

Nason's  
Hymn-Book,  
1857.

In autumn of 1920 Mrs Epit  
Nason of West Phila sent  
his father's collections to  
Hunkels for sale at auction.

Such as Hunkels thought  
not worth cataloguing he  
sent to John Highlands  
from whom I bought this  
volume in Octo 1920

for 25-¢      L+B

---

The name of printer who  
set out by 14 years 1200 in  
his. Drake for many of Post-  
Land - one.

Dr Walter Hyman was  
introduced into the church  
in Bedford Me 1742

See Hist. Sac.

Omissions from text.

116th. Bk 2.

1. How can I sink with such a prop.
2. Salvation is forever night - 85 Ps.
3. Earth has imposed my love too long.

Elias Nason

Mrs Learned wife of a  
prof. of Yale Res. Coll. H. Beecher

The new manuscript would have the  
following in Sab. H. Book [Ropes]

Bless is the man, forever blest,  
O God of mercy hear my call  
My God permit my tongue to  
Salvation is forever right  
Return O God of love return  
To God the great the ever blest  
O thus the Eternal Father speak  
Forever blessed be the Lord  
O thus speak the high & holy one  
Away from every mortal care  
The Lord descending from above  
O thus adore the eternal word  
Jesus has gone above the skies  
Look down O Lord with pity on  
My God O is thy table spread  
Behold the amazing sight

Joseph S. Ropes, by Boston

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N 18252

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SCB

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

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THE LIBRARY OF

C. 2

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Dr. Water hymns first pub. 1707. Psalm 179  
Hymns first pub. in America 1741 by Dr. A. S. P.  
Franklin of the Palms that Sachse gave  
me in Boston but neither were in  
sentiment of the Free Association  
N. Dec. 20 June 1857

an experiment  
Dr. Anderson

THE  
CONGREGATIONAL

FOR THE

SERVICE OF THE SANCTUARY.

SING PRAISES TO GOD, SING PRAISES: SING PRAISES  
UNTO OUR KING, SING PRAISES. FOR GOD IS THE  
KING OF ALL THE EARTH: SING PRAISES  
WITH UNDERSTANDING.  
DAVID.

Elias Nason

BOSTON:  
JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY:  
CLEVELAND, OHIO: H. P. B. JEWETT.

1857.

As every day the money speaks  
with its trials & its cares etc  
written by an English layman  
say 1813. See W. B. Wash.



# Criticisms.

1. Seaman not in in deep.
2. My eye be on thy greed, too short,
3. Less, I my cross have taken -
4. Took in their hearts one fav. v. omitted
5. Gony to true my god this night - "illo. shoud"
6. While shepherds watch'd their "swallowing bands"
7. "Lutes of lucid gold"
8. Less, Jean, Jean, Jean, Jean,
9. "Borne the morning"
9. "light divine". H. 760
- "bars are"

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

10. Thou Lord of all the Power art
11. That chis. d. k. spelled diff. words in two places
12. My sin hath rose
13. "Humbling" - humble -

ELECTROTYPED AT THE  
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

Cambridge: Allen & Farnham, Printers.

## P R E F A C E.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK is designed expressly for the service of the sanctuary, and in its compilation the wants of the pastor, the choir, and the people in the solemn act of public worship, and the immediate relation of the whole assembly to Jehovah, the adorable Object of all true worship, have been steadily kept in view.

From the rich and ample domain of our devotional lyric poetry, the compiler has endeavored to make a collection of hymns, correct in sentiment, elevated in style, harmonious in language, and so full and copious in its various departments as to meet and satisfy the present exigencies of the Congregational Church in America.

The best versions of the Psalms, together with the choicest hymns of the highly-gifted and the venerated Dr. WATTS form the basis of the work; and next to these, decided preference has been given to the sublime and spiritual compositions of Dr. DODDRIDGE, to the warm and heart-stirring lyrics of the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, and to the smooth, the tender, and devout effusions of Mrs. STEELE.

Of the more modern sacred poets, the estimable COWPER, and the pious NEWTON, joint authors of the "Olney Hymns;" the elegant and devoted HEBER; the Christ-loving JAMES MONTGOMERY; the pensive GRANT; the fervent KELLY; the classic BOWRING; LYTE, the author of the "Spirit of the Psalms;" the accomplished Dr. COLLYER; Dr. ANDREW REED, and Dr. S. F. SMITH, are largely represented in this volume; and in addition to these, the choicest lyrical productions of nearly two hundred other sacred poets give variety and richness to its pages.

As the design of singing in the sanctuary is not to teach the abstruse doctrines of theology, or to extol and magnify the worshipper; but, on the other hand, to laud, and bless,

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and glorify the living God, either by the voice of supplication or by direct ascriptions of thanksgiving and praise, many popular hymns, beautiful in themselves, but having no adaptation to the purposes of public worship, have been designedly omitted; and for the same reason, hymns containing direct addresses to the dead have found no place in this collection.

Believing that the changes and mutilations which most of our standard hymns have from time to time undergone are alike at variance with good taste and literary integrity, and that a continuance of this practice must prove highly detrimental to the best interests of hymnology, the compiler has ventured on no alterations and emendations in the hymns of this collection, except in the way of abridgment, or of correcting grammatical and rhythmical errors, or of restoring the hymns to their original form, which is found to be, in almost every instance, the most lyrical, the most devotional, and the best.

The psalms of Dr. WATTS have been collated with his own edition of 1719, and both psalms and hymns with the quarto edition of his works published by his executors in 1753. The hymns of ADDISON, WESLEY, DODDRIDGE, STEELE, TOPLADY, BEDDOME, HART, the STENNETTS, Dr. FRANCIS, COWPER, NEWTON, &c., have all been read and rectified by early editions of their respective works. Those of MONTGOMERY, KELLY, REED, and HEBER are given as revised by their own hands.

In regard to hymns whose authorship is unknown, or whose original form could not be ascertained, that copy of them has been taken which seemed, on the whole, best suited to the service of the church.

In a few instances, verbal changes in hymns long familiar, in their existing form, to the ear of the people, and wedded, as it were, to music, have been permitted to remain; and in Miss Elliott's beautiful hymn, beginning —

“Just as I am, without one plea” —

a single stanza (the 5th) has been inserted.

In the prosecution of his work, the compiler has had the following points, especially, before him: —

1. To present one or more versions of as many of the psalms as could be found in a style at all worthy of the spirit of the original, and at the same time sufficiently smooth and lyrical

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for musical expression and effect. These versions may all readily be found by recurring to the Index.

2. To select such hymns as are founded upon, or unfold some sentiment or doctrine of the Bible ; thus making the work breathe forth the spirit and develop something of the excellence and sublimity, of that great Source of sacred poetry and song.

The prominent idea of each hymn is generally expressed in its title, which is invariably taken from Holy Writ.

3. To introduce a large number of hymns for the praise and adoration of God ; and, in hymns of a didactic nature, to give the preference to such as contain some express acknowledgment of God, who should ever be the End, and Aim, and Object of all the psalmody of the church. In accordance with this idea, a large number of doxologies have been inserted.

4. To make the classes of hymns referring to the person of our Saviour, the work of redemption, and the Holy Spirit, as copious and complete as would consist with the limits of the work.

5. To present a large number of hymns deeply devotional in sentiment, and embodying the profound and varied experience of the Christian life.

6. To give this book a marked and decided evangelical tone ; and to make it an expression also of the genius and spirit of the Congregational Church in this country.

7. To introduce a copious supply of hymns on the revival and extension of the church, on missionary and other kindred topics, with the view of fostering and promoting that aggressive power of the gospel which is now so signally unfolding itself in the church of God throughout the world.

8. To admit such hymns only as may be set to music and sung by a choir and congregation with fervor, animation, and solemnity.

9. To make the Arrangement and the Indexes so simple and complete that hymns on any given topic may be immediately found.

10. To prepare a hymn book, in brief, which should meet the varied circumstances and special occasions of our worshipping assemblies ; which should promote the practice of congregational singing in our churches ; which should be alive and glowing with the spirit of the Oracles of God ; alive and

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glowing with the soul of sacred lyric poetry; alive and glowing with the fire of pure and genuine devotion; alive and glowing with the lofty praises of our great Immanuel.

Such has been the constant aim of the compiler and his assistants in his long and laborious task. To what extent he has succeeded it remains for the churches to determine. If they shall find this Hymn Book so complete in its matter and arrangement as to meet their wants in this living and eventful age; so deeply imbued with the inspiration of genuine poetry and of the Oracles of truth as to breathe into them a profounder reverence and a livelier gratitude to God; as to awaken them to a higher spirituality, lead them to a holier style of living, and a more efficient action for the salvation of a world now perishing in wickedness around them; and if God shall own and bless it in making it the means of exalting anew the heart and voice of thanksgiving and of melody in His sanctuary; of winning souls to the Redeemer, and of quickening and preparing saints to sing the "song of Moses and the Lamb" before His holy throne above, — the honor and the praise shall be ever given to His great and glorious name.

The compiler would do injustice to his feelings were he not to express his obligations and acknowledgments to GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., of Cambridge, and Mr. D. C. COLESWORTHY, of Boston, for the use of their valuable works on hymnology; to Drs. E. N. KIRK and LEONARD WITHINGTON, to the Rev. JOSEPH C. BODWELL, the Rev. EDMUND DOWSE, the Rev. B. G. NORTHRUP, and the Rev. HORACE JAMES, for their friendly counsel and assistance; to Dr. S. F. SMITH, Mrs. BROWN, and HYDE, and others, for original hymns; to his sister, Mrs. E. E. BATES, for her self-denying labors in ascertaining the correct readings of the hymns; and to a large number of his brethren in the ministry, and others, for their kind and valuable suggestions; and also to his publisher and printer for the superior typographic execution of the work.

ELIAS NASON.

APRIL 21, 1857.

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+ (Copy righted)

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THE  
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN BOOK.

GOD. — BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

1.

L. M.

WATTS.

— WITH THEE IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. — Ps. 36 : 9.

1. HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
2. Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. Thy providence is kind and large ;  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
4. My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
5. From the provisions of Thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy, like a river, flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

Ver. by Ed.  
1719.

Unsan-  
ctified.

Q Q

Those not marked are in  
Ch. Book Middle.

GOD.

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

2.

L. M.

WATTS

THE LORD REIGNETH — Ps. 96

*Dr. Kirk's St.*

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

*any dig-  
nity and  
nobility in  
Thy an-  
cients*

*+ al*

3.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

HE IS CLOTHED WITH MAJESTY. — Ps. 93: 1.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crowned;  
Arrayed in robes of light,  
Begirt with sovereign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

*vor. 1719*

*vor. 1719*

*Dr. Kirk's No. 1. to No. 3. c. M.*

*131*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. Upheld by Thy commands,  
The world securely stands ;  
And skies and stars obey Thy word ;  
Thy throne was fixed on high  
Before the starry sky ;  
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.
3. In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against Thine empire rage and roar ;  
In vain, with angry spite,  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.
4. Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their powers engage ;  
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;  
The terrors of Thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down :  
Thy throne forever stands on high.
5. Thy promises are true ;  
Thy grace is ever new ;  
There fixed, Thy church shall ne'er remove ;  
Thy saints, with holy fear,  
Shall in Thy courts appear,  
And sing Thine everlasting love.

*a*

4. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

THE LORD REIGNETH ; LET THE EARTH REJOICE. — Ps. 97 : 1.

1. JEHOVAH reigns ; let all the earth  
In His just government rejoice ;  
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,  
In His applause unite their voice.
2. Darkness and clouds of awful shade  
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;  
Justice and truth His guards are made,  
And fixed by His pavilion wait.

*red.*

*This stanza is really ably sublime and should be sung.*

*To 97<sup>th</sup> Verse by Buckley. 4. Carnie. 2000 p. 81.*

*Vertical handwritten text on the left margin, partially obscured and difficult to read.*

GOD.

3. Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;  
 Memorials of His holiness  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father glory be,  
 And to His sole-begotten Son ;  
 The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While everlasting ages run.

5.

H. M. WATTS.

*Darwell*

A GLORIOUS HIGH THRONE. — Jer. 17 : 12.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;  
 His throne is built on high ;  
 The garments He assumes  
 Are light and majesty.

His glories shine		No mortal eye
With beams so bright,		Can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of His hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe ;  
 His wrath and justice stand  
 To guard His holy law ;

And where His love		His truth confirms
Resolves to bless,		And seals the grace.

3. Through all His ancient works  
 Surprising wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the powers of hell,  
 And breaks their cursed designs.

Strong is His arm,		His great decrees,
And shall fulfil		His sovereign will.

1753 +

1888  
The Mass. State Prison Aug 28 1888  
a  
Lung A. The Mass. State Prison

*[Faint handwritten notes]*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

4. And can this mighty King  
Of Glory condescend?  
And will He write His name  
My Father and my Friend?

I love His name;		Join all my powers,
I love His word;		And praise the Lord.

6. C. M. WATTS.

WITH GOD IS TERRIBLE MAJESTY.—Job 37: 22.

1. How wondrous great, how glorious bright,  
Must our Creator be,  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity!
2. Our soaring spirits upward rise  
Towards the celestial throne:  
Fain would we see the blessed Three,  
And the Almighty One.
3. Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies;  
But still how far beneath Thy feet  
Our grovelling reason lies!
4. Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore:  
For the weak pinions of our minds  
Can stretch a thought no more.
5. Thy glories infinitely rise  
Above our laboring tongue;  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To form an equal song.
6. In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King,  
While angels strain their nobler powers,  
And sweep the immortal string.

*ven*  
*1753*

*6*

GOD.

7.

C. H. M.

*Phym. Coll.*

HIS GLORY COVERED THE HEAVENS. — IIab. 3: 9.

*Muhlenberg.*

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

*my*

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

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

4. O, how shall these dim eyes endure  
 That noon of living rays?  
 Or how ~~our~~ spirits, so impure,  
 Upon Thy glory gaze?  
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint ~~our~~ sight,  
 And fit us for that world of light.

*This Hymn*

*from*

*Becher's Coll.*

8.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE GOD OF HOSTS IS HIS NAME. — Amos 4: 13.

1. WHAT is our God, or what His name,  
 Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
 He dwells concealed in radiant flame,  
 Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

*Worship of Muhlenberg's own words*

*Becher's*

*ah*

*my*

*Entire*

*met*

*Heights*

*1753*

*Lyrics*

*written in 1824.*



GOD.

10.

C. M.

WATTS.

HIS NAME IS EXALTED.—Is. 12 : 4.

1. THE Lord, how fearful is His name!  
How wide is His command!  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on His mighty hand.
2. Immortal glory forms His throne,  
And light His awful robe;  
While with a smile, or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.
3. A word of His almighty breath  
Can swell or sink the seas,  
Build the vast empires of the earth,  
Or break them, as He please.
4. Adoring angels round Him fall,  
In all their shining forms;  
His sovereign eye looks through them all,  
And pities mortal worms.
5. Now let the Lord forever reign,  
And sway us as He will;  
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,  
We are His favorites still.

