FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
4913

Division

Section

W. R. Vaughan.

1883.

W. A. VAUGHAN,
CRUNDALE RECTORY,
CANTERBURY.

A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

CHIEFLY INTENDED

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

BY ROWLAND HILL, A. M.

Sing ye Praiſes with Underſtanding, PSALM xlvii. 7.

Speaking to yourſelves in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs, ſinging, and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord, EPH. v. 19.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY M. PASHAM:

And Sold at the SURRY CHAPEL, St. George's Road.

M.DCC.LXXXIII.

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY MAR 29 1933

PREFACE.

THE following collection of Pſalms and Hymns I truſt will not be unacceptable; ſome pains having been taken in collecting and compoſing them. Notwithſtanding, had not the Congregation, for whom they are principally intended, been in want of a ſpeedy publication, I ſhould have been glad to have kept them ſome time longer from public view. Many of them are well known in moſt of our worſhipping aſſemblies; theſe being in themſelves ſo excellent, are always new. Others of them, I truſt not much inferior, will appear as new, though not altogether ſo; they were compoſed from ſome poetic hints borrowed from other authors; and herein I muſt acknowledge myſelf principally indebted to the Lyric poems of the inimitable Dr. Watts. A third claſs of them are by no means the

better

better for being entirely new; these I once thought of distinguishing by a particular mark, but as names are of no use, where truth and devotion are sought for, I determined otherwise.

Modest words before God always become us best; strong expressions of personal interest may do for some, but not for all; many sin in speaking too boldly; none in speaking too humbly. I mention this as an apology for softening or rejecting some expressions not fit for a *public* congregation: though for the sake of those happy souls that are filled with joy and peace in believing, I have not altogether made it a general rule. Besides, I do not see we need attempt to animate our songs of praise with much personal application, when there is enough and enough in the person of the Redeemer, simply considered, for our most exalted praise. Others, perhaps, with an apparent justness may cry, But why such a multiplicity of collections of hymns? Let such consider, that as no minister or congregation would have wished

me

me to have adopted a publication which they esteem as their property, a new collection, upon this occasion, is not only a matter of choice but of necessity.

It has given me some concern, that religion of late years has been so much exposed in wretched verse. If I have been so happy as to find the medium between that which is low, mean, and doggrel, and that which is turgid and bombast, I am satisfied: my aim has been to seek for exalted praise, and fervent prayer, turned into poetic language, plain, neat, and easy to be understood.

That the Hymns may be the more easily found, they are placed in the following order, Morning Hymns; Evening Hymns; Hymns for the Lord's Day; Hymns before and after Sermon; Invitation Hymns; General Hymns of Prayer; General Hymns of Praise; Festival Hymns; Funeral and Judgment Hymns; Occasional Hymns; Hymns for Baptism; Hymns for the Communion; Dismission Hymns and Doxologies.

That

PREFACE.

That this little Book may prove a pleaſant guide of praiſe and prayer to all that uſe it, is the hearty deſire

Of theirs ſincerely,

For Chriſt's ſake,

R. HILL.

ERRATA.

Page 69,	line 18.	For *lead* read *leads*.
Page 79,	line 13.	For *Humanity* read *Humility*.
Page 82,	line 17.	For *ſervant's* read *ſervants*.
Page 107,	line 21.	For *where* read *were*.
Page 125,	laſt line.	For *ſhull* read *ſhall*.
Page 145,	line 13.	Dele *a* before *throne*.
Page 177,	line 1.	For *remov'd* read *removed*.
———	line 3.	For *prov'd* read *proved*.
———	line 9.	For *weak*, read *weakly*.
———	line 11.	For *ſick*, read *ſickly*.
Page 205,	line 11.	For *mercy*, read *meekly*.
Page 208,	line 9.	Add *an* before *angel's*.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

	Page.	Hym
ADAM our father and our head	169	169
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	244	247
All ye that pass by	122	127
Almighty Lord, thy counsels stand	84	91
Amid the seven lamps behold	198	197
And are we wretches yet alive	76	83
Angels descend to tell the birth	202	209
Angels attend and join the song	212	211
Arise, O King of grace, arise	235	236
Arise, ye saints, and join to praise	182	183
Array'd in mortal flesh	115	121
As a shepherd loves to keep	195	195
Awake our souls, away our fears	121	126
Awake and sing the song	166	166
Awake my heart, awake my tongue	174	175
Away from earth to Calvary	254	262

B.

Before my Saviour God	94	102
Before Jehovah's awful throne	152	153
Begin my tongue some heavenly theme	127	131

INDEX.

	P.	H.
Begin ye ſaints the happy ſong	148	150
Be preſent at our table Lord	266	
Bid, mighty Lord, my ſins depart	91	99
Bleſſed are the ſons of God	164	164
Bleſt be the Lord from day to day	178	179
Bleſt be the Father, and his love	217	216
Bleſt are the ſouls, the word proclaims	222	222
Bleſt by Jeſu's providence	229	230
Bleſt be the dear uniting love	230	231
Bleſt be the Lord whoſe guardian care	231	232
Bleſs'd be the name of Zion's King	259	268
Bleſt are the ſouls that hear and know	26	27
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	23	23
Bury'd in ſhadows of the night	149	151

C.

Caſt thy burden on the Lord	58	64
Children of the heavenly King	163	163
Chriſt is the true ſubſtantial good	200	198
Chriſt, the Lord, is ris'n to day	210	209
Chriſt's own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the	37	42
Come thou incarnate Word	20	20
Come, ye wretched ſouls to Jeſus,	29	31
Come guilty ſouls, and fly away	35	38
Come, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell	62	68
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	73	80
Come, Holy Spirit, come	96	104
Come let us join our chearful ſongs	109	116
Come, happy ſouls, approach your God	125	129
Come let us aſcend	132	137
Come thou fout of every bleſſing	146	148
Come ye that love the Lord	162	162

	P.	H.
Come, and let us ſweetly join	178	178
Come thou Almighty King	218	217
Come, Holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal	247	252
Come deſcend, O heavenly Spirit	247	253
Come, thou long expected Jeſus	204	205
Commiſſion'd from the Lord of hoſts	233	235

D.

Dear friend of friendleſs ſinners, hear	82	89
Deep in our hearts we would record	83	90
Deſcend, celeſtial Dove	239	241
Did ever one of Adam's race	118	123

E.

Early, my God, without delay	10	11
Encourag'd by thy word	66	73
Ere I ſleep, for every favour	5	6
Exalted high, at God's right hand	193	193

F.

Far from our thoughts vain world	18	18
Father, behold with gracious eyes	102	109
Father, how wide thy glory ſhines	120	125
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt	268	
Firm as the earth thy goſpel ſtands	110	117
Forth in thy ſtrength, O Lord, we go	237	238
Forgive, my God, a mortal tongue	185	185
For all the bleſſings of this day	265	278
For a ſeaſon call'd to part	262	272
From all that dwell below the ſkies	34	37

G.

	P.	H.
Give thanks to God moſt high	188	189
Give glory to God	267	
Give to the Father praiſe	268	
Glory to God on high	134	138
Glory to God who gave the word	238	239
Glory be to God on high	186	186
God, my ſupporter and my hope	84	92
God the Saviour we adore	90	98
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear	54	60
Granted is the Saviour's prayer	215	214
Great God, whoſe univerſal ſway	172	172
Great Sun of righteouſneſs ariſe	37	41
Guide us, O thou great Jehovah	60	66
Guilty and vile before my God	87	95

H.

Hail Father, whoſe commanding call	219	218
Happy the time when Jeſus ſhone	93	101
Happy the man to whom 'tis given	247	251
Hark! the herald angels ſing	203	201
Hearts of ſtone relent, relent	204	203
Head of the church triumphant	112	119
He comes! he comes! the judge ſevere	224	224
He dies! the friend of ſinners dies!	186	187
Here, Lord, we give ourſelves away	244	246
Hither ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind	31	32
Ho! all ye trembling ſinners hear	34	36
Ho! how well are we defended	145	147
Holy Spirit, gently come,	43	50
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	61	67

	P.	H.
Holy Ghoſt, diſpel our ſadneſs	89	97
Holy Jeſus, lovely Lamb	103	110
Holy Lord, I come to thee	107	114
Hoſanna to Jeſus the Lord	264	275
How ſweet the day of ſacred reſt	8	9
How do our hearts rejoice to hear	15	15
How ſweet, dear Lord, thy ſacred word	39	45
How long, O Lord, ſhall I complain	74	81
How can we adore	160	161
How condeſcending, and how kind	258	266
How falſe this earth in all its forms	179	180
How pleaſant, how divinely fair	260	269
How glorious the Lamb	263	274

I.

Jeſus, the all-reſtoring word	1	1
Jeſus, thou dear atoning Lamb	4	4
Jeſus, teach our ſouls to be	40	47
Jeſus, ſhepherd of the ſheep	42	49
Jeſus, lover of my ſoul	46	52
Jeſus, true and living vine	53	59
Jeſus, my living way	57	62
Jeſus, thou art my righteouſneſs	97	105
Jeſus, our Lord, aſcend thy throne	131	136
Jeſus, thy blood and righteouſneſs	153	155
Jeſus ſhall reign where'er the ſun	173	173
Jeſus, Lord, we look to thee	228	228
Jeſus, thy lovely ſelf reveal	229	229
Jeſus, at whoſe ſupreme command	249	257
Jeſus, full of truth and grace	251	258
Jeſus, I bleſs thy gentle hand	181	182
Jeſus, who dy'd a world to ſave	211	210
Jeſus is now gone up on high	213	212

	P.	H.
Jesus, we hang upon thy word	216	215
Jesus invites his saints	257	265
If Jesus is ours	140	144
I long to love, but ah! how far	71	77
In Jesus approv'd	105	112
Join all the glorious names	113	120
Join ye redeemed heirs of grace	171	171

L.

Laden with guilt, sinners arise	37	43
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	253	261
Let every mortal ear attend	22	22
Let us all unite to bless	129	133
Let God the Father and the Son	267	
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	78	85
Lo! he comes with clouds descending	223	223
Long have we sat beneath the sound	68	75
Look up, my soul, to him	256	264
Lord of the worlds above	12	13
Lord, we are come before thee now	19	19
Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin	59	65
Lord, if thou thy grace impart	79	86
Lord, we welcome thy dear servant	232	233
Lord, when my thoughts delight to	139	142
Love divine, all love excelling	100	107
Low at thy feet we prostrate fall	81	88
Lo! what an entertaining sight	195	194

M.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour	262	271
My dearest Lord, take thou my heart	68	74
My God accept my early vows	3	3
My God, permit my tongue	9	10
My God, permit me not to be	41	48

	P.	H.
My God, my life, my love	77	84
My righteous judge, my gracious God	51	57
My soul, how lovely is the place	11	12
My soul, come meditate the day	222	228

N.

Not all the blood of beasts	62	69
Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus	249	255
Now may the Spirit's holy fire	17	17
Now begin the heavenly theme	20	21
Now to the power of God supreme	32	34
Now to the Lord, a noble song	135	139
Now for a tune of lofty praise	168	168
Now, with joint consent, we sing	226	226
Now to the Lamb, that once was slain	252	259

O.

O come, thou wounded Lamb of God	39	46
Of all the joys we mortals know	180	181
Of him who did salvation bring	246	250
O for a closer walk with God	72	78
O for a message from above	86	94
O God, how endless is thy love	7	7
O God, the friend of sinners see	85	93
O God of all grace	123	128
Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat	242	244
O Jesus, our Lord	35	39
O Lord, how excellent thy grace	38	44
O Lord, what love and favour	44	51
O Lord, turn not thy face away	106	113
O love divine, how sweet thou art	87	96
Omnipresent Lord, whose aid	4	5

Once

	P.	H.
On thee, O God of purity	99	106
O patient, spotless Lamb	52	58
O tell me no more	129	134
O that thou would'st thine heavens rend	24	25
O the delights, the heavenly joys	126	130
O thou in whom the Gentiles trust	128	132
Our Saviour alone	152	154
Our Lord is risen from the dead	214	213
Out of the deeps of long distress	48	54
O what shall we do	137	141

P.

Permit us, dearest Lord, to prove	252	26
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	165	165
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name	27	28
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	157	158
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	267	
Prepare, prepare, to meet thy God	95	103

R.

Rejoice, the Lord is King	167	167
Rejoice, ye sons of men rejoice	201	199
Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls	36	40
Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker	2	2
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	154	156

S.

Salvation, O the joyful sound	24	24
See, gracious God, before thy throne	108	115

	P.	H.
See where the mighty Saviour comes	207	206
Sinners, obey the gospel word	28	30
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown	31	33
Sing we to our God above	267	
Smitten on the accursed tree	104	111
Son of God! thy blessing grant	47	53
Source of light and power divine	33	35
Strangers and pilgrims here on earth	155	157
Sweet is the work, O God, our King	7	8
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	248	254
Sweet is the mention of thy grace	266	279

T.

Tell me, Saviour, from above	49	55
Tell us, O women, we would know	192	192
Thankful for our every blessing	264	276
There is a voice of sovrain grace	80	87
The God of Abraham praise	111	118
The Lord supplies his people's need	147	149
The Lord of earth and sky	241	243
The fairest of ten thousand fairs	170	170
The fountain of Christ	176	177
Thee, Almighty Lord, we own	227	227
The gospel reports	189	190
The wondering world enquires to know	197	196
The wonders, Lord, thy love hath	206	205
The Sun of righteousness appears	209	208
The peace which God alone reveals	263	274
This is the day the Lord hath made	16	16
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	65	72
Thou God of glorious majesty	69	76
Thou shepherd of Israel divine	75	82
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb	131	135
Thy favours, Lord, surprize our souls	175	176
"'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said	205	204
Thus did the sons of Abra'm pass	238	240

	P.	H.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt	167	
To God the only wiſe	136	140
To thee our wants are known	261	270
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	243	245
'Twas love that brought the Saviour	246	249

W.

We give immortal praiſe	220	219
Welcome ſweet day of reſt	14	14
Welcome, thou well belov'd of God	236	237
We bleſs the Lord who gives this cup	256	263
We bleſs the Lord whoſe tender care	231	232
We ſing the glories of our King	25	26
We ſing the wonderous deeds	250	257
We thank thee Lord for this our food	266	
What a merciful Saviour is ours	139	143
What creatures beſide are favour'd,	265	277
What ſhall we render unto thee	140	145
What heart can reach, what tongue	183	184
What equal honours ſhall we bring	187	188
When ſhall the ſovereign grace	50	56
When darkneſs long has vail'd my mind	58	63
When we behold the heavenly ſtate	116	122
When Jeſus, our ſhepherd, is near	119	124
When to thy throne I raiſe my cry	174	174
When Chriſt in judgment ſhall deſcend	225	225
When we ſurvey the wonderous croſs	245	248
While overwhelm'd with grief	64	71
Who can have greater cauſe to ſing	157	159
Who hath our report believ'd	208	207
Why ſhould the children of a king	73	79
Why is my heart ſunk down ſo low	92	100
Why do ye mourn departed friends	221	220
While with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun	240	242

	P.	H.
Will my doubtings ne'er be o'er	55	61
With joy we meditate the grace	63	70
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend	233	234

Y.

Ye heavens rejoice	144	146
Ye prisoners of hope	191	191
Ye souls that are weak	150	152
Ye servants of God	159	160
Ye sons and daughters of the Lord	258	267
Ye that in these courts are found	28	29

Z.

Zion's a garden wall'd around	101	101

4.

Fill us with all the life of love:
In sacred union join
Us to thyself; and let us prove
Sweet fellowship divine.

5.

The holy intercourse begun,
Between our souls and thee,
Enlarge, O Lord, and carry on
Through all eternity!

II. *Morning.*

1.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praise,
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2.

Thou this night wast my protector;
With me stay,
All the day,
Ever my director.

3.

Father, Lord of ev'ry spirit!
In thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

4.

O my Jesus, Lord Almighty,
Me defend,
To the end,
With thy love and pity.

5.

Holy Ghoſt, divine inſtructor,
Guide me ſtill;
Let thy will
Be my ſafe conductor.

6.

Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

III. *The Same.* Pſalm cxli. 2—5.

1.

MY God, accept my early vows
Like morning incenſe in thine houſe.
And let my nightly worſhip riſe
Sweet as the ev'ning 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 paths where ſinners lead.

3.

O may the righteous when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
Their gentle words, like ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my head.

4.

When I behold them preſs'd with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

IV. Evening Hymns.

1.

JESUS, thou dear atoning lamb,
Lover of loſt mankind;
Salvation in whoſe only name
A ſinful world can find:

2.

We aſk thy grace to make us clean;
We come to thee our God:
Open, O Lord, for this day's ſin,
The fountain of thy blood.

3.

Hither our ſinful ſouls be brought,
And ev'ry idle word,
And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

4.

Hither our actions, righteous deem'd
By man, and counted good,
As filthy rags by God eſteem'd,
Till ſprinkled with thy blood.

5.

Jeſus, vouchſafe thy heav'nly power
For pardon ſtill to flee;
And every day, and every hour,
To draw freſh ſtrength from thee.

V. *God Omnipreſent.*

1.

OMNIPRESENT Lord, whoſe aid
No one ever ſought in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Ev'ry evil thought reſtrain:

Lay

Lay thy hand upon my ſoul,
Guard of my unguarded hours;
All my enemies controul,
Hell, and earth, and nature's pow'rs.

2.

Unto thee for help I ſeek,
Perfect, Lord, thy ſtrength in me;
I am ſtrong when I am weak,
Weak myſelf, but ſtrong in thee.
Let not evil enter in,
Ev'ry ſelfiſh thought avert;
Stop the avenues of ſin,
Keep the iſſues of my heart.

3.

O thou jealous God come down,
God of ſpotleſs purity;
Claim and ſeize me for thine own,
Conſecrate my heart to thee.
Under thy protection take,
Songs in the night-ſeaſon give;
Let me ſleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

VI. *Evening.*

1.

ERE I ſleep, for ev'ry favour
This day ſhew'd
By my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

2.

O my Lord, what ſhall I render
To thy Name
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3.

Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let thy peace
Be my bliſs,
Till thou hence remove me.

4.

Viſit me with thy ſalvation:
Let thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

5.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep
While I ſleep,
Me with all thy power.

6.

So whene'er in death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe
With the wiſe,
Counted in their number.

7.

Glory, honour, thanks and bleſſing
Be to thee,
One in three,
Never, never ceaſing.

VII. *Morn-*

VII. *Morning or Evening.*

1.

O God, how endleſs is thy love,
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

3.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee we conſecrate our days;
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

VIII. Hymns for the Lord's Day.

Pſalm xcii.

1.

SWEET is the work, O God, our king,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing:
To ſhew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2.

Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
Drive earthly care from ev'ry breaſt;
And let our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound!

Our

3.

Our hearts would triumph in thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy work, and bleſs thy word!
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4.

Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like graſs they flouriſh; till thy breath
Shall blaſt them to eternal death.

5.

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below:
May all our pow'rs find ſweet employ
In Chriſt's eternal world of joy.

IX. *On a Sacrament Occaſion.*

1.

HOW ſweet the day of ſacred reſt,
The day that ſaw the Lord ariſe;
The day the Lord himſelf hath bleſt,
To manifeſt peculiar joys.

2.

Sinners rejoice and ſaints be glad,
Let the Redeemer's name abound:
A thouſand honours on his head,
Who ſtands with grace and glory crown'd.

3.

Here we delight to hear his word,
And tell of all his wond'rous grace;
We wait around his feſtal board,
And ſing hoſannas to his praiſe.

In

4.

In God's own name he came to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church addreſs their king
In louder notes than angels raiſe.

X. *Panting after God.* Pſalm lxiii.

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 ſhall implore;
No trav'ller, in a deſert land,
Can pant for waters more.

3.

Within the churches Lord,
I long to find my place:
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4.

For life without thy love,
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd 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 chearful hope relies.

6.

