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Who shall abide in thy Tabernacle? Ps. 15.

1 LORD, who 's the happy man, that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves;

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round;

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect;

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secured.

408. 7s M. MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 15.

1 WHO shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet?
Who shall at thine altar bend?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

3 He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

409. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Who shall stand in his Holy Place? Ps. 24.

1 THE earth is thine, Jehovah; thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the floods by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

2 But who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

3 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood,—he shall stand
Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

410. L. M. SIR H. WOTTON.

The Independent and Happy Man.

1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

411. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The True Riches. Ps. 37.

1 WITH mines of wealth are sinners poor,
Unblessing and unblessed;
But rich the man, whate'er his store,
Of inward peace possessed.

2 At tender pity's urgent call
His mite is gladly given;
Though poor the gift, the offering small,
Its record stands in heaven.

3 Ne'er shall he be, in life, bereft
Of God's protecting care;
Nor yet his duteous offspring left
Unsolaced ills to bear.

4 And mark the Christian's dying hour!
No fears, no doubts annoy;
His trust is in his Father's power,
His end is peace and joy.

412. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same. Ps. 4.

1 AMIDST unsatisfied desires,
Or trouble's overwhelming flood,
Eager the doubting heart inquires,
'O who will show us any good?'

2 But happy they who serve the Lord,
And in his holy name believe;
They know, from his all-gracious word,
That he will every want relieve.

3 When humbly offering at his shrine
The grateful homage of the heart,
The Lord will hear, and grace divine
In rich and copious streams impart.

4 Worldlings, who wealth and honors love,
Full many a weary vigil keep;
But he whose treasure is above,
Shall rest secure, and sweetly sleep.

413. L. M. *Montgomery.

The Christian Warrior.

1 The Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves;
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,—
Fights the good fight; and takes at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

414. L. M. *Mrs. Barbauld.

The Christian Warfare.

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here danger like a giant stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

415. C. M. *Doddridge.

The Christian Race.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

416. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Rising with Christ.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,—
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,—
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

4 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

417. L. M. SMART.

Charity.

1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervors and their faith proclaim;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.

2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise,
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And soon the angry passion dies.

3 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbor's bliss her own;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.

4 Her neighbor's infamy and ill
To her no entertainment give;
She 's pleased to see him prosper still,
And still in good repute to live.

5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will forever brightly burn,
When hope shall in enjoyment die,
And faith to intuition turn.

418. C. M. PROUD.

The Same.

1 O CHARITY! thou heavenly grace!
All tender, soft and kind!
A friend to all the human race,
To all that 's good, inclined.

2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

419. L. M. WATTS.

Communing with Christ.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand;
And, in sweet murmurs, by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail! great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

420. C. M. *Watts.

A living and a dead Faith.

1 Mistaken souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies 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 hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our conscience clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

421. L. M. WATTS.

We walk by Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies:
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

422. C. M. J. FRIEZE.

The bright Prospect of Faith

1 High on the mountain's towering head,
While darkness veils the sky,
Faith stands, and through the stormy cloud
Directs her anxious eye.

2 Amidst the gloom, the welcome rays
With cheering lustre shine,
And open to her ardent gaze
A world of bliss divine.

3 The yawning gulf that howled beneath
Has ceased its angry roar;
The surging waves have spent their force,
And died upon the shore.

4 Far in the distance faith beholds
A flood of heavenly light;
Now spreads her pinions, and directs
To heaven her ardent flight.

5 Far, far beyond this nether world,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
She seeks and finds that endless rest
Where joys unceasing flow.

423. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It quells the raging flames of sin;
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,—
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

424. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

1 FAITH, hope, and love now dwell on earth
And earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.

2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above;
These are the means, but that the end,
For saints forever love.

425. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Fear of God.

1 HAPPY, beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,—
The child with joy appears;

Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

426. 7s & 6s M. MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God. Ps. 27.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thine heart shall strengthen;
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

427. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hearts placed on Things above.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

428. L. M. WATTS.

Adorn the Doctrine by Godly Lives.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

429. C. M. NOEL.

Longing for Heaven in Times of Trouble.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

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

5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Savior's bliss to share!

430. C. M. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded. Ps. 112.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

431. C. M. WATTS.

Love and Charity.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,—
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

432. L. M. *WATTS.

All Things vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

433. C. M. WATTS.

'But the Greatest of these is Charity.'

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

434. S. M. BEDDOME.

Mutual Charity among Christians.

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

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

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

435. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

Brotherly Love. Ps. 133.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,

Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

436. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 133.

1 Lo, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

437. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Honest Search for Truth.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But Christian truths the test invite,—
They bid us search and try.

2 A meek, inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Give us the light we need;
Our minds with knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

438. S. M. ANONYMOUS

'Blessed are the Meek.'

1 'BLEST are the meek,' he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

439. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Meekness and Moderation.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean!
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbor's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows
He takes with thankful heart;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love:
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

440. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Patience.

1 PATIENCE!—O, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to our Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait, contented, our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O, for this grace, to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall be brought;
And hope shall in fruition die;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

441. C. M. *Watts.

Prudence and Peace-making.

1 O 'tis a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart!
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek.
Nor does their anger rise,
Nor passion move their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalt their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love;
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Savior of mankind;
Such pleasures he pursued;
His manners gentle and refined,
His soul divinely good.

442. C. M. Fawcett.

Importance of Religion.

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food or health
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for th' approaching tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

443. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Holy Resolve.

1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 I would resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

444. L. M. WATTS.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

445. C. M. BEDDOME.

Sincerity and Self-examination.

1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O set me right!
If right, preserve me so!

446. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

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

2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then, impatient, wish
Nor shall we fear the last.

447. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Uprightness and Justice.

1 If high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,—
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.

2 The upright man no want shall fear;
Thy providence shall be his trust;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all, the test of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

448. L. M. ANONYMOUS

Wisdom.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,—
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, innocent delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

449. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Wisdom.

1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

450. C. M. NEWTON.

True Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Savior's name,—
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
'Come, see what I can do.'

6 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

451. C. M. *BEDDOME.

'Fear not.'

1 YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme,—
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,—
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from death your souls restore—
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power and grace
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

452. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Christian encouraged.

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

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

453. C. M. WATTS.

The Joy of Conversion. Ps. 126.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 'Great is the work,' my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
'And be the glory thine.'

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

454. S. M. *Watts.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Yes, now, before we rise
To the immortal state,
The thoughts of that amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

455. L. M. WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortal. Ps. 90.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode!
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death, like an overflowing steam,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

456. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 90.

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

457. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The steady Lapse of Time.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams, are borne
On to the everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

458. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The rapid Flow of Time.

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers! hear;
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

459. C. M. *Mrs. Steele.

Scenes of Time, transient; of Futurity, endless.

1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies!

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Thither, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

460. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man. Ps. 39.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine:
My God! I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

5 Save me by thine almighty arm
From all my sins, and cleanse my faults;
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, nor vex my peaceful thoughts.

461. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 39.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,—
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

462. S. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 90.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves a name!

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

463. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Hour of Death, and Entrance on Immortality.

1 O GOD unseen—but not unknown!
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy deity.

2 The moment comes when strength must fail,
When,—health and hope and comfort flown,—
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone:

3 Alone with thee;—in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Savior and my God:

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

464. C. M. HEBER.

Universal Warning of Death.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

6 Turn, mortal! turn, thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of her dead!

465. L. M. *Watts.

Death is God's Messenger. Ps. 102.

1 It is the Lord our Savior's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage.
'Our Father and our Savior live;
Christ is the same through every age.'

4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.

5 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And all the dead be raised again.

466. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God, our only Support in Death. Ps. 38.

1 My soul! the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long laboring with its cares,
Shall pant and sink away;
And you, mine eye-lids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.

3 Whence, in that hour, shall I derive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature and of grace!
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

6 O fix me, by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And sighs are changed to songs.

467. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

468. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Happy Death.

1 LORD, must we die? O let us die
Trusting in thee alone!
Our living testimony given,
Then leave our dying one

2 If we must die, O let us die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.

3 If we must die,—as die we must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear us on his friendly wing
To our celestial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May we but have a view!
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
We'll boldly venture through.

469. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 O GOD of love! with cheering ray,
Gild our expiring hour of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wiped away affliction's tear.

2 Free us from death's terrific gloom,
And all the fear which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten our joys, support our head,
Before we sink among the dead.

3 May death conclude our toils and tears!
May death destroy our sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be our friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!

4 Crown our last moment with thy power—
The latest in our latest hour;
Till to the raptured heights we soar,
Where fears and death are known no more

470. 7s & 4s M. Mrs. Gilbert.

Support in Death implored.

1 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre;
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

471. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Death of the Righteous.

1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blessed the righteous when he dies!'

472. C. M. WATTS.

'Why mourn the Death of Friends?'

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
'Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.'

473. P. M. *MONTGOMERY.

Friends die, but to live again.

1 FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections but a fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus, star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

474. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Submission, on the Death of Friends.

1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he,—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow:
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

475. C. M. *Doddridge.

Comfort, on the Loss of Children.

1 Ye mourning ones, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,—
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
'In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live.'

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

476. L. M. *Wallin.

Christ's Resurrection, a Pledge of ours.

1 When I the holy grave survey
Where once my Savior deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name,
Shall rise, and share the conqueror's wreath!

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy, when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

477. C. M. *Watts.

The Same.

1 Blessed be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our mortal frame require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

478. C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo, I behold the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!'
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

479. L. M. DWIGHT.

The Resurrection. Ps. 88.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease—cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ our Lord from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Savior and their King.

480. C. M. 8l. ANONYMOUS.

Spring, an Emblem of the Resurrection.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,—
Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

2 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blessed!
Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

481. L. M. 61. W. Ray.

The Same.

1 Look through creation, and behold
The wonders of Almighty power;
Eternal wisdom's works unfold
In every leaf, in every flower:
'There is a God, all-good, all-wise,'
The very meanest insect cries.

2 Seasons, revolving in their spheres,
A thousand rural beauties bring;
But loveliest of the group appears
The green-dressed beauty, charming Spring;
The music of whose morning voice
Bids all the sons of earth rejoice.

3 Winter is death, when nature mourns
To see her offspring lifeless lie;
Summer and Autumn weep, by turns,
To see their children droop and die;
But Spring revives their hopes again,
And breathes new life through every vein.

4 How emblematic of that day,
The glorious resurrection morn,
When, decked in brighter robes than May
In robes that angel hosts adorn,
The soul, redeemed, shall burst its tomb,
And in immortal glory bloom!

482. Irregular M. Anonymous.

'I would not live alway.'

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

483. L. M. 8l. Bowring.

The Hope of another Life.

1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—
We saw no better world beyond;

O, who could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who could venture then to die?
Or, who could venture then to live?

2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mist and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath,—
Who could exist in such a tomb?
Who, dwell in darkness and in death?

3 And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

484. S. M. *STENNETT.

Surpassing Glories of Eternity.

1 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,—
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 But we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

4 There rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drowned in endless light.

5 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

6 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

485. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The World to come.

1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 That world to come! and O how blest!—
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

5 No,—for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal Throne.

6 There forms, unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear,
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.