11.

C. M.

WATTS.

LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING PLACE.—Ps. 90 :

- + 1. OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

17/9

+ usually "O God, our help, etc"

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust ;  
"Return, ye sons of men ;"  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
6. Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

12

L. M.

WATTS.

FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING THOU ART GOD.—Ps. 90 : 2.

1. THROUGH every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;  
High was Thy throne ere heaven was made,  
Or earth, Thy humble footstool, laid.
2. Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned to a man ;  
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.

GOD.

3. But man, weak man, is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity:  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just —  
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
4. Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;  
An empty tale; a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.
5. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

13.

*a*

C. M.

WATTS.

THY THRONE, O GOD, IS FOREVER AND EVER. — Heb. 1: 8

1. GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made:  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
3. Nature and time quite naked lie  
To Thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.
4. Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in Thy view;  
To Thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God, there's nothing new.

*a*

*a*

1753

*Swampy*  
*Especially the 1st stanza.*

Read at Dr Emmons's funeral  
Jan. of Mrs Torrey.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

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

6. Great God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee!

14. *a* L. M. *Harvard* DODDRIDGE.

*b* THEY SHALL PERISH, BUT THOU SHALT ENDURE.—Ps. 102: 26.

*d* 1. GREAT Former of this various frame,  
Our souls adore Thine awful name,  
And bow and tremble, while they praise  
The Ancient of eternal days.

2. Our days a transient period run,  
And change with every circling sun;  
And, in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth can crush us into dust. *over*

3. But let the creatures fall around;  
Let death consign us to the ground;  
Let the last general flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies; *102 26*

4. Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
While grace secures us an abode  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

GOD.

15.

C. M.

SCOTT.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME. — GEN. 16: 13

*Barbaj*

1. GREAT God, Thy penetrating eye  
Pervades my inmost powers;  
With awe profound my wondering soul  
Falls prostrate and adores.
2. To be encompassed round with God,  
The holy and the just,  
Armed with omnipotence to save,  
Or crumble me to dust;  
3. O, how tremendous is the thought!  
Deep may it be impressed;  
And may Thy Spirit firmly grave  
This truth within my breast.
4. Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul  
The gloomy vale shall tread;  
And Thou wilt bind the immortal crown  
Of glory on my head.

*+ This always strikes me as very a  
sublim and solemn.*

16.

L. M.

WATTS.

O LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME AND KNOWN ME. — PS. 139: 1.

*Seymour*

1. LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through:  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

*This is entitled the "all-seeing God" — The Rev. Thomas Scott author of the Commentary on the Bible, speaking of his early days, says a hymn of Dr Watts in the ball song for that time fell in my way — I was*

On every side I find Thy hand."

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

John Brady.

3159

3. Within Thy circling power I stand;

On every side I find Thy hand:

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

Dr Simon Ford's version pub. 1688 I

4. Amazing knowledge, vast and great!

What large extent! what lofty height!

My soul, with all the powers I boast,

Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Slap awake at home abroad,  
Then removed all my way, 1090  
darkness & light in this eye  
then they are both alike to thee!

5. O! may these thoughts possess my breast,

Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;

Nor let my weaker passions dare

Consent to sin, for God is there.

Water get knowledge that he knows  
from John in his version but  
adds - "I hope I have improved the verse  
which all will readily admit."

17.

L. M.

QUIXON.

AM I A GOD AT HAND? - Jer. 23:23

Shod - X

1. ALL scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love!  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee;  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2. To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime:  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

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

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

Handwritten notes and symbols on the right margin, including numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 and various symbols like X, O, and dots.

on  
by

own's

ers works who translated  
and Quixon's hymns

WHITHER SHALL I GO FROM THY SPIRIT?—Ps. 139: 7.

- 83
1. IN all my vast concerns with Thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of Thine eye.
  2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
  3. My thoughts lie ~~open~~ to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
  - 1719
  4. O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within Thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
  5. So let Thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT FROM THEE.—Ps. 139: 12.

- 85
1. LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet Thy dreadful fire,  
In heaven Thy glorious throne.
  - 1719

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. Should I suppress my vital breath,  
To escape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice could break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.
3. If, winged with beams of morning light,  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.
4. If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard Thy law  
Would turn the shades to light.
5. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to Thee ;  
O, may I ne'er provoke that power  
From which I cannot flee.

*Compact - whid -*

20.

L. M.

NEEDHAM.

+

THE WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD. — Rom. 11 : 33.

1. AWAKE, my tongue ; thy tribute bring  
To Him who gave thee power to sing ;  
Praise Him who has all praise above,  
The Source of wisdom and of love.
2. How vast His knowledge ! how profound !  
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned !  
The stars He numbers, and their names  
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
3. Through each bright world above, behold  
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;  
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine  
To speak His wisdom all divine.

*From Christian Hymns. Fav.  
of Dr Dickenson.*

4. But in redemption, O, what grace!  
 Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!  
 Here wisdom shines, forever bright;  
 Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

— 21.

*Dr* L. M. Andrew KIPPIS. 1725-

*Socinian minister. author of Biographia Britannica*

CANST THOU BY SEARCHING FIND OUT GOD? — Job 11: 7.

1. GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view  
 Attempts to look Thy nature through;  
 Our laboring powers with reverence own  
 Thy glories never can be known.
2. Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
 Who countless years his God has sought,  
 Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
 Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.
3. Yet, Lord, Thy kindness deigns to show  
 All that we mortals need to know;  
 While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
 Through all Thy works and conduct shine.
4. O, may our souls with rapture trace  
 Thy works of nature and of grace,  
 Adore Thy sacred name, and still  
 Press on to know and do Thy will.

22.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD ARE GREAT. — Ps. 111: 2.

1. GREAT is the Lord; His works of might  
 Demand our noblest songs:  
 Let His assembled saints unite  
 Their harmony of tongues.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord;  
He gives His children food,  
And, ever mindful of His word,  
He makes His promise good.
3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal His covenant sure;  
Holy and reverend is His name;  
His ways are just and pure.
- + 4. They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with His fear begin;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating every sin.

*Entire*

23.

L. M.

WATTS.

ASCRIIBE YE STRENGTH UNTO GOD. Ps. 68: 34.

- Ps*
1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;  
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;  
His honors shall enrich your verse.
  2. He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;  
How terrible is God in arms!  
In Israel are His mercies known;  
Israel is His peculiar throne.
  3. Proclaim Him king, pronounce Him blest;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

2

17

*a*

*The fear of the Lord is the  
beginning of wisdom -"*

*Ps III. 10.*

GOD.

24.

C. M.

WHITE.

*Arlington*

THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE NOISE OF MANY WATERS. Ps. 95: 4.

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

*Bob  
matt*

*a*

25.

L. M.

WATTS.

GIVE UNTO THE LORD GLORY AND STRENGTH. — Ps. 29: 1.

1. GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power ;  
Ascribe due honors to His name,  
And His eternal might adore.

*This is God's 2d. H-K. Why? but  
put in any star which I have  
never and in English.*

*+ Josh. 10: 12.*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. The Lord proclaims His power aloud,  
Over the ocean and the land ;  
His voice divides the watery cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at His command.
3. He speaks ; and tempest, hail, and wind  
Lay the wide forest bare around ;  
The fearful hart and frightened hind  
Leap at the terror of the sound.
4. To Lebanon He turns His voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break ;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- a 5. The Lord sits Sovereign on the flood,  
The Thunderer reigns forever King,  
But makes His church His blest abode,  
Where we His awful glories sing.
6. In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsels of His grace imparts ;  
Amidst the raging storm, His word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

— 26.

*Rev Thomas C. M.*

JERVIS.

*2. 1795.*

IN THINE HAND IS POWER. — 1 Chron. 29 : 12.

- +
1. ETERNAL God, Thy works of might  
Our awe and wonder raise ;  
Thy deeds of glory far surpass  
Our loftiest notes of praise. *Scovel*
  2. Thine awful thunder fills the air,  
Resounding through the sky,  
While vivid lightnings, 'mid the gloom,  
Proclaim Jehovah nigh.

*This is found in Scovel's coll-*

- 3. He comes; all nature prostrate lies,  
And trembles at His nod;  
Earthquakes and dreadful storms announce  
The presence of our God.
- 4. The howling winds, the beating rain,  
The sea's tumultuous roar,  
These, in tremendous concert joined,  
Exalt Thy boundless power.
- 5. Great God, we trust the matchless strength  
Of Thine almighty arm,  
Which, 'mid the wreck of thousand worlds,  
Could shelter us from harm.

27.

*Watts & M. Select p. 210.*

O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD ARE THY WORKS! — Ps. 104: 24.

1. GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can frame,  
An honor equal to His name?  
How awful are His glorious ways!  
The Lord is dreadful in His praise! 25

2. The world's foundations by His hand 4  
Were laid, and shall forever stand;  
The swelling billows know their bound, 5  
While to His praise they roll around.

3. Vast are Thy works, Almighty Lord! 21 v.  
All nature rests upon Thy word;

*and the whole race of creatures stand  
 waiting their portion from thy hand.*

4. Thy glory, fearless of decline,  
 Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;  
 Thy praise shall still our breath employ,  
 Till we shall rise to endless joy.

*v. Ps 104. See A 98 +*

*Rue*

*are pointed*

*And in their channels walk their course*

21

*Spurious.*

*found  
 that*

1 O Lord! how manifold are thy works!  
Ps 104:24

Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame  
An honor equal to his name?  
How awful are thy glorious ways!  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

When earth was covered with the flood  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thundered, & the ocean fled  
Confined to its appointed bed.

3. Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stand,  
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

4. In thee my wishes wish, O Lord,  
And make my meditations sweet  
Thy praises shall my breath employ  
Till it expire in endless joy.

3. With sacred awe pronounce His name  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach  
A broken heart shall please Him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
4. Thou holy God, preserve my soul  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are Thy delight,  
And they Thy face shall see.

DOXOLOGY.

To Him who reigns in worlds of light,  
The eternal King of heaven,  
Be honor, majesty, and might,  
And praise, and glory given.

30.

S. M.

WATTS.

*Dover*

HE IS HOLY. — Ps. 99 : 5.

1. EXALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at His feet :  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is His seat.
2. When Israel was His church,  
When Aaron was His priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,  
He gave His people rest.
3. Oft He forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft He made His vengeance known,  
When they abused His grace.
4. Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still He's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for His name.

*This doxology  
and all songs*

*fs*

*ver.  
1719*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

DOXOLOGY.

Ye angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Adore the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

31.

L. M.

WATTS.

WHO ART THOU THAT REBELLEST AGAINST GOD? — Rom. 3: 20.

*Doctrine of God's sovereignty strong enough*

1. MAY not the sovereign Lord on high  
Dispense His favors as He will;  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?
2. Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
3. But, O my soul, if truth so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still His written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.
4. Then shall He make His justice known,  
And the whole world before His throne,  
With joy or terror, shall confess  
The glory of His righteousness.

*Ver*

*1753*

*a*

32.

C. M.

WATTS.

BE SILENT, O ALL FLESH, BEFORE THE LORD. — Zech. 2: 13.

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

*a*

*"muse"*

*a* 23

+ 1753. lyrics - p 28. 12 Stan

*"Behold the Father etc"*

*Book 1/1*

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on His firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave — TO BE.

*e*

3. Chained to His throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men;  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by the eternal pen.

*17 =*

4. His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes His counsels shine;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,  
Fulfils some deep design.

*17 =*

5. Not Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives;  
Nor dares the favorite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.

6. My God, I never longed to see  
My fate, with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

*+ =*

7. In Thy fair book of life and grace  
May I but find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

*a*

— 33.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

*Manchester*

WISDOM AND MIGHT ARE HIS.—Dan. 2: 20.

*Benj. Beddome  
6. St. Heleny, Eng.  
Jan<sup>y</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>. 1717.*

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

*+ See Condensed Book 222*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs His work, the cause conceals ;  
But, though His methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support His throne.
3. In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes His firm decrees ;  
And by His saints it stands confessed,  
That what He does is ever best.
4. Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before His awful seat ;  
And, 'mid the terrors of His rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

*ver b  
oldest  
Bible  
saints*

34.

8s & 7s. *J. M.* BOWRING.

GOD IS LOVE. — 1 John 4 : 8.

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

*Wilmsh*

*a*

*C*

*Christian Hymns. 1853.*  
*1853*

GOD.

35.

C. M.

*G.*

BURDER.

THE LOVE OF GOD TOWARD US.—John 4 : 9.

*Burder's*

1. COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
And raise your souls above ;  
Let every heart and voice accord  
To sing that — God is love.
2. This precious truth His word declares,  
And all His mercies prove ;  
While Christ, the atoning Lamb, appears,  
To show that — God is love.
3. Behold, His loving kindness waits  
For those who from Him rove,  
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,  
To teach them — God is love.
4. The work begun is carried on -  
By power from heaven above ;  
And every step, from first to last,  
Proclaims that — God is love.
5. O, may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove ;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Shall shout that — God is love.

36.

*[Handwritten initials]*

H. M.

J. YOUNG.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.—John 3 : 16.

*As early as 1843. Probably English.*

1. O FOR a shout of joy,  
Loud as the theme we sing !  
To this divine employ  
Your hearts and voices bring ;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, the eternal love, of God.

*[Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page]*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

2. Unnumbered myriads stand,  
Of seraphs bright and fair ;  
Or bow at His right hand,  
And pay their homage there ;  
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,  
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3. Though earth and hell assail,  
And doubts and fears arise,  
The weakest shall prevail,  
And grasp the heavenly prize,  
And through an endless age record  
The love, the unchanging love, of God. *a*

4. O for a shout of joy,  
Loud as the theme we sing !  
To this divine employ  
Your hearts and voices bring ;  
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,  
The love, the eternal love, of God.

— 37.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE MEMORY OF THY GREAT GOODNESS.— Ps. 145: 7.

- 857*
1. SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King !  
Let age to age Thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
  2. God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
  3. With longing eyes Thy creatures wait  
On Thee for daily food ;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- ann.*  
*Con.*  
*ver.*

GOD.

4. How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow Thine anger moves!  
But soon He sends His pardoning word,  
To cheer the souls He loves.
5. Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy power and praise proclaim;  
But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless Thy name.

38.

C. P. M.

*copy*  
H. MOORE.

*1732-180*

AND PRAISE THY NAME FOR THY LOVING KINDNESS.—Ps. 138: 2.

1. MY God, Thy boundless love I praise:  
How bright on high its glories blaze!  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from Thine eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys forever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
2. 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
It breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
3. It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile on every vale.

- Verily*  
*Ch. 28.*  
4. But in Thy ~~word~~ *Gospel* I see it shine  
With grace and glories more divine,

*V. Original in Chr. Disciple 1813.*

BEING AND PERFECTIONS.