The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

XI. *Another Verſion of the Same.*
The Bleſſing of early Worſhip.

1.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
We haſte to ſeek thy face;
Our thirſty ſouls wou'd faint away,
But for thy chearing grace.

2.

As pilgrims on a thirſty land,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
So we muſt drink or die.

3.

Oft' have we ſeen thy gracious pow'r
Thro' all thy temples ſhine;
Repeat, dear Lord, that heavenly hour
That viſion ſo divine!

4.

Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe our ſouls ſo well,
As when thy richer grace we taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

Not

5.

Not life itſelf with all her joys,
Can our beſt paſſions move;
But as our ſouls in thee rejoice,
And feaſt upon thy love.

6.

Then, till our laſt expiring days,
We'll bleſs our Lord and King;
Then will we lift our hearts to praiſe,
And tune our lips to ſing.

XII. *Longing for God's houſe,* Pſalm lxxxiv.

1.

MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reſorts;
'Tis heav'n to ſee his ſmiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2.

With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Deſcends and fills the place,
While Chriſt reveals his wond'rous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace.

3.

Lord, at thy threſhold I would wait,
While Jeſus is within;
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate
Or dwell in tents of ſin.

My

4.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see,
My Saviour and my God!

5.

The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I love!

6.

To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

7.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right-hand
I'd give them all away.

XIII. *Another Version of the Same.*

1.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To his abode
My heart aspire,
With warm desire
To see thy God.

The

2.

The ſparrow for her young
With pleaſure ſeeks her neſt;
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt;
My ſpirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To riſe and dwell
Among thy ſaints.

3.

Thrice happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Thrice happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there.
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

4.

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.

5.

God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our bleſſings thence.

He will beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

6.

The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From weeping waiting ſouls.
Thrice happy he,
O Lord of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

XIV. *God's Worſhip delightful.*

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 is ſeen,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of vanity and ſin.

My

4.

My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſweetly ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

XV. *Joy in Public Ordinances.* Pſ. cxxii.

1.

HOW do our hearts rejoice to hear
Thy ſaints devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear
And keep the feſtal day."

2.

Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
Our chearful feet repair;
There ſits our Jeſus on his throne,
And rules in judgment there.

3.

May peace within this ſacred place
And ceaſeleſs joy be found!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
May all thy tribes abound!

4.

Proſperity attend thy peace,
And let thy word of grace
Be water'd with divine increaſe,
And crown'd with large ſucceſs.

5.

A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt
That wiſhes thine increaſe,
That would himſelf become thy gueſt,
And ſeeks thy conſtant peace.

6.

We'll join to pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There our beſt friends and kindred dwell,
And there our Saviour reigns.

XVI. *Hoſanna in the Higheſt*, Pſ. cxviii.

1.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2.

To-day Chriſt roſe, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3.

Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Hoſannas loud to thee we ſing,
Like thoſe around the throne.

4.

Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
Repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

5.

Hoſanna! in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

XVII. *Opening public Worſhip.*

1.

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

2.

Thee we the Comforter confeſs;
Without thy preſence here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs pray'r!

3.

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

4.

Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

5.

Lo! for thy preſence, Lord, we pray,
Thy pow'r we wait to prove:
Thy glorious grace to each diſplay,
And fill our ſouls with love.

XVIII. *The Enjoyment of Christ, in Public Worship.*

1.

FAR from our thoughts vain world be gone,
Let our religious hours alone:
O may our eyes the Saviour see!
We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2.

O warm our hearts with holy fire!
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, our dear Jesus from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.

3.

The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4.

Haste then, and with a smiling face,
Come, spread the tables of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer our hearts with sacred wine

5.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine 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!

XIX. *The Sinner's Suit for a Blessing in Ordinances.*

1.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2.

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee; here we stay,
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Send some message from thy word,
Which may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Bid the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope;

Grant

Grant that thoſe who ſeek may find
Thee a God divinely kind:
Heal the ſick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

XX. Hymns before and after Sermon.

1.

COME thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our prayer attend:
Come and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs,
Spirit of holineſs,
On us deſcend.

2.

O may thy ſervant be,
Fill'd with ſweet liberty,
Clothed with power;
Bid, Lord, the dead ariſe
By thy almighty voice,
May we in thee rejoice,
In this glad hour.

XXI. *Redeeming Love.*

1.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name:
Ye who Jeſu's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5.

Welcome all, by sin oppress,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6.

When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

8.

Hither, then, your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each chearful ſtring,
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

XXII. *The Goſpel Invitation.*

1.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry 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 hath prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids our 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.

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

The

6.

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

XXIII. *The Gospel Trumpet.*

1.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2.

The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee, &c.

3.

Jesus our great high priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mourning souls be glad;
The year of jubilee, &c.

4.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
Secure in Jesus dwell,
And on his fulness live:
The year of jubilee, &c.

Extol

5.

Extol the lamb of God,
The great atoning lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee, &c.

XXIV. *Salvation.*

1.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2.

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay!
Till we arose by grace divine,
To see an heavenly day!

3.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

XXV. *A Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.*

1.

O That thou would'st thine heavens rend,
And with thy mighty grace descend;
Proclaim thy name of great renown,
Subdue the world and wear the crown.

Ride

2.

Ride in the chariot of thy word;
Ride on, and prosper, gracious Lord:
From conqu'ring and to conquer go,
And bring a world of rebels low.

3.

Bid thy commission'd saints proclaim,
The glories of the Saviour's name;
'Till worlds unborn shall learn to praise
The conquests of Almighty grace.

4.

As doves salute the rising day,
And to their windows haste away;
So teach apostate man to fly
Up to the regions of the sky.

5.

From pole to pole let sinners know
The wonders that thine arm can do,
Till all the kingdoms shall become
The kingdoms of the Lord alone.

XXVI. *Christ's Government and Glory exalted.* Ps. xlv.

1.

WE sing the glories of our king,
His form how wond'rous fair!
None of the sons of mortal race
Can with our Lord compare.

2.

Sweet is thy ſpeech: and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is ſhed;
Thy God with bleſſings infinite,
Has crown'd thy ſacred head.

3.

Gird on thy ſword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majeſtic ſway;
Thy terror ſhall ſtrike through thy foes.
And make the world obey.

4.

Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands,
Thy words of grace ſhall prove
A peaceful ſceptre in thine hands
To rule the ſaints by love.

5.

Juſtice and truth attend thy ſtate,
And mercy lead thee on,
Till all thine enemies ſhall yield
Obedience to thy throne.

XXVII. Pſalm lxxxviii. 15.

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.

Their

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 for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

XXVIII. Pſalm cxxxv.

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;
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3.

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.

XXIX. *Enjoyment of Christ in Worship.*

1.

YE that in these courts are found,
Liſt'ning to the joyful ſound,
Loſt and helpleſs as ye are,
Sons of ſorrow, ſin, and care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

2.

Turn to Chriſt your longing eyes
View his bloody ſacrifice:
See in him your ſins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holineſs, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

XXX. *An Invitation Hymn.*

1.

SINNERS, obey the goſpel word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your Lord:
Be wiſe to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away!

2.

Ready the father is to own,
And kiſs his late-returning ſon;
Ready the loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready

3.

Ready the ſpirit of his love
Awaits the ſtony heart to move;
To ſprinkle the atoning blood,
And waſh and ſeal you ſons of God.

4.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
With harps of gold, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace,

5.

Come then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
To happineſs in Chriſt reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

XXXI. *The ſame.*

1.

COME, ye wretched ſouls, to Jeſus,
Weak and wounded, ſick and poor;
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave us,
Full of pity join'd with power.
He is able, &c.
He is willing; doubt no more.

2.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money, &c.
Come to Jeſus-Chriſt, and buy.

3.

Let not conſcience make you linger;
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream:
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you, &c.
'Tis the ſpirit's riſing beam.

4.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous, &c.
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

5.

Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finiſhed," &c.
Sinners will not this ſuffice?

6.

Lo! th' incarnate God aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other truſt intrude:
None but Jeſus, &c.
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the lamb;

While

While the blisful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah! &c.
Sinners here may sing the same.

XXXII. *The same.*

1.

HITHER ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder'd, trembling throng;
To you the gospel calls, to you
Messiah's blessings all belong.

2.

The sons of reason and of pride,
Reject the blessings of his tree:
For sinners only Jesus dy'd!
Sinner, behold! he dy'd for thee?

3.

'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd;
'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd!
Our curse he freely took, he bore;
And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd!

4.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,
And join the blisful choirs above:
May nothing tune our future song,
But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love.

XXXIII. *The Same.*

1.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3.

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of Love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

4.

Jesus, thy Saviour and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.

5.

Give me thine heart, my son, he cries,
And kindly waits to take thee in;
With love and pity in his eyes,
He weeps to save thee from thy sin.

XXXIV. *Electing Love.*

1.

NOW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls lost wand'ring souls to heaven.

2.

Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas

'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

3.

He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of our joy.

4.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

XXXV. *A Prayer for the Minister.*

1.

SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Help thy servant to proclaim,
The full glories of thy name;
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire.

2.

Breathe thy spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet on him and all;
Till by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be traced and found:
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart.

XXXVI. *After Sermon. A Word for the Penitent.*

1.

HO! all ye trembling sinners hear,
The pard'ning voice of Christ, and live;
With humble confidence draw near,
Throw off your doubts, and now believe.
Believe, and all your sins are gone,
Believe, and heaven is all your own.

2.

If all the sins that men had done,
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made, or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
One drop of Jesu's precious blood,
At once could cleanse the dreadful load.

XXXVII. Psalm cxvii.

1.

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

2.

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

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. *Encouragement for the Guilty.*

1.

COME, guilty ſouls, and fly away
To Chriſt, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2.

God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

XXXIX. *Good Tidings.*

1.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word

2.

In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praiſe.

3.

The Antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

4.

The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy, ſalvation through blood.

Thrice

5.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel day.

6.

The people who know
The Saviour below,
With cheerful affection to worſhip him glow

7.

This bleſſing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

8.

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

XL. *Invitation.*

1.

RICH grace, free grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Juſt as you are, for Chriſt receives
Poor helpleſs ſinners ſtill.

2.

'Tis grace each day that feeds our ſouls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing elſe but grace,
May rule for evermore.

XLI. Pſalm xxxvi.

1.

GREAT Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Bleſs the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2.

Thy nobleſt wonders here we view,
In ſouls renew'd, in ſins forgiven;
Forgive our ſins, our ſouls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

XLII. *Comfort for the Afflicted.*

1.

CHRIST's own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itſelf, ſhall die.

2.

How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly ſwiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

XLIII. *Behold the Lamb.*

1.

LADEN with guilt, ſinners ariſe,
And view your bleeding ſacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come!

2.

Beneath your crimes the victim ſtood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Hereby ſtern juſtice is appeas'd:
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd!

3.

Peace, mercy, truth, and righteouſneſs,
Beam from the reconciler's face;
Here look, till love diſſolves your heart,
And bids your ſlaviſh fears depart.

4.

Oh! quit the world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms;
Wreſtle until your God be known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

XLIV. Pſalm xxxiv.

1.

O Lord, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort ſprings;
The ſons of ſorrow in diſtreſs,
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

2.

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.

3.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of our Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee,
The glories promis'd in thy word.

XLV. Pſalm xix.

1.

HOW ſweet, dear Lord, thy ſacred word,
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford,
To ſouls in deep diſtreſs:
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads to reſt.

2.

Thy threat'nings wake our ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies:
But 'tis thy goſpel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conſcience clean
Converts the ſoul, and conquers ſin,
And gives a free reward.

XLVI.

General Hymns of Prayer.

Longing for Chriſt.

1.

O Come, thou wounded lamb of God,
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing blood,
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2.

Take our poor hearts and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou our breaſts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3.

How bleſt are thoſe who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd near thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4.

How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
That thou ſhould'ſt man to glory bring!
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never fading crown!

5.

Ah, Lord! enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable.

6.

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

XLVII. *A Prayer for a Child-like Spirit.*

1.

JESUS, teach our ſouls to be
Meek and lowly, like to thee;
Gentle, innocent, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child.

2.

Cauſe the pow'r of ſin to ceaſe;
Lead us in the paths of peace;
May the Lamb of God impart,
Lamb-like tempers to each heart.

3.

Make our ſtubborn ſouls ſubmit,
Lay us humbly at thy feet;
Pride and anger far remove,
Rule us by the law of love.

4.

Thus may we be taught to know,
What the Saviour can beſtow
On the ſimple ſouls that wait
Humbly at his mercy's gate.

XLVIII. *Seeking after God.*

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 ſhou'd my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heavenly birth?
Why ſhou'd I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3.

Call me away from ſelf and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence:
I wou'd obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

XLIX. *Christ our Shepherd.* John x.

1.

JESUS, shepherd of the sheep,
Gracious is thine arm to keep,
All thy flocks with tender care,
Fed in pastures large and fair.

2.

Thou dost call them by their names,
While thy bosom bears the lambs;
Gently leading those with young,
Screening them from heat and wrong.

3.

Thee the sheep profess and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Known of them, and known to thee,
They will never from thee flee.

4.

Strangers they will not obey,
Thee they follow as the way;
They delight to find thee near;
They delight thy voice to hear.

5.

Every wandering sheep behold,
Bring us back into thy fold;
On thy shoulders bear us home,
Suffer us no more to roam.

6.

Lead to pastures fair and green,
Where thy lovely face is seen;
Bid us to the fountain go,
Where the living waters flow.

Walk

7.

Walk before us in the way,
Keep us left we run aſtray;
Teach us in thy ſteps to tread,
And conform us to our head.

8.

When thy ſheep in judgment ſtand,
Place us there at thy right hand;
Speak the ſentence of the bleſt,
Bid us enter endleſs reſt.

L. *Veni Creator; or, A Prayer to the Holy Ghoſt.*

1.

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Raiſe us from our fallen ſtate;
Fix in us thy gracious home,
All our ſpirits recreate.
Gracious gift of God moſt high,
Viſit every troubled breaſt,
Fill our hearts with peaceful joy,
Lead us to thy promis'd reſt.

2.

Heavenly unction from above,
Comforter of weary ſaints,
Source of life, and fire of love,
Hear and anſwer our complaints.
Holy Spirit, thee we pray,
Finger of the living God,
Point us out the living way,
Shed the Saviour's love abroad.

Now

3.

Now thy quick'ning influence bring,
On our souls divinely move;
Open wide our hearts to sing
Jesu's everlasting love.
Take the things of Christ, and shew
What his love for us hath done;
Thus may we the Father know,
Through the well-beloved Son.

4.

Lighten each benighted heart,
Drive our enemies away;
Joy, and love, and peace impart,
Lead us in the heavenly way:
Nothing then our hearts shall fear,
While we urge our way to heaven,
While we feel thy presence near,
Witnessing our sins forgiven.

LI. *Adoring free and sovereign Mercy.*

1.

O Lord, what love and favour!
That we, so vile and poor,
Can thro' a dying Saviour
Approach thy mercy's door.
There find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
And wait the welcome message
That bids us go in peace!

Lord,

2.

Lord, we are helpleſs creatures,
Full of the deepeſt need;
Throughout defil'd by nature,
All inly dark and dead:
Our ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all we have is ſin:
Our hearts are all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3.

We'll never ceaſe repeating,
Our numberleſs complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious king of ſaints:
Till we attain thine image
In realms of endleſs love,
There pay our grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

4.

Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleaſing ſtory,
Of Jeſu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
We ſhall for ever dwell,
And prove ſuch conſolation
As none below can tell.

LII. *The tempted Sinner's Prayer.*

1.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee?
Leave, ah! leave me not alone:
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous

4.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within mine heart,
Now and to eternity

LIII. *The Poor Sinner's Prayer.*

1.

SON of God! thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want:
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2.

Tendereſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die:
Weak as helpleſs infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3.

Unsustain'd by thee, I fall:
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4.

All my hopes on thee depend:
Love me, save me to the end:
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise!

LIV. *A Prayer for Pardon.* Pſalm cxxx.

1.

OUT of the deeps of long diſtreſs,
The borders of deſpair,
I ſend my cries, to ſeek thy grace,
To move thy gracious ear.

2.

Great God! ſhould thy ſeverer eye,
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3.

But there is mercy with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Mercy procur'd by Jeſu's blood,
To draw me near to thee.

4.

I wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
In Jeſu's name I wait;
My ſoul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5.

Juſt as the guard, that keeps the night,
Longs for the morning ſkies;
So wait I for thoſe beams of light,
That bid my ſoul ariſe.

6.

But as redemption from thy throne,
For ſinners long enſlav'd,
Is now reveal'd thro' Chriſt, thy ſon,
A ſinner may be ſav'd.

LV. *A Paſtoral Hymn.* Cant. 1, 7.

1.

TELL me, Saviour from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flocks abide,
Shelter'd near thy bleeding ſide?

2.

Say, my ſhepherd, all divine,
Where I may my ſoul recline;
Where for refuge ſhall I fly,
While the burning ſun is nigh?

3.

Why ſhou'd I appear like one,
All forſaken and alone?
Why ſhou'd I draw nigh to death,
Gaſping, panting after breath?

4.

Will thou let me run aſtray,
Mourning, grieving, all the day?
Wilt thou bear to ſee me rove,
Seek ſome baſe and mortal love?

5.

Never had I ſought thy name,
Never felt the inward flame,
Had not love firſt touch'd my heart,
Gave the pleaſant painful ſmart.

6.

Didſt thou leave thy glorious throne,
Put a mortal raiment on,
As a curſed victim die,
For a wretch ſo vile as I?

8.

Tell me, faireſt of the kind,
How to ſeek, and where to find;
Where to find thy promis'd reſt,
How to lean upon thy breaſt?

9.

Turn, and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord alone;
Deign to hear a ſinner's call,
Be my everlaſting all.

LVI. *The Backſlider's Prayer.* Pſ. xxv.

1.

WHEN ſhall the ſov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Reſtore me from thoſe dangerous ways,
My wand'ring feet have trod.

2.

With every morning light,
My grief anew begins;
Look on my anguiſh and my pain,
And pardon all my ſins.

3.

O keep my ſoul from death,
Nor put my hope to ſhame,
While for thy pard'ning love and grace
I plead the Saviour's name.

4.

With humble hope I wait
To ſee thy face again;
And ſhall it e'er, my God, be ſaid,
I ſought thy face in vain?

LVII. *Hope in Misery.* Psalm cxliii.

1.

MY righteous judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2.

Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Shou'd justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3.

For thee I thirst, and pray, and mourn,
When will thy smiling face return?
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

4.

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love,
Conduct me to thy courts above.

5.

Let me derive some glimpse of hope,
To bear my drooping spirits up;
Then shall my soul no more complain,
And Satan then shall rage in vain.

LVIII. *A Prayer for Patience.*

1.

O Patient, ſpotleſs Lamb!
My heart in patience keep,
To bear the croſs, ſo eaſy made
By wounding Thee ſo deep.

2.

Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choiceſt flocks abide;
From wand'ring ſave my fooliſh heart,
And keep it near thy ſide.

3.

My friend, thou haſt enough
My mis'ry to relieve:
Though ſin and guilt oppreſs my ſoul
The balm is thine to give.

4.

I long, *my Love*, to reach
Thoſe bright eternal hills,
Where pleaſures from thy preſence flow,
In ſweet celeſtial rills.

5.

Here, every mortal joy
Is pleaſure daſh'd with pain;
There ſhall I baſk in ſweet repoſe,
And ſpotleſs pleaſures gain.

6.

My Saviour, and my God,
No paradise I prove,
No heaven my heart can find below,
But what I find in love.

7.

Cleanse from each dreg of guilt,
Nor let thy grace depart;
May holy peace abide within,
And patience keep my heart.

LIX. *Christ the True Vine.* John xv.

1.

JESUS, true and living vine,
Holy, fruitful, and divine;
Graft us on thyself the root,
Fill our hearts with heavenly fruit.

2.