486. S. M. *Mrs. Steele.

Heaven.

1 Far from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

487. C. M. WATTS.

A Prospect of the heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes·

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

488. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

The glorious World on High.

1 There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine;
Surprising honor! large reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light;
But these shall know no change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

4 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is revealed;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfilled.

5 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.

6 On wings of faith and strong desire
O may our spirits daily rise;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

489. C. M. *Doddridge.

Farewell to Life, in View of Heaven.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of our race
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

490. 8s M. ANONYMOUS.

Prospect of the heavenly Jerusalem.

1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immoveably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ doth his brightness display,
A pure and a permanent light;
The Lamb is their light and their sun;
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

491. C. M. STENNETT.

Prospect of the Promised Land.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

492. 7s & 6s M. ANONYMOUS.

Rising towards Heaven.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

36*

493. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

494. L. M. *Doddridge.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged.

1 Father of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and through the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, reject thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

495. 7s M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Praise in Fruitful and in Barren Seasons.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should thine altered hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

8 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

496. L. M. 8l. Mrs. Sigourney.

Harvest.

1 God of the year! with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

2 And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang on every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending low,
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee.
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles;
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
Praise—praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view these blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above.

497. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Autumnal Hymn.

1 GREAT God! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,—
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year
From winter storms recovered rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest!

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine:
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.

6 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see—we taste—let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

498. C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

499. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer suns with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 And O may our harmonious tongues
In worlds above pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

500. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

God's Goodness crowns the Year.

1 THE rising morn, the closing day
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

3 Now earth receives the precious seed
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

4 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend,
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year;
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
E'en barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

6 Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There, plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

501. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 65.

1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command;
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

502. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

3 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joys beyond the skies.

503. S. M. BEDDOME.

The Same.

1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way.

504. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.

2 Thus another year is flown;
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.

3 But may none of us forget
It has left us much in debt;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account!

4 Favors, from the Lord received,
Sins, that have his spirit grieved,
Marked by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.

5 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

505. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

New Year's Day.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

506. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

God's Favor to our Nation acknowledged.

1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

507. L. M. ROSCOE.

God, the Sovereign of Nations.

1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

508. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

For a National Celebration.

1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds
The vast creation's utmost bounds!
This day a nation bends the knee
In grateful reverence, Lord, to thee;—

2 For thou hast given it joy and rest;
By thee its earliest years were blest;
And in its most disastrous hour
It leaned on thy almighty power.

3 The martial chiefs—the patriot few
Whose hands were strong, whose hearts were true,
The noble birthright to be free—
Great God! we owe them all to thee.

4 And now another Israel stands
Redeemed from bondage by thy hands,
May all our hearts rejoice to know
The source whence all our blessings flow.

509. L. M. *H. BALLOU.

The acceptable Fast.

1 THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose:
Each heavy burden to undo,
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And bid the captive freely go.

2 Let every vile and sinful yoke
Of servile bondage and of fear,
By mercy, love and truth be broke;
And from each eye wipe every tear.

3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread;
Bring to thine house the outcast poor;
There let the fainting soul be fed,
Nor spurn the needy from thy door.

4 And when thou seest the naked, spare
The raiment that his wants demand;
Since all mankind thy kindred are,
To all, thy charity expand.

5 Thus did the Savior of our race:
Himself, the Bread of Life, he gave;
He clothed us with his righteousness,
And broke the fetters from the slave.

6 He owned us brethren,—nor did hide
Himself from us, in all our woe;
Be his example, then, our guide,
And let our lives his goodness show.

510. L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh

4 This day we deeply mourn our sins,
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod;
O let us know thy pardoning love,
And find in thee a guardian God.

511. C. M. *Tate & Brady.

Continuance of National Security implored. Ps. 44.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save:

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee, their God, our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;
O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

512. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Pardon implored for National Sins.

1 GREAT Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud upon thee call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,—
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

513. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Judgments for National Sins deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us—turn us, mighty Lord!
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

514. S. M. DRUMMOND.

'Is it such a Fast that I have chosen?'

1 'Is this a fast for me,'—
Thus saith the Lord our God,
'A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod?

2 'Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread;—

3 'Shall day like this have power
To stay th' avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land?

4 'No—is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose;—

5 'To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,—
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal?

6 'Then like the morning ray
Shall spring your health and light;
Before you, righteousness shall shine,
Behind, my glory bright!'

515. L. M. *MONTGOMERY.

Laying Corner-Stone; or Dedication.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,—
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna!—to their heavenly king
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna!—let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here thy holy spirit rest?

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

516. H. M. B. FRANCIS.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

1 In sweet exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below!

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!

517. 7s M. MONTGOMERY.

The Same.

1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

518. L. M. PIERPONT.

The Same.

1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised,—and now devote—these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

519. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below!
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within these walls, let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
Through the Redeemer's word;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Savior, Lord.

6 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

520. L. M. *COWPER

The Same.

1 OUR God! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold, at thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

521. H. M. Dr. Nichols.

The Same.

1 O thou, our fathers' God!
Their children seek thy face,
To own thy guardian hand
Where they invoke thy grace,
And where we now awake the song
Which lips unborn shall still prolong.

2 We hail thine altars, Lord,
In every age thy care,—
Those Zion-courts, more blest
Than Israel's dwellings are;
Where praise with praise more deeply flows,
And heart with heart more warmly glows.

3 God of the Bethel stone!
Be this a Bethel too;
Here fill our souls with awe;
Here Jacob's dream renew,
Here ope the gate,—and here arise
Those visioned steps that reach the skies.