Proclaiming sins forgiven;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heaven.

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

*^ One stanza more in original*

-39.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

WHO IS OVER ALL.—Rom. 9: 5.

- 1. THE Lord our God is Lord of all;  
His station who can find?  
I hear Him in the waterfall;  
I hear Him in the wind.

*From Palmier  
by Dr Smith*

*Ver.  
by Dr Lods  
Edition.*

- 2. If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly;  
I see Him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.

*do.*

- 3. He lives, He reigns in every land,  
From winter's polar snows,  
To where, across the burning sand,  
The blasting meteor glows.

*do.*

- 4. He smiles, we live; He frowns, we die;  
We hang upon His word;  
He rears His ~~mighty~~ arm on high,  
~~We fall before~~ His sword.

*red, right*

*And ruin bares*

*Entire* *(Hasts)* <sup>GOD.</sup>

5. He bids His gales the fields deform ;  
Then, when His thunders cease,  
~~He paints His rainbow on the storm,~~  
~~And lulls the winds to peace.~~

*Sits like an angel 'mid the storm  
and smiles the winds to peace,*

GOD.—CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

40.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.—Ps. 19:1.

1. GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame  
Declares the glories of Thy name ;  
There Thy rich works of wonder shine ;  
A thousand stary beauties there,  
A thousand radiant marks, appear,  
Of boundless power and skill divine.
2. From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light  
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;  
With silent eloquence they raise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.
3. Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journeys of the sun,  
And every nation knows their voice ;  
The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.
4. Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
He smiles and speaks his Maker, God ;  
All nature joins to show Thy praise ;  
Thus God in every creature shines ;  
Fair is the book of nature's lines,  
But fairer is Thy book of grace.

*Ps.*  
*very ed.*  
*1719-*

*= 1*

*This is better than  
Addison's.*

41.

L. M.

ADDISON.

THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDY WORK. — Ps. 19 : 1.

1. THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
2. The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.
3. Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth ;
4. Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5. What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball !  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

Spectator  
Vol 4 p 25

Cain inserts this in his  
case of 22 on p 33.  
Grant wrote a para.

"On the firmament coal." Ps  
with

See Rowden's  
"The origin of man's lot"

a.  
One of the most exquisite serifs  
- ten paraphrases in the English  
language." Preliminary of  
Vol 2 p 10



CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

3. Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
4. Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
Shine through the worlds abroad ;  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the Builder — God.

44.

L. M. MOORE.

OF HIM, AND THROUGH HIM, AND TO HIM ARE ALL THINGS. — Rom. 11 : 36.

1. THOU art, O God, the Life and Light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee ;  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
2. When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

GOD.

4. When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower that Summer wreathes,  
Is born beneath that kindling eye;  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

45.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE HATH MADE THE EARTH BY HIS POWER. — Jer. 10:12. 32

1. I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with His word,  
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne.
6. Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

✓ 46.

L. M. *W.B.O.*, PEABODY.

ALL THE PEOPLE SEE HIS GLORY. — Ps. 97 : 6.

1. GOD of the rolling orbs above,  
 Thy name is written clearly bright  
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
 Or evening's golden shower of light ;  
 For every fire that fronts the sun,  
 And every spark that walks alone  
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
 Were kindled at Thy burning throne.
2. God of the world, the hour must come,  
 And nature's self to dust return ;  
 Her crumbling altars must decay ;  
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;  
 But still her grand and lovely scenes  
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;  
 For hearts grow holier as they trace  
 The beauty of the world below.

✓ 47.

L. M.

STIRLING.

CLEARLY SEEN. — Rom. 1 : 20.

1. GREAT God, who rear'st the mountain's height,  
 And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,  
 O, grant that I may own Thy hand  
 Not less in every grain of sand.
2. With forests huge of ancient time,  
 Thy will has hung each peak sublime ;  
 But withered leaves beneath a tree  
 Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.
3. In all the immense, the strange, the old,  
 Thy presence careless men behold ;  
 In all the little, weak, and mean,  
 By faith Thou art as clearly seen.

- 4. Teach, then, that not one flower can grow  
Till life from Thee within it flow;  
That not one speck of dust can be,  
O Fount of being, save by Thee.
- 5. So smallest bubbles here on earth  
With us shall claim a heavenly birth,  
And each faint atom floating by  
Seem bright with the eternal eye.

48.

C. M.

BERRIDGE.

*Palmer*

THE EARTH IS FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD. — PS. 133:3.

- 1. THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail.  
A sea without a shore.
- 2. Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest  
In every golden ray;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love returns the day.
- 3. Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields,  
With joyful clusters leads the vines,  
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4. But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the gospel seen;  
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.

*Gibbons*

*Palmer says  
"Thomas Gibbons 1784"*

*+ Reed says Berridge and gives  
7 stanzas. Palmer says "Gibbons"  
but I do not find it in his  
book - ver - by Reed -*

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

—49.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

O, TASTE AND SEE THAT THE LORD IS GOOD. — Ps. 34: 8.

- 85 /
1. TRIUMPHANT, Lord, Thy goodness reigns  
Through all the wide, celestial plains,  
And its full streams redundant flow  
Down to the abodes of men below.
  2. Through nature's works its glories shine;  
The cares of providence are Thine;  
And grace erects our ruined frame  
A fairer temple to Thy name.
  3. O, give to every human heart  
To taste and feel how good Thou art;  
With grateful love and reverend fear,  
To know how blest Thy children are.
  4. Let nature burst into a song;  
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;  
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,  
All vocal with your Maker's praise.
  5. Ye saints with joy the theme pursue;  
Its sweetest notes belong to you,  
Chose, by this condescending King,  
Forever round His throne to sing.

*Verby*  
*Ed. 1793.*

—50.

C. M.

*Mrs A.* STEELE.

THE EARTH SHINED WITH HIS GLORY. — Ezek. 43: 2.

- Tom
1. LORD, when my raptured thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,  
And bid my soul adore.

*Zeman's*  
*Call.*  
*and not void.*

2. Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their Source divine.
3. On me Thy providence hath shone  
With gentle, smiling rays ;  
O, let my lips and life make known  
Thy goodness and Thy praise.
4. All-bounteous Lord, Thy grace impart ;  
O, teach me to improve  
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,  
And crown them with Thy love.

51.

S. M.

WATTS.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL. — PS. 103:2.

1. O, BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
Whose favors are divine.
2. O, bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
4. He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

5. His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His belovéd Son.

52.

L. M. *Ellen Thorne* WATTS.

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER. — Ps. 107 : 1.

1. GIVE thanks to God ; He reigns above ;  
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love ;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of His grace record ;  
Israel, the nation whom He chose,  
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3. He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;  
He guards us with a powerful hand,  
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4. O, let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord !  
How great His works ! how kind His ways !  
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

53.

C. M. STEELE.

WILL GOD INDEED DWELL ON THE EARTH ? — 1 Kings 8 : 27.

1. ETERNAL Power ! Almighty God !  
Who can approach Thy throne ?  
Accessless light is Thine abode,  
To angel eyes unknown.

*Barly Ed 1808.*

GOD.

2. Before the radiance of Thine eye  
The heavens no longer shine,  
And all the glories of the sky  
Are but the shade of Thine.
3. Great God! and wilt Thou condescend  
To cast a look below?  
To this vile world Thy notice bend,  
These seats of sin and woe?
4. But O, to show Thy smiling face,  
To bring Thy glories near;  
Amazing and transporting grace,  
To dwell with mortals here!
5. How strange, how awful is Thy love;  
With trembling we adore;  
Not all the exalted minds above  
Its wonders can explore.
6. While golden harps and angel tongues  
Resound immortal lays,  
Great God, permit our humble songs  
To rise and mean Thy praise.

54.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS.—Ps. 107: 31.

1. YE sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord;  
And let His power and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
2. Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

3. But O, that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!  
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,  
For man a bleeding victim made.

4. Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;  
There, in the land of praise, adore;  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an undecaying day.

55. C. M. ADDISON.

THOU SHALT REMEMBER ALL THE WAY.—Deut. 8: 2.

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

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

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

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And when in sins and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

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

*Handwritten notes:*  
C.C. Stearns 1740-1786 May  
found in his Reflections  
See 1750 Nov 1858.

*Handwritten note:* "Arendon."

GOD.

6. Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
7. Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But, O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

56.

7s.

BOWRING.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.—1 Pet. 5:7.

1. FATHER, Thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide ;  
Every hallowed wish and prayer  
Has Thy hand of love supplied ;  
Thine is every thought of bliss  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope Thy offspring is,  
Beaming from futurity.
2. Every sun of splendid ray,  
Every moon that shines serene,  
Every morn that welcomes day,  
Every evening's twilight scene,  
Every hour which wisdom brings,  
Every incense at Thy shrine,  
These, and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest, all are Thine.
3. And for all my hymns shall rise  
Daily to Thy gracious throne ;  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn, unwearied, righteous One.  
Through life's strange vicissitude,  
There reposing all my care,  
Trusting still, through ill and good,  
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

57.

S. M.

WATTS.

AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN, ETC. — Ps. 103 : 13.

1. My soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
2. The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel :  
He knows our feeble frame.
3. He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered by every breath ;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
4. Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
5. But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

*a*

58.

L. M.

WATTS.

My HELP COMETH FROM THE LORD. — Ps. 121 : 2.

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

*Bejins "Up to the hills I lift mine eyes"*

*Handwritten notes and scribbles on the right side of the page, including the word "Watts" written vertically and various numbers and symbols.*

*Vertical handwritten notes on the left side of the page, including the number "60" and some illegible characters.*

GOD.

2. He guides our feet, He guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
3. Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

DOXOLOGY.

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.

59.

H. M.

WATT

I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS.— Ps. 121 : 1.

1. UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God who built the skies,  
And earth and nature made :  
God is the tower  
To which I fly ;  
His grace is nigh  
In every hour.
2. My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares ;  
Since God, my Guard and Guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep  
When dangers rise.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

3. No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun,  
And Thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.
4. Hast Thou not given Thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath;  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

DOXOLOGY.

The universal King  
Let all the world proclaim;  
Let every creature sing  
His attributes and name!  
Him Three in One,  
And One in Three,  
Extol to all  
Eternity.

60.

L. M.

*Bells*

WATTS.

OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH. — Ps. 46 : 1.

1. GOD is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

GOD.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God ;  
Life, love and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode ;
5. That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls ;  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth and armed with power.

61. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN HIM.—PS. 31:8.

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
2. O, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name ;  
When, in distress, to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.
3. The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succor trust.



GOD.

Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

63.

S. M.

WATTS.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER. PS. 23.

- over 17/19*
1. THE Lord my Shepherd is ;  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want beside ?
  2. He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
  3. If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in His own right way,  
For His most holy name.
  4. While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
  5. In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
  6. The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

64.

11s. MONTGOMERY.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL. — Ps. 23: 3.

*Robinson Hymnal*

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, nor want shall I know;  
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,

Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

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

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above;  
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod  
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom  
of love.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU ART WITH ME. — Ps. 23: 4.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, He makes me rest;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.

*God is my Shepherd who will see  
That all my wants be still supplied.  
I need not be exposed to any  
nor left to stray. I want a guide.*

GOD.

3. My wandering feet His ways mistake,  
But He restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4. Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God, my Shepherd's with me there.

66. *Knapp* 11s & 10s. *Pymfoll*

† THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME. — Ps. 23: 4.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd; He makes me repose  
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;  
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,  
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2. He strengthens my spirit, He shows me the path  
Where the arms of His love shall enfold me;  
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,  
There His rod and His staff will uphold me.

67.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD IS THY KEEPER. — Ps. 121: 5.

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

2. Their feet shall never slide to fall,  
Whom He designs to keep;  
His ear attends the softest call,  
His eyes can never sleep.

*BS*

*From  
Bechers*

*+ Dr Kirk says he saw this many years ago.*

*BS*

*Over  
1753*

*+ Dr Kirk says he has seen the*

*Knapp - such m...*

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

3. Israel, rejoice and rest secure ;  
Thy Keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ His power  
For thine eternal guard.
4. He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

68.

L. M.

WATTS.

TREMBLE, THOU EARTH, AT THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.—Ps. 114: 7.

+ 1. WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King; and Judah was His throne.

2. Across the deep their journey lay ;  
The deep divides to make them way ;  
Jordan beheld their march and fled  
With backward current to his head.

3. The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4. What power could make the deep divide ?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?

5. Let every mountain, every flood,  
Retire, and know the approaching God,  
The King of Israel ; see Him here !  
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

+ This version of the 114 Ps. was com-  
municated to the Spectator No.  
441. with the following

*Spectator*  
*Vol 17/9*

*see Scott's version in*  
*the Spectator*

GOD.

6. He thunders; and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools He turns;  
Flints spring with fountains at His word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

69.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Ver. by. Ed.*

I WILL UPHOLD THEE.—Is. 41: 10.

*1753*

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him that rules the skies.

2. Night unto night His name repeats  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven on which He sits  
To turn the seasons round.

*Ps 119.*

3. 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak His praise;  
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,  
And yet His wrath delays.

4. Dear God, let all my hours be Thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

*x 60. 41 x*

DOXOLOGY.

To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

*7*

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

—70.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU, LORD, ONLY MAKEST ME DWELL IN SAFETY.—Ps. 4:8.

- 1753*
1. THUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far His power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
  2. Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But He forgives my follies past;  
He gives me strength for days to come.
  3. I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
  4. Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

—71.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE PRESERVETH THE SOULS OF HIS SAINTS.—Ps. 97:10.

- 1719*
1. THE Almighty reigns, exalted high,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;  
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy seat.
  2. O ye that love His holy name,  
Hate every work of sin and shame;  
He guards the souls of all His friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.

3. Immortal light and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
4. Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honors of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels His grace  
Can triumph in His holiness.

72.

C. P. M.

*Do-  
bells Coll.  
Ganey*

HE HATH MADE WITH ME AN EVERLASTING COVENANT.—*2* Sam. 23 : 5.

1. Now for a hymn of praise to God !  
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,  
Join the sweet choir above ;  
All your harmonious accents bring,  
Wake every high, celestial string,  
To chant redeeming love.
2. Ere God pronounced creation good,  
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood  
Through fixed channels run ;  
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,  
Or angels earth's formation sung,  
He chose us in His Son.
3. Then was the covenant ordered sure,  
Through endless ages to endure,  
By Israel's triune God ;  
That none His covenant might evade,  
With oaths and promises 'twas made,  
And ratified in blood.
4. God is the refuge of my soul,  
Though tempests rage, though billows roll,  
And hellish powers assail ;

*+ |  
very strong meal this.*

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

Eternal walls are my defence ;  
Environed with Omnipotence,  
What foe can e'er prevail ?

5. Then let infernal legions roar,  
And waste their cursed, vengeful power ;  
My soul their wrath disdains ;  
In God, my refuge, I'm secure,  
While covenant promises endure,  
Or my Redeemer reigns.