Should we, from a living vine
An ingrafted branch disjoin;
Dead and fruitless it would prove,
So are we without thy love.

3.

Let, us Lord, in thee remain,
Else our works are all in vain;
Barren, fruitless, helpless we
Can do nothing without thee.

4.

Keeper of the vineyard, plant
In us every grace we want,
Lop off every branch of sin,
Cleanse our hearts and keep them clean.

5.

Planted in thee we ſhall live,
Life and juice from thee derive;
Bud and bloſſom ev'ry year,
Yielding cluſters large and fair.

6.

In thy garden here below,
Water us that we may grow;
When all grace to us is given,
Then tranſplant us into heaven.

LX. *Lord ſave or I periſh; or a dying Sinner's cry.*

1.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My complaint vouchſafe to hear;
Faint, and ſick of love am I,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

2.

Nothing elſe do I require,
Only Jeſus I deſire;
Hear my never ceaſing cry,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

3.

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

4.

Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only eaſe me of my guilt;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

5.

All unholy, and unclean,
I am nothing elſe but ſin;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

6.

Thou doſt freely ſave the loſt,
Only in thy grace I truſt;
With my earneſt ſuit comply,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

7.

Thou doſt promiſe to forgive,
All who in thy Son believe;
Lord I know thou can'ſt not lie,
Give me Chriſt, or elſe I die.

8.

Father, doſt thou ſeem to frown?
I take ſhelter in thy Son;
Jeſus to thine arms I fly,
Come and ſave me, or I die.

LXI. *Weak and wavering.*

1

WILL my doubtings ne'er be o'er;
Will the Lord return no more?
When ſhall I my Jeſus ſee,
And believe he died for me?

Now

Now a glimpſe of hope appears,
Then 'tis loſt in doubts and fears;
Thus I waver to and fro,
Riſing high, and ſinking low.

2.

Might I but with open face,
Thee behold as in a glaſs,
Dying on th' accurſed tree,
To atone for wretched me:
Then let other loves be gone,
While I love the Lord alone;
While in thee I taſte and feel,
Love immenſe, unſearchable.

3.

While I wander up and down,
In this barren world unknown;
Guide and keep me by thy care,
Be my guard for ever near:
May I find my hiding place
In the boſom of thy grace;
Holy Jeſus, on thy breaſt
Let a weary ſinner reſt.

4.

Shouldſt thou deign on me to ſmile,
Shouldſt thou ſave a worm ſo vile:
Who like me ſhall ſing thy praiſe,
Who ſhall ſo admire thy grace?
Lord thy light and love diſplay,
Bid my ſorrows flee away;
Everlaſting peace reſtore,
Bid me diſbelieve no more.

LXII. *A Prayer for Preservation.*

1.

JESUS, my living way,
My sure, my constant friend;
On thee my helpless soul I stay,
On thee alone depend.

2.

My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3.

Still let thy Spirit, Lord,
Soon as the foe comes in,
His guardian grace and help afford
To stem the tide of sin.

4.

For each assault prepar'd,
Still ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5.

Thou God of purity,
From all that is unclean,
As from a serpent may I flee,
And rather die than sin.

6.

My soul I cannot save;
Myself I cannot keep;
Shepherd divine, thy help I crave,
To guard thy feeblest sheep.

LXIII. *Unbelief reproved.*

1.

WHEN darkneſs long has vail'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2.

I chide my unbelieving heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
So prone to act ſo baſe a part,
And harbour one hard thought of thee.

3.

Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat,
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet;
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

4.

O let me then at length be taught
What ſtill I am ſo ſlow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

LXIV. *Encouragement for the Weak.*

1.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt ſoon have cauſe to bleſs
His eternal faithfulneſs.

He

2.

He ſuſtains thee by his hand;
He enables thee to ſtand;
Thoſe whom Jeſus once hath lov'd,
From his grace are never mov'd.

3.

Human counſels come to nought;
That ſhall ſtand which God hath wrought:
His compaſſion, love and power,
Are the ſame for evermore.

4.

Heaven and earth may paſs away,
God's free grace ſhall not decay;
He hath promis'd to fulfil
All the pleaſure of his will.

5.

Jeſus, guardian of thy flock,
Be thyſelf our conſtant rock;
Make us by thy pow'rful hand
Strong as Sion's mountain ſtand.

LXV. *Behold I am vile.* Pſal. li.

1.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in ſin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The ſeeds of ſin ſpring up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3.

Great God, create our hearts anew,
And form our ſpirits pure and true.
O make us wiſe betimes to know
The pardoning love thou can'ſt beſtow.

4.

Behold! we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean,
The leproſy lies deep within.

5.

Jeſus, our God! thy blood alone
Hath power ſufficient to atone;
Lord! let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make each drooping heart rejoice.

LXVI. *A Prayer for Protection.*

1.

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims, through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, &c.
Feed us till we want no more.

2.

Open, Lord, the cryſtal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong deliv'rer, &c.
Be thou ſtill our ſtrength and ſhield.

When

3.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and Hell's destruction,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, &c.
We will ever give to thee.

LXVII. *Breathing after Holiness.*

1.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and night they cry to thee:
As thou art, so let us be.

2.

Fix, O fix each wavering mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up our souls in love.

3.

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

4.

Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given.
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

LXVIII. *Invitation to Christ.*

1.

COme, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength:
Make our enlarged souls possess
The height, and depth, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his son!

LXIX. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

1.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My

3.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
Whilſt like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4.

My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5.

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

LXX. *Chriſt's Compaſſion for the Tempted.*

1.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2.

Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3.

He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh,
What ev'ry member bears.

4.

He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame:
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5.

Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his power,
Who freely gives delivering grace
In each diſtreſſing hour.

LXXI. *Safety in God our Refuge.*

Pſalm lxi.

1.

WHILE overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpleſs and far from all relief,
To thee I lift my eyes.

2.

O lead me to the rock,
That ſtands above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings,
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3.

Within thy preſence, Lord,
Permit me to abide;
Be thou my tow'r and my defence,
My refuge where to hide.

LXXII. *Panting for the Love of God.*

1.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah tear it thence! and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

3.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live:
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive.
In all things nothing may I see,
Or ought desire, or seek but thee.

4.

O Love! thy sovrain aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,
Thro' all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice!

LXXIII. *The Beggar*, Matt. vii. 7, 8.

1.

ENcourag'd by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor;
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2.

The beggar's uſual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldſt diſdain:
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3.

I have no right to ſay,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more:
Thou knowſt that from my very birth,
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4.

Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs,
My faults have been but few:
If thou ſhouldſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5.

Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I;
No leſs than childrens' food
My ſoul can ſatisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.

6.

Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

7.

Thy thoughts, thou only wiſe!
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

LXXIV. "*My Son, give me thine Heart.*"

1.

MY deareſt Lord, take thou my heart
And there ſet up thy throne;
So ſhall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And liſten to that ſmall ſtill voice,
Which ſweetly whiſpers love.

3.

O teach me, Lord! thy holy will,
And how that will to do;
And cover me with ſhame, when I
Do not thy will purſue.

4.

This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy ſoft-reviving word.

LXXV. *Unfruitfulneſs lamented.*

LONG have we ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, Lord:
But ſtill how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft

2.

Oft we frequent thine holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Do our falſe hearts retain!

3.

Our gracious Saviour, and our God!
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And bleſſings of thy throne!

4.

How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

5.

Great God! thy ſov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

6.

Shew our forgetful feet the way
That lead to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

LXXVI. *A Prayer for Seriouſneſs.*

1.

THOU God of glorious majeſty!
To thee, againſt myſelf, to thee,
A ſinful worm, I cry:

A half

An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas I ſtand,
Yet how inſenſible!
A point of time, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell!

3.

O God! mine inmoſt ſoul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteouſneſs.

4.

Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds ſhalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar.
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5.

Be this my one great buſineſs here,
With holy trembling and fear,
To make my calling ſure!
Thine utmoſt counſel to fulfil,
And ſuffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

6.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

LXXVII. *A Prayer for Constancy.*

1.

I Long to love, but ah! how far
My thoughts from thee, my Jesus are!
My wavering heart! how wide it roves,
And seeks a thousand earthly loves!

2.

Look gently down, almighty grace,
Surround me by thy kind embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy powers my love confine.

3.

I would enjoy my Lord alone,
And bid all meaner joys be gone;
Command my love, and charge my will
To bar the door, and guard it still.

4.

But still a thousand trifles find
Fresh entrance to pollute my mind;
Thus, dearest Lord, with grief I see
How feeble is my love to thee.

When

5.

When shall my heart prove false no more,
No other Lord but thee adore!
Say, when shall that bright moment be,
When I shall live alone to thee!

LXXVIII. *A Prayer for a close Walk with God.*

1.

O For a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2.

Where is that blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord!
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word!

3.

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd,
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

4.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made me mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

5.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6.

So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
A purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

LXXIX. *A Prayer to the Holy Ghoſt.*

1.

WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! deſcend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2.

Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh their complaints,
And ſhew their ſins forgiv'n?

3.

Aſſure each conſcience of its part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs in each heart,
That we are born of God.

4.

Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bleſt wings, celeſtial Dove!
Safely convey us home.

LXXX. *A Prayer for quickening Grace.*

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 earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they 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 quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LXXXI. *Hope in Darkness.* Psalm xiii.

1.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And let me pray, and be deny'd?

2.

Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?
When shall I feel that heav'nly ray,
That turns my darkness into day?

3.

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

4.

How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
A soul that trusts upon thy grace,
And pleads a Saviour's righteousness!

5.

Whate'er my foes or fears suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
And when I feel thy love, I'll raise
My chearful voice to songs of praise.

LXXXII. *The Lord our Shepherd.*

1.

THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The joy of the upright in heart,
For closer communion we pine,
Still, still to reside where thou art:
The pasture, O! when shall we find
Where all, who their shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are skreen'd from the heat of the day.

2.

Ah, shew us that happiest place,
That place of thy peoples' abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:

Thy love for loſt ſinners declare,
Thy paſſion and death on the tree;
Our ſpirits to Calvary bear,
To ſuffer and triumph with thee.

3.

'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we covet to reſt,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or riſe to be hid in thy breaſt;
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Preſerv'd evermore by thy ſide,
Eternally hid in thine heart.

LXXXIII. *The Patience of God to Sinners magnified.*

1.

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell.

2.

The burden of our weighty guilt
Would ſink us down to flames;
While threatening vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble frames.

3.

Almighty goodneſs cries, "Forbear,"
And ſtrait the thunder ſtays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

Lord

4.

Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin;
O that our hearts may bleed, to see
What rebels we have been!

5.

No more our lusts may ye command,
No more may we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

LXXXIV. *Panting after God.*

1.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2.

Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3.

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4.

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face:

6.

Nor earth, nor all the ſky
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7.

Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle where my paſſions move,
And center of my ſoul.

LXXXV. *For more Light and Grace,* Iſa. ix. 2.

1.

LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come! and by thyſelf revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-ſight on our eyes!

2.

Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chaſing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:

Come,

Come, and manifeſt the favour
Thou haſt for the ranſom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, and bring thy goſpel-grace.

3.

Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins.
By thine all-reſtoring merit,
Every burden'd ſoul releaſe;
Every weary, wandering ſpirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

LXXXVI. *A Prayer for Humanity.*

1.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall as my Maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

2.

From the time that thee I knew,
Nothing would I have in view;
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

Father,

4.

Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

5.

O! that all may seek, and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

LXXXVII. *A Cordial for a drooping Sinner.*

1.

THERE is a voice of sovrain grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord!

2.

O may we hear the gracious call,
And run to this relief;
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
Lord, help our unbelief!

3.

To the blest fountain of thy blood
Teach us, O Lord, to fly:
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye!

4.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
And form our souls anew.

Poor,

5.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs worms
On thy kind arm we fall;
Be thou our ſtrength, and righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our All.

LXXXVIII. *Death and Judgment.*

1.

LOW at thy feet we proſtrate fall,
And hail thee as our all in all,
Our God for ever bleſt:
Humbly we bow beneath thy throne,
And own thee as our Lord alone
Of endleſs power poſſeſt.

2.

'Tis from thine hand we now receive
The breath of life by which we live,
If thou withdraw 'tis gone:
Teach us to live dependent here
Till thou in judgment ſhalt appear,
Seated upon thy throne.

3.

On thy great name, O Lord, moſt high,
We wait a ſummons from the ſky
With reverential fear:
Made meet by grace may we be found,
When the great angel's trump ſhall ſound
To call us to thy bar.

5.

Completely draw our hearts from earth,
And raiſe us by a ſecond birth
To pant for joys above.

Such

Such as from thy dear presence flow,
Such as no mortals reach below
In uncreated love.

LXXXIX. *A prayer for the promised Rest.*

1.

DEAR friend, of friendless sinners hear,
And magnify thy grace divine:
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign.
A worm, by self and sin oppress,
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

2.

With holy fear, and reverend love
I long to lie beneath thy throne;
I long in thee to live, and move,
And charge myself on thee alone.
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3.

Thou say'st thou wilt thy servant's keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee.
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee the promis'd rest!

4.

Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,
And vindicate my righteous cause,
Be thou, my portion, Lord, alone;
And bend me to obey thy laws.
In thy dear arms of love caress'd
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

5.

Bid the tempeſtuous rage of ſin
With all its wrathful fury die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my ſorrows into joy.
O may my heart, by thee poſſeſs'd
Know thee to be my promis'd reſt.

XC. *Chriſt's Sufferings our Salvation.* Pſal. lxix.

1.

DEEP in our hearts we would record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord,
When riſing billows once did roll
Deeply to cruſh his holy ſoul.

2.

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made this curſe a bleſſing prove:
Thoſe dreadful ſufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for ſins that we had done.

3.

The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law reſtor'd;
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
Paid for tranſgreſſions, not his own.

4.

O! for his ſake, dear Lord, forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live;
We plead alone the Saviour's name,
Nor ſhall our hope be put to ſhame.

XCI.

XCI. *Juſtice and Grace revealed to ſave.*

1.

ALmighty Lord, thy counſels ſtand
Like mountains of eternal braſs;
They ſtand at thy divine command,
To prove thy juſtice and thy grace.

2.

What tho' the rage of ſin ſhould roll,
And beat againſt thy lofty throne;
The rage of ſin thou canſt controul,
And conquer by thine arm alone.

3.

Extend thine arm, almighty Lord,
And let thy wrathful anger riſe;
Let juſtice draw th' eternal ſword
And mow my paſſage to the ſkies.

4.

But 'tis thy grace I love to ſing;
That grace that flows in ſtreams of blood
From the dear heart of Chriſt my king,
My prieſt, my prophet, and my God.

5.

Reveal thy grace, almighty Love,
And each rebellious luſt ſubdue;
Thus may my heart divinely prove,
The wonders that thy grace can do.

XCII. *God our Portion.* Pſal. lxxiii.

1.

GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy helps me up
When ſinking in deſpair.

2.

Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide me on
Thro' this dark wilderneſs;
Thine arm ſhall guard me to thy throne.
To dwell before thy face.

3.

Were I in heaven without my God
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

XCIII. *Dedication to God.*

1.

O God, the friend of ſinners, ſee
Rebels before thy footſtool fall;
That fly from ſin, and fly to thee,
And yield obedience to thy call.

2.

'Twas thy dear work, almighty Love,
That firſt conſtrain'd us to obey;
That won our hearts, and made us move
To ſeek the new, the living way.

3.

Our hearts we yield to thy command,
So dearly bought by richeſt blood;
Can e'er ſuch love from us demand
Leſs than to give ourſelves to God?

4.

We give ourſelves away to thee:
And wilt thou claim us as thine own?
Ne'er could ſuch tender mercy be
But in our Saviour, God alone.

5.

What a dear God we now behold,
That wins by such mysterious love!
That can such mighty grace unfold,
And lift us to his throne above.

6.

How shall our hearts bespeak his praise,
And sing the wonders he hath done?
We'll tell to all his mighty grace,
And live and die to him alone.

XCIV. *Mercy magnified.*

1.

O For a message from above;
Some pledge of my Redeemer's love,
To bear my drooping spirits up,
To cheer my heart, and raise my hope.

2.

Sinking beneath thy thunders, Lord,
I own the justice of thy word,
Shouldst thou command me down to dwell.
Deep in the dismal pit of hell.

3.

But thou, my God, art still my trust,
Thou canst forgive, and yet be just;
And make the vilest of the race
A living monument of grace.

4.

I bless thy mercy, all divine,
That tender attribute of thine,
Reveal'd, the guilty to forgive,
The deepest misery to relieve!

XCV. *The Penitent pardoned.*

1.

GUILTY and vile before my God,
I dread the vengeance of thy rod;
My sins to such a vastness grown
Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

2.

Thy justice dreadful glory claims
And bids me sink to endless flames;
And while I hear thy thunders roar,
I own thy justice, and adore.

3.

But there's a throne of grace above
Where Jesus sits, and rules by love;
He'll send his grace and mercy down,
And all his grace with glory crown.

4.

Jesus, to thee alone I fly,
And wilt thou let a sinner die
While trusting on thy sacred blood
I seek no other way to God?

5.

Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
And bid a guilty sinner live;
For all that come thy grace is free,
For Saul, and Magdalen, and me.

XCVI. *The Cry of a heaven-born Soul.*

1.

O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee?

Give me to pant, and thirſt to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt ſo free!

2.

God only knows the love of God,
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In my poor longing heart!
O might I taſte thy love divine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

3.

O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary, at the Maſter's feet,
And in his love rejoice!
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

4.

O that I might, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt;
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt.

5.

Thy love alone may I require,
Nothing on earth beneath deſire,
Nor ought in heaven above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give me, O Lord, thy Love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

XCVII. *Prayer to the Holy Ghoſt.*

1.

HOLY Ghoſt, diſpel our ſadneſs,
Pierce the clouds of ſinful night;
Come thou ſource of ſweeteſt gladneſs,
Breathe thy life, and ſpread thy light.
Hear, O hear our ſupplication
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Reſt upon this congregation,
Great diſtributer of grace!

2.

From the height which knows no meaſure,
As a gracious ſhower deſcend;
Bringing down the richeſt treaſure
Man can wiſh, or God can ſend.
Come thou beſt of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy ſweet conſolations,
We can aſk, or wiſh no more.

3.

Author of our new creation,
Fid us all thine influence prove;
Make our ſouls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
Make us love whate'er thou chuſeſt,
Holy fountain waſh us clean;
Make us fly what thou refuſeſt,
Save from error and from ſin.

4.

Be our friend on each occaſion,
God omnipotent to ſave;
When we die be our ſalvation,
When we're buried be our grave.
Seat us with thy ſaints in glory,
From the grave, when we ſhall riſe,
There for ever to adore thee,
Lifted high above the ſkies.

XCVIII. *Prayer for Nearneſs and communion with God.*

1.

GOD the Saviour we adore,
Author of eternal grace;
Great in glory, great in power,
Saviour of the fallen race:
Hail thou Sun of Righteouſneſs!
With thy fulleſt luſtre ſhine;
Sin, and guilt, and darkneſs chaſe,
Riſing with thy power divine.

2.

Let us live by thee alone,
Take thee as our daily food;
Let us with thyſelf be one,
Daily drink thy richeſt blood.
Gently guide and govern us
By thy mild and peaceful ſway;
Lead and keep us near thy croſs,
Bring us nearer every day.

Quicken

3.

Quicken and inflame our zeal,
Make our ſpirits upwards move;
Let us nothing ſee or feel,
Nothing taſte beſide thy love.
With the cords of love divine
Draw us to thy glorious throne;
There eternally to ſhine
Brighter than the noon-day ſun.

XCIX. *A Prayer for Pardon.*

1.

BID, mighty Lord, my ſins depart;
Their hateful friendſhip now I ſee;
Long have they dwelt too near my heart,
Bid them to endleſs diſtance flee.

2.

Thoſe ſins that gave my Chriſt the wound,
That drain'd him of his vital blood;
Bid them no more in me be found,
Thoſe hateful murderers of my God.