4 God of the burning bush,
Whose unconsuming flame
Revealed to Moses once
Thy presence and thy name,—
Here, blessed Lord, thy presence prove,
And fire our souls with saving love.

5 O thou, whose temple stood
The wonder of mankind,
Here all its types fufil,
For Jesus' Church designed:
Here, oracle and mercy-seat
And sacrifice in Jesus meet.

6 Here fit our souls to rise
Where all thy love inspires,
Where angels cast their crowns
And strike their golden lyres.
Thus bless, O thou, most good, most great!
The house of prayer we dedicate.

522. L. M. PIERPONT

Ordination.

1 O THOU, who art above all height,—
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth
To the great cause of truth and heaven
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed—
O God! remember thou our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

523. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Apostles' Commission.

1 'Go preach the gospel,' Jesus cries,—
'To you this power is given;
Declare salvation's glorious prize
To all beneath the heaven.'

2 Commissioned thus, through every age,
His heralds, in his name,
In this delightful work engage,
And peace and hope proclaim.

3 To him whom we to thee ordain,
Thy gifts, O God, impart;
May he those sacred truths maintain
Which heal the wounded heart.

4 May all by his instruction blest
The path to heaven pursue;
And converts to thy temple press,
Numerous as drops of dew.

524. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 THUS spake the Savior, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the gospel of their Lord:

2 'Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
The gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.

3 'The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.

4 'Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

5 'Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

6 'All power is trusted in my hands,—
I will protect you and defend;
Whilst thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end.'

525. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Ordination.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord! defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his faith secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.

3 Before him thy protection send;
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

4 Enlarge, inform, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

526. S. M. GIBBONS.

Evangelists encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go spread a Savior's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

527. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

At the Forming of a Church.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place;
How kind the care
Our God displays, for us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own;
Strangers no more,
To thee we come, and find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,—
We triumph in thy claim;
Our Father, King!
Thy covenant grace our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And, while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love, and God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows,
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire to join the choir
On Zion's hill.

528. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 O GOD of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down;
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer;—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We need defence from all our foes,
We need relief from all our woes;
If earth and hell should yet assail,
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

3 Near to each other, and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity;
O, pour thy spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

4 O, show that in our low estate
No blessing for us is too great;
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!

529. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

On Receiving Members.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous grace,
Who crown'st the gospel with success;
Subjecting sinners to thy yoke,
And bringing to the fold thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confessed
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase
In faith, in love, and holiness.

3 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear,
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end,
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above.

530. L. M. WATTS.

Institution of the Supper.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;'
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
''Tis the new covenant in my blood.'

4 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.'

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

531. L. M. ANONYMOUS

'This do in Remembrance of Me.'

1 'THIS do in memory of your Friend.'—
Such was the Savior's last request.
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blessed.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

4 But O, what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,
When, joined with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!

5 When these vile bodies, all refined,
Perfect and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near the throne.

532. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Law of Love.

1 YE followers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affection move?
This is the proof which he demands,—
That you each other love.

533. L. M. STENNETT.

Commemoration of Christ's Death.

1 THUS we commemorate the day
On which our dearest Lord was slain:
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

534. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Desiring to imitate Christ.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Joy attend us in believing!
Peace from God, through endless day!

535. L. M. WATTS.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

536. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Lord's Table.

1 MILLIONS of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

2 Yet is his house and heart so large
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

3 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

537. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Love our Example.

1 JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

5 Warmed with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

538. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Invitations to the Table.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there!

4 Here fix my roving heart!
Here wait my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

539. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.

2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.

3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.

4 And oft, along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

540. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Presence of Christ invoked.

1 Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

541. C. M. Doddridge.

Children received by Christ.

1 Behold what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

542. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Same.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
If weeping o'er their dust.

543. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Children commended to Christ.

1 SAVIOR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way;

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

544. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ calling Children to Himself.

1 THE Savior gently calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 'Let them approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
For such as these I came.'

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee;
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

545. C. M. WATTS

Children included in God's Covenant.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

546. L. M. ANONYMOUS

Permanence of early Religious Impressions.

1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears
So soon to be destroyed by sin;—

2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

3 This work is ours—this charge was thine,
These youthful souls from sin to save;
To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.

4 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

5 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darkened soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

6 The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more;
Reclasping of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

7 Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek, thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

547. C. M. J. STRAPHAM.

At a Contribution for Sunday School.

1 BLEST is the man, whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine!

548. 8s & 7s M. R. STREETER.

Children's Prayer.

1 GOD of mercy and of wisdom!
Hear thy children's lisping cry;
Let thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Teaching lessons from on high.

2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,
Up to heaven for wisdom look;
Lord, in mercy deign to meet us,—
Meet us in thy sacred book.

3 Since thy truth doth gild its pages,
May that truth, Lord, make us free;
On the Rock of endless ages
Let our faith established be.

4 To our faith we'll add the graces,
Virtue, knowledge, patience, love:
When on earth we leave our places,
Raise us all to seats above.

549. L. M. *H. Ballou.

At an Annual Convention.

1 Dear Lord, behold thy servants, here,
From various parts, together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.

2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
We've toiled and wrought with watchful care;
Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word,
Thy love consumed the choking tare.

3 The reapers cry, 'Thy fields are white,
All ready to be gathered in,
And harvests wave, in changing light,
Far as the eye can trace the scene.'

4 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
With holy love our bosoms fill;
O may thy doctrine drop like rain,
And like the silent dew distil.

5 While we attend thy churches' care
O grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent thought and humble prayer,
May we fulfil the works of love.

550. L. M. B. Francis.

At an Association of Ministers.