—73.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOD IS FAITHFUL.—1 Cor. 1: 9.

1. BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing ;  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.
2. Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the performing God.
3. Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the powers of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.
4. His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.
5. O, might I hear Thine heavenly tongue  
But whisper, Thou art mine !  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

GOD.  
George Keith 6, 1787

— 74.

11s.

KIRKHAM.

*Winton*

I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE. — Heb. 13: 5

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said?  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
2. In every condition, — in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, —  
“As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
3. “Fear not; I am with thee; O, be not dismayed;  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 “When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. “Even down to old age, all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
6. “The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake.”

*This hymn is from an early copy of Rippon and  
then marked "11" — I saw this in Rippon  
Dec 3 1845 four years after she was  
settled near to her sickness and to approach  
of death by reading this hymn which she spoke  
of as "the most glorious hymn, and which other  
I had heard of her. She also loved the words  
of what was fine metaphors in scripture —  
See the Greek for Heb. 13: 5. 212.*

75. The Lord is my Rock. Jah & Brady.

1. No change of time shall ever thook

My firm affection, Lord, to thee;

For Thou hast always been a Rock,

A Fortin & Defenc'd to me.

2. Thou my Deliverer art, my God;  
My trust is in thy mighty power;  
Thou art a Shield from foes abroad,  
At home, my Safeguard & my Tower.

3. To Thee will I address my prayer  
To whom all praise we justly owe;  
So shall I by thy watchful care,  
Be guarded from my tracherys foe.

4. Who then deserves to be ador'd  
But god on whom my hopes depend  
Or who except the mighty Lord  
Can with resistless power defend?

4. And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,  
 With joy will I answer Thy merciful call,  
 And quit Thee on earth but to find Thee in heaven,  
 My Portion forever, my God and my all.

77.

L. M.

GOODE.

THE LORD SHALL JUDGE THE PEOPLE. — Ps. 7 : 8.

1. THE Lord is Judge ; before His throne  
 All nations shall His justice own ;  
 O, may my soul be found sincere,  
 And stand approved with courage there.
2. The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,  
 Surveys the world His hands have made ;  
 Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,  
 And judgment from on high ordains.
3. My God, my Shield, around me place  
 The shelter of the Saviour's grace ;  
 Then, when Thine arm the just shall save,  
 My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

+ Same in Pratts Coll -

78.

C. M.

COWPERTON

THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP. — Ps. 36 : 6.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bright designs,  
 And works His sovereign will.

+ Read it for the sake of  
 one whom in all trials it had  
 animated & ably consoled. Life



GOD.—ADORATION AND PRAISE.

80.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD YOUR GOD.—Neh. 9: 5.

1. STAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice!  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify?
3. O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought.
4. God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,  
With all our ransomed powers.
5. Stand up and bless the Lord;  
The Lord, your God, adore;  
Stand up and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth, forevermore.

81.

7s.

BARBAULD.

WE THANK THEE, AND PRAISE THY GLORIOUS NAME.—1 Chron. 29: 13.

1. PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days:  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;



GOD.

4. Take up the burden of His name,  
Ye clouds, as ye arise,  
To deck with gold the opening morn,  
Or shade the evening skies.
5. Long let it warble round the spheres,  
And echo through the sky ;  
Let angels, with immortal skill,  
Improve the harmony ;
6. While we, with sacred rapture fired,  
The blest Creator sing,  
And chant our consecrated lays  
To heaven's eternal King.

83.

L. M. WATE & BRADY.

BE THOU EXALTED, O GOD, ABOVE THE HEAVENS. — Ps. 67 : 5.

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



GOD.

2. The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

3. The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
In all His ways :  
He calls a worm His friend !  
He calls Himself my God !  
And He shall save me to the end  
Through Jesus' blood.

4. He by Himself hath sworn, —  
I on His oath depend, —  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

86.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE PRAISE OF ALL HIS SAINTS. — Ps. 148 : 14.

1. LET every creature join  
To praise the eternal God ;  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound His name abroad.
2. Thou sun, with golden beams,  
And moon, with paler rays,

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds above,  
And fixed their wondrous frame ;  
By His command they stand or move,  
And ever speak His name.
4. Ye vapors, when ye rise,  
Or fall in showers of snow,  
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,  
His power and glory show.
5. Wind, hail, and flashing fire  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute His word.
6. By all His works above  
His honors be expressed ;  
But saints, that taste His saving love,  
Should sing His praises best.

87.

C. M. *W. R. R. R.* WARDLAW.

LIFT UP THY VOICE WITH STRENGTH. — Is. 40 : 9.

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

*Conn. Coll.*  
*Nov 4*  
*Read*  
*H. Book*

GOD.

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

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father glory be,  
And to His only Son ;  
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While ceaseless ages run.

88.

C. M.

WATTS.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD.—Ps. 98 : 4.

1. To our Almighty Maker, God,  
New honors be addressed ;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blessed.
2. He spoke the word to Abraham first,  
His truth fulfils His grace :  
The Gentiles make His name their trust,  
And learn His righteousness.
3. Let the whole earth His love proclaim,  
With all her different tongues,  
And spread the honors of His name  
In melody and songs.

*Some Sweet*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

— 89. *J. S. Blackie*  
4s, 7s, & 8s. BIBLE H. BOOK.

PRAISE YE HIM, ALL HIS ANGELS. — Ps. 148: 2.

*"Gloria" by*

*E. Newman*

*First Pub. 1857.*

*89*

1. ANGELS holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord!  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

2. Rock and high land,  
Wood and island,  
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared;  
Mighty mountain, purple-breasted,  
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

3. Rolling river,  
Praise Him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured;  
Silver fountain clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent madly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

4. Bond and free men,  
Land and seamen,  
Earth with peoples widely stored;  
Woodman lone, in prairies ample,  
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

5. Praise Him ever,  
Bounteous Giver,  
Praise Him, Saviour, Friend, and Lord;  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
His salvation ever singing,  
Praise the great, the mighty Lord.

*Chance  
met  
in the  
Lark-staircase  
by E. N.*

GOD.

90.

L. M.

LIVINGSTONE.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL, AND FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.

Ps. 103: 2.

- From*  
*Hill. Hymns*  
*Same*  
*in Camp -*  
*Watts*
1. MY soul, with humble fervor raise  
To God the voice of grateful praise;  
And every mental power combine,  
To bless His attributes divine.
  2. Deep on my heart let memory trace  
His acts of mercy and of grace;  
Who, with a Father's tender care,  
Saved me when sinking in despair;
  3. Gave my repentant soul to prove  
The joy of His forgiving love;  
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,  
And led my weary feet to rest.

91.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL SING AND GIVE PRAISE.—Ps. 57: 7.

- Rev.*
1. MY God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
  2. Up to the heavens I send my cry;  
The Lord will my desires perform;  
He sends His angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.
  3. Be Thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

4. My heart is fixed: my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to Thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
5. High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
6. Be Thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

—92.

H. M.

WATTS.

HIS NAME ALONE IS EXCELLENT.—Ps. 148: 13.

- Ps.*
1. YE tribes of Adam, join  
With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng	In worlds of light
Of angels bright,	Begin the song.

2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
And moon, that rul'st the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare,	And clouds that fly
Ye floods on high,	In empty air.

3. The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand;  
Or in swift courses move,  
By His supreme command.

He spake the word,	From nothing came
And all their frame	To praise the Lord.

4. Ye vapors, hail, and snow,  
 Praise ye the Almighty Lord,  
 And stormy winds that blow  
 To execute His word.

When lightnings shine,		Let earth adore
Or thunders roar,		His hand divine

5. Let all the nations fear  
 The God that rules above;  
 He brings His people near,  
 And makes them taste His love.

While earth and sky		His saints shall raise
Attempt His praise,		His honors high.

93.

C. M.

STEELE.

I WILL GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE FOREVER.—Ps. 30: 12.

1. COME, O ye saints, your voices raise  
 To God, in grateful songs;  
 And let the memory of His grace  
 Inspire your hearts and tongues.
2. Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,  
 And light and hope depart,  
 His smile celestial morning sheds,  
 And joy revives the heart.
3. Hear, O my God, in mercy hear;  
 Attend my plaintive cry;  
 Be Thou, my gracious Helper, near,  
 And bid my sorrows fly.
4. Again I hear Thy voice divine;  
 New joys exulting bound;  
 My robes of mourning I resign,  
 And gladness girds me round.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

5. To Thee, my gracious God, I raise  
My thankful heart and tongue ;  
O be Thy goodness and Thy praise  
My everlasting song.

✓

94.

L. M.

WATTS.

SING YE PRAISES.—Ps. 47 : 7.

o

2nd 1754

1. UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large His bounties are.

+

2. He that can shake the worlds He made,  
Or with His word, or with His rod,  
His goodness, how amazing great,  
And what a condescending God !

3. Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God ;  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps to bear the heavy load.

4. O, could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to Thy grace,  
To the third heaven our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

—95.

*11 11*

L. M.

WATTS.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST.—2 Cor. 4 : 6.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all His boundless love proclaim.

L. Homer.

"Sketches his ambrosial deeds." 3/1

GOD.

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;  
And Thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
4. But in His looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labor of Thine hands;  
The pleasing lustre of His eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
6. O, may I live to reach the place  
Where He unveils His lovely face;  
Where all His beauties you behold,  
And sing His name to harps of gold.

96.

6s & 7s.

PRAISE THE LORD FROM THE EARTH.—PS. 148: 7.

*From Free  
will Baptists  
Coll. which  
attributed  
to Jones of Pa  
and Poth*

1. ANGELS, assist to sing  
The honors of your God;  
Touch every tuneful string,  
And sound His name abroad;  
Pour the trembling notes along;  
Swell the grand, immortal song.

2. Let day and dusky night,  
In solemn order, join

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

His praises to recite,  
And speak His power divine ;  
Every hill, and every vale,  
Echo with the sacred tale.

3. Ye winds and raging seas,  
With wild, tempestuous roar,  
Resound, in mightier lays,  
His name from shore to shore :  
Thunders, spread His name abroad ;  
Lightnings, flash before your God.

4. Let every creature sing  
The honors of our God ;  
Touch every tuneful string,  
And spread His praise abroad :  
Pour the trembling notes along ;  
Swell the universal song.

97.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

I WILL SING AND GIVE PRAISE, EVEN WITH MY GLORY.—Ps. 108 : 1.

85/

1. O GOD, my heart is fully bent  
To magnify Thy name ;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

b.

2. Because Thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heaven transcends,  
And far beyond the aspiring clouds  
Thy faithful truth extends.

3. Be Thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the starry frame,  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess Thy glorious name.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL. — Ps. 104: 1.

- over 1719.*
- 34*
1. MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;  
When clothed in His celestial rays,  
He in full majesty appears,  
And like a robe His glory wears.
  2. The heavens are for His curtains spread,  
The unfathomed deep He makes His bed ;  
Clouds are His chariot, when He flies  
On wingéd storms across the skies.
  3. Angels, whom His own breath inspires,  
His ministers, are flaming fires ;  
And swift as thought their armies move  
To bear His vengeance or His love.
  4. The world's foundations by His hand — *2d.*  
Are poised, and shall forever stand ;     "  
He binds the ocean in His chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth again.
  5. The swelling billows know their bound, — *2d*  
And in their channels walk their round ;  
Yet, thence conveyed by secret veins,  
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
  6. How strange Thy works ! how great Thy skill !  
And every land Thy riches fill ;  
Thy wisdom round the world we see ;  
This spacious earth is full of Thee.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

99.

H. M.

STEELE.

THEY SHALL SHOW FORTH THE PRAISES OF THE LORD. — Is. 60 : 6.

1. To your Creator, God,  
Your great Preserver, raise,  
Ye creatures of His hand,  
Your highest notes of praise:

Let every voice		His name adore,
Proclaim His power,		And loud rejoice.

2. Let every creature join  
To celebrate His name,  
And all their various powers  
Assist the exalted theme:

Let nature raise,		A general song
From every tongue,		Of grateful praise.

3. But O, from human tongues  
Should nobler praises flow ;  
And every thankful heart  
With warm devotion glow ;

Your voices raise,		Above the rest
Ye highly blessed !		Declare His praise.

4. Assist me, gracious God !  
My heart, my voice inspire ;  
Then shall I grateful join  
The universal choir:

Thy grace can raise		And tune my song
My heart, my tongue,		To lively praise.

100.

*Rev.* L. M. *Mrs.* BLACKLOCK. *H. D. D.*

THE MAJESTY OF THE LORD. — Is. 24 : 14.

- +1. COME, O my soul, in sacred lays  
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise :  
But, O, what tongue can speak His fame ?  
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?

*From Christian Hymns:*  
# Blind mention in Burke on the  
sublime & beautiful - p. 198 -

He was b. at York in 1701  
lost his sight by small pox at 6 months old  
learned Latin & Greek. French & Italian  
was licenced to preach & read D.D.  
1756.

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
  
3. In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of His name.
  
4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;  
And let His praise employ thy tongue  
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

#### DOXOLOGY.

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.

Ken.

101.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAISE IS COMELY.—Ps. 147: 1.

1. WITH songs and honors, sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high:  
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.
  
2. He sends His showers of blessings down,  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

Oct-17/19

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

3. His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.
4. He sends His word and melts the snow;  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.
5. The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey His mighty word:  
With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

*"Winter"  
D. Reed.*

102.

7s.

BATHURST.

O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD.—Ps. 105: 1.

1. O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord;  
All His wondrous deeds proclaim:  
Every tongue His praise record;  
Every heart adore His name.
2. Seek the Lord; His grace implore;  
On His love your trust repose;  
Seek His presence evermore;  
There lay down your cares and woes.
3. Ye, who make the Lord your choice,  
Call to mind His works of love;  
Tell His wonders, and rejoice  
In your King who reigns above.
4. Thou, O Lord, art true and just;  
Thou wilt crown with sure success  
All the waiting souls that trust  
In Thy love and faithfulness.

*Dr. Beman  
Cok.*

(3) 77

*+ Four sung to "Winter" by Swan*

103.

6s & 8s. *103ish* CONDER.

EXTOL HIM THAT RIDETH UPON THE HEAVENS BY HIS NAME JAH. — Ps. 68 : 4.

*London  
H. B. Park*

JEHOVAH'S praise sublime,  
Through the wide earth be sung :  
Ye realms of every clime,  
Ye tribes of every tongue,  
His infinite compassion bless,  
His ever-during faithfulness.

104.

L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

BLESS HIS HOLY NAME. — Ps. 103 : 1.