3.

Forgive the murder, Prince of Grace,
For the vile Jews were murderers too;
Yet thou didſt pray for that vile race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

4.

Great Advocate, look down, and ſee
A wretch, whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed:
O plead the ſame excuſe for me,
For, Lord, I knew not what I did!

5.

May the soft voice of pardon sound,
And reach the depth of my distress;
Apply the balm that heals the wound,
And all my powers shall sing thy grace.

C. *Hope in Darkness, or Doubts banished by the promises of God.*

1.

WHY is my heart sunk down so low,
Why do such ceaseless sorrows flow,
And why this constant mourn?
What though the Lord should hide his face,
I'll trust his changeless love and grace,
And wait his kind return.

2.

A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love can ne'er destroy.
The hour of darkness is but short,
God through the night is my support,
And morning brings the joy.

3.

Soon shall our Lord his love display,
And turn my darkness into day,
And fill my heart with joy.
Break, glorious brightness, thro' the vail,
And let thy conquering beams prevail,
And every doubt destroy.

C.

CI. *Backſlidings lamented.*

1.

HAPPY the time when Jeſus ſhone
With all his radiant power and grace;
But now thoſe happy times are gone,
And Jeſus hides his lovely face.

2.

Curſt be thoſe ſins that griev'd my Lord,
That drove my Saviour from my breaſt;
Bleſs'd be the grace that gave the word,
That Jeſus in his love ſhould reſt.

3.

What though the ſun refuſe to ſhine,
Though for a moment he depart,
His oath and promiſes divine,
Shall bind his people near his heart.

4.

Great God! be thou our ſun, and ſhield,
And bid us urge the battle on;
Renew the fight, regain the field,
And conquer by thy grace alone.

5.

Thine is unalterable grace;
Nor can thy dear compaſſions fail,
While guarded by thy faithfulneſs,
The powers of hell ſhall ne'er prevail.

1.

BEFORE my Saviour God
I tell my deep diſtreſs,
How I have ſinn'd againſt thy blood,
And trampled on thy grace.

2.

How often have I ſtood
A rebel to the ſkies!
Refus'd the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudeſt cries!

3.

The offers of his grace,
And all his heaven to me,
Come to my heart like ſenſeleſs braſs
That cannot feel nor ſee.

4.

Jeſus, the Saviour, ſtands
To court me from above;
And looks, and ſpreads his wounded hands,
And ſhews the prints of love.

5.

Not all his heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of his hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to his command.

6.

The heavenly Dove comes down,
And tenders me his wings,
To mount me upwards to a crown,
To live and reign with kings.

Lord

7.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say,
That I refus'd thy Dove;
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own realms of love.

8.

O for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour from thy face;
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

CIII. *Be ye also ready.* Matt. xxiv. 44.

1.

PREPARE, prepare, to meet thy God,
Nor trifle with a Saviour's blood;
Attend the voice, immortal souls,
'Tis time, 'tis death, 'tis judgment calls.

2.

Jesus, our spirits waiting stand,
To hear thy great, august command;
Assist us, Lord, to watch and pray,
And realize that solemn day.

3.

Give us a faith that works by love,
To bear our souls to thee above;
Thy heavenly graces all impart,
To cleanse and purify the heart.

4.

Adorn us with thy spotless robe,
And bring us to thy bless'd abode;
Where all thy saints in glory shine,
Cloath'd in a righteousness divine.

There

There ſhall we ſee our Saviour God,
And ſpread redeeming love abroad,
While liſtening angels round the throne,
Shall join to make thy wonders known.

CIV. *To the Holy Ghoſt.*

1.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams ariſe;
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

2.

Cheer our deſponding hearts
With viſitations ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts, and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never-dying love,

4.

Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to Jeſu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The ſecret love of God.

5.

Shew us the ſinner's friend,
That rules the courts of bliſs:
The Lord of hoſts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis

6.

'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
T' illuminate the ſoul;
To pour freſh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

7.

If thou, celeſtial Dove,
Thy influence withdraw,
What eaſy victims ſoon we fall
To terror, ſin, and law!

8.

No longer burns our love,
Our faith and patience fail;
Corruption rages; guilt, and death
Our feeble ſouls aſſail.

9.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then ſhall we know, and praiſe, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

CV. *Chriſt our Righteouſneſs.*

1.

JESUS, thou art my righteouſneſs,
For all my ſins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2.

Spotleſs and juſt, in thee I am
Eternally forgiven;
I taſte ſalvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

3.

For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
'Tis all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.

4.

My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt, and ſin;
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe, and keep me clean.

5.

Waſh me, and ſeal me thus thine own;
Waſh me, and mine thou art;
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

6.

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
'Till faith to ſight improve;
'Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul is love.

7.

From every proud, ſelf-righteous boaſt,
Sweet Jeſus, ſet me free;
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
And give thyſelf to me.

8.

Thy gifts, O Lord, cannot ſuffice
Unleſs thyſelf be given:
Thy preſence makes my paradiſe;
Where'er thou art, is heaven.

CVI. *Breathing after Holiness.*

1.

ON thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace:
None, without holiness, shall see
The glories of thy face:

2.

In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

3.

But, as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate;
Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait.

4.

Trusting to thy sufficient grace,
In Jesus freely given;
I worship toward thy holy place,
And lift my eyes to heaven.

5.

Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Make plain thy path before my face,
And be my constant guide.

6.

O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above;
Secur'd and cover'd by the shield
Of thy Almighty love!

7.

Jesus, if thou withdraw thy hand,
That moment sees me fall:
O may I ne'er on self depend,
But look to thee for all!

8.

And, even when I feel thy grace,
And sins seem most subdu'd;
I'll wrap me in thy righteousness,
And plead alone thy blood.

CVII. *Breathing after Holiness.*

1.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2.

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit
Peace, and joy, and holy rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come

3.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us life, and power receive!
Come, poſſeſs our hearts, and never,
Never, Lord, thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine hoſts above,
Bleſs and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy changeleſs love.

4.

Carry on thy new creation,
Happy, holy, may we be,
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation
Perfectly reſtor'd by thee.
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heaven we take our place,
'Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe.

CVIII. *The Church the Lord's Garden.*

1.

ZION's a garden wall'd around,
Choſen and made peculiar ground;
A little ſpot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderneſs.

2.

Like ſpicy trees believers ſtand,
Planted by an Almighty hand;
And all the ſprings in Zion flow,
To make the rich plantation grow.

3.

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume:
Spirit divine, deſcend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath!

4.

Make thou our ſpices flow abroad,
A grateful incenſe to our God;
Let faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

CIX. *A Prayer for Public Worſhip.*

1.

FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
The ſouls before thy throne;
Who now preſent their ſacrifice,
And ſeek thee in thy Son.

2.

Well pleas'd, in him, thyſelf declare;
Thy pardoning love reveal:
The peaceful anſwer of our prayer
To every conſcience ſeal.

3.

On each ſome heavenly gift beſtow;
Some bleſſing now impart:
The ſeed of life eternal ſow
In every waiting heart.

4.

Thy loving, powerful Spirit ſhed,
And ſpeak our ſins forgiven;
And haſte throughout the lump to ſpread
The ſanctifying leaven.

Refreſh

5.

Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the heart-felt power
Of everlasting love.

6.

O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what we require;
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.

7.

Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

CX. Christ *All in All.*

1.

HOLY Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

2.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me chuse the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

3.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!

Whom

4.

Whom have I on earth below?
Only thee I'd wish to know;
Whom have I in heav'n, but thee?
Thou art All in All to me.

5.

All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unsearchable!

6.

Nothing else may I require;
Let me thee alone desire:
Pleas'd with what thy love provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

CXI. *Hope in Christ alone.*

1.

SMITTEN on th' accurs'd tree,
Rock of ages, shelter me;
Let the water, and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy croſs I cling;
Naked come to thee for dreſs;
Helpleſs look to thee for grace:
Foul I to the fountain fly,
Waſh me, Saviour, or I die.

CXII. *On Electing Love.*

1.

IN Jeſus approv'd,
Eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power we cannot be mov'd:
How happy are we,
Our calling who ſee,
And venture alone for ſalvation on thee!

2.

Our ſeeking thy face
Was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands, and ſhall have all the praiſe.
No ſinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

3.

The ſoul that believes,
Thy Spirit ne'er leaves,
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives;
The work that's begun
Shall ſurely be done,
The victory Jeſus already hath won.

Yet

4.

Yet one thing we want,
More holineſs grant, [we pant;
For more of thy mind, and thine image
Thine image impreſs
On thy choſen race,
O poliſh, and faſhion thy veſſels of grace.

5.

Thy workmanſhip we
More fully would be, [thee;
Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to
While onward we move
To Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holineſs, fill us with love.

6.

Vouchſafe us to know
More of thee below,
Thus fit us for heaven and glory beſtow;
O love and defend,
And ſave to the end,
Till we to the regions above ſhall aſcend.

CXIII. *Part of the Lamentation of a Sinner.*

1.

O Lord turn not thy face away
From us that lie proſtrate;
Lamenting ſore our ſinful hearts
Before thy mercy gate.

2.

We come before thy throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound;
Deſiring mercy for our ſins
To heal the deadly wound.

3.

O, Lord, we need not to repeat
What we do beg and crave;
For thou doſt know before we aſk
That mercy we would have.

4.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy we aſk,
Mercy's the total ſum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our ſuit,
O let thy mercy come.

CXIV. *Holineſs our Happineſs and Sin our Miſery.*

1.

HOLY Lord I come to thee,
God of ſpotleſs purity,
All my happineſs below
Is thy holy ſelf to know.
Some will ſay, that they can find
Happineſs with ſin conjoin'd;
But my ſoul can never be
Full of joy, 'till full of thee.

2.

Should I ſtand in glory crown'd,
Joy in crowns could ne'er be found
Where the torturing curſe of ſin
With me there to enter in:
All the joys of heaven would be
Only pain and grief to me;
Feeling this alone therein
Heav'n without, but hell within.

Saviour

3.

Carry on the mighty work,
Let not ſin preſume to lurk
As a ſecret foe within;
Cleanſe thou me, and keep me clean.
Let thy holy Spirit come;
Claim me as his conſtant home;
All my joys I find in thee;
All beſides is miſery.

CXV. *On a public Faſt.*

1.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſovrain grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2.

Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power diſplay:
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

3.

Great God and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard
While mercy cries "Forbear."

4.

What numerous crimes increaſing riſe,
Throughout this ſinful iſle!
What land ſo favor'd thro' the ſkies!
And yet what land ſo vile!

5.

How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the Chriſtian name.

6.

Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Falſe pleaſures they require;
And ſink, with gay indifference, down
To everlaſting fire.

7.

O turn thou us, almighty Lord,
By thy reſiſtleſs grace;
Then ſhall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly ſeek thy face.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

CXVI. *Chriſt worſhipped by all his Creatures.*

1.

COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thouſand thouſands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Stands as a lamb but newly slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

4.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

5.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CXVII. *Perseverance.*

1.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2.

His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that this heavenly father gave
His hands securely keep.

3.

Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They shall for ever rest.

CXVIII. *The God of Abraham.*

1.

THE God of Abraham praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confeſt!
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſt.

2.

He keeps his own ſecure,
He guards them by his ſide;
Arrays in garments bright and pure
His choſen bride:
With ſtreams of ſacred bliſs,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradiſe,
He ſtill ſupplies.

3.

The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſt;
A land of ſacred liberty,
And endleſs reſt:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With glory crown'd.

4.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs;

Triumphant o'er the world, and ſin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill maintains;
And glorious, with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

5.

Before the great Three-One
His ſaints exulting ſtand;
And ſhout the wonders grace hath done,
Through all their land:
The Liſtening ſpheres attend,
And ſwell the growing fame;
And ſing, in ſongs that never end,
The wonderous name.

6.

The Triune God on high
The glad arch-angels ſing:
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
"Who waſt, and art, the ſame;
"And evermore ſhalt be:
"Hail, Father, Spirit, Son! I Am!
"We worſhip thee."

CXIX. *The Triumph of Faith.*

1.

HEAD of thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory:

We

2.

We lift our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

3.

While in affliction's furnace,
Or paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe,
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:

4.

We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favor;
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

5.

By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us;
The croſs deſpiſe
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.

CXX. *Offices of Chriſt.*

1.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of wiſdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet the Saviour forth.

Lo! what endearing words
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly Grace!
My soul, with joy and wonder see
What forms of love Christ bears for thee.

3.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our souls would bless thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

4.

Jesus, our great High Priest
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty sinner seek
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5.

Thou dear almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the power; O make us fit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

CXXI.

CXXI. *The Same.* Second Part.

1.

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Christ, the great Angel, stands,
And holds the promises,
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

2.

Be thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern and our Guide;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep us near thy side.
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
But follow thee who art the way.

3.

Sweet is the Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wandering souls among
The thousands of his sheep,
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

4.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul, commend thy cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Believing souls now free are set:
For Christ hath paid the dreadful debt.

5.

Our Advocate appears
For our defence on high,
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by;
Not all that hell, or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

6.

Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
We shall be safe while Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

CXXII. *The blessings of a View of Heaven.*

1.

WHEN we behold the heavenly state,
The rest that doth thy saints await,
What streams of comfort fill the soul,
What floods of bliss around us roll!

2.

Above the world by faith we rise,
And taste the joys above the skies;
With angels feast, with angels join
In hymns immortal and divine.

3.

On wings of love still upwards borne,
Downward we look with holy scorn;
The pains and pleasures of this life
Afford us neither joy nor grief.

While

4.

While we enjoy this bliſsful ſight
With hearts o'erwhelm'd with ſweet delight;
We long to reach the heavenly ſhore,
And ſee this evil world no more.

5.

O how we dread to ſin again,
'Tis ſin alone that gives us pain;
We wiſh to melt in tears of blood,
Becauſe we ſin againſt our God.

6.

But what are all theſe taſtes of love
To thoſe we ſhall enjoy above,
Juſt as a drop to all the ſea
A moment to eternity!

7.

Did worldlings know the joys we feel,
How glorious, how unſpeakable,
They would no longer feed with ſwine
On huſks, but feaſt on love divine.

8.

Sinners who feed on wine and luſt,
And with the ſerpent lick the duſt,
Come taſte the ſtreams that here below
From the rich wells of Sion flow.

9.

Saints who have taſted of this grace,
Drink more and more with thankfulneſs;
Drink heavenly wine, eat heavenly food,
And feaſt till you are fill'd with God.

CXXIII. *Sinners of whom I am Chief.*

1.

DID ever one of Adam's race [grace
Coſt thee, my Lord, more toil and
Than I have done, before my ſoul
Could yield to thy divine controul?

2.

How great the power, how vaſt the ſway,
That firſt conſtrain'd me to obey;
How large the grace thou didſt impart,
That conquer'd ſin and won my heart.

3.

Vile was my heart, deep plung'd in ſin;
A diſmal den of thieves within,
Where every luſt preſum'd to dwell,
The hateful progeny of hell.

4.

A deep apoſtate from my God,
I trampled on the Saviour's blood;
I ſcorn'd his mercy, mock'd his pain,
And crucify'd my Lord again.

5.

But, lo, the chief of ſinners now
Is brought before thy throne to bow;
Surely this mighty power from thee
Can conquer all that conquers me.

6.

Hail, deareſt Lord, my choiceſt love,
Deſcending Saviour from above,
I wonder at that grace of thine
That won a heart ſo vile as mine.

1.

WHEN Jesus, our shepherd, is near,
How quickly all sorrows depart!
New glories around us appear,
New spirits enliven the heart:
His presence gives peace to the soul,
And satan assaults us in vain;
If Jesus his power control,
His malice we boldly disdain.

2.

But ah! what a change do we find,
When Jesus withdraws from our sight!
Our fears all return to the mind,
Our day is soon chang'd into night.
Then satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare us again:
Our pleasing enjoyments we lose,
And only lament and complain.

3.

By what we so often pass thro',
We learn our own weakness to know;
We learn what the shepherd can do,
How much to his mercy we owe:
'Tis he who supports us thro' all,
Poor sinners he loves to sustain;
He answers our prayer when we call,
And then we can praise him again.

Why

4.

Why, then, ſhould we murmur and grieve,
Since Jeſus is always the ſame?
He promiſes never to leave
The ſoul that confides in his name:
To ſave us from all that we fear,
Himſelf he reſign'd to be ſlain;
We truſt that he ſtill will appear
To cheriſh and comfort again.

5.

While here, in an enemy's land,
We cannot be always at peace;
If Jeſus, our friend, is at hand,
We, ſure, ſhall have timely releaſe:
'Ere long he will bid us remove
From regions of ſorrow and grief,
To reſt in his preſence above,
And give us eternal relief.

CXXV. *God glorious, and Sinners ſaved.*

1.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

2.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions ſpeak thy will:
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3.

But, when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion shine
In their divinest forms;

4.

Our thoughts are lost in joyful awe:
We love and we adore!
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5.

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

6.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
Thy dying Son atones:
O the sweet mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

7.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
The blood-bought tribe adore his name,
And bring their choicest strains.

CXXVI. *A Song for Pilgrims.*

1.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race:
And put a cheerful courage on.

2.

True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of every ſaint.

3.

From thee, the everflowing ſpring,
Believers drink a freſh ſupply;
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength,
Will melt away, and droop, and die.

4.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode!
On wings of love to Jeſus fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly road!

CXXVII. *Chriſt the Sinner's Sacrifice.*

1.

ALL ye that paſs by
To Jeſus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Our ranſom and peace,
Our ſurety he is,
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

2.

The Lord in the day
Of anger did lay
Our ſins on the Lamb, and he bore them away:
He dy'd to atone
For ſins not his own,
The Father hath puniſh'd for us his dear ſon.
Come,

3.

Come, lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries,
Behold how he suffers! how patient he dies!
For sinners like me
He dies on the tree,
His death is accepted, the sinner is free!

4.

O may we approve
This wonderful love!
A wonder to all both below and above!
Love mov'd him to die,
This therefore we cry,
Our Jesus has lov'd us, we cannot say why.

5.

But this we can tell,
He lov'd us so well,
By losing his life he redeem'd us from hell:
He ransom'd our race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace!

CXXVIII. *The Same.* Second Part.

1.

O God of all Grace,
Thy mercy we praise,
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place!
He came from above
Our curse to remove,
He loving did love us because he would love.

2.

What, tho' we withſtood,
And fled from our God,
Yet ſtill there is mercy thro' Jeſus's blood!
O let us embrace
The ranſoming grace [place!
Of him who hath ſuffer'd and dy'd in our

3.

Salvation to God
Who carried our load, [his blood!
And purchas'd our lives with the price of
Thus mercy is free
For ſinners like me [thee.
Who hunger and thirſt for redemption by

4.

When time is no more,
We ſtill ſhall adore
The mercy of Chriſt without bottom or
Our Saviour and friend, [ſhore:
His love ſhall extend;
It knows no beginning, nor never ſhall end.

5.

For ſinners alone,
Did Jeſus atone,
Our debt he hath paid, and our penalty
And ſhall he not have [borne:
The lives which he gave
An infinite ranſom, for ever to ſave?

6.

Yes, Lord, we are thine;
O may we reſign
Our ſouls to be fill'd with the fulneſs divine!

We yield thee thine own,
To ſerve thee alone;
Thy will upon earth, as in heaven, be done.

CXXIX. *Adoration of Divine Mercy.*

1.

COME, happy ſouls, approach your [God
With new melodious ſongs;
Come, tender to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2.

So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father ſent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

3.

Thy hands, dear Jeſus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commiſſion to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forſook the throne,
When Chriſt on his kind errand came,
And brought ſalvation down.

5.

Here, ſinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your ſorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you ſhall never die.

6.

O deareſt Lord, make every ſoul
Accept thine offer'd grace;
Then will we bleſs the Saviour's love,
And give the Father praiſe.