1 Before thy throne, eternal King!
Thy ministers their tribute bring,—
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel thy heavenly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Still in thy work would we abound;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above:
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

551. C. M. Boden.

Alms bestowed in View of God's Mercy.

1 Bright source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

552. C. M. J. Brownе.

Charity and Instruction to the Poor.

1 O, how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear?

2 Our Savior was the healing friend
Of poverty and pain;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

3 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

4 But chiefly be the labor ours
To shade the early plant;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want;

5 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

553. C. M. *DODDRIDGE.

Charity to the Distressed.

1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the poor helpless sons of grief
.. low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man
When throned above the skies;
And midst the blessedness of heaven
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Savior flew
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the riches of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

554. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Temperance Hymn.

1 GOD of our fathers! 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.

2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream;
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'Twas thy own light, whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.

3 The work of love, in faith begun,
Hath prospered, by our Father's care;
And many a victory hath been won,
The fruit of toilsomeness and prayer.

4 Almighty Parent! still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine;
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

5 The work of man's destruction stay;
The tide of fire still backward press;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.

6 God of our fathers! unto thee
We bend the knee in fervent prayer;
Let every heart from sin be free,
And stamp thy blessed image there.

555. C. M. MERRICK.

Intemperance Reformed.

1 BENEATH God's terrors doomed to groan,
Behold the sensual band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The justice of his hand.

2 Their head is sick, their fainting heart
Each joy of life foregoes;
And life itself, worn out with woe,
Is hastening to its close.

3 But there is still a power to save,—
A new and living way:
His word reproves the fierce disease,
And death resigns its prey.

4 O then may all adore his name
Who thus his mercy prove;
And all, from age to age, proclaim
His saving power and love.

556. L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

1 WE praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shuddering from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind,

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land;

5 Which, from the pestilential chain
Of foul intemperance gladly free,
Shall spread an annal, free from stain,
To all the nations, and to thee.

557. L. M. AIKIN.

Horrors of War.

1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all!

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race,

3 O see with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

5 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

6 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
'My creatures, live in mutual love!'

558. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

At a Wedding.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live
And die in friendship joined.

6 On every soul assembled here
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

559. L. M. PROUD.

The Same.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and king;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inspire
With heavenly love, that sacred fire;
And from this moment may they prove
The bliss divine of marriage-love.

3 O may they both increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 To you, blest pair, your God hath given
To taste the love which reigns in heaven;
His gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one;
And when your work on earth is done,
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
The joys of love forever there!

560. 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Deep the pit and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid;
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! The spirit 's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison;
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

5 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

561. L. M. WATTS.

The Same.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

562. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On the Death of a Pastor.

1 Now let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Savior nigh?

2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 'Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
'My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

563. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

On the Loss of dear Friends.

1 THE God of Love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When dear companions fall around,—
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend!
And on thy covenant-love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

564. C. M. STENNETT.

On the Death of Children.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,—
Thy love in every line.

2 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
'And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

3 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

4 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.'

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And say, with joys divine,
'Dear Savior, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.'

565. L. M. *DODDRIDGE.

A Prayer at Parting.

1 THY presence, ever-living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When separate, make us still to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And here implore thy heavenly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

566. 7s M. H. K. WHITE

A Hymn at Parting.

1 CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine!

567. C. M. *Addison.

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

568. L. M. WATTS.

The Mariner's Hymn. Ps. 107.

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

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God commands, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.

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

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

5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

569. L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Same.

1 Lord of the wide-extended main!
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose spirit leads believing souls,

2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity!

3 Infinite God! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies;
Lo, in the hollow of thy hand,
The measured waters sink and rise.

4 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

5 Yet in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,—
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

6 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
And walk upon the subject seas.

570. L. M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 LORD of the sea!—thy potent sway
Old ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frighted clouds,—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!

2 Lord of the sea!—the seaman keep
From all the dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear,—
O! in thy mercy be thou near!

3 Lord of the sea!—when, safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
His solid consolations be!

4 Lord of the sea!—a sea is life,
Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
God grant, that after every roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

571. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 107.

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

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men, astonished, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

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

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

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

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

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572. L. M. *Doddridge & Merrick.

Family Worship. Ps. 128.

1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.

3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.

4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joy that parents only know.

5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

573. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Domestic Affection. Ps. 133.

1 How pleasing, Lord! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite!

2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4 Formed for the purest joys,
By one desire possessed,
One aim the zeal of all employs,—
To make each other blessed.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

574. L. M. *Watts.

Morning Hymn.

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, robed in splendor, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With steady mind and active will,
March on and keep the heavenly way:

3 For thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And lead me to thy heavenly bliss;
May every wish and hope beside
Be faint and cold compared with this.

575. C. M. Anonymous.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string.

2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidst the silent orbs
The silver moon rolls clear·

3 While all the glittering starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye.

4 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A vast and sable veil,
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

5 Again, the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn;
And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

6 And, as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

7 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring;
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

576. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The growing work pursue;
And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

577. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret Devotion.

1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage, paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 I'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee my soul shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.

4 So shall the sun in smiles arise;
The day shall close in peace;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

578. L. M. *Watts.

Evening Hymn. Ps. 4.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
His ever watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around by bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad salvation in the sound.

579. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

1 INDULGENT God! whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,
Till life's vain scene is o'er;
And then, to realms of endless light
O let my spirit soar.

580. 7s M. BOWRING.

Hymn of Gratitude.

1 FATHER! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;—
These—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied—righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

581. C. M. ADDISON.

Hymn of Gratitude.

1 O, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

4 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

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

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

582. S. M. SCOTT

In Sickness.

1 My Sovereign! to thy throne,
With humble hope, I press;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of indigent distress.