- by  
Porter (M.)*
1. HIGH o'er the heavens, supreme, alone,  
The eternal Lord prepares His throne :  
O'er all His kingdom He'll extend,  
Beyond a limit or an end.
  2. Bless ye the Lord ; His glories tell,  
Ye angels, who in might excel,  
Who do His will, who hear His voice,  
And in His high commands rejoice.
  3. Bless ye the Lord ; proclaim His state,  
Ye heavenly hosts, who round Him wait,  
Quick to perform His acts of might,  
His pleasure your supreme delight.
  4. Bless ye the Lord, His works around ;  
Creation with His praise resound ;  
My soul the general chorus join,  
And bless the Lord in songs divine.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

105.

C. M.

H. F. LYTE.

SHOUT UNTO GOD WITH THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH. — Ps. 47: 1.

- Ps.*
1. ARISE, ye people, and adore ;  
Exulting strike the chord ;  
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
Confess the Almighty Lord.
  2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,  
The ascending God proclaim ;  
The angelic choir respond the sound,  
And shake creation's frame.
  3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown  
In that triumphant hour ;  
And God exalts His conquering Son  
To His right hand of power.
  4. O, shout, ye people, and adore ;  
Exulting strike the chord ;  
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
Confess the Almighty Lord.

*From Church Psalm*  
*"A 7 60" x*

*[a]* DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
~~One~~ God, whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

106.

L. M.

WATTS.

O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD. — Ps. 136: 1.

- Ps.*
1. GIVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

*1719*  
*Marked out by Dr. Kurt*

2. He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat His mercies in your song.
  
3. He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

107.

H. M.

WATTS.

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER. — Ps. 136 : 1.

- 84*  
*1719.*
1. GIVE thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord ;  
The sovereign King of kings ;  
And be His grace adored.  
His power and grace | And let His name  
Are still the same ; | Have endless praise.
  
  2. How mighty is His hand !  
What wonders hath he done !  
He formed the earth and seas,  
And spread the heavens alone.  
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure  
Shall still endure ; | Abides Thy word.
  
  3. His wisdom framed the sun,  
To crown the day with light ;  
The moon and twinkling stars,  
To cheer the darksome night.  
His power and grace | And let His name  
Are still the same ; | Have endless praise.
  
  4. He sent His only Son,  
To save us from our woe ;

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

From Satan, sin, and death,  
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace  
Are still the same;

And let His name  
Have endless praise.

5. Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heavenly King;  
And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;

And ever sure  
Abides Thy word.

108.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD WHILE I HAVE ANY BEING. — Ps. 146: 2.

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

*Wm 1719*

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor;  
And none shall find His promise vain.

3. He loves His saints, He knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage;  
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

*Worthy God faints and yawning  
to appear in the time  
He praiseth my maker etc  
in the  
no*

GOD.

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

109.

C. M.

WATTS.

UNTO THE KING ETERNAL.—1 Tim. 1: 17.

1. SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,  
Or harp of golden string,  
That I may raise a lofty song  
To our eternal King.
2. Thy names, how infinite they be,  
Great, everlasting One!  
Boundless Thy might and majesty,  
And unconfined Thy throne.
3. Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
And wondrous large Thy grace ;  
Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,  
And Gabriel veils his face.
4. Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
Which angels cannot sound ;  
An ocean of infinities,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

110.

L. M. EllisNASON.

ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE.—Ps. 145: 10.

1. To Thee, O God, in grateful praise,  
All nature wakes harmonious lays;  
The rolling flood, beast, bird, and bee,  
Join in perpetual praise to Thee.
2. The opening flower that scents the morn,  
The breeze that bends the waving corn,  
The dewdrop trembling in the sun,  
Praise Thee, Thou great and Holy One.
3. The mighty orbs that roll on high,  
The rainbow arching o'er the sky,  
Old ocean heaving deep and free,  
Ascribe unceasing praise to Thee.
4. Heaven, earth, and main in one glad song,  
Their Maker's glorious praise prolong;  
And angels sweep the silver string,  
To laud Thy name, eternal King.
5. Our tongues, Great God, adoring Thee,  
Shall join the general symphony;  
While our Redeemer's lofty praise  
Shall be the chorus which we raise.

"Do think says." Take it. —

Written for a *Rev. Mr. at Bradford*  
 DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One;  
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

Bp. Richard Mant. 1831  
GOD.

— 111.

8s & 7s.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD.—REV. 4 : 8.

1. LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.  
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
2. Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
While our thoughts His greatness raises,  
And our love His gifts excite.  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.
3. Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.  
Thus Thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high.

— 112.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

O, GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD, FOR HE IS GOOD.—Ps. 106 : 1.

1. O, RENDER thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love ;  
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,  
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

84

Concord  
Rev. by  
JTB. *Mus. by N. M. M. M. M.*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

2. Who can His mighty deeds express?  
Not only vast, but numberless;  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise?
3. Extend to me that favor, Lord,  
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let Thy salvation visit me.
4. O render thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love:  
His mercy firm, through ages past,  
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

113.

7s.

MERRICK.

LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD.—Ps. 150: 6.

*Fung's*  
*Church*  
*Psalm 150*

1. PRAISE, O, praise the name divine;  
Praise Him at the hallowed shrine;  
Let the firmament on high  
To its Maker's praise reply.
2. All who vital breath enjoy,  
In His praise that breath employ;  
Heaven and earth the chorus join;  
Praise, O, praise the name divine.

*a*

114.

10s & 11s. H. F. LYTE.

THOU ART VERY GREAT.—Ps. 104: 1.

1. O, PRAISE ye the Lord; His greatness proclaim;  
Jehovah, our God, how awful Thy name!  
How vast is Thy power! Thy glory how great!  
Lo, myriads of spirits Thy mandates await.

*85*  
*Free will*  
*Baptist*  
*Ch.*

GOD.

2. Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright ;  
Thy chariot the clouds, Thy garment the light ;  
The works of creation Thy bidding perform ;  
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
3. What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,  
In all that Thy hand hath fashioned and made !  
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete ;  
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
4. O Thou, our great God, Redeemer, and King,  
With hearts full of love to Thee will we sing ;  
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,  
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

115.

C. P. M.

OGILVIE.

LET THEM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD. — Ps. 148 : 1

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise the Almighty's name ;  
Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell the inspiring theme.

2. Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,  
While all the adoring thrones around  
His boundless mercy sing ;  
Let every listening saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

3. Let every element rejoice ;  
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
To Him who bids you roll ;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

*Sonnet written.*

*Sp. Col. ver. by Macdym*

*written at the age of 16. See Horne on the*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

Ver- by Hor  
on the 13th  
p 462.

4. Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;  
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise  
To Him who shaped your finer mould,  
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
And tuned your voice to praise.
  
5. Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ;  
Spread His tremendous name around,  
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

116.

7s. SALISBURY COLL.  
*Rev Benj. Williams*  
w. d. 1778.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY IS THE LORD OF HOSTS. — Is. 6:3.

1. HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
Be Thy glorious name adored;  
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.
  
- Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around Thy throne we sing.
  
3. There no tongue shall silent be;  
All shall join in harmony;  
That, through heaven's capacious round,  
Praise to Thee may ever sound.

From  
Hunting  
Coll.

Lord, Thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Be Thy glorious name adored.

*"Cherubical Hymn"*  
*See Rev. Nic. in doco.*  
*"Holy, holy, holy Lord"*  
*Singian*

*28.*  
*1177.*  
*104. 305.*  
*15.*

GOD.

117.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL PRAISE THEE WITH MY WHOLE HEART. — Ps. 138: 1.

1. WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.
2. To God I cried, when troubles rose;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes;  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my soul.
3. Amid a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
4. Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins;  
The work that wisdom undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

118.

L. M.

PRAYSE YE THE LORD. — Ps. 150: 1.

1. LET lofty songs, let boundless joy,  
Our noblest powers of praise employ,  
And Art her highest skill assign,  
To swell the harmony divine.
- Loud let the pealing organ's lays  
Pour forth the bursting song of praise;  
Timbrel, and harp, and lute, accord  
Triumphant honor to the Lord.

*Yate & Brady  
Says Boston  
Dr Kirk*

*117  
118*

*H. S. P.*

*118  
119  
120*

*118*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

3. Trumpet and cymbal well may bring  
High-sounding praise to God, our King;  
Let every instrument combine,  
Let every land the chorus join.
4. Let nature's voice aloud proclaim  
The greatness of Jehovah's name;  
From earth let high hosannas rise;  
Let hallelujahs fill the skies.

✓ 119.

10s & 11s.

GRANT.

*Sir Rob. Grant 1785-18*

† ALL NATIONS SHALL COME AND WORSHIP BEFORE THEE. — Rev. ~~to~~

*ab. 18*

1. O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,  
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
2. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite!  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
3. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
4. Father Almighty, how faithful Thy love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

† This has been a <sup>tribute</sup> attributed to Sir Robert P. 22  
It is by Lord Glenelg according to Rev  
Cat from Cont. Coll.

*This has been attributed to Sir Robert P. 22  
It is by Lord Glenelg according to Rev  
Cat from Cont. Coll.*

GOD.

*Ino.*

120.

8s & 7s.

*B.*

FAWCETT.

1767

LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE. — Ps. 67 : 5.

1. PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator ;  
Praise to Thee from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.
2. For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

*part only here*  
*a*

*hants*  
*low.*

121.

11s & 8s.

RIPPON'S COLL.

I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE. — Jer. 31 : 3.

1. IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,  
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of Days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.
2. His love, from eternity, fixed upon you,  
Broke forth, and discovered its flame,  
When each with the cords of His kindness He drew,  
And brought you to love His great name.
3. What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight ?  
'Twas, " Even so, Father," you ever must sing,  
" Because it seemed good in Thy sight."
4. 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to obey,  
While others were suffered to go  
The road which by nature we chose as our way,  
Which leads to the regions of woe.

*by John Rippon - then*  
*all - D.K.*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

5. Then give all the glory to His holy name ;  
To Him all the glory belongs ;  
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His fame,  
And crown Him in each of your songs.

122.

C. M.

WRANGHAM.

O THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS !—Ps. 107 : 8

1. O, PRAISE the Lord, for He is good ;  
In Him we rest obtain ;  
His mercy has through ages stood,  
And ever shall remain.
2. Let all the people of the Lord  
His praises spread around ;  
Let them His grace and love record,  
Who have salvation found.
3. Now let the east in Him rejoice,  
The west its tribute bring,  
The north and south lift up their voice  
In honor of their King.
4. O, praise the Lord, for He is good ;  
In Him we rest obtain ;  
His mercy has through ages stood,  
And ever shall remain.

123.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WHILE I LIVE WILL I PRAISE THE LORD.—Ps. 146 : 2.

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

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

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

4. But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
 And I am chained to flesh no more,  
 With what glad accents shall I rise  
 To join the music of the skies!

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

124.

8s.

HOGG.

BLESSED BE THY GLORIOUS NAME.—Neh. 9: 5.

1. LAUDED be Thy name forever,  
 Thou, of life the Guard and Giver!  
 Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,  
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping:  
 God of stillness and of motion,  
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,  
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
 Blesséd be Thy name forever!

2. Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
 Blessed are they Thou kindly keepest.  
 God of evening's yellow ray,  
 God of yonder dawning day,

*Handwritten notes on the left margin:*  
 ... of the ...  
 ... his ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... lines ...

*Handwritten notes in the middle:*  
 See ...  
 ...

*Handwritten note on the right margin:*  
 See Bay Star ...

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

That rises from the distant sea,  
Like breathings of eternity ;  
God of life, that fade shall never,  
Glory to Thy name forever !

125.

L. M.

WATTS.

HIS GLORY IS ABOVE THE EARTH AND HEAVEN.— Ps. 148 : 13.

- 83 /
1. LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord  
From distant worlds where creatures dwell ;  
Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
  2. Awake, ye tempests, and His fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
And the sweet whisper of His name  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
  3. Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire,  
While the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.
  4. Wide as His vast dominion lies,  
Make the Creator's name be known ;  
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,  
And sound it lofty as His throne.
  5. Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !  
O, may it dwell on every tongue !  
But saints who best have known the Lord  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
  6. Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord :  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

1719-

6020

Fav. of  
Dr. Dimmick

GOD.

*Want No*

126.

8s & 7s.

DUBLIN COLL.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. — Ps. 148 : 14.

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

*Rev. Thompson.  
1810*

*Dickin (b)  
on objects.  
1811.*

S. M.

WATTS.

THE TRUTH OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOREVER. — Ps. 117 : 2.

1. THY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands;  
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;  
Thy truth forever stands.
- a* 2. Far be Thine honor spread,  
And long Thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

*a*

*719  
Entire -*

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise, ~~honor~~, to the Father be,  
Praise to His only Son;  
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,  
While ceaseless ages run.

128

L. M.

WATTS.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED. — Heb. 10 : 23.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To Him who earth's foundation laid;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation — He please.

O for a strong and lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith;  
To embrace the message of His Son,  
And call the joy of heaven our own.

Then should the earth's old pillars shak  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

4 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the rumable skies,  
Where the eternal Builder reigns,  
And His own courts His power sustains.

129.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL EXTOL THEE, MY GOD, O KING. — Ps. 145 : 1.

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

*Sung to "more" at Mt. C. Am.  
Jules' recitation of Ps. 145.  
Prayer of 1857.  
J. Gardner*

*changed in S. W. W. K.  
a*

*dimap*

*1753*

*B2:60*

*1753*

*ver*

*+ Col Gardner was very fond of the 145 Psalm, and writes ver-  
a 95 1719*



ADORATION AND PRAISE.

131.

8s & 7s.

THE HOST OF HEAVEN WORSHIPPETH THEE.—Neh. 9 : 6.

WORSHIP, honor, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer to Thy name ;  
Young and old, their thanks expressing,  
Join Thy goodness to proclaim ;  
As the hosts of heaven adore Thee,  
We too bow before Thy throne ;  
As the angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

*Hymnal*

132.

7s.

PRAISE OUR GOD.—REV. 19 : 5.

PRAISE to God on high be given ;  
Praise Him, all in earth and heaven ;  
Praise Him at the dawn of light,  
Praise Him at returning night ;  
Saints below and saints above,  
Praise, O, praise the God of love.

*Hymnal*

---

CHRIST.—THE ADVENT.

133.

11s.

DRUMMOND.

PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD.—LUKE 3 : 4.

1. A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;  
The Lord is advancing ; prepare ye the way ;  
The word of Jehovah He comes to fulfil,  
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
2. Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to  
heaven,  
And be the low valley exalted on high ;

*a*

*Harpin's - In Angfellow's Call*

CHRIST.

The rough path and crooked be made smooth and  
even,

For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.

3. The beams of salvation His progress illumine ;  
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord ;  
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,  
And the olive of peace spreads its branches  
abroad.

134.

L. M.

WATTS.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD.—John 1 : 1.

1. ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God He was ; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be adored.
2. By His own power were all things made ;  
By Him supported, all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at His command.
3. But, lo ! He leaves those heavenly forms ;  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That He may hold converse with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
4. Mortals with joy behold His face,  
The eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth, how full of grace,  
When through His eyes the Godhead shone !
5. Archangels leave their high abode,  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

Nov 18 1857. "The King's This one  
+ his second wing and sweet, and as  
+ voices blunder in the beautiful hymn

3.