CXXX. *Chriſt exalted.*

1.

O The delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2.

Sweet majeſty, and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow,
Whilſt all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

3.

Princes to his imperial throne
Bend their bright ſceptres down,
Dominions, Powers, and Thrones rejoice,
To ſee him wear the crown.

4.

His head, that dear majeſtic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
Lo! what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

5.

This is the Saviour God and Man
Whom we unſeen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

Lord,

6.

Lord, ſet our ſpirits all on fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd abode;
And tune our hearts to ſing the praiſe
Of our incarnate God!

CXXXI. *God faithful to his Word.*

1.

BEGIN, my tongue, ſome heavenly theme,
Prepare my heart to ſing
The mighty works, and mightier name
Of Chriſt our heavenly king.

2.

Tell of his wonderous faithfulneſs,
And ſound his power abroad,
Sing the ſweet promiſe of his grace,
And promiſe-keeping God.

3.

Proclaim ſalvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;
Whoſe hand hath writ the ſacred word
With an immortal pen.

4.

Engrav'd as in eternal braſs
The mighty promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the powers of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

5.

The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong
As that which built the ſkies;
The voice that rolls the ſtars along
Spoke all the promiſes.

6.

O might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine!
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

7.

Then would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure;
Give me to hear thy gracious voice,
And faith desires no more.

CXXXII. *Adoration of Christ.*

1.

O Thou, in whom the Gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just,
Tune all our souls to praise thy name,
Jesus! unchangeable, the same!

2.

If angels, while to thee they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing,
How shall we, sinful dust draw nigh
The great, the awful Deity?

3.

Glory to thee, auspicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, thou great I Am:
Thy matchless power, thy grace we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

4.

Live, ever glorious Jesus! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With every power beneath thy feet.

CXXXIII.

CXXXIII. *The same.*

1.

LET us all unite to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace:
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2.

Master, lo! to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.

3.

All thine angels ceaseless sing,
Thee our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace!

4.

Thou hast gladsome tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church; and we
Worship in their company.

5.

We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore:
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join thy hosts above.

CXXXIV. *A Farewel to the World.*

1.

O Tell me no more
Of earthly vain store;
The time for such trifles, thro' mercy is o'er.

2.

A Canaan I've found
Where true joys abound,
Tis heav'nly dwelling on that happy ground.

3.

The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number my Jesus receive!

4.

No mortal doth know
What he can bestow, [go.
What light, love and comfort: go after him,

5.

Ah! do not delay,
Christ calls thee away, [day.
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad

6.

And when I shall die,
"Receive me," I'll cry;
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why!

7.

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

8.

And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share [you dare.
These blessings: To seek them will none of

9.

In bondage, O why!
And death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh!

CXXXV. *Christ our great Melchisedec.*

1.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Doth sound so sweet to me.

2.

O let us ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay:

4.

May we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.

CXXXVI. *The Same.* Psalm cx.

1.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And with thy Father sit,
In Sion shall thy power be known,
Till all thy foes submit.

What

2.

What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do,
Thy children ſhall ſurpaſs
The numerous drops of morning dew,
That own thy ſovrain grace.

3.

God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore,
Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
And Aaron's be no more.

4.

Melchiſedec, that wondrous prieſt,
That King of high degree,
That holy man that Abraham bleſt,
Was but a type of thee.

5.

We bleſs our Prieſt, who ever lives
To plead our cauſe above.
We bleſs our King, who ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

CXXXVII. *A Triumph Song.*

1.

COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To taſte of a banquet above;
If through mercy divine,
For our Jeſus we pine,
Let us mount the bleſs'd chariot of love.

2.

If in Chriſt we confide,
We are bold to outride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath:
With the prophet we ſoar
To that heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3.

By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies
For the heaven of heavens is love!

4.

Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace,
The whole heavenly company ſing!

5.

What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join!
Join all ye glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
For the burden is mercy divine.

6.

Hallelujah, they cry,
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I Am:

To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again:
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

CXXXVIII. *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.

Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3.

While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4.

Join all ye ransom'd 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.

5.

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.

6.

Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Thro' all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

CXXXIX. *Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.*

1.

NOW to the Lord, a noble song;
Awake, my soul; awake my tongue;
Adore his great eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

2.

See where it shines in Jesu's face!
The brightest image of his grace;

God in the perſon of his Son,
Hath all his mightieſt works outdone.

3.

Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
Exult, my ſoul, at Jeſu's name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound:
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4.

O that we all may reach the place,
Where Chriſt unveils his lovely face;
Where we his beauties ſhall behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

CXL. *Preſerving Grace.*

1.

TO God, the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

2.

'Tis his Almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And every hurtful ſnare.

3.

He will preſent his ſaints
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then

4.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5.

To our redeeming God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Crown'd with immortal majesty,
And prais'd in endless songs.

CXLI. *Panting to Praise.*

1.

O What shall we do
Our Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem,
The weakest believer
That hangs upon him!

2.

How happy the man
Whose heart is set free,
The people that can
Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk
In the light of thy face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.

3.

Their daily delight
Shall be in thy name,
Alone thro' thy right,
Salvation they claim:
Thy righteouſneſs wearing,
And cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in
The preſence of God.

4.

For thou art their boaſt,
Their glory, their power,
And we alſo truſt
To ſee the glad hour,
Our ſouls new creation,
Our life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation,
That lifts up the head.

5.

On thy mighty power
Teach us to rely,
All evil before
Thy preſence muſt fly;
Come, Jeſus, our Saviour,
And never depart,
For ever and ever,
Come, dwell in each heart.

CXLII. *Dedication to God.*

1.

LORD, when my thoughts delight to rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The ſight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2.

Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely;
And on thy righteouſneſs depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3.

Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to thy ſingle praiſe,
And let my glad obedience prove,
How much I owe, how much I love.

CXLIII. *Praiſe for Electing Love.*

1.

WHAT a merciful Saviour is ours!
What fulneſs of grace he diſplays!
The ſongs of the heavenly powers
Are ſhort of his excellent praiſe.
The redeemed are bound to declare
His tenderneſs, mercy, and love,
Who ſoon ſhall be brought to appear
To triumph in heaven above.

2.

When down to the regions of hell
Poor ſinners are running apace,
Of wonderful mercy we tell,
Of infinite riches and grace;

'Twas

'Twas Jesus triumphantly came
Omnipotent love to reveal,
Our pardon he dies to proclaim,
His Spirit he gives as the seal.

3.

Eternally fix'd in his love,
The sinner he'll never reject;
Nor ever his mercy remove
From one of the happy elect.
In faithfulness will he not keep
The souls that are given to him?
He has not a lamb or a sheep
But what he will surely redeem.

4.

But shall we continue in sin
That grace may prevail and abound?
May what thou dost kindly begin,
Dear Saviour, in glory be crown'd.
Those idols for ever remove
That strive in my heart for a place,
That holiness ever may prove,
Th' effect of distinguishing grace.

CXLIV. *Unchangeable Love.*

1.

IF Jesus is ours
We have a true friend;
His goodness endures
The same to the end.
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry,
Our aid is divine.

2.

Can women forget
  Their ſucklings at home,
And cruelly treat
  The fruit of their womb?
Yet God hath engraven
  Our names on his hand,
Our building in heaven
  For ever ſhall ſtand.

3.

A moment he hid
  The light of his face;
Yet firmly decreed
  To ſave us by grace.
And tho' he reprov'd us,
  And ſtill ſhould reprove,
Yet ever he lov'd us,
  And ever will love.

4.

When men can reveal
  The height of the ſkies,
And certainly tell
  Where earth's centre lies;
Then Iſrael's deſection
  And treacherous ways,
Shall cauſe their rejection
  From glory and grace.

5.

The hills may depart,
  The mountains remove;
God's infinite heart
  Is nothing but love;

The waters of Noah
Shall ſooner return
Than God ſhall forego a
True oath he has ſworn.

6.

Tho' God may delay
To ſhew us his light,
And heavineſs may
Endure for a night;
Yet joy in the morning
Shall ſurely abound?
No ſhadow of turning
In Jeſus is found.

7.

Then tune every ſtring
To Jeſus's name;
With angels we ſing
The ſong of the Lamb.
Thee every believer
Shall joyfully praiſe
The bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

CXLV. *Gratitude.*

1.

WHAT ſhall we render unto thee,
Thou holy Lord of life and power
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulneſs t'adore;
To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous love.

When,

2.

When, like loſt ſheep, we wander'd wide;
And left the watchful ſhepherd's eye;
When borne along th'impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity;
Then Jeſus from the heav'ns came down
To ſave us by his grace alone.

3.

He bore our ſins upon the tree,
To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came;
There was he bound to ſet us free
From death and everlaſting ſhame:
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their ſhepherd bled.

4.

Before the Father's awful throne,
Our merciful High Prieſt yet ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving—loves them to the end.

5.

May we, his baniſh'd ones, rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take him as our only choice.
And cleave to him, in love, alone:
Still growing up in holineſs,
Till call'd to meet in realms of peace.

6.

Then ſhall our grateful ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
No ſin, no ſorrow ſhall be found,
No night o'ercloud that endleſs day:
O praiſe him! all beneath, above,
O praiſe him! praiſe the God of love.

CXLVI. *Iſaiah* xliv. 23.

1.

YE heavens rejoice
In Jeſus's grace;
Let earth make a noiſe,
And echo his praiſe:
The great congregation,
Below and above,
Redeem'd by his paſſion,
Shall ſing of his love.

2.

Ye mountains and vales,
In praiſes abound;
Ye hills and ye dales,
Continue the ſound.
Break forth into ſinging
Ye trees of the wood,
For Jeſus is bringing
Loſt ſinners to God.

3.

Atonement he made
For each of his own.
Their debt he hath paid,
Their work he hath done,

With

With glad exultation
His triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To God and the Lamb.

CXLVII. *Who is he that condemneth?*

1.

HO, how well are we defended
Since the Lord has ſet us free,
Since the Saviour us befriended
By his dying on the tree.
Such as find him, find a ſweetneſs,
Deep, myſterious, and unknown.
As at once creates a meetneſs
To enjoy a heavenly a throne.

2.

Satan now may come and try us,
Chriſt will diſappoint his aim;
Tho' his fiery darts paſs by us,
We ſhall not be put to ſhame.
While in thee we find ſalvation,
Let who will our ſouls condemn,
There remains no condemnation
For the ſouls thou didſt redeem.

3.

Tho' by man we are rejected,
Tho' the world ſhould us deſpiſe;
While alone by thee reſpected,
We can wipe our weeping eyes.
Tho' our conſciences accuſe us
Of our ſins and follies paſt;
Thou wilt never, Lord, refuſe us,
But wilt love us to the laſt.

4.

Tho' no ſingle ſoul approves us,
Still our hopes are none the leſs
While the loving Saviour loves us,
Fills us with ſweet joy and peace.
Lord, accompliſh all our wiſhes
With full glory on us ſhine;
Kiſs us with ten thouſand kiſſes *,
Better is thy love than wine.

CXLVIII. *A Song of Praiſe.*

1.

COME, thou ſont of every bleſſing,
Tune our hearts to ſing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never-ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach us ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount;—O fix us on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2.

Here we raiſe our Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thine help we're come:
And we truſt by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jeſus ſought us all when ſtrangers,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to reſcue us from dangers
Interpos'd his precious blood,

* Cant. i. 2.

3.

O! to grace, what mighty debtors
Daily we're conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, like loving fetters,
Bind our wandering hearts to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Take our hearts; O take, and ſeal them!
Seal them from thy courts above.

CXLIX. *The Lord our Shepherd.* Pſal. xxiii.

1.

THE Lord ſupplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name:
In paſtures fair he makes us feed
Beſide the living ſtream.

2.

He brings our wandering ſpirits back,
When we forſake his ways,
And leads us for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3.

When walking thro' the ſhades of death,
His preſence is our ſtay:
A word of his ſupporting breath
Drives all our fears away.

4.

His hand, in ſight of all our foes,
Doth ſtill our table ſpread;
Our cup with bleſſings overflows,
His oil anoints our head.

5.

The sure provisions of our God
Attend us all our days:
May his dear house be our abode,
And all our works his praise!

CL. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1.

BEGIN, ye saints, the happy song,
Let love inspire the theme;
'Tis Jesus's grace,
That calls for our praise,
'Twas Jesus alone did redeem.

2.

When justice fix'd the sinner's fate
In endless woe to dwell,
'Twas Jesus that stood
Resisting to blood,
And ransom'd the sinner from hell.

3.

Our only advocate and friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When bowing his head,
"'Tis finish'd," he said;
O sinner exult at the thought!

4.

A spotless victim to the cross
Himself he thus resign'd:
Then enter'd the grave
The wretched to save,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

Lo!

5.

Lo! now in bliſs our cauſe he pleads,
'Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove,
Eternal in mercy and grace.

6.

Then let us lift our loudeſt praiſe
To Sion's holy King;
He's worthy we own
Who ſits on the throne:
Hoſanna to Jeſus we ſing.

CLI. *Chriſt the Sinner's Light.*

1.

BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie till Chriſt reſtores the light;
Till he deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2.

Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

3.

Jeſus beholds where ſatan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains:
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

4.

Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, wiſdom, power, and righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee!

CLII. *Encouragement for the Weak.*

1.

YE ſouls that are weak,
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak,
Much leſs to do more:
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace;
In Chriſt is ſalvation,
The kingdom is his.

2.

With power he rules,
And wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms,
Beſet by ſore evils
Without and within,
By legions of devils,
And mountains of ſin.

3.

Then be not afraid,
All power is given
To Jeſus our head,
In earth and in heaven:

Thro'

Thro' him we shall conquer
The mightiest foes:
Our Captain is stronger
Than all that oppose.

4.

His power from above
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart!
Renew'd by his Spirit,
And wash'd in his blood,
We sweetly inherit
The peace of our God.

5.

Thy grace we adore,
Director divine;
The kingdom, and power,
And glory, are thine:
Preserve us from running
On rocks, or on shelves,
From foes strong and cunning,
But most from ourselves.

6.

Reign o'er us as King;
Accomplish thy will;
And each of us bring
To Zion's blest hill:
There falling before thee,
And praising thy name,
We'll ever adore thee,
For ever the same.

CLIII. *Pſalm* C.

1.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye people bow with ſacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2.

His ſovrain power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We'll croud 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.

4.

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

CLIV. *Praiſe for Salvation.*

1.

OUR Saviour alone,
The Lord let us bleſs,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jeſus,
Our Lord and our God!

We

2.

We thankfully ſing,
Thy glory and praiſe,
Thou merciful ſpring
Of pity and grace:
Thy kindneſs for ever
To men we will tell;
And ſay, Our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

3.

Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide;
O never remove
Thy preſence, nor hide
Thy glorious ſalvation,
'Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
Completed in thee!

CLV. *The Lord our Righteouſneſs.*

1.

JESUS, thy blood and righteouſneſs
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs,
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd,
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2.

When from the duſt of death I riſe
To take my manſion in the ſkies,
Ev'n then, ſhall this be all my plea:
"Jeſus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

Bold

3.

Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?
While thro' thy blood abſolv'd I am,
From ſin's tremendous curſe and ſhame.

4.

Thus Abraham the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of ſinners thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5.

This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Chriſt is ever new.

6.

O! let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
Jeſus, The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

CLVI. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1.

RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove:
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

Rivers

2.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource:
Thus a ſoul new-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 the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

CLVII. *The ſame.*

1.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here on earth,
Behold thy lowly followers Lord;
Call'd to the work by ſecond birth,
We yield obedience to thy word.

2.

Gladly the ſummons we obey,
To tread the paths of joy and peace;
We bleſs the ſun that makes the day,
We bleſs the Sun of Righteouſneſs.

Cheer'd

3.

Cheer'd by thy healing beams we riſe,
Call'd forth by grace from graves of ſin;
We ſoar aloft and ſeek the ſkies,
And everlaſting glories win.

4.

What tho' with dangers all around,
We combat with a thouſand foes,
We ſoon ſhall reach the happy ground
Where peace prevails, and pleaſure flows.

5.

Tho' ſighs and grief our hearts ſhould heave,
And tears bedew the way we tread,
Each downcaſt heart thou wilt relieve,
And dry the tears that once we ſhed.

6.

Thy hand ſuſtains the poor with bread,
The fainting cheers with Canaan's wine;
The meek thou wilt in judgment lead,
The feeble bleſs with love divine.

7.

Tho' lofty mountains of deſpair,
Ariſe to ſink us down to hell,
They ſhall as lowly vales appear
Before our great Zerubbabel.

8.

Hoſanna, to the pilgrim's Lord;
He'll guard us to his reſt above,
He is our ſhield and great reward,
Hoſannah to the God of love.

CLVIII. *Praiſe for preſervation.* Pſal. cxlvi.

1.

PRAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe;
His nature and his works unite
To make his praiſes our delight.

2.

His truth for ever ſtands ſecure,
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
He ſends the laboring conſcience peace,
And grants the priſoner ſweet releaſe.

3.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

4.

His ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight;
He ſees their hopes, knows what they fear,
Loves and ſupports his image there.

CLIX. *The Chriſtian's Triumph.*

1.

WHO can have greater cauſe to ſing,
Who greater cauſe to bleſs,
Than children of the heavenly King,
Who Jeſus Chriſt poſſeſs?

2.

With angel-hosts, dear Lord, we join
To praise thy love and power,
To magnify thy grace divine,
Thou wonderous Counsellor.

3.

We late were Satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou sinner's only friend.

4.

For this we ne'er would hold our tongue,
Nor let our praises cease:
We evermore would sing that song.
The Lord our Righteousness.

5.

No other Lord we know but thee,
None else did us create:
Thy glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate.

6.

'Twas thou, and only thou didst take
The Mediator's place,
When we the Father's statutes brake;
All hail! thou Prince of Peace.

7.

O may we prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see:
Thou beareſt still the Saviour's name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be!

8.

No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Can us from thee divide;
Give us to hold this precious faith,
For us our Saviour dy'd.

CLX. *Praise to Christ.*

1.

YE servants of God,
Your master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph will sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3.

Salvation to God
Who sits on his throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;

Our Jesus's praises
All Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4.

Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom, and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing
For Jesus's love.

CLXI. *Praise to the Creator and Redeemer.*

1.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise
Thy mercy and power,
Thou God of all grace!
With honour and blessing
Before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing,
Thee Father of all.

2.

The heavens and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care;

While

While angels are ſinging
Thy praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

3.

Thou, Saviour, art one
With God the ſupreme,
His eternal Son,
Co-equal with him:
Inveſted with glory,
On high doſt thou ſit,
While angels adore thee,
And bow at thy feet.

4.

How great was thy love!
How wonderous thy grace!
To come from above
And ſave a loſt race;
And man to deliver,
Of woman was born,
That every believer
To God might return.

5.

How ſoon will thy ſeat
Of judgment appear!
Prepare us to meet,
And welcome thee there:
Thy witneſſing Spirit
In us ſhed abroad,
And bid us inherit
The kingdom of God.

CLXII. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

1.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround the throne.

2.

The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſhed from this place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3.

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Will ſpeak their joys abroad.

4.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
And heavenly fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope will grow.

5.

The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand holy 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 thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

CLXIII. *Rejoicing in Hope.*

1.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2.

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3.

Oh, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4.

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

5.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6.

Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

CLXIV. *The Privileges of the People of God.*

1.

BLESSED are the ſons of God,
They are bought with Jeſu's blood,
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the ſeal of this receive
When on Jeſus they believe.
With them, &c.

3.

They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in God's great day.
With them, &c.

4.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs!
They are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.
With them, &c.

5.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of an heavenly birth;

Born

Born of God; they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
With them, &c.

6.

They have fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's blood;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.

7.

Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.
With them, &c.

8.

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are fill'd
They are by his Spirit seal'd.
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

CLXV. *Praise for Redemption.*

1.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With

2.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4.