2 My life, bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
And spare me from the tomb.

3 Without one murmuring word
Thy chastening I receive;
But with submission ask, O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

4 Distressed and pained as now,
Thy aid I once implored;
Thy pity heard my earnest vow,
Thy power my health restored.

5 My supplicating voice
Unwearied I will raise:
Say to thy servant's soul, 'Rejoice,'
And fill my mouth with praise.

583. C. M. *Doddridge.

On Recovery from Sickness.

1 Lord, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 And when the pains of death were felt,
Thou didst deliverance bring,
And spare my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to sing.

4 Into thy hands, my Savior God!
I did my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 From the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

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

584. L. M. WATTS.

Sickness and Sorrow Removed. Ps. 30.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave!

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

585. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Widow's Prayer.

1 THOUGH, faint and sick, and worn away
With poverty and woe,
My widowed feet are doomed to stray
'Mid thorny paths below;

2 Be thou, O Lord! my Savior still—
My confidence and guide;
I know that perfect is thy will,
Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
Thou never wilt forsake;
And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then, keep me, Lord! where'er I go—
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray!

5 To give my weakness strength, O God!
Thy staff shall yet avail;
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

586. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

On the Death of a Child.

1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn!
Thus swiftly fled his life away!

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom forever there.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.

4 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.

5 He died to sin, he died to care,—
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then, rising on the viewless air,
His happy spirit soared to God.

587. C. M. COTTON.

In Affliction.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore my peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

5 Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more than all the world to me,—
My health, my life, my God!

588. C. M. WATTS.

Power of Sin broken at Death.

1 Our sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

589. L. M. STENNETT.

Pride Lamented.

1 OFT have I turned my eye within,
And brought to light some latent sin;
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.

2 Here with a thousand arts she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
To make a guilty wretched worm
Put on an angel's brightest form.

3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.

4 Rend, O my God, the veil away:
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.

5 So shall humility divine
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his loved abode.

590. L. M. *ENFIELD.

Absurdity of Pride.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,—
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,—
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of our lives! Father divine!
Give us a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth O let us shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

591. L. M. BEDDOME.

Inconstancy in Religion.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
The morning cloud, and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there ought in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fixed by thy grace, and fixed for thee?

592. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Despondency Reproved.

1 Why sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand;
That gracious hand on which I live
Doth life and time and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,—
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then have I all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!
And ease the sorrows of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine,—and I am blest.

593. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

Complaining of Want of Faith.

1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is forever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move;—
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thy arms I cast;
Lord, save, O save my soul at last

594. C. M. *Fawcett.

The Sinner Admonished to turn.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
And all you reap is woe!

4 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

595. S. M. *Scott.

Wisdom's Voice to the Sinner.

1 'Tis wisdom's earnest cry,
Wisdom, the voice of God;
To young and old, the low and high,
She speaks his will abroad.

2 Within the human breast
Her strong monitions plead,
She thunders her divine protest
Against th' unrighteous deed.

3 Within the holy place
She calls with open arms,
'How long, ye fools, will you embrace
Folly's deceiving charms?

4 'The race of men I love;
In mercy I chastise;
Severely faithful, I reprove;—
Hear, mortals, and be wise.

5 'My doors are open wide,
My table spread within;
Come then, ye simple, turn aside,
And leave the paths of sin.

6 'My ways are ways of peace,
My pleasures never cloy;
The bliss I give will never cease,
But lead to endless joy.'

596. C. M. *J. Newton.

State of the Wicked and Righteous Compared.

1 As, parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble withering stands,
And only grows to die;

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust,
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies unblest by hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend
Can ne'er be overthrown.

5 So thrives and blooms the tree whose roots
By constant streams are fed;
Arrayed in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

6 It thrives, though rain should be denied,
And drought around prevail:
'Tis planted by a river side,
Whose waters cannot fail.

597. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Prevalence of Vice.

1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear,
We view the deluge rising round,
With sorrow and with fear.

2 Yet, when its waves most fiercely beat,
And spread destruction wide,
Thy spirit can a barrier raise
To stem the rising tide.

3 May thy resistless arm awake,
Thy sacred cause to plead;
And let the multitude confess
That thou art God indeed.

4 Our faint and feeble souls support;
Thy saving power display;
And multitudes in vain shall strive
To lead us from thy way.

598. L. M. *WATTS.

'Shall mortal man be more just than God?'

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touched by the finger of thy power,
We faint and vanish in an hour.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

599. L. M. S. THOMPSON.

Joy in Temporal and Spiritual Gifts.

1 THE trifling joys this world can give,
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply;
A soul, which hopes, through grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.

2 Yet, O my God! I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me;
The least doth give me some delight,
And shows thy mercy rich and free.

3 My friends, my health, my daily food—
All blessings given here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou are good;—
Thy goodness all the world shall know.

4 But O, it is a greater joy,
To feel my heart is reconciled;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransomed child.

5 In thee, dear Lord, I stand complete,—
It is enough—I want no more!
Prostrate I fall before thy feet,
And all thy boundless love adore.

6 Hence then, ye trifling joys, depart!
Joys transient as the fading flower;
Jesus the Savior claims my heart,
'Tis his by purchase, love, and power.

600. C. M. STENNETT.

Vanity of the World.

1 In vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
Who will supply our vast desires
Or show us any good?'

3 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There 's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love;
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

601. L. M. Scott.

Absurdity and Arrogance of Persecution.

1 Absurd and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the freeborn mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame!

2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given!
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which Heaven inspires.

5 O happy, who are thus compelled
To the rich feast by Jesus held!
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

602. L. M. Scott.

Uncharitable Judgment among Christians.