THE ADVENT.

7s.

BOWRING.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? — Is. 21: 11.

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star!  
Watchman, does its beautiful ray  
Laugh of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveller, yes; it brings the day;  
Promised day of Israel.
2. Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller, yes, are its own;  
See it in but so'd all the earth!
3. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Not in  
Martin  
Vesper

136.

C. M.

No. LOGAN.

THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE. — Is. 35: 1.

1. MESSIAH! at Thy glad approach  
The howling winds are still;  
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,  
And breathe from every hill.

ver.

Beecher's

+ John says - "wilde" +  
this is in Poem - "wilde" +

CHRIST.

2. The incense of the spring ascends  
Upon the morning gale ;  
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,  
The lilies in the vale.
3. Renewed, the earth a robe of light,  
A robe of beauty, wears ;  
And in new heavens a brighter Sun  
Leads on the promised years.
4. Let Israel to the Prince of Peace  
The loud hosanna sing ;  
With hallelujahs and with hymns,  
O Zion, hail thy King.

*Same in another one v. on  
here!*  
137.

8s, 7s, & 4. MONTGOMERY.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.—Luke 2 : 10.

1. ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing ;  
Yonder shines the infant light ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
3. Sages, leave your contemplations ;  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations ;  
Ye have seen His natal star ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

THE ADVENT.

4. Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly, the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
5. Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence ;  
Mercy calls you ; break your chains ;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

138.

*Nathaniel TATE & BOND.*  
*1652 - 1715.*

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME UPON THEM.—Luke 2:9.

*written 1703.*

1. WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
2. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
3. "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :
4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

*Ver. by*  
*Tate & Bond*  
*"*  
*not in Par*  
*sists"*  
*"*  
*June: Sh*  
*burne"*  
*Dan. R. K.*  
*b. in Rehob*  
*mass.*

*good*

*Objection to the "Saviour"*  
*in the manger*

CHRIST.

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
    Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
    Addressed their joyful song:
6. "All glory be to God on high;  
    And to the earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men  
    Begin, and never cease."

139.

L. M. *Thos.* CAMPBELL.

THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD. — Luke 2:13.

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

140.

H. M. SALISBURY COLL.

(a)  
FEAR NOT.—Luke 2:10.

*Took from the  
"Psalmist."*

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

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

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

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

141.

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD, 1775-18

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.—Luke 2:14.

(a)

*W. ab. 18*

1. HARK, what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo, the angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

CHRIST.

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

142.

C. M.

WATTS.

ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH HAVE SEEN THE SALVATION OF OUR GOD.  
PS. 108: 3.

1. JOY to the world! the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

THE ADVENT.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love.

143.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA. — Matt. 2:5.

+

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

*her  
 Creamer  
 p. 397*

2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise;  
 Join the triumphs of the skies;  
 With the angelic hosts proclaim  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

+

3. Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;  
 Hail, the incarnate Deity;  
 Pleased as man with men to appear,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

*a writer in  
 the Christ.*

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.

*Remembrance  
 Sap' Dodd's  
 wrote this  
 hymn - See*

5. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

*Little's  
 on May 18*

*First 2 lines changed by  
 Mrs. Wesley +*

CHRIST.

144.

C. M. *Rev E. H. SEARS. D.D.*

ON EARTH PEACE.— Luke 2: 14.

- (a)
1. CALM on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
  2. The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The Dayspring from on high.
  3. O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
  4. "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring;  
"Peace to the earth; good will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King."

*Just*  
*v.*  
*omitted*  
*a*

145.

L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, IN THE CITY OF DAVID, A SAVIOUR.— Luke 2: 11.

1. AWAKE, arise, and hail the morn,  
For unto us a Saviour's born;  
See how the angels wing their way,  
To usher in the glorious day.
2. Hark! what sweet music! what a song!  
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng;  
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart  
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.

*rev? by Dobell's*  
*H. 13 1/2. pub? 180*

*ternated*  
*or*  
*musical*

*1808*

THE ADVENT.

3. Come, join the angels in the sky ;  
Glory to God, who reigns on high ;  
Let peace and love on earth abound,  
While time revolves, and years roll round.

✓ — 146.

C. M.

WATTS.

SING UNTO THE LORD, ALL THE EARTH. — Ps. 96 : 1.

1. SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;  
His new-discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
2. Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own Almighty Son ;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds His throne.
3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
4. Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea ;  
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;  
Prepare the Lord His way.
5. Behold, He comes ; He comes to bless  
The nations, as their God,  
To show the world His righteousness,  
And send His truth abroad.
6. But when His voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !

Ed. 1719.

Entire.

Ps 96

— — — — —

1719

bold apos.  
- trophe!

147.

L. M.

WATTS.

WORSHIP HIM, ALL YE GODS.—Ps. 97: 7.

*ver by Ps. Ed. 1719.*

1. THE Lord is come ; the heavens proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn His name ;  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.
2. All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go worship where the Saviour lies ;  
Angels and kings before Him bow ;  
Those gods on high and gods below.
3. Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
But, Judah, shout ; but, Zion, sing,  
And earth confess her sovereign King.

## DOXOLOGY.

Glory to Thee, O God most high !  
Father, we praise Thy majesty ;  
The Son, the Spirit we adore ;  
One Godhead, blessed forevermore.

148.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

ON HIS VESTURE AND ON HIS THIGH A NAME WRITTEN.—Rev. 19: 16.

*Entire. ver.:*

1. BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a Child is born ;  
From the highest realm of heaven,  
Unto us a Son is given.
2. On His shoulder He shall bear  
Power and majesty, and wear  
On His vesture and His thigh  
Names most awful, names most high.

THE ADVENT.

3. Wonderful in council, He,  
The incarnate Deity,  
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease,  
King of Kings, and Prince of Peace.
4. Come and worship at His feet ;  
Yield to Christ the homage meet,  
From His manger to His throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

149.

11s & 10s.

R.

HEBER.

LO, THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST. — Matt. 2:9.

*(a) verified by H's poems.*

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

*gardeners berry much loved.*  
*V. Doddridge's life of (d)*  
*CHRIST. p. 152.*  
*This given in his life ante.*

150.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME. — Luke 4 : 18.

*+*  
*verified.*

1. HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
2. On Him the Spirit largely poured  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- a* 3. He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
4. He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasure of His grace  
Enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

*Garbof.*

*+* *"This stanza is mostly borrowed from the*  
*Pope's life of H. C. M. p. 53.* MEDLEY.

GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH. — 1 Tim. 3 : 16.

1. IN heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

*Handwritten notes and signatures in the bottom right corner, including the name 'Garbof' and other illegible text.*

THE ADVENT.

2. Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new;  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
3. Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
4. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good will and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heavenly throng.
5. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high;  
Good will and peace are now complete."  
Jesus was born to die.

—152.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS.—Hag. 2: 7.

1. HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free!  
From our sins and fears release us;  
Let us find our rest in Thee.
2. Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints, Thou art;  
Long desired of every nation,  
Joy of every waiting heart.
3. Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, yet God our King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

*Disc from "The Jews Hail in the name of Jesus" - 7*

*K omit +*

CHRIST.

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHRIST.—LIFE AND MINISTRY.

153.

L. M. *Jno.* BOWRING.

THOU ART A TEACHER COME FROM GOD.—John 3: 2.

*Ver. by Martin's Verses*

1. How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place!
2. From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,  
To heaven He led His followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
3. "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
4. Decay, then, tenements of dust;  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

✓ 154.

S. M. *Rev. Benj.* BEDDOME. [1717-1722]

HE BEHELD THE CITY, AND WEPT OVER IT.—Luke 19: 41.

*Ver. by Olden Rippon.*

*w. 1787.*

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears  
Angels with wonder see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

*a very popular and touching hymn. See much in records.*

155.

L. M.

WATTS.

LEAVING US AN EXAMPLE.—1 Pet. 2: 21.

*Entire. a*

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

*Bk 2: 139.  
Ed. 1753.*

*W. New Dr  
-land  
-1753*

*Sub*

— 156.

L. M. *Sit* J. E. SMITH

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID. — Matt. 14 : 27.

- (a)*
1. WHEN Power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
  2. Blessed be the voice that breathes from heaven,  
To every heart in sunder riven,  
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,  
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."
  3. And when the last dread hour is come,  
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall call the pious dead,  
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

*Taken from Corn Coll.*

157.

C. M.

COWPER.

WITH DESIRE I HAVE DESIRED TO EAT THIS PASSOVER. — Luke 22 : 15.

- (c)*  
*Entire. ver. by Henry My man*
1. THE Saviour! what a noble flame  
Was kindled in His breast,  
When, hasting to Jerusalem,  
He marched before the rest!
  2. Good will to men, and zeal for God,  
His every thought engross;  
He longs to be baptized with blood;  
He pants to reach the cross.
  3. With all His sufferings full in view,  
And woes to us unknown,  
Forth to the task His spirit flew;  
'Twas love that urged Him on.

*John Smith*  
*1826*  
*Sir James*

4. Lord, we return Thee what we can;  
Our hearts shall sound abroad  
Salvation to the dying Man,  
And to the rising God.

5. And while Thy bleeding glories here  
Engage our wondering eyes,  
We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
And hasten to the skies.

Anna (Cambridge)

158.

L. M.

BACHE.

BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM! — John 11: 36.

1. "SEE how He loved!" exclaimed the Jews,  
As tender tears from Jesus fell;  
My grateful heart the thought pursues,  
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2. "See how He loved," who travelled on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;  
Who bade disease and pain begone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3. "See how He loved," who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death;  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up His breath.

4. Such love can we unmoved survey?  
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,  
To tread His steps, His laws obey,  
And thus our warm affections show.

Sarah Bache 1808  
Winstan Cole  
1812  
It appeared as original in  
the Spectator  
1812

the lesson 11:36  
accession to Spectator  
more of it than  
1812

+ V. Allibone. Bache  
+ Gen. Reg. Oct 1854.

ABIDE WITH US. — Luke 24 : 29.

1. ABIDE with us ; the evening shades  
Begin already to prevail ;  
And, as the lingering twilight fades,  
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.
2. Abide with us ; and still unfold  
Thy sacred, Thy prophetic lore ;  
What wondrous things of Jesus told !  
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.
3. Abide with us ; our hearts are cold ;  
We thought that Israel He'd restore ;  
But sweet the truths Thy lips have told,  
And, Stranger, we complain no more.
4. Abide with us ; amazed they cry,  
As, suddenly, whilst breaking bread,  
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,  
With radiant glory on His head !

160.

11s.

DE FLEURY.

HE WENT FORTH WITH HIS DISCIPLES OVER THE BROOK CEDRON. — John 18 : 1.

1. THOU soft-flowing Cedron, by thy silver stream  
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale  
beam  
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
2. How damp were the vapors that fell on His head !  
How hard was His pillow, how humble His bed !  
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,  
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

*A pious good woman  
sent Mrs. Towers of Corkwell who wrote an intro  
to the Divine Poems and Essays repub  
licanly in 1791. originally pub 1791.*

*Clement 461  
From Divine Poems & Essays in  
two parts by Maria D. D...*

3. O garden of Olivet, dear, honored spot,  
Thy name and thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;  
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
4. Come, saints, and adore Him; come bow at His feet;  
O, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the grand chorus that gladdens the skies.

*Three stanzas omitted -*

161.

L. M. H. H. MILMAN.

(a)

BEHOLD, THY KING COMETH. — John 12: 15.

*Entire. ver? by midman's words in etc.*

1. RIDE on, ride on in majesty; *inman, 12 etc.*  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;  
Thy humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
2. Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
The wingéd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching sacrifice.
4. Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on His sapphire throne,  
Expects His own anointed Son.
5. Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

*a*

CHRIST.

162.

L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.—Matt. 21 : 9.

- er by  
Smith's Coll.*
1. WHAT are those soul-reviving strains  
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?  
What anthems loud, and louder still,  
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?
  2. Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings  
Hosanna to the King of kings :  
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim  
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
  3. Nor these alone their voice shall raise,  
For we will join this song of praise ;  
Still Israel's children forward press,  
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
  4. Messiah's name shall joy impart  
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart :  
He bled for us, He bled for you,  
And we will sing hosanna too.
  5. Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;  
See David's Son and Lord appear :  
Glory and praise on earth be given ;  
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

163.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

*(a)*  
I AT I MAY KNOW HIM, AND THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION.—Phil. 3 : 10.

- 2-er by  
H.B.K.*
1. Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from His griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

LIFE AND MINISTRY.

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

164.

8s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

UNTIL A PLACE CALLED GETHSEMANE. — Matt. 26 : 36.

- from the Psalms.*
1. BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,  
Behold the suffering Saviour go  
To sad Gethsemane ;  
His countenance is all divine,  
Yet grief appears in every line.
  2. He bows beneath the sins of men ;  
He cries to God, and cries again,  
In sad Gethsemane ;  
He lifts His mournful eyes above :  
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

CHRIST.

3. With gentle resignation still  
He yielded to His Father's will,  
In sad Gethsemane ;  
" Behold Me here, Thine only Son ;  
And, Father, let Thy will be done."
4. The Father heard ; and angels, there,  
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,  
In sad Gethsemane ;  
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,  
Then rose to life and joy again.

✓ 165.

L. M. W.B. TAPPAN.

AND THERE APPEARED AN ANGEL UNTO HIM FROM HEAVEN STRENGTHENING  
HIM. — Luke 22 : 43.

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

v. Poems.  
p 129.  
Outline

that.

166.

7s. *Joseph* HART.  
*b. 1712. d 1768.*

BEING IN AN AGONY, HE PRAYED MORE EARNESTLY. — Luke 22: 41.

1. MANY woes had Christ endured,  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient and to pains inured;  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustained in thee,  
 Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.
2. Came at length the dreadful night;  
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
 Stood, and with collected might,  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:  
 See, my soul, my Saviour see,  
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.
3. There my God bore all my guilt;  
 This, through grace, can be believed;  
 But the horrors which He felt  
 Are too vast to be conceived:  
 None can penetrate through thee,  
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
4. Sins against a holy God,  
 Sins against His righteous laws,  
 Sins against His love, His blood,  
 Sins against His name and cause —  
 Sins immense as is the sea!  
 Hide me, O Gethsemane.
5. Here's my claim, and here alone;  
 None a Saviour more can need;  
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;  
 No, not one good work to plead:  
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
 Only in Gethsemane.

*Ver. 3 by Hart's  
Hymns. v.  
1099.**1099**Hymns**1099*

CHRIST.

6. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Almighty God of love,  
Hymned by all the heavenly host  
In Thy shining courts above —  
We poor sinners, gracious Three,  
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.

167.