O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

CLXVI. *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 Saviour's name.

2.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

Sing

3.

Sing till we feel our heart
Aſcending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

4.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Chriſt th' eternal King.

5.

Soon ſhall ye hear him ſay,
Ye bleſſed children come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

CLXVII. *Rejoice evermore.*

1.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

2.

Jeſus the Saviour reigns
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your heart, &c.

He

3.
He all our foes shall quell,
And Satan's works destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4.
His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, &c.

5.
He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, &c.

6.
Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his pilgrims up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

CLXVIII. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

1.
NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son,
Awake my voice in heavenly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing

2.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above ;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

3.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
He came to raiſe our natures high ;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath,
Jeſus the God was born to die.

4.

Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty captive priſoner lay ;
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

5.

Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to the throne of ſhining grace ;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face.

6.

Amidſt a thouſand harps and ſongs
Jeſus our God exalted reigns ;
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' th' heavenly plains.

CLXIX. *The Firſt and Second Adam.*

1.

ADAM, our father and our head,
tranſgreſs'd ; and juſtice doom'd us dead ;
The fiery law ſpeaks all deſpair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

2.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to the world the Saviour flies,
Suffers our curse, and groans, and dies.

3.

O the compassions of our God,
To pay our debts with heavenly blood!
Our utmost penalties he bore,
Justice itself could ask no more.

4.

We bless the dear incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won:
With loudest notes we join to tell
The wonders he perform'd so well.

5.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd!
Take the reward of all thy pains,
And bind the monster sin in chains.

CLXX. *Admiration of the Love of Christ.*

1.

THE fairest of ten thousand fairs,
Bends down his chariot from the skies,
Infinite grace his way prepares,
Infinite love adorns his eyes.

2.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

When

3.

When, as a traitor doom'd to fire,
I ſtood condemn'd to endleſs pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4.

Did Pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God.

5.

Now may my tongue in ceaſeleſs praiſe
Make known the wonders he hath done;
May all my heart admire his grace,
And all my life be his alone.

CLXXI. *Rev.* v. 9, &c.

1.

JOIN ye redeemed heirs of grace
In a new ſong of lofty praiſe;
Jeſus is worthy to receive
The utmoſt glories ye can give.

2.

Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb,
From ev'ry kindred, tongue, and name
Thou haſt redeem'd us by thy blood
And made us kings, and prieſts to God.

3.

Bleſs'd be thy name, for ever bleſs'd
Of wiſdom, power, and ſtrength poſſeſs'd;
Honor and might, and glory too
We give thee as thine endleſs due.

4.

Ten thouſand times ten thouſand tongues,
With thouſand thouſands join in ſongs,
With all their powers their God to own,
And the dear Lamb that fills the throne.

5.

Unnumber'd hoſts thy glories ſing,
They hail thee as their Lord and King,
Not one bright crown is worn above
But what is own'd a gift of love.

6.

Elders, and ſaints, and angels join
In work ſo wonderous and divine;
Their glories at thy footſtool lay,
And praiſe thee thro' an endleſs day.

CLXXII. *The kingdom of Chriſt exalted.*
Pſal. lxii.

1.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway,
The known, and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2.

Thy ſcepter well becomes his hand;
All heaven ſubmits to his command;
His worſhip, and his fear ſhall laſt
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

3.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down:
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtills,
Like heavenly dew on thirſty hills.

4.

The fainting ſouls that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
Cheer'd by his beams divinely bright.

5.

The ſaints ſhall flouriſh all his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
While peace, like rivers from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

CLXXIII. *The Same.* Second Part.

1.

JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
His vaſt ſucceſſive courſe ſhall run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore
'Till moons ſhall wax and wain no more.

2.

To him ſhall endleſs prayer be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With every evening ſacrifice.

3.

People, and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong:
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

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 fallen race can boast
More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.

6.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

CLXXIV. *Praise for Protection.* Ps. 138.

1.

WHEN to thy throne I raise my cry,
My sins are forc'd to flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

2.

Thou canst secure my soul from death,
And set thy pris'ner free,
That hand and heart, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

CLXXV. *Restoring and preserving Grace.*

1.

AWAKE, my heart, awake, my tongue,
The Saviour's love shall swell my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2.

I sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I sing the wonders of thy word;
I magnify thy righteousness,
Thy loving-kindness and thy grace.

3.

To thee I cry'd when trouble roſe,
Thy faithful arm ſubdu'd my foes;
Thou didſt my riſing fears controul
And ſtrength diffuſe thro' all my ſoul.

4.

My Jeſus well maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud and ſcorns the great;
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

5.

Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins;
The work that Wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

CLXXVI. *Condeſcending Grace.*

1.

THY favours, Lord, ſurprize our ſouls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us!
What canſt thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2.

Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
Pleaſing his ear with Gabriel's ſongs:
And will the King of Kings come down,
And bow to hearken to our tongues!

Great

3.

Great God! what poor returns we pay,
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But all thy mercies are divine.

CLXXVII. *A Fountain opened for Sinners.*

1.

THE fountain of Christ
Lord help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King:
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2.

This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3.

This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;

But if guilt remov'd,
Return and remain,
Its power may be prov'd
Again and again.

4.

This fountain unseal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's strength for the weak
That hither are led;
Here's health for the sick,
And life for the dead.

5.

This fountain tho' rich,
From charge is all clear,
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome, and bare;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6.

This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It purgeth all stain
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' lep'rous as mine.

CLXXVIII. *Communion of Saints.*

1.

COME, and let us sweetly join
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord:
Strive we, in affection, strive,
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.

2.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now, as yesterday the same;
One in every age and place,
Full of love, and truth and grace:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither may our wishes fly!
There he sits enthron'd above,
Thither follow him in love.

CLXXIX. *Praise for Deliverance.* Ps. 34.

1.

BLESS'd be the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that love to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2.

Sing the loud honours of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd;
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor yet his suit deny'd.

I told

3.

I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

4.

O sinners come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove,
The sweetness of his grace.

5.

O love the Lord, ye saints of his,
His eyes regard the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

LXXX. *Happiness in Christ.*

1.

HOW false this earth in all its forms,
How big with flattering lies,
We seek to catch her airy charms,
And straight the phantom dies.

2.

There's nothing round these painted skies
Or round this earthly clod,
Nothing below that's worth our joys,
Or lovely as our God.

3.

No—'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive were Jesus is,
And tread that happy ground.

'Tis

4.

'Tis heaven on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the heaven we want above
Is but to ſee his face.

CLXXXI. *The ſame.*

1.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus thy love exceeds the reſt,
Love, the beſt bleſſing here below,
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

2.

Sweet are my thoughts, and ſoft my cares,
When the celeſtial flame I feel,
In all my hopes and all my fears,
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

3.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to move,
Each ſmile he wears upon his face,
Fixes, and fires, and charms my love.

4.

He ſpeaks, and ſtrait immortal joys
Run through my ears and reach my heart,
How ſweet is his dear pardoning voice,
What peaceful joy his words impart.

5.

If he withdraw a moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind,
Here in my breaſt his image ſtays
The conſtant comfort of my mind.

6.

While of his abſence I complain,
And long and mourn as lovers do,
I feel a pleaſure in the pain,
I feel my grief has ſweetneſs too.

7.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night,
For ſome kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

8.

Jeſus, my God, yet rather come,
And let me ſee thy lovely face;
Make thou my heart thy conſtant home,
The temple of the Prince of Peace.

CLXXXII. *Thankſgiving for Affliction, extracted from* Pſalm cxix.

1.

JESUS, I bleſs thy gentle hand,
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That made me yield to thy command,
That brought my wandering ſoul to God!

2.

Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray
Ere I had felt thy ſcourging rod,
I left my guide, and loſt my way,
But now I learn to keep thy word.

3.

'Twas good for me to bear the yoke,
That God my Father deign'd to give;

'Twas good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn to truſt and live.

4.

O may thy rod be my delight,
That flows from thy paternal care:
I know thy ſtatutes, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may ſeem to man ſevere.

CLXXXIII. *The Wonders of Redemption, or Mercy and Juſtice magnified*, Pſ. 85.

1.

ARISE, ye ſaints, and join to praiſe
The tender love and matchleſs grace
Of our redeeming Lord;
Ariſe to bleſs the Sacred Name,
To day as yeſterday the ſame,
In endleſs worlds ador'd.

2.

When our baſe hearts, and impious hands,
Dar'd to tranſgreſs thy great commands,
And taught us to rebel:
Juſt would have been our miſery,
Hadſt thou pronounc'd the great decree,
And fix'd us down in hell.

3.

But how ſtupendous was the love,
That brought the Saviour from above,
The ſinner to relieve:
What ſweet compaſſions in his eyes,
While on the bloody tree he dies,
And meekly ſays forgive!

4.

O the compaſſions of our God,
That flow in ſtreams of richeſt blood,
To ſave a murderous race!
With melting hearts and weeping eyes,
Teach us to view, in deep ſurprize,
The wonders of thy grace.

5.

'Tis here we ſee thy grace alone,
With vengeance taught to join in one,
To ſave apoſtate man:
'Tis here created powers ſhall fail,
Nor can a Gabriel's ſoul prevail,
This mighty love to ſcan.

6.

Here, on the goſpel plains, behold
The glorious Deity unfold
The ſecrets of his heart.
Here truth and mercy ſweetly join,
With righteouſneſs and peace combine,
To kiſs and never part.

CLXXXIV. *The Glories of Salvation.*

1.

WHAT heart can reach, what tongue expreſs,
The wonders of redeeming grace,
The power of Chriſt to ſave?
He longs his mercy to diſplay;
Nor knows his grace the leaſt delay,
Whene'er that grace we crave.

2.

Tho' fill'd with all unrighteouſneſs,
The boundleſs ocean of his grace
Can cleanſe us from all ſin:
While in his righteouſneſs we ſhine,
Not the bright Majeſty divine,
Can find a ſpot therein.

3.

He gives his ſaints confirming grace,
To keep them ſtedfaſt in his ways,
Againſt the final day;
Upholds them in his powerful hand,
And ſtrengthens them by faith to ſtand,
And never fall away.

4.

Our fainting ſpirits ſhall revive,
Becauſe he lives our ſouls ſhall live,
Our ſprings from him ariſe:
His body cannot be complete
Unleſs his members with him ſit
Above in paradiſe.

5.

The firſt fruits he of them that ſlept,
His living members ſhall be kept
By his Almighty power:
Tho' death o'er them awhile may reign,
They from the dead ſhall riſe again,
And reign for evermore.

CLXXXV.

CLXXXV. *Come boldly to the throne of Grace.*

1.

FORGIVE, my God, a mortal tongue,
That dares attempt a lofty ſong,
That dares to celebrate the praiſe
Of juſtice and eternal grace.

2.

Tho' ſins unnumber'd reach the ſkies,
To make thy dreadful anger riſe,
Thou canſt be juſt, while I believe,
Thou canſt be juſt, and yet forgive.

3.

I dare appear before thy throne,
Tho' fill'd with purity alone;
While in the Saviour's work I ſhine,
Rob'd in his righteouſneſs divine.

4.

I dare behold thy juſtice too,
While the dear Lamb appears in view,
With all his garments dipt in blood,
To quell thy vengeance, Mighty God.

5.

I dare expect a royal crown,
To fill a throne of great renown,
The vaſt atonement of my Lord
Demands this glory and reward.

6.

But not of debt I dare demand
One ſingle gift from Jeſu's hand;
All the rich bleſſings I receive,
Are his, and only his to give.

CLXXXVI. *Glory be to God on high &c.*

1.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man is given,
Man the well-belov'd of heaven.

2.

Sovrain Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.

3.

Hail! by all thy works ador'd,
Hail! thou everlasting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

4.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of rebellious man!

CLXXXVII. *Christ's death and resurrection.*

1.

HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness vails the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2.

Here's Love and Grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for man!
But Lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the Dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And ſhout Him welcome to the ſkies!

3.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wonderous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

CLXXXVIII. *Adoring Chriſt.*

1.

WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb?
Since all the notes that angels ſing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

2.

Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's ſide.

Power

3.

Power and dominion are his due
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4.

Honour immortal muſt be paid
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
A glorious crown without a thorn.

5.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our ſins, and curſe, and pain;
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And every creature ſay, Amen.

CLXXXIX. Pſalm cxxxvi.

1.

GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord,
The ſovrain King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd:
His power and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the heavens alone:

Thy

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3.

He ſaw the nations lie,
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate,
The ruin'd world was in:
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

4.

He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

CXC. *Invitation to Sinners.*

1.

THE goſpel reports
A total reprieve
From ſins of all ſorts
For all who believe;
Their guilt and pollution
Doth Jeſus remove,
In him is an ocean
Of infinite love.

2.

Come, laden with ſins,
Ye ſeekers of God,
And waſh and be clean
In Jeſus's blood.
The publican, harlot,
The drunkard, and knave,
Whoſe ſins are as ſcarlet,
Forgiveneſs may have.

3.

The vileſt of men
He kindly forgives;
Backſliders again
He freely receives.
Come then, ye deriders
Of God and his word,
Return, ye backſliders,
Return to the Lord.

4.

If Jeſus be thine,
And thou art but his,
The practice of ſin
You'll ſurely diſmiſs.
Be willing to venture
Your ſouls in his hand,
And ſoon ſhall you enter
The heavenly land.

1.

YE priſoners of hope
O'erwhelmed with grief,
To Jeſus look up
For certain relief;
Declare the condition
And ſtate you are in,
And Chriſt, the Phyſician
Will ſave you from ſin.

2.

Should juſtice appear
A mercileſs foe,
Yet be of good cheer,
And ſoon ſhall you know
That ſinners confeſſing
Their tranſgreſſions paſt,
A plentiful bleſſing
Of pardon ſhall taſte.

3.

Law, conſcience, and ſin,
Accuſe us in vain
If we are found in
The Lamb that was ſlain:
There's no condemnation
In Jeſus the Lord,
But ſtrong conſolation
His grace doth afford.

Then

4.

Then dry up your tears,
Ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears
To give you relief;
If you are returning
To Jesus your friend,
Your sighing and mourning
In singing shall end.

5.

None will I cast out
Who come, saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt?
Lay hold of his word.
Ye mourners of Sion
Be bold to believe,
Be bold to rely on
Your Saviour, and live.

CXCII. *A Dialogue.*

1.

Q. TELL us, O women, we would know,
Whither so fast ye move?
A. *We, call'd to leave the world below,*
Are seeking one above.

2.

Q. Whence come ye, say, and what the place
That ye are traveling from?
A. *From tribulation, we, through grace,*
Are now returning home.

Is

3.

Q. Is not your native country here?
Like you not this abode?
A. *We seek a better country far,*
A city built by God.

4.

Q. Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest;
A. *Nor we, till in the sinners' friend*
Our weary souls are blest.

5.

Friends of the bridegroom we shall reign;
Saviour, we ask no more;
Hail Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.

CXCIII. *The Same. Rev.* vii. 12—17.

1.

Q. EXALTED high, at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, Who are they?

2.

A. These are the saints belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3.

Q. Brighter than angels, Lo, they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine;
Tell me their origin, and say
Their order what, and whence came they?

A. Tho'

4.

A. Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the croſs and ſcorn'd the ſhame;
Within the living temple bleſt,
In God they dwell, and on him reſt.

5.

Q. And does the croſs thus prove their gain?
And ſhall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on ſapphire thrones to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace?

6.

A. Hunger they ne'er ſhall feel again,
Nor burning thirſt ſhall they ſuſtain;
To wells of living waters led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

7.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they ſing
The ſecret glories of their King:
Tell me the ſubject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praiſe?

8.

A. Jeſus the Saviour is their theme;
They ſing the wonders of his name;
To him aſcribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praiſe.

9.

Amen, they cry to him alone
Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praiſe, and ſay, Amen.

CXCIV. *Brotherly Love.* Pſalm cxxxiii.

1.

LO! what an entertaining ſight
Are Brethren that agree;
Brethren whoſe chearful hearts unite
In love and amity.

2.

'Tis like the oil, divinely ſweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

3.

So ſtreams of love from Chriſt the ſpring
Deſcend on every ſoul,
While heavenly peace on balmy wing
Shades, and bedews the whole.

4.

'Tis pleaſant as the morning dew
That falls on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

CXCV. *The Offices of Chriſt.*

1.

AS a Shepherd loves to keep,
Watch, and lead, and feed his ſheep;
So the gracious Son of God
Saves the purchaſe of his blood.

2.

As a Father's manly care
Proves his heart to be ſincere,
So the Lord his love diſplays,
Mix'd with majeſty and grace.

3.

As a Mother loves to reſt
Tender babes upon her breaſt,
So the babes of grace ſhall find
Jeſus Chriſt divinely kind.

4.

As a Huſband loves his bride
Like himſelf, and none beſide;
Did not Chriſt this love excel
When he ſav'd his bride from hell?

5.

As a Friend that's truly kind,
In his heart ſweet love we find;
So in Jeſus Chriſt we prove
Sweet diſplays of changeleſs love.

6.

As a Brother, dearer ſtill
Than a friend, ſo Jeſus will
Manifeſt a brother's care,
Freely make us his joint-heir.

7.

As a Prophet, good and wiſe,
Gives the meek his beſt advice,
So does Chriſt delight to guide
Thoſe that men for fools deride.

8.

As a Prieſt devotes to God
Incenſe and atoning blood,
So the dear redeeming Lamb
Bore the croſs and ſcorn'd the ſhame.

9.

As a King with loving ſway
Bends his people to obey,
So does Chriſt the rebel win,
Gains his heart and ſlays his ſin.

CXCVI. *Chriſt's Beauties deſcribed.* Cant. v. 9—10,

1.

THE wondering world enquires to know
Why we ſhould bleſs the Saviour ſo:
"What are his charms," ſay they, "above
"All other charms of earthly love?"

2.

White is his Soul, from blemiſh free;
Red with the blood he ſhed for me;
The faireſt of ten thouſand fairs;
A ſun among ten thouſand ſtars:

3.

His Head the fineſt gold excels;
There wiſdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Thoſe temples once beſet with thorns.

4.

His Hands are fairer to behold
Than rubies ſet in rings of gold;
Thoſe heavenly Hands that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn for ſuch as me.

5.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Laden with ſins and agonies,

Now on the throne of his command,
His Legs like marble Pillars ſtand.

6.

His Eyes are majeſty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more ſhall trickling ſorrows roll
Thro' thoſe dear windows of his ſoul.

7.

All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole world would love him too.

CXCVII. *The Same, imitated from* Rev. 1.

1.

AMID the ſeven lamps behold
The glorious Son of man and God,
Array'd in royal robes of gold,
Dy'd in his own atoning blood.

2.

Down to his Feet his garments flew,
Clad with ſalvation all around,
Such majeſty, and beauty too
In Chriſt, my King and Prieſt, abound.

3.

His Girdle, form'd of pureſt gold,
Near to his tender Boſom twin'd;
His truth and faithfulneſs unfold
With love, and ſweet compaſſion join'd.

His

4.

His Godlike Eyes are all divine,
And beam the language of his heart:
As flames of fire, how bright they ſhine,
And bid the ſhades of death depart.

5.

His Head, more white than virgin ſnow,
Fair emblem of his Heart appears;
As ſome bright ſun, while here below,
Shining among ten thouſand ſtars.

6.

Ten thouſand ſtars he calls his own,
And holds them forth in his right hand;
Created by his power alone
They riſe and ſhine at his command.

7.

The noon-day Sun, divinely bright,
Shining with all its largeſt powers,
Shines as a taper's dying light
Compar'd to this dear Sun of ours.

8.

Not many waters can compoſe
Sounds ſo delightful as his Voice;
From his dear lips ſuch muſic flows
As bids the ſons of grief rejoice.

9.

His Feet the fineſt braſs excel,
Burn'd in a furnace, while he bore
Griefs deeper than the deepeſt hell
That never mortal felt before,

Forth

10.