1 All-seeing God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, high Lord of all!
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light;
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love?

603. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

'Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that Repenteth.'

1 THERE 's joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.

2 'Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,'
Is a reviving sound;
O may it spread from sea to sea,
O'er all the globe around!

3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day;
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own -
Thine be the praises too;
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

604. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves
And climbs the mountain's steep.

2 But O the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes, to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete;
The neighbors hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

5 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

6 Well-pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
'A wandering sheep 's returned,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

605. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Perfection of the Law and Testimony. Ps. 19.

1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments—chastening or severe—
Justice and truth alone.

3 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

4 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

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

606. C. M. COWPER.

Influence of the Sun of Righteousness.

1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal;

6 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

607. C. M. COWPER.

'A Fountain Opened.'

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

608. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Song of the Church Universal.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Savior and his flock, appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

4 'Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,'
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.'

5 'Worthy the Lamb,' on earth we sing,
'Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O death! where is thy sting!
Thy victory, O grave!'

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven

609. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Martyrs in Glory.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

610. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The River of Life.

1 GREAT source of being and of love!
Thou waterest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Sion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

611. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

A Time of Refreshing.

1 THE little cloud increases fast,
In heaven are signs of rain;
We wait to feel the heavenly shower,
And all its moisture drain.

2 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations—shake the earth;
Till all proclaim thee God.

612. L. M. 8l. H. BALLOU 2D.

'A Hiding-place from the Wind,' &c.

1 WHEN dread misfortune's tempests rise,
And roar through all the darkened skies,
Where shall the anxious pilgrim gain
A shelter from the wind and rain?
Within the covert of thy grace,
O Lord, there is a hiding-place,
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
Though storm and tempest rage around.

2 When, wandering o'er the desert bare
Of burning sands and sultry air,
We've sought the cheerless region through,
But found no stream to meet our view,—
'Tis then, the rivers of thy love,
Descending from thy throne above,
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
And raise our fainting souls again.

3 When in a weary land we tire,
And our exhausted powers expire,
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
Where shall our languid spirits rest?
O, who could bear the blasting ray,
And all the burden of the day,
Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
O'ershading all this weary land!

613. C. M. WATTS.

Preparation for Old Age. Ps. 71.

1 My God! my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have borne my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And since my life's first dawning hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines
And shadows dim my eyes;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

614. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Old Age Anticipated.

1 WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led;

2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told!

3 But yet, my soul! if thou canst say
I've seen my God in all;
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call;

4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned;

5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread th' appointed road.

6 This scene will all my labors end;
This road conduct on high;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph though I die.

615. C. M. MERRICK.

Dangers of Youth.

1 PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed;
I viewed its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers moved
That virtue's path inclose;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But O, what toils oppose!

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

616. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God's Word a sure Guide for Youth.

1 THE morn of life, how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hopes illume each opening day,
And brighten every view!

2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.

3 But slippery is the path they tread
In pleasure's dangerous way;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.

4 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God?

5 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.

6 O be this word our constant guide,
Our steadfast hope and trust!
This ne'er can fail, though all beside
Shall mingle with the dust

617. S. M. *Fawcett.

How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?' Ps. 119.

1 With humble heart and tongue,
Great God! to thee we pray;
O make us learn whilst we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

2 Now in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on us bestow.

3 Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Our hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

5 O let the word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

6 To what thy laws impart,
Be all our souls inclined;
O let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

618. C. M. *Watts.

Advantages of Early Piety.

1 Happy is he whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 It saves us from a thousand fears,
To mind religion young;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
Whilst we have life and breath;
Thus we 're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

619. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

'Remember thy Creator.'

1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul,—before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,—
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief may cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and woes, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon may thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

620. C. M. 8l. *HEBER.

'Forgive, and thou shalt be Forgiven.'

1 O GOD! my sins are manifold,
Against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone,
Up to thy temple fly;

Wilt thou release my trembling soul,
That to despair is driven?
'Forgive!' a blessed voice replied,
'And thou shalt be forgiven!'

2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
They spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good,
My patience they deride;
Arise, O King, and be the proud
To righteous ruin driven!
'Forgive!' an awful answer came,
'As thou wouldst be forgiven!'

3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them,
Seven times they sinned again;
They practise still to work me woe,
They triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now,
To just resentment driven!
'Forgive!' the voice of thunder spake,
'Or be not thou forgiven!'

621. L. M. HEBER.

'Why stand ye idle here?'

1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year;
And warns us each, with awful sound,
'No longer stand ye idle here!

2 'Ye whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here?

3 'O, if the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,—
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!

4 'And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,—
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?'

5 O thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here!

622. L. M. H. Ballou.

The Same.

1 Come, fellow-sinners, come away;
Behold the fast-declining sun;
No longer in the market stay;
'Tis time our labors were begun.

2 O be not faithless in the Lord:
Whate'er is right we shall receive;
If we but hearken to his word,
He will immortal treasures give.

3 Lord, in thy vineyard we appear,
To labor in the works of love;
O may we be thy mercy's care,
Nor from thy precepts ever rove.

4 And when thy laborers all come home,
May each, with joy, thy goodness see;
Nor fault what boundless grace has done,
In setting man from bondage free.

623. L. M. H. Ballou 2d.

God appearing in terrible Judgments.

1 The mighty God from Teman came—
The Holy One from Paran hill;
His glory shone through heaven in flame,
And all the earth his name did fill.

2 Before his feet,—a baleful light,
The pestilence went forth in wrath:—
The nations sickened at the sight,
And their hosts perished from its path.