L. M. Thomas KELLY.

BEHOLD THE MAN. — John 19 : 5.

- Ver? by his  
H. BK.*
1. BEHOLD the Man ! How glorious He !  
Before His foes He stands unawed,  
And without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims equality with God.
2. Behold the Man ! by all condemned,  
Assaulted by a host of foes,  
His person and His claims contemned,  
A man of sufferings and of woes.
3. Behold the Man ! He stands alone ;  
His foes are ready to devour ;  
Not one of all His friends will own  
Their Master in this trying hour.
4. Behold the Man ! So weak He seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear ;  
But soon must he who now blasphemous  
Before His judgment seat appear.
5. Behold the Man ! Though scorned below,  
He bears the greatest name above ;  
The angels at His footstool bow,  
And all His royal claims approve.

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

CHRIST.—DEATH, RESURRECTION,  
AND GLORY.

—168.

L. M. Anne STEELE.

HE IS BROUGHT AS A LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.—Is. 53: 7.

- (a)
1. STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies: *ver? by her works.*  
Hark! His expiring groans arise;  
See, from His hands, His feet, His side,  
Runs down the sacred, crimson tide.
  2. And didst Thou bleed? for sinners bleed?  
And could the sun behold the deed?  
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
  3. Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,  
And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
Insensible to love or pain?
  4. Come, dearest Lord, Thy power impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,  
Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

—169.

L. M. S. STENNETT.

IT IS FINISHED.—John 19: 30.

1. 'Tis finished! So the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed His head, and died;  
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.  
*ver? by Stennett's words pub? 1824.*

CHRIST.

2. 'Tis finished! Let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round:  
 'Tis finished! Let the echo fly,  
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

DOXOLOGY.

15 Praise God the Father, and the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One.  
 Ye hosts above, His praise proclaim,  
 And every creature say, Amen.

170

8s, 7s, & 4. *Benj.* FRANCIS.

*Rev Jona. Evans = [1749 - 1809]*

I HAVE FINISHED THE WORK. — John 17:4.

*a. ver? Rippon. w. ab 1787.*

*Bucher &  
Conder say  
D. Evans.  
Conder*

1. HARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

*Says  
Evans.*

2. "It is finished!" O, what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

—171.

8s & 7s.

*Robt*

ROBINSON.

*Batty - see*

MADE NIGH BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. — Eph. 2: 13.

*Rev James Allen [1734-1804]*

*w. 1757  
w. 1771  
Shirley [1725-786]*

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

*B. 81*

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

*Cremer  
p. 67*

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

4. May I still enjoy this feeling,  
Still to my Redeemer go,  
Prove His wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more truly know.

172.

L. M.

WATTS.

IT BEHOVED CHRIST TO SUFFER AND TO RISE FROM THE DEAD. — Luke 24: 46.

*See Wesley's  
p. 524.*

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

*Wor. by Ed  
1753  
Lyrical*

2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
On the dear bosom of your God;  
He shed a thousand drops for you —  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

*V. Cremer  
p. 35*

*+ Originally — "He dies! the Leavening lover dies!  
The tidings strike a doleful sound  
On my poor heart string; deep he lo"*

CHRIST.

3. Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for men !  
But, lo, what sudden joys I see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
4. The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
Up to His Father's court He flies ;  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.
6. Say, " Live forever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"  
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?  
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave ?"

*“ his in  
Little &  
Brown's Ed.  
GREGG. v p. 72*

173.

C. M.

SEEN OF ANGELS. — 1 Tim. 3 : 16.

1. BEYOND the glittering starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
Yon heaven of heavens with living light  
Our great Redeemer fills.
2. Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
And swell His praise with golden harps,  
Attuned to songs divine.
3. " Hail, Prince ! " they cry, " forever hail !  
Whose unexampled love  
Moved Thee to quit those glorious realms  
And royalties above."

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

4. While He did condescend on earth  
To suffer grief and pain,  
They cast their honors at His feet,  
And waited in His train.
5. They saw His heart transfixed with wounds,  
With love and grief run o'er ;  
They saw Him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er brake before.
6. They brought His chariot from above,  
To bear Him to His throne ;  
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried  
"The glorious work is done !"

— 174.

C. M. S. WESLEY, SEN.

AND THEY CRUCIFIED HIM. — Matt. 27 : 35.

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree ;  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee !
2. Hark, how He groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
3. 'Tis done ; the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive My soul," He cries :  
See where He bows His sacred head ;  
He bows His head, and dies.
4. Though far unequal our low praise  
To Thy vast sufferings prove,  
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,  
Thus will we grieve and love.

*V. Creamer  
Sp.*

*most tender & 127  
A beautiful climax!*

F. H. Hedge.  
CHRIST.

175.

8s & 7s.

*Reverend*

HE DELIVERED HIM TO BE CRUCIFIED. — Matt. 27 : 26.

1. 'T WAS the day when God's Anointed  
Died for us the death appointed,  
    Bleeding on the dreadful cross ;  
Day of darkness, day of terror,  
Deadly fruit of ancient error,  
    Nature's fall, and Eden's loss !
  
2. Haste, prepare the bitter chalice !  
Gentile hate and Jewish malice  
    Lift the royal Victim high ;  
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,  
Which the prophet once uplifted,  
    For a sinful world to die.
  
3. Conscious of the deed unholy,  
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,  
    And the sun his light denied ;  
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,  
And the earth with fear and pity  
    Trembled when the Just One died.
  
4. It is finished, Man of sorrows !  
From Thy cross our nature borrows  
    Strength to bear and conquer thus :  
While exalted there we view Thee,  
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,  
    Sufferer victorious.
  
5. Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,  
    May that sacred symbol be ;  
Eminent amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes and of sages ;  
    May it guide us still to Thee.

*var. 6*

*From Harbors the  
Cross: 1861  
S. G. Bulfinch*

*b. Still to thee whose love unbounded  
Sorrow's deeps for us hath sounded  
    Perfected by conflicts' sore.  
Along thy cross forever!  
Star that points our high endeavor  
    Best gone before. Entire.*

"*Quoniam sequentes proiviam  
 Qua respiciunt gloria  
 Per lucra damnorum quocumque  
 Et tamen superbia*" etc

176.

L. M.

WATTS.

CONFORMABLE UNTO HIS DEATH.—Phil. 3: 10.

Ver. Ed 1753. Bk 3: 7.

5x

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died;  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were 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.

177.

L. M.

OLIVER:  
 Collyer.

HIS GREAT LOVE WHEREWITH HE LOVED US.—Eph. 2: 4.

1. SOFT be the gently-breathing notes  
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;  
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,  
 And soft as tuneful lyres above:  
 Soft as the morning dews descend,  
 While warbling birds exulting soar,  
 So soft to our almighty Friend,  
 Be every sigh our bosoms pour.
2. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,  
 That scatters life and joy abroad;

Cut from Cor  
 ference Hyms

C. B. Harmon of North College was sinner this the first  
 of Watts hymns.

CHRIST.

Pure as the lucid orb of day,  
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;  
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,  
So pure let our contrition be;  
And purely let our sorrows rise  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

178.

8s & 7s. *mo*, BOWRING.

GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD GLORY, SAVE IN THE CROSS OF OUR LORD  
JESUS CHRIST. — Gal. 6: 14.

1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*Not in  
nature &  
aspects*

*L*

2. When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

*From  
D  
mittis*

3. When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day.

*Galmist  
Sung at*

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

*not in  
Lw a*

5. In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*Emerson, Fitchburg  
130  
June 2: 1858*

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

179.

L. M. Dr. *Leonard* WITHERINGTON.

HE WAS BRUISED FOR OUR INIQUITIES.—Is. 53 : 5.

1. O SAVIOUR of a world undone,  
Whose dying sorrows blot the sun,  
Whose painful groans and bowing head  
Could rend the veil and wake the dead,  
Say, from that execrated tree  
Descends the ruddy tide for me?

*Written for my book*

2. For me did He who reigns above,  
The object of paternal love,  
Consent a servant's form to bear  
That I a kingly crown might wear?  
Is His deep loss my boundless gain,  
And comes my victory from His pain?

3. O, let me own the deep decree  
That wounded Him and rescued me;  
His death, His cross, His funeral sleep,  
Instruct repentance how to weep;  
He poured for me the vital blood;  
My tears shall mingle with His blood.

*The whole stanza is beautiful, but the phrase "a little price" is a little price*

4. His cross disarms temptation's power;  
His cross can cheer the dying hour,  
Make every holy doctrine clear,  
And each connected precept dear;  
And not a duty, or a loss,  
But love can nail it to His cross.

180.

7s. Wm B. COLLYER.

COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.—Matt. 28 : 6.

1. MORNING breaks upon the tomb;  
Jesus dissipates its gloom;  
Day of triumph, through the skies,  
See the glorious Saviour rise.

*Ver. by Rippon's Coll.*

CHRIST.

2. Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade;  
Drive your anxious cares away;  
See the place where Jesus lay.
3. Christians, dry your flowing tears;  
Chase your unbelieving fears;  
Look on His deserted grave;  
Doubt no more His power to save.

181.

7s.

RIPPON'S COLL.  
C. Wesley

HE IS NOT HERE: FOR HE IS RISEN, AS HE SAID.—Matt. 28: 6.

I take it  
from old  
Rippon where  
it is "anon."

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle 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 has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids His rise;  
Christ hath opened paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King;  
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"  
Once He died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
5. 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.

Sab H. B. Sayp  
'Cudworth'

± So says Adams -

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

182.

S. M. Thomas KELLY.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.—Luke 24 : 34.

*verified by Kelly's*

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

DOXOLOGY.

Give to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son ;  
And to the Spirit of His grace,  
Be equal honor done.

7s.

T. SCOTT.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD DESCENDED FROM HEAVEN.—Matt. 28 : 2.

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;  
See, He rises from the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.

*sent. H.W. on front m. of Jamworth N.H. 6 at Ramsey (760 X 2. 183) - In Death he had tried His eyes; "Just saw look the pair & I am there!" "Angels, roll the rock away!" "At the, yield up thy mighty prey!"*

*Thomas Scott. 1769.*

2. 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise  
 + Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,  
 Now to glory see Him rise  
 In long triumph up the sky,  
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
4. Heaven displays her portals wide;  
 Glorious Hero, through them ride;  
 King of glory, mount Thy throne,  
 Thy great Father's and Thine own.
5. Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;  
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.
6. Every note with wonder swell,  
 Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell;  
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?  
 Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?

184.

L. M.

WATTS.

SIT THOU AT MY RIGHT HAND.—Ps. 110: 1.

- 82 /
- 76
1. THUS the eternal Father spake  
 To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit  
 At My right hand, till I shall make  
 Thy foes submissive at Thy feet.
2. "From Zion shall Thy word proceed;  
 Thy word, the sceptre in Thy hand,  
 Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 And bow their wills to Thy command.

+ magnificent line - stirring the  
 soul to its deepest foundation

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

3. "That day shall show Thy power is great,  
When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
And sinners crowd Thy temple gate,  
Where holiness in beauty shines."
4. O blesséd power! O glorious day!  
What a large victory shall ensue!  
And converts, who Thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

—185.

H. M. DODDRIDGE.

THEY HAD ALSO SEEN A VISION OF ANGELS, WHICH SAID THAT HE WAS  
ALIVE.— Luke 24 : 23.

1. YES, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the dead ;  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High raised His conquering head.  
In wild dismay, | Fell to the ground,  
The guards around | And sunk away.
2. Lo, the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait His high commands,  
And worship at His feet ;  
Joyful they come, | From realms of day  
And wing their way | To such a tomb.
3. Then back to heaven they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear ;  
Hark ! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air !  
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead ;  
" Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."
4. Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeemed by Him from hell,

*Verified*

CHRIST.

And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell;  
Transported cry, | Hath left the dead,  
"Jesus, who bled, | No more to die."

5. All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who sav'st us with Thy blood;  
Wide be Thy name adored,  
Thou rising, reigning God.  
With Thee we rise, | And empires gain  
With Thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

*a*

186.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES. — Ps. 24:7.

- BS*  
*Coram*  
*p. 409.*
1. OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
  2. There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
  3. Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal 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 our foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

*+  
Printed from Late Brady.*

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

5. Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
6. Who is this King of glory — who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, forever blessed.

187

C. M.

TATE & BROWN

WHO IS THIS KING OF GLORY? — Ps. 24: 8.

- Ps* /
1. ERECT your heads, eternal gates,  
Unfold, to entertain  
The King of glory! see, He comes  
With His celestial train.
2. Who is this King of glory — who?  
The Lord, for strength renowned;  
In battle mighty; o'er His foes  
Eternal Victor crowned.
3. Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold  
In state, to entertain  
The King of glory; see, He comes  
With all His shining train.
4. Who is this King of glory — who?  
The Lord of hosts renowned;  
Of glory He alone is King,  
Who is with glory crowned.

*verified.*

*+ Compact, solid, close to the original +*

CHRIST.

188.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU HAST ASCENDED ON HIGH.— Ps. 68 : 18.

- es*
- 1719.*
1. LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;  
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend Thy state.
  2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While He pronounced His dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe. *a*
  3. How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains, like captives, led.
  4. Raised by His Father to the throne,  
He sent the promised Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

189.

C. M.

WATTS.

A CLOUD RECEIVED HIM OUT OF THEIR SIGHT.— Acts 1 : 9.

- 132 75*
1. HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
That clothed Himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
  2. Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoiled our hellish foes.

*Dr Hutwood quotes this  
in his celebrated life of*

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND GLORY.

3. See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to His Father flies,  
With scars of honor in His flesh,  
And triumph in His eyes.
4. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach His blest abode ;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
5. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heaven, and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

190.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD OUR GOD. — Rev. 19:1.

- Watts says in a note to this - If I could picture all the wonderful achievements of a dying and a rising Savior, so far as to*
1. BEGIN, my soul, the heavenly song,  
A burden for an angel's tongue ;  
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
He tunes and summons all his strings.
  2. He that distributes crowns and thrones  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans ;  
The Prince of Life resigns His breath ;  
The King of Glory bows to death.
  3. But see the wonders of His power ;  
He triumphs in His dying hour ;  
And while by Satan's rage He fell,  
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.
  4. Thus were the hosts of death subdued,  
And sin was crown'd in Jesus' blood ;  
Then He arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by His love.
- attempt to trace them, I should be sure to see many sources and*
- let at last I should love my thoughts & my verse enough to write down a volume of his glory and the ages of his reign. make 2. 4 p. 11*

## CHRIST. — THE WAY OF SALVATION.

191.

C. M.

WATTS.

JUSTIFIED BY THE FAITH OF CHRIST.—Gal. 2:16.

1. IN vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own;  
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.
2. The threatenings of the broken law  
Impress the soul with dread;  
If God His sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes the spirit dead.
3. But Thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands;  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Are offered by Thy hands.
4. 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord;  
'Tis on Thy cross we rest;  
Forever be Thy love adored,  
Thy name forever blest.

*Watts's  
Sermons  
6378*

*Appended to a sermon on the "Atonement"  
of Christ.*

192.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

THE LORD HATH PREPARED A SACRIFICE.—Zeph. 1:7.

1. How shall the sons of men appear,  
Great God, before Thine awful bar?  
How may the guilty hope to find  
Acceptance with the Eternal Mind?
2. Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,  
Not the most costly sacrifice,  
Not infant blood, profusely spilt,  
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

3. Thy blood, dear Jesus, Thine alone,  
Hath sovereign virtue to atone ;  
Here we will rest our only plea,  
When we approach, great God, to Thee.

193.

C. M.

WATTS.

LO, I COME. — Ps. 40 : 7.

1. THUS saith the Lord : “ Your work is vain  
Give your burnt offerings o’er ;  
In dying goats and bullocks slain,  
My soul delights no more.”
2. Then spake the Saviour : “ Lo, I’m here,  
My God, to do Thy will ;  
Whate’er Thy sacred books declare,  
Thy servant shall fulfil.
3. “ Thy law is ever in my sight ;  
I keep it near my heart ;  
Mine ears are open with delight  
To what Thy lips impart.”
4. And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
The eternal Son appears,  
And at the appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.
5. His Father’s honor touched his heart ;  
He pitied sinners’ cries,  
And, to fulfil a Saviour’s part,  
Was made a Sacrifice.

CHRIST.

194.

C. M. *Crowe* DOANE.

I AM THE WAY, AND THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.—John 14:6.

1. THOU art the Way ; to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
2. Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that Way to know ;  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

195.

L. M.

WATTS.

MADE UNTO US WISDOM, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, ETC.—1 Cor. 1:30.

1. BURIED in shadows of the night  
We lie till Christ restores the light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
2. Our guilty souls are drowned in tears  
Till His atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

*B. 1:92*

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

3. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
4. Poor helpless worms in Thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

196.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL. — Is. 53 : 6.

- (a)
1. LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God ;  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.
  2. How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once His vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head!
  3. How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.
  4. His honor and His breath  
Were taken both away ;  
Joined with the wicked in His death,  
And made as vile as they.
  5. But God shall raise His head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make Him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense His pain.

1753

a

CHRIST.

6. I'll give Him, saith the Lord,  
A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold His honors long.

197.

C. M.

WATTS.

BEING JUSTIFIED BY HIS GRACE.—Tit. 3:7.

1. 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through His Son.
2. 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.
3. 'Tis through the purchase of His death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
4. Raised from the dead, we live anew;  
And justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

198.

S. M.

WATTS.

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.—Eph. 1:7.

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

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A Sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.
3. My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin:
4. My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curséd 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.

199

C. M.

STEELE.

THE SAVIOUR.— John 4: 42.

1. THE Saviour! O, what endless charms  
Dwell in that blissful sound!  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.
2. Here pardon, life, and joy divine  
In rich effusion flow  
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless woe.
3. The almighty Former of the skies  
Stooped to our vile abode ;  
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,  
And hailed the incarnate God.

*ver. 42*

*L: 32 p.*

CHRIST.

4. O the rich depths of love divine !  
Of bliss a boundless store !  
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;  
I cannot wish for more.
5. On Thee alone my hope relies ;  
Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All.

200.

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS MADE A SURETY.—Heb. 7: 22.

1. ARISE, my soul, arise ;  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Surety stands ;  
My name is written on His hands.
2. He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead ;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me.  
Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
4. The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed One ;

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father! Abba, Father! cry.

201.

S. M.

WATTS.

SANCTIFIED THROUGH THE OFFERING OF THE BODY OF JESUS. — Heb. 10: 10.

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

Bk 1: 98

1758

CHRIST.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Spirit, Son,  
Whom angel hosts adore,  
Give worship, honor, glory, power,  
Both now and evermore.

202.

C. M.

WATTS.

HEREIN IS LOVE.—1 John 4: 10.

1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and O, amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste He fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains;  
Jesus has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
5. O, for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
6. 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.

*Bishop Asbury travelling in South Carolina in 1798  
found a poor slave called "Punch" sitting  
on the banks of a creek and humming a  
ditty. He was notorious for his wickedness.*



CHRIST.

3. This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was His blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
4. Now, though He reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great :  
Well He remembers Calvary,  
Nor let His saints forget.
5. Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we His death record,  
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

205.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

HE IS ALTOGETHER LOVE — Cant. 5 : 16.

*Entire - ever 2*

1. To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue  
Its noblest tribute bring ;  
When He's the subject of the song,  
Who can refuse to sing ?
2. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon His awful brow ;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
3. No mortal can with Him compare,  
Among the sons of men ;  
Fairer He is than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
4. He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief ;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

5. To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have ;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
6. To heaven, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet,  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.
7. Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine.

206.

7s.

H. F. LYTE.

WHO SHALL DWELL IN THY HOLY HILL?—Ps. 15 : 1.

- I take from Conn Coll.*
1. WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,  
Shall to heavenly mansions soar ?  
Who, an ever-welcome guest,  
In Thy holy place shall rest ?
  2. He whose heart Thy love has warmed ;  
He whose will, to Thine conformed,  
Bids his life unsullied run ;  
He whose words and thoughts are one ;
  3. He who shuns the sinner's road,  
Loving those who love their God ;  
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,  
Treads the path by Thee ordained ;
  4. He who trusts in Christ alone,  
Not in aught himself hath done ;  
He, great God, shall be Thy care,  
And Thy choicest blessings share.

207.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOD WAS IN CHRIST, RECONCILING THE WORLD UNTO HIMSELF.—2 Cor. 5: 19.

*(a) Entire by Ed. 1753.*

1. DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with Thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of Thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by Thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
5. While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love the incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

208.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

BY GRACE YE ARE SAVED.—Eph. 2: 5.

*(a)**Ver. v. Dod  
- Doddg's Hym  
p. 249 -*

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

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

2. Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

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CHRIST.—NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

— 209.

H. M.

WATTS.

A NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.—Phil. 2: 9.

1. JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean      |      Too mean to set  
To speak His worth, |      My Saviour forth.
2. But O, what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways  
Doth our Redeemer use,  
To teach His heavenly grace!  
Mine eyes with joy      |      What forms of love  
And wonder see,      |      He bears for me.
3. Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name;

CHRIST.

By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,  
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with Heaven.

4. Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside.  
His powerful blood | And now it pleads  
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

5. My dear, almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing.  
Thine is the power ; | In willing bonds  
Behold, I sit | Beneath Thy feet.

210.

S. M.



MIGHTY TO SAVE.—Is. 63 : 1.

1. CONSTRAIN me by Thy love,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Let love for love the heart inspire,  
That would Thy praises sing.
2. My Prophet's quickening word  
Can pierce my stubborn soul,  
And break my heart, and bend my will  
To His entire control.
3. My Priest's atoning blood  
Can make me white as snow ;  
Thanks, that this sacrifice divine  
Doth cleanse a sinner so.

*Wm. by Mrs. Hyde - but sent as original by her friend +*

*Mrs. Hyde of New York, Oct. 28 1799, on Sept. 25, 1818, in South Lincoln Mass. one Mrs. Deane*

*This was written by Mrs E. M. Backus - Mrs By Dr's 1854.*

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4. My King's victorious grace  
Can all my sins subdue;  
Great Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,  
Create my heart anew.

211.

C. M. *John* LOGAN.

*Rev. Bro. Morrison* [1749-1798]

HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL. — Is. 9:6.

*was ab. 1770.*

1. To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.  
*rev. bro. S. Thompson settled in 1787*
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
Forevermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
3. His power, increasing, still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.
4. To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The mighty Lord of heaven.

212.

C. M.

NEWTON.

THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH. — Cant. 1:3.

- +
1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

*Founded on Bernard's*

*"Jesus the very thought of Thee"*

*Stabbins in his ed. of the N. T. attributes this to Dr. ...  
- mission of Canisbay (Lev. Caithness) the most-northern parish  
Scotland by ab. 1749. He d. June 12<sup>th</sup> 1798 in his 49 year. T  
of his ministry. He was able and accomplished - a fine class  
- ed. ab. 1750 & friend of Logen. b. N. J. Stabbins E. d. 1770  
1770*

Newton might have borrowed the  
idea of this hymn - one of his  
best from the

"Jesus! dulcis memoria" of St  
Bernard

to which I have added a  
part of Bernard's  
hymn

CHRIST.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
3. By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And Thou o'erest a child.
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll raise Thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

213.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

UNTO YOU THEREFORE WHICH BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS. - 1 Pet 2:7.

+  
ver. 1-3

1. JESUS, I love Thy charming name;  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.
2. Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

+ This was very <sup>156</sup> precious to Col Jos  
-diner. p v. life p. 153.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

3. All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee do richly meet ;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5: I'll speak the honors of Thy name  
With my last laboring breath ;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,  
The Antidote of death.

214.

L. M.

S. MEDLEY.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.— Job 19 : 25.

1. "I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;"  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
He lives, He lives, who once was dead ;  
He lives, my ever-living Head.
2. He lives, triumphant from the grave ;  
He lives, eternally to save ;  
He lives, all glorious in the sky ;  
He lives, exalted there on high.
3. He lives, to bless me with His love ;  
He lives, to plead for me above ;  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;  
He lives, to help in time of need.
4. He lives, to silence all my fears ;  
He lives, to stoop and wipe my tears ;  
He lives, to calm my troubled heart ;  
He lives, all blessings to impart.

CHRIST.

- 5. He lives, and grants me daily breath;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death;  
He lives, my mansion to prepare;  
He lives, to bring me safely there.
  
- 6. He lives; all glory to His name;  
He lives, my Jesus still the same;  
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
"I know that my Redeemer lives"!

215.

C. M.

C. WESLEY

I AM HE THAT LIVETH. — Rev. 1: 18.

- 1. I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
  
- 2. I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.
  
- 3. He wills that I should holy be;  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.
  
- 4. When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

*very fine  
stanza  
From Meth.  
Coll.*

*Handwritten notes and scribbles on the right margin, including a large 'A' and vertical lines of text.*

*Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or title, including the word 'Redeemer'.*

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

216.

L. M. *Anne* STEELE.

*(6)*  
BECAUSE I LIVE YE SHALL LIVE ALSO.—John 14: 19.

1. WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to Thee I lift my eyes,  
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
2. If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure ;  
His word a firm foundation gives ;  
Here let me build, and rest secure.
3. Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
Immovable the promise stands ;  
Not all the powers of earth or hell  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
4. Here, O my soul, Thy trust repose ;  
If Jesus is forever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.

217.

C. M.

CENNICK.

THE DESIRE OF OUR SOUL IS TO THY NAME.—Is. 26: 8.

1. THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to hear of Thee ;  
No music's like Thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
2. O, may I ever hear Thy voice  
In mercy to me speak ;  
And in my Priest will I rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.

*Ver? by Dob  
Coll.*

*Spelled another way*

CHRIST.

3. My Jesus shall be still my theme,  
While on this earth I stay ;  
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.
4. When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all His favored throng,  
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be my song.

218.

C. P. M. *James* MEDLEY.

THEY SHALL SEE THE GLORY OF THE LORD. — Is. 35 : 2.

- Stete's*  
*from Do-*  
*llis H. 13k.*
1. O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
  2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt —  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine ;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
  3. I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.
  4. Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face ;

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

219.

S. M.

STEELE.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.—Is. 40: 11.

1. WHILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to anxious fear;  
My wants are all supplied.
2. To ever-fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand, indulgent, leads,  
And guards my sweet repose.
3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore;  
To Thy fair pastures guide my way,  
And let me rove no more.

*See her works  
vol 1: p 55.*

*Sweetly flowing and  
poetical.*

220.

L. M.

WATTS.

TELL ME, O THOU WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH, WHERE THOU FEEDEST.  
Cant. 1: 7.

*Ed. 1753. Bk 1: 4. 67.*

1. THOU, whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know  
Where doth Thy sweetest pasture grow?
2. Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends Thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

*"Shepherds I have lost my love!"*

CHRIST.

3. The footsteps of Thy flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be ;  
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,  
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
4. His dearest flesh He makes my food,  
And bids me drink His richest blood ;  
Here, to these hills, my soul will come,  
Till my Belovéd lead me home.

221.

*Rev Ottwell*

C. M. *R* HEGINBOTHAM.

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. — John 10 : 14.

(a)

*I take  
from Beech  
is book.*

- To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,  
A grateful song I'll raise ;  
O, let the humblest of Thy flock  
Attempt to speak Thy praise.
2. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
To Thine amazing love ;  
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,  
And nobler bliss above.
3. To Thee my trembling spirit flies,  
With sin and grief oppressed ;  
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
And lulls my cares to rest.
4. Lead on, dear Shepherd ; led by Thee,  
No evil shall I fear ;  
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,  
And praise Thee better there.

222.

L. M.

WATTS.

IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE OF THE FOUR BEASTS, AND IN THE MIDST OF THE ELDERS, STOOD A LAMB, AS IT HAD BEEN SLAIN.—Rev. 5: 6.

1. ALL mortal vanities, begone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;  
Behold, amid the eternal throne  
A vision of the Lamb appears.
2. Lo, He receives a sealéd book  
From Him that sits upon the throne;  
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark decrees and things unknown.
3. All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
And in new songs of gospel sound  
Address their honors to His name.
4. The joy, the shout, the harmony  
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;  
"Worthy art Thou, alone," they cry,  
"To read the book, to loose the seals."
5. Our voices join the heavenly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
To be our Teacher and our King."

223.

7s.

TOPLADY.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Mal. 4: 2.

*Conrad.*

*rev. by his  
works 1794, p  
420.*

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

*rev by Toplad & works 1794  
p 420*

CHRIST.

2. Visit, then, this soul of mine ;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine ;  
Scatter all my unbelief ;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

224.

8s & 7s.

MADAN'S COLL.

THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS HAVE SEEN A GREAT LIGHT.

*take this from Rippon who says "in a Fair" Is. 9: 2. coll.*

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and Thy dear self revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
2. Still we wait for Thine appearing ;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor, benighted heart.
3. Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince ;  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.
4. By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burdened soul release ;  
By the influence of Thy Spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace.

*Comm. Coll. "C. Wesley"*

*See Sept. 1841*

225.

C. M. *John* NEWTON.

THIS IS MY FRIEND.—Cant. 5: 16.

1. HE, who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on the eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

2. His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
With an unerring skill,  
And countless worlds, extended wide,  
Obey His sovereign will.
3. While harps unnumbered sound His praise  
In yonder world above,  
His saints on earth admire His ways,  
And glory in His love.
4. When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,  
To this almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasant shade.
5. How glorious He, how happy they,  
In such a glorious Friend,  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end!

226.

8s & 7s. *John* NEWTON.

THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.—Prov. 18:24.

1. ONE