Forth from his Mouth the two-edg'd ſword
From conquering, and to conquer goes;
He rules his people by his word,
But pours his vengeance on his foes.

CXCVIII. *Jeſus Chriſt All in All.*

1.

CHRIST is the true ſubſtantial good,
The ſpring of heavenly grace;
The hungry ſinner's daily food,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

2.

Chriſt, by the eye of faith we view,
The true believer's joy;
He can the power of hell ſubdue,
And all our wants ſupply.

3.

Chriſt is the ſure foundation ſtone,
Our Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
Sav'd by his ſovrain grace alone,
His grace alone we ſing.

4.

Chriſt is the everlaſting Lord,
Our ſtrength whene'er we call.
The ſum and ſubſtance of the word,
The ſinners' all in all.

FESTIVAL HYMNS.

CXCIX. *Chriſt's Nativity.*

1.

REJOICE, ye ſons of men, rejoice,
And ſend your fears away;
News from the regions of the ſkies,
Jeſus is born to day!

2.

Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell on earth;
To-day he makes his entrance here
By a myſterious birth.

3.

No gold nor purple ſwaddling bands,
Nor robes of bright array;
A manger for his cradle ſtands,
His ſofteſt bed is hay.

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.

Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace ſurround the earth;
Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.

CC. *The Same.*

1.

ANGELS descend to tell the birth,
And sing Immanuel's praise;
Good tidings they bring,
Great joy from our King,
Revealing a message of grace.

2.

Glory to God on high, they sing,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Lo! peace upon earth
At Jesus's birth
Who saves us by infinite love.

3.

Hail, everlasting Father, hail!
Hail, great incarnate Son;
The Almighty Lord,
His name be ador'd,
An infant in time is become.

4.

Welcome, thou holy Prince of Peace,
Born that we ne'er might die;
The Counsellor's Fame,
Of Wonderful name,
We sing in a rapture of joy.

5.

Loud hallelujahs reach the sky
At our Immanuel's birth;
The Antient of Days
His mercy displays,
While born of a virgin on earth.

CCI. *The Same.*

1.

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

2.

Joyful all ye nations riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With the heavenly hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem!"

3.

Chriſt, by higheſt heaven ador'd,
Chriſt, the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

4.

Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

5.

Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conquering ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head.

6.

Adam's Likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-inſtate us in thy love.

CCII.

CCII. *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:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2.

Born thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CCIII. *For the Crucifixion.*

1.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
By the cross of Christ subdu'd;
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son!

2.

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him there,
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,

Made his ſoul a ſacrifice:
For a ſinful world he dies.

3.

Shall we put our Lord to pain?
Still to death purſue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
Jeſus, let thy murderers live,
Whiſper peace, and ſay forgive.

CCIV. "*It is finiſhed.*" John xix. 30.

1.

"'TIS finiſh'd," the Redeemer ſaid,
And mercy bow'd his dying head,
Releas'd from all his pain;
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of our Lord,
Complete for helpleſs men.

2.

Finiſh'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
Finiſh'd for ſinners pardoning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law, cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of our offended God
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3.

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

4.

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

CCV. *Chriſt our Sacrifice.* Pſ. xc. 5—10.

1.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love hath wrought,
Exceed all praiſe, ſurmount all thought,
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our ſpeech would faint, our numbers fail.

2.

No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt,
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

3.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy deſigns he bows his ears:
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4.

" Behold, I come, the Saviour cries,
" Love is the language of his eyes,
" I come to bear the heavy load
" Of ſins, and do thy will, O God.

5.

" I'll magnify thy holy law,
" And rebels to obedience draw,
" When on my cross I'm lifted high,
" I'll win their hearts, and bring them nigh.

6.

" Thy law is written in my heart,
" I'll finish well the Saviour's part;
" Bid wond'ring worlds adore my grace,
" And save them by my righteousness.

CCVI. Isa. lxiii.

1.

SEE where the mighty Saviour comes
From Edom's hostile plains!
A crimson vesture he assumes,
And blood his raiment stains.

2.

From Bozrah, glorious he appears;
His robes with victory shine;
Complete salvation, lo! he wears,
With majesty divine.

3.

Why thus array'd, Almighty God,
In vests of purple glow,
With garments ting'd in streams of blood
That from the wine-press flow.

4.

" The wine-press I myself have trod
" And with me there was none;
" Your strength and your salvation stood,
" Complete in me alone."

5.

Whence flow theſe favors, ſo divine,
To ſave the rebel race?
Why for a heart, ſo vile as mine,
Such rich diſplays of grace?

6.

When not a glorious mind above
Had half the power we crave,
Had half the grace, or half the love,
A ſinking world to ſave.

7.

When not angels ſtrength could bear
The vengeance of a God,
Then did the Son of man appear
In garments roll'd in blood.

CCVII. Iſaiah liii.

1.

WHO hath our report believed,
Of our God ſo deeply grieved,
Grieved for the ſinful race:
Lo! his arm of ſtrength revealed,
While the covenant unſealed,
Manifeſts Almighty grace.

2.

As a tender plant that's growing,
Full of richeſt ſap o'erflowing,
Springing in a thirſty ground:
So the Lord by man deſpiſed,
By his true diſciples prized,
Stands with grace and beauty crown'd.

3.

By the nations long expected,
See him come, by man rejected,
Deeply taught to suffer grief;
All our sins were laid upon him,
While we hid our faces from him,
While he died for our relief.

4.

No deceit his lips had spoken,
Blameless, he no law had broken,
Stricken, smitten for our guilt:
Yet it pleas'd the Lord to chuse him,
With Almighty Wrath to bruise him,
When his blood for man was spilt.

N. B. *See Hymns for the* COMMUNION.

CCVIII. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

1.

THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising God adore.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

CCIX. *The Same.*

1.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n 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 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 ſhall ne'er forbid his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.

4.

Lives again our glorious King?
Where, O Death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave;
Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

5.

Soar we now where Chriſt has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

What

6.

What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we ſhall receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praiſe to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Reſurrection—thou!

CCX. *The Same.*

1.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to ſave,
Revives and riſes from the grave
By his Almighty power;
From ſin, and death, and hell ſet free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2.

The Lord, who ſpoke the world from nought,
Hath for poor ſinners dearly bought
Salvation by his blood:
Lo! how he burſts the bonds of death,
And re-aſſumes his vital breath,
To make our title good.

3.

O may we all from ſin awake,
In paradiſe our places take,
Near our exalted head:
May all our ſouls to heaven aſpire,
In thought, and will, and ſtrong deſire,
To ſenſual pleaſures dead.

4.

Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour cloath'd in Majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heav'n your mansion he prepares
And soon will take you home.

5.

His Church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down,
On her he did redeem:
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes
And prays that she may spoil her foes
And ever reign with him.

CCXI. *The Same.*

1.

ANGELS attend, and join the song,
To whom immortal notes belong,
Your golden harps and voices join
To praise Immanuel's love divine.

2.

Lo! he, who on the cross was slain,
High thron'd in glory lives again;
Clad with eternal victory,
He captive leads captivity.

3.

With songs of joy address his name,
His victories and his love proclaim;
Sing how he conquer'd as he fell,
And vanquish'd all the powers of hell.

Now

4.

Now in his conqueſts we partake,
He gain'd thoſe triumphs for our ſake:
Immortal glories to the Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

5.

Saints ſhout with joy your riſen God,
And ſpread his boundleſs love abroad,
Let every heart the Saviour bleſs,
And every tongue his name confeſs.

N. B. *See Hymns for the* LORD'S DAY.

CCXII. *The Aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

1.

JESUS is now gone up on high
To fill a heavenly throne;
He captive leads captivity,
And tramples Satan down.

2.

Jeſus, the mighty conqu'ror ſtands,
To give the rebel race
Gifts, from his heavenly Father's hands,
Of richeſt love and grace.

3.

Come Holy Spirit from on high,
Gift of the Saviour come,
Our natures change and purify,
And make our hearts thine home.

4.

Come, like a mighty ruſhing wind,
Deſcend and fill the place;
Let every ſoul to God be join'd,
And feel an heavenly peace.

5.

Sit on our heads, like cloven tongues,
That we may pray and praiſe;
And lengthen out our joyful ſongs,
To everlaſting days.

CCXIII. *The Same.*

1.

OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd 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 maſſy light,
And wide unfold the heavenly ſcene;
He claims theſe 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.

Who

6.

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power poſſeſt;
The King of ſaints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bleſt!

CCXIV. *For Whit-Sunday.*

1.

GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Now deſcends the Comforter;
Open wide your hearts to prove
All the powers of life and love.

2.

Come, divine and peaceful gueſt,
Enter every waiting breaſt,
Holy Ghoſt our hearts inſpire,
Kindle there the goſpel fire.

3.

Prince of Peace, and Lord of Life,
Give us agonizing ſtrife;
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too.

4.

Come and wake theſe hearts of earth,
Wake us into ſecond birth:
Quick'ning power may we receive;
Breathe, and our dry bones ſhall live.

5.

Bid our ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
Fill us with thine heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then ſhall prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

CCXV. *The Same.*

1.

JESUS, we hang upon thy word,
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee
Be mindful of thy promiſe, Lord,
Thy promiſe made to ſuch as me,
To ſuch as Sion's paths purſue,
And would believe that God is true.

2.

Thou ſayeſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter ſhall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to ſtay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myſelf will to my orphans come,
And make you mine eternal home.

3.

Come then, dear Lord, thyſelf reveal,
And let the promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace;
Thy ſorrowful diſciples chear,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4.

He viſits oft the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint;
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again, and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan
"Our joy is fled, our comfort gone!"

Haſten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our ſure inſeparable guide;
O might we meet and never part!
O might he in our hearts abide!
And keep his houſe of praiſe and prayer,
And reſt and reign for ever there!

Hymns to the Trinity.

CCXVI.

1.

BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3.

We give the ſacred Spirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

4.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a ſhore.

CCXVII. *The same.*

1.

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

2.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall,
Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

3.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Rule thou in every heart,
And never more depart,
Spirit of Power.

4.

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence—evermore!

His ſovrain Majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

CCXVIII. *The Same.*

1.

HAIL, Father! whoſe commanding call
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

2.

Elected by thy grace alone,
Our names are wrote in heaven;
And for our ſins thy dear lov'd Son
A ſacrifice haſt given.

3.

Hail, God the Son! with glory crown'd
'Ere time began to be;
Angels and ſaints thy throne ſurround,
Creation bows to thee.

4.

Thou didſt our mortal fleſh aſſume,
And full of truth and grace,
By thine imputed work become,
The Lord our Righteouſneſs.

5.

Hail, Holy Ghoſt! Jehovah, Lord,
All glory be to thee!
Sprung from the Father and the Word,
From all eternity.

6.

Sole Author of our second birth,
Faithful thou wilt be found,
Thy work of grace begun on earth,
Shall be in glory crown'd.

7.

Hail, great eternal Lord of Hosts!
To mortal powers unknown,
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Mysterious Three in one.

CCXIX. *The Same.*

1.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love:
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And reaps the fruit of all his pains.

3.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with grace divine.

4.

Almighty God! to thee
Be endleſs honours done;
The undivided Three,
The great myſterious One!
Where reaſon fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Funeral Hymns.

CCXX. *At the Death of a Believer.*

1.

WHY do we mourn departed 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?
Why ſhould we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
That 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 ſweet perfume.

4.

The graves of all his ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd every bed:
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with the dying head?

5.

Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly
At the great riſing day.

CCXXI. *Thought of Death and Glory improved.*

1.

MY Soul come meditate the day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2.

O could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead!
Then would our ſpirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the dead.

3.

Then ſhould we ſee the ſaints above
In their own glorious forms,
And I wonder why our ſouls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal worms.

CCXXII. Rev. xiv. 13.

1.

BLEST are the ſouls, the word proclaims,
That are in Jeſus dead;
Sweet is the favor of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

They

2.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And free from every care.

3.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
And ever with the Lord;
The labors of this mortal life
End in a large reward.

CCXXIII. Judgment Hymns.

1.

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2.

Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must confounded
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4.

Now redemption long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5.

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Thy kingdom fain we would inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails! groans! and bids thee come!

6.

Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

CCXXIV. *The Same.*

1.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
His lightenings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

2.

From heaven angelic voices sound,
Lo! the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
While glory decks the Saviour's face.

3.

Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4.

Shout, all ye people of the ſky,
And all ye ſaints of the moſt high:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

5.

The Father praiſe, the Son adore,
The Spirit bleſs for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome thee, great Three in One.

CCXXV. *The Same from* Pſalm 50.

1.

WHEN Chriſt in judgment ſhall deſcend,
And ſaints ſurround the Lord,
He bids unnumber'd worlds attend,
The ſentence of his word.

2.

Thron'd on a cloud, he ſoon ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

3.

Heaven from above his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear,
His juſtice and their doom.

4.

" But gather all my saints (he cries)
" That sought their peace with God
" By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
" And found it in his blood.

5.

" Their faith and works brought forth to light
" Shall make the world confess,
" The gift of my reward is right,
" And heaven shall sing my grace."

6.

Consider 'ere his wrath appear,
Ye that despise the Lord,
Give him your hearts, and learn to fear
The vengeance of his word.

Occasional Hymns.

CCXXVI. *For Persons joined in Fellowship.*

1.

NOW with joint consent we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
All our hearts and voices raise
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

2.

While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love,
Wandering through this desart land,
He upholds us by his hand.

3.

He, in every time and place,
Manifests his guardian grace;

Every

Every day, and every hour,
Shields us by his conſtant power.

4.

While we ſee each other's face;
Gladly we unite to bleſs,
Him that leads us by his love
To his bliſsful throne above.

5.

May we walk with God below,
In his likeneſs daily grow,
Till our joyful ſpirits riſe,
To behold him in the ſkies.

CCXXVII. *Communion of Saints.*

1.

THEE, Almighty Lord, we own,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Join our new-born ſpirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine;
One the faith, and common Lord,
Father, Holy Ghoſt, and Word,
Over, through, and in us all,
God, incomprehenſible.

2.

Move and actuate and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide;
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
Wait we till the Maſter come,
Till the Lord ſhall take us home,
Till his glorious face we ſee
Crown'd with immortality.

3.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
There is neither bond nor free,
Male or female, Lord, in thee;
Chose alike by sovrain grace,
Cover'd with one righteousness;
Names and sects and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art All in All.

CCXXVIII. *The Same.*

1.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.

2.

By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

3.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Meek in every thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5.

Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CCXXIX. *The Same.*

1.

JESUS, thy lovely ſelf reveal,
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

2.

Truly our fellowſhip below,
With thee, and with thy Father is,
In thee eternal Life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliſs!

3.

In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,
Then ſhall thy ſaints behold thee near,
And every ſoul be loſt in love.

CCXXX. *At Meeting.*

1.

BLEST by Jeſu's providence,
Lo! we meet again in love!
May we, when we fly from hence,
Meet before thy throne above!

2.

When we once ſhall there arrive,
Ever happy we ſhall reign;
Ever with the Saviour live,
Everlaſting glories gain.

3.

There ſhall ſorrow not intrude,
Nor ſhall ſighing enter in;
Waſh'd in our Redeemer's blood,
We ſhall ſtand made free from ſin.

4.

Come, ye ſaints of Jeſus, come,
Forward boldly let us preſs,
Humbly let our ſouls preſume
On the Saviour's righteouſneſs.

5.

Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family compleat,
Borne on clouds and girt with power,
In the houſe above ſhall meet.

6.

Maſter, haſten on the day!
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy travelling ſaints away;
Lord, we long to be at home.

CCXXXI. *At Parting.*

1.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
Tho' we are join'd in heart.

Join'd

2.

Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in his dear steps may tread,
And do his work below.

3.

O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nor ought esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

4.

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

CCXXXII. *At meeting or departing.*

1.

WE bless the Lord, whose tender care,
Directs us on where'er we stray;
Whose constant love shall still prepare
To guide us in the narrow way.

2.

We bless the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose beams command our night to cease;
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
Whose paths are all the paths of peace.

3.

Thy cloudy pillar all the day
Shall guard us thro' the burning light;
While brighter glories shall display
Thy cheering presence thro' the night.

4.

As thoſe that follow thee above,
Where'er thy ſtately footſteps ſtray,
Thro' ſtreets of gold, in realms of love,
In ſhining robes of bright array,

5.

So let us learn where'er we go
To yield obedience to thy call;
To ſeek thy footſteps here below,
And ſerve thee as our All in All.

CCXXXIII. *For Miniſters at their Arrival.*

1.

LORD, we welcome thy dear Servant,
Meſſenger of goſpel-grace!
O how beauteous are the feet of
Him that brings good news of peace!
Lord, we welcome
Ev'ry ſervant ſent of thee.

2.

Bleſs, O bleſs his meſſage to us,
Give us hearts to hear the word
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd,
By the death of Chriſt our Lord.
O reveal it
To our poor and helpleſs ſouls.

3.

Lord, vouchſafe thy grace and glory,
To thy faithful labourer dear,
Let the incenſe of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and prayer.
Bleſs, O bleſs him,
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

CXXXIV. *For Miniſters at their Departure.*

1.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful meſſenger 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 bend 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, enflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty power exert:
That thouſands yet unborn may praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CCXXXV. *A Prayer for a Miniſter, or for an Ordination.*

1.

COMMISSION'D from the Lord of hoſts,
Servant of God, ariſe, and ſhine;
Ariſe, and gird thine armour on,
And prove the ſtrength of Jeſus thine.

2.

Go, dare the dreadful powers of ſin,
From conquering, and to conquer go;
Smite with the Spirit's mighty ſword,
And bring the vanquiſh'd monſter low.

3.

Strong in the ſtrength of God alone
Let ſatan, the firſt ſinner, feel
The energy of truth divine,
The vengeance of thy holy zeal.

4.

As darkneſs flies before the ſun,
And ſeeks a region where to dwell
Remote from earth, in worlds unknown,
Hard by the diſmal gloom of hell;

5.

So learn to make deluſion fly:
And with the beams of goſpel light
Chace down the lofty pride of man,
Down to the pit of endleſs night.

6.

Nor let thy fears preſume to quell
The flame that kindles on thine heart;
Strength more than equal to the day
The great Jehovah ſhall impart.

7.

In weakneſs will thy ſtrength be found,
While unbelief ſhall ſhrink away;
As ſinners burſt the bands of death
And riſe to bleſs the goſpel day.

Thus

8.

Thus may my friend and brother prove
The champion of the Lord most high;
Thus urge the lingering combat on;
The battle win, and gain the sky.

CCXXXVI. *On opening a Place of Worship.*

1.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter now thy sacred rest;
Come in, thou Lord of all our joys,
And with us reign, for ever blest.

2.

Here come, and fix thy gracious throne,
And sway thy sceptre and thy sword;
Here may thy power and love be known,
And energy attend thy word.

3.

Here fill thy hungry, thirsty poor
With living streams, and living bread;
Unto thy rich exhaustless store
With peaceful steps may they be led.

4.

Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace
Bid all thy ministers to shine;
To preach thy glorious righteousness
And no one's else but thine.

5.

Here let a numerous offspring rise,
Born from above by special grace,
Lift loud hosannahs to the skies
In loftier notes than angels raise.

6.

Clothe all thine enemies with ſhame,
Shame that ſhall bid them bluſh for ſin;
Such terms of love compoſe thy name
As can the vileſt rebel win.

CCXXXVII *On taking a Member into Society*

1.

WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thine hand to join,
A partner of our lot divine:
Bleſſings abundant from above,
Give *him*, we pray, Thou God of love,

2.

With us the pilgrim-ſtate embrace;
We travel to a bliſsful place,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The throne of God, the ſeat of love:
The Holy Ghoſt that knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day!

3.

The ſtaff of promiſe now receive,
Thy weary footſteps to relieve,
The chief ſupport the pilgrim knows,
Leaning on this he forward goes:
Thus if for reſt thy ſpirits call,
Truſting on this thou canſt not fall.

4.

With peace, with ceaſeleſs peace be ſhod,
The ſhoes of peace receive of God;

Theſe

These keep from pain the pilgrim's feet,
And make the rugged way seem sweet:
So Sion's paths shall ever prove
The paths of joy, and peace, and love.

5.

Thus onward move with upright pace;
Stedfast pursue the gospel-race:
Fill'd with the power of truth divine,
Prove all the strength of Jesus thine:
Commission'd angels soon shall come,
And waft thee to thy wish'd-for home.

CCXXXVIII. *For Field preaching.*

1.

FORTH in thy strength, O Lord, we go
Thy gospel to proclaim,
Thine only righteousness to shew,
And glorify thy name.

2.

Vouchsafe thine aid to speak thy word
In this appointed hour!
Attend it with thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.

3.

Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make the Saviour room,
O let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come,

4.

Give them to hear the word as thine,
With meekness to receive,
To feel the saving power divine,
Which teaches to believe.

CCXXXIX. *On returning.*

1.

GLORY to God, who gave the word,
And brought salvation nigh;
Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd
To sinners doom'd to die.

2.

Lord, with thy mighty power descend,
And grant them ears to hear,
Hearts to receive the heavenly seed,
To bring forth fruit with fear:

3.

Fill every panting hungry soul
From thine exhaustless store;
And let not one go empty hence,
But taste, and pray for more.

4.

Let all thy children, Lord, be fed
From thine eternal Word,
Stronger and stronger may they grow,
Increasing in the Lord!

CCXL. *Infant Baptism.*

1.

THUS did the sons of Abraham pass
Under the bloody seal of grace:
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love:
He seals to saints his glorious grace;
And not forbids their infant race.

3.

Their ſeed is ſprinkled with his blood;
Their children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4.

Let every ſaint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abraham praiſe.

CCXLI. *Adult Baptiſm.*

1.

DESCEND, celeſtial Dove!
In every boſom dwell;
Upon the preſent water move,
Let each the influence feel.

2.

Anoint with holy fire,
Baptize with purging flames,
And with thy grace this ſoul inſpire,
With ceaſeleſs, living ſtreams.

3.

Thy heavenly unction give;
Thy promiſe Lord fulfil;
Give power thy Spirit to receive,
And ſtrength to do thy will.

4.

Witneſs to this thy ſign,
And grant the inward grace;
Let this thy ſervant, ſeal'd for thine,
From hence depart in peace.

For the Concluſion of the Old Year.

CCXLII. *Time how ſwift.*

1.

WHILE with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun
Now concludes another year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2.

As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightening from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upwards, Lord, our ſpirits raiſe,
All below is but a dream.

3.

If from guilt and ſin ſet free,
By the knowledge of thy grace;
Welcome, then, the call will be,
To depart and ſee thy face:
To thy ſaints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happieſt year they know
Is their laſt, which leads them home.

Thanks

4.

Thanks for mercies paſt receive,
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bleſs thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

CCXLIII. *For the New Year.*

1.

THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2.

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

3.

When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it ſtill alone.
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4.

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

5.

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

Communion Hymns.

CCXLIV. *Welcome to the Table.*

1.

OH, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed,
Not heaven affords a richer treat,
For Jesus is the bread!

2.

The vile, the lost he calls to him;
Ye trembling souls appear!
The righteous, in their own esteem,
Have no acceptance here.

3.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news;
O may we prove it true!

4.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

CCXLV. *The Lord's Supper instituted.*

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 bless'd and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wonderous words of grace he spake!

3.

"This is my body broke for sin,
"Receive and eat the living food:
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine!
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

4.

"Do this;" he cry'd, "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 shew thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb,

CCXLVI. *Dedication to God.*

1.

HERE, Lord, we give ourſelves away,
Our hearts to thee reſign;
O may each moment of our lives
For evermore be thine.

2.

O let our lives, and all we have,
Be conſecrated ſtill,
To yield to thy divine commands
With a reſigned will.

3.

Let not a vain and trifling world,
With all its charms below,
Divert us from thoſe ſacred joys
That from thy preſence flow.

4.

Let loves and joys, of lower birth,
All loſt and ſwallow'd be
In that full ſtream of happier love
That dy'd upon the tree.

CCXLVII. *Sin the Crucifier of Chriſt.*

1.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my ſovrain die?
Would he devote that ſacred head,
For ſuch a worm as I?

2.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3.

Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's ſin.

4.

Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears!

5.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

CCXLVIII. *The Croſs our Glory.*

1.

WHEN we ſurvey the wonderous croſs
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
Our richeſt gain we count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all our pride.

2.

Forbid it, Lord, that we ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt, our God;
All the vain things that charm us moſt,
We would renounce for Jeſu's blood.

3.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrows meet,
When thorns compos'd the Saviour's crown.

4.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

CCXLIX. *God is Love.*

1.

'TWAS love that brought the Saviour down
Into a virgin's womb,
'Twas love that nail'd him to the tree,
And laid him in a tomb.

2.

Thro' a whole life of ſuffering here,
The law of kindneſs reign'd;
Love made thoſe ghaſtly wounds thro' which
His precious life was drain'd.

3

Love took him to his Father's throne,
There to prepare us room,
And love will bring him down again,
To fetch us to his home.

CCL. *The ſame.*

1.

OF him, who did ſalvation bring,
Lord, may we ever think, and ſing!
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2.

Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquereſt all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

3.

To purge our sins, Christ shed his blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love could shew.

CCLI. *Christ our Bread.*

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given
To eat the bread of life in heaven;
This happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feed on his forgiving love.

CCLII. *To the Holy Ghost.*

1.

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
Thine inward witness give,
To every waiting soul reveal
The death by which we live.

2.

Spectators of the pangs divine,
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred sign,
His passion on the tree.

CCLIII. *Communion with Jesus.*

1.

COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name:

Whilst

Whilſt hoſannas we are ſinging,
May our hearts in rapture move;
Feel new grace in them ſtill ſpringing,
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

2.

Let us ſail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heavenly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe:
Love, O Love for ſinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

CCLIV. *Sitting at Jeſu's Feet.*

1.

SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs we ſpend;
Life, and health, and peace poſſeſſing,
From the ſinner's dying Friend.
May we ſit, for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood;
Precious drops our ſouls bedewing,
Plead and claim our peace with God.

2.

Truly bleſſed is the ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie:
While we ſee divine compaſſion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is we find our heaven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
Much we have to be forgiven,
Daily miracles of grace.

3.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Call for tears his feet to bathe;
Keep us ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May we ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go!
Prove his balmy name more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

CCLV. *Efficacy of Chriſt's Blood.*

1.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jeſus,
Can relieve us from our ſmart;
Nothing elſe from guilt releaſe us;
Nothing elſe can melt the heart.

2.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a ſenſe of blood-bought pardon
Soon diſſolves a heart of ſtone.

CCLVI. *Panting for a Bleſſing.*

1.

JESUS, at whoſe ſupreme command
We thus approach to God;
Before us in thy veſture ſtand
That once was dipt in blood.

2.

Obedient to thy gracious call,
We break the hallow'd bread:
We truſt on thee, our bleeding Lord,
On thee alone to feed.

The

3.

The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive!
Thy quickening power we wait to prove,
On thee alone to live.

CCLVII. *Chriſt the Believer's Food.*

1.

WE ſing the wonderous deeds
That grace divine performs,
The mighty God comes down and bleeds
To nouriſh dying worms.

2.

The banquet that we eat
Is all of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half ſo ſweet
As our Redeemer brings.

3.

In vain had Adam ſought,
And ſearch'd his garden round;
For there was no ſuch bleſſed fruit
In all that happy ground.

4.

The angel hoſt above
Can never taſte this food;
They feaſt upon their Maker's love,
But not on Jeſu's blood.

5.

Come, then, ye drooping ſaints,
And banquet with your King;
This wine will drown your ſad complaints,
And tune your voice to ſing.

CCLVIII. Pſalm xc. 5—10.

1.

JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Comes in mercy from above,
Manifeſting rich diſplays
Of his bleeding, dying love.

2.

Ye, who pierc'd the Lamb of God,
Caus'd his bitter agony,
Bluſh to ſee him bath'd in blood,
Dying on th' accurſed tree.

3.

Lo! th' heavenly ſufferer dies,
Bowing down his ſacred head;
What a coſtly ſacrifice
God the holy Saviour made!

4.

He alone ſuſtains our grief,
Dies for our iniquities,
Bears the curſe for our relief;
Never ſure was grief like his!

5.

Deareſt ſufferer, thee we own,
All our powers belong to thee;
Claim us for thyſelf alone,
Thine forever may we be.

CCLIX. *Worthy is the Lamb.*

1.

NOW to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head,

2.

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

CCLX. *Espoused as a chaste Virgin to Jesus Christ.* 2 Cor. xi. 2.

1.

PERMIT us, dearest Lord, to prove
Our int'rest in thy bleeding love,
To hear that tender voice of thine,
That whispers peace and life divine.

2.

Allure us by thy dying charms,
To seek our refuge in thine arms;
To taste thy love, that here appears
Bought by thy blood, and groans, and tears.

3.

As virgins, taught by chastest love,
Seek in a husband's care to prove
The softest joys that mortals know,
That love and innocence bestow.

So

4.

So may our virgin ſouls be thine,
Won by thy grace and love divine;
Diſdain all other loves beſide
The love of Jeſus crucify'd.

5.

Thy deareſt fleſh we make our food,
And gladly drink thy richeſt blood;
A richer feaſt than angels prove,
Who ne'er can taſte thy dying love.

CCLXI. *Calvary.*

1.

LAMB of God, whoſe bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the anſwer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who look to thee,
And every ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2.

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

3.

Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The ſinner's pardon ſeal,
Speak us freely juſtify'd,
And all our ſickneſs heal:
By thy paſſion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles ceaſe:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

4.

Lord, we would not hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveneſs on each heart,
And all thine image give:
May our ſouls ſtill cry to thee,
Till perfected in holineſs!
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CCLXII. *The ſame.*

1.

AWAY, from earth to Calvary,
There ſee thy bleeding Saviour, ſee,
And love thy dying Lord:
Away, my ſoul, attend the call,
Beneath his Croſs devoutly fall,
And hear his gracious word.

2.

Speak, deareſt Lord, thy ſervant hears,
Bid me to love and melt in tears,
And wait to know thy will;

Tell me the sufferings of thine heart,
Let me from thee no more depart,
But sit and hear thee still.

3.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
How, on the great atoning day,
He did Almighty Wrath away
And died to conquer death.

4.

He tells me, how his work complete
Can make the vilest sinner meet
For everlasting rest;
He bids me wait, and long, and love,
'Till call'd to fill a throne above,
And reign for ever blest.

5.

Whence flow these favors so divine,
Whence all this wonderous love of thine
To shed such sacred blood?
O might I blush with holy shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
Of my redeeming God.

6.

O the immense, th' amazing love,
That brought thee from thy throne above,
To take the sinner's place:
What could constrain the Lord to die,
For such a wretch so vile as I,
But richest love and grace.

CCLXIII. *Heavenly Food.*

1.

WE bleſs the Lord who gives this cup,
This bread to feaſt upon:
We bleſs the Lord who offer'd up
His beſt beloved Son.

2.

How ſweet the ſtreams of pleaſures flow,
From this repaſt of love!
And if ſo ſweet the ſtreams below,
How ſweet the ſpring above!

3.

There ſhall we ſee the lovely face
Of our forgiving God,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in the Saviour's blood.

4.

There ſhall we all forget to ſin,
No more remember death,
But drink eternal pleaſures in,
And draw immortal breath.

CCLXIV. *Behold the Lamb.*

1.

LOOK up, my ſoul, to him
Whoſe death was thy deſert,
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his bleeding heart.

2.

There on the curſed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

3.

My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by his blood.

4.

It coſt him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

CCLXV. *Invitation.*

1.

JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſweetly hold
Communion with their Lord.

2.

For food he gives his fleſh,
And bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
Of our redeeming God!

3.

Our heavenly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the dear children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

4.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe!
Let peace and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praiſe.

CCLXVI. *Christ's dying Love.*

1.

HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son;
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2.

When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.

3.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

CCLXVII. *Invitation to the Lord's Table.*

1.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord,
That wait around this festal board,
Come, taste with me the rich displays
Of Christ's eternal love and grace.

2.

Draw near, ye guilty, and receive
The pardon which he loves to give:
The blood of Jesus has a voice
That whispers peace, and says, rejoice.

3.

Draw near, ye poor, that feel and know,
Ye need whate'er he can beſtow;
There is in him, whene'er ye call,
All that ye want, and more than all.

4.

Draw near, ye blind, the Lord, thy light,
Can ſpeak the word, and heal thy ſight;
He will conduct thee in the way
That leads to everlaſting day.

5.

Draw near, ye ſimple and unwiſe,
He gives the meek his beſt advice;
The fools of Chriſt ſhall far excel
The wiſeſt of the ſons of hell.

6.

Draw near, ye naked, and be clad,
Ye mourning tribes he'll make you glad;
Ye poor, ye maim'd, ye halt, ye blind,
All that ye want in Jeſus find.

See PASSION HYMNS, *&c.*

CONCLUDING HYMNS.

CCLXVIII. *Praiſe to the Trinity for a precious Goſpel.*

1.

BLESS'D be the name of Zion's King,
For gladſome tidings brought,
With thankful hearts we join to ſing
The love the Father wrought.

2.

Bleſs'd be the Son, whoſe matchleſs love
Redeem'd us by his blood,
Who left the Father's ſeat above,
To bring us near to God.

3.

Bleſs'd be the Spirit's holy grace,
Who gives the life divine,
Who cloaths the word with ſweet ſucceſs,
And ſeals the ſinner thine.

4.

Bleſs'd be the undivided Three,
The great myſterious One;
The meſſage was alone from thee,
We bleſs thy name alone.

CCLXIX. *A Prayer for nearneſs to God in Public Ordinances.*

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.

A thouſand years could I command,
Might I but in thy preſence ſtand,
To ſpend within thy courts one day,
I'd give a thouſand years away.

3.

'Twere better far to keep the door,
Where ſaints aſſemble and adore,
Where God himſelf reſides within,
Than dwell in palaces of ſin.

4.

Bleſt are the ſouls that find a place,
Within the temples 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 Sion's gate,
God is their ſtrength, and on the road,
They lean upon their helper God.

6.

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

CCLXX. *A concluding Prayer.*

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:
E'en ſo, Amen: Lord Jeſus come!

CCLXXI. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Saviour,
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the Holy Spirit's Favour,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
Still poſſeſs in ſweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

CCLXXII. *A parting Prayer.*

1.

FOR a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us now ourſelves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

2.

Jeſus, hear our humble Pray'r!
Tender ſhepherd of thy ſheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our ſouls in ſafety keep.

3.

In thy ſtrength may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten every croſs and pain:
Give us, if we live, 'ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

4.

Then, if thou thy help afford,
Eben-ezers ſhall be rear'd;
And our ſouls ſhall praiſe the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

CCLXXIII.

CCLXXIII. Phil. iv. 7.

THE Peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the Believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts;
And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant bleſſing down
On all our ſouls aſſembled here!

CCLXXIV. *Praiſe to the Lamb.*

1.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is ſeen on his throne!
His labours are o'er,
His conqueſts are won:
A kingdom is given
Into the Lord's hand,
In earth and in heav'n,
For ever to ſtand.

2.

Ye ſinners below
Then truſt in the Lord,
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word:
Athirſt for his favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore!

CCLXXV. *Hosanna to Christ.*

1.

HOSANNA to Jesus the Lord,
For tidings of infinite grace;
Confirm'd by the promise and word,
And oath of the Antient of Days.

2.

What cause for eternal delight,
That Jesus is ever the same,
Our guardian by day and by night,
Hosanna to Jesus's name.

CCLXXVI. *A Thanksgiving Hymn.*

1.

THANKFUL for our every blessing,
Let us sing, Christ the spring,
Never, never ceasing.

2.

Source of all our gifts and graces,
Christ alone, Christ we own
Calls for all our praises.

3.

He dispels our sin and sadness,
Life imparts, cheers our hearts,
Fills with food and gladness.

4.

He himself for us hath given,
Us he feeds, us he leads
To a feast in heaven.

CCLXXVII.

CCLXXVII. *The same.*

1.

WHAT creatures beside are favour'd like us?
Forgiven, supplied, and banquetted thus
By God our good Father, who gave us his Son
And sent him to gather his children in one?

2.

Salvation's of God, the fruit of free grace,
Upon us bestow'd before the world was.
God from everlasting be blest; and again
Blest to everlasting; Amen, and Amen!

CCLXXVIII. *The same.*

1.

FOR all the blessings of this day,
Humble thanksgiving let us pay;
And when to endless day we soar,
There may we praise thee evermore.

2.

Hail, dear Redeemer! live and reign,
Hail, holy Lamb! for sinners slain,
Preserver of the ransom'd race,
Exalted high in truth and grace.

3.

Our Guide thou all this day hast been,
O guard us from each nightly sin,
Remain our Saviour still, and be
Our hope and guard eternally.

CCLXXIX. *Before or after Meals.*

1.

SWEET is the mention of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
Thy truth and mercy sing.

2.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies,
Thro' 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.

Creatures, with all their numerous race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Can sing a Saviour's name.

Grace before Meat.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where ador'd:
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

Grace after Meat.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all for Jesu's blood:
May manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

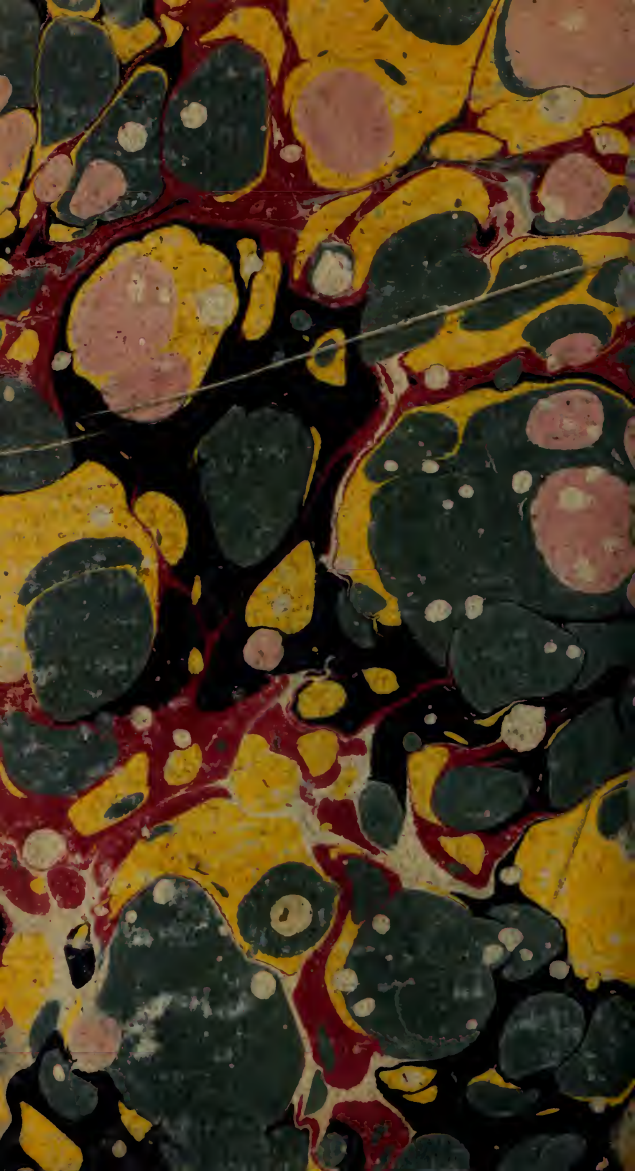
SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

GIVE glory to God
Ye children of men,
And publish abroad
Again and again
The Son's glorious merit,
The Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit,
To Adam's lost race.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their birth,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honours done.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly hoſt,
To praiſe thee evermore.
Live by heaven and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee.

FINIS.