3 He stood,—and as his eye surveyed
The quaking earth and heaving main,
The hills bowed down, the mountains fled,
The streams rolled backward through the plain;

4 Th' o'erflowing deep, by thunder riven,
Came rushing where the land had been;
The sun and moon stood still in heaven,
And turned to sackcloth o'er the scene.

5 I saw,—and terror struck me dumb;
My joints dissolved, my senses froze;
I saw the God of judgment come
To cheer his saints, and crush their foes.

624. P. M. T. Moore.

The Fall of Israel.

1 Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,—
Thy children weep in chains!

Where are the dews that fed thee
On Elim's barren shore?—
That fire from heaven, which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

2 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem,—
Once, she was all thine own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,—
Her power, thy glory's throne;
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
To other gods than thee.

3 Then sunk the star of Solyma;
Then passed her glory's ray,
Like heath, that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod;
And sunk those guilty towers
Where Baal reigned as god.

625. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, 'Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!'

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

626. C. M. *T. Moore.

The Same.

1 O, who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
That hides the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie,
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye!

2 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows, shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

627. 7s & 6s M. *Heber.

Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, Renovator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

628. 8s 7s & 4s M. Cotterill.

The Same.

1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindred of the people

Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine,—thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone;
Let thy glory
Fill the earth— as floods, the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word;—at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway to the end of time.

629. S. M. WATTS.

Shall we sin because Grace abounds?

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

630. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel revealed to Babes.

1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days,—
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And turned his joy to praise.

2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
That hath revealed thy Son
To men unlearned; and unto babes
Hath made thy gospel known.

3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise;
While pride and carnal reasonings join
To swell and blind their eyes.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

631. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

1 BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives!

2 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

3 Great Author of each perfect gift!
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful, wandering hearts
May hearken and obey.

632. S. M. WATTS.

Adoption, as sons of God.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

C We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall 'Abba Father' cry,
And thou the kindred own.

633. C. M. WATTS.

Punishment without Rejection. Ps. 89.

1 'YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,—
The children of my Son,—
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down,

2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from thy truth depart.

3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn—(I need no more)—
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more.'

634. C. M. *Watts.

Obedience not from Fear but Love.

1 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do saints perform thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
Thy sweet commands fulfil.

2 They find access, at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power
And joys that never fail.

3 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!

4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

5 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

635. L. M. Blacklock.

Different ends of the Virtuous and Vicious.

1 How blest the man,—how more than blest—
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ!
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.

2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heaven-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstained his soul, and bright his view.

3 By God's almighty arm sustained,
True virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gained,
And share the triumph of the skies.

4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A different fate shall quickly find,
To every storm an easy prey.

636. 11 M. S. F. STREETER.

'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'

1 How gracious the promise, how soothing the word
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord!
'Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Savior, and ye shall find rest.'

2 Ye heart-stricken sons and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow:
Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite,—
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

3 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light and the truth and the way;
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart

I. Long Metre.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God our Father, in your song!

II. Long Metre.

BE thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed!

III. Common Metre.

Now, blessing, honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne
And to the Lamb be given.

IV. Short Metre.

To God the only wise,
The universal King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their noblest praises sing.

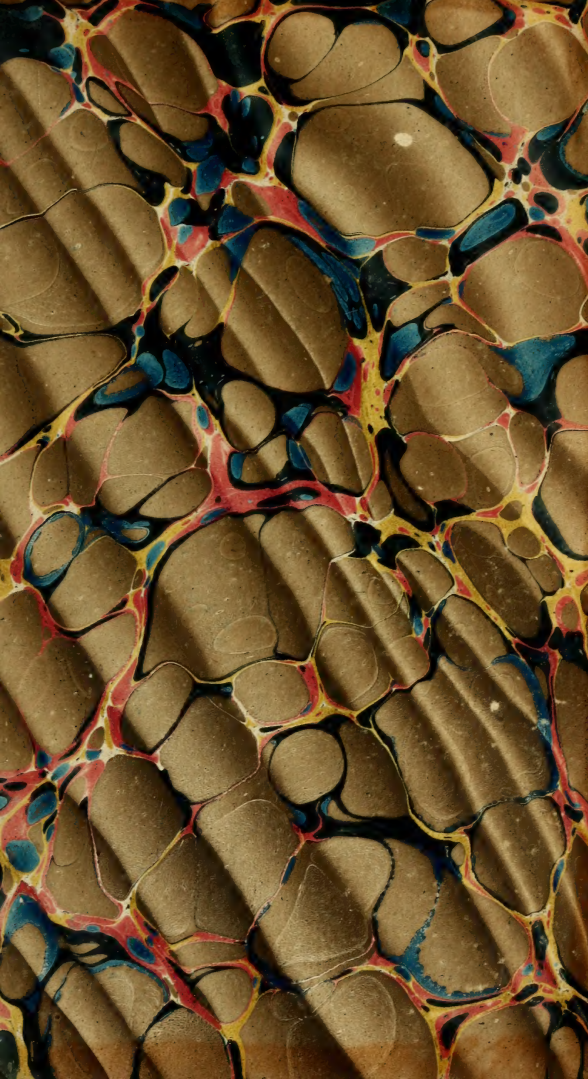
V. Hallelujah Metre.

Now, to the God of heaven
And earth and air and seas,
Be all the glory given,
Power, majesty and praise:
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung by every tongue,
In endless strains.

VI. Sevens Metre.

PRAISE to God! immortal praise
From the heavens, the earth, the seas!
All in one vast chorus join,
To extol the name divine!

VII. Elevens Metre.

COME, let us adore Him, come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

N. B. *Many Hymns, or parts of Hymns, will also answer for Doxologies: see particularly Hymns* 37—50, *and* 64—67, *and* 69—78, &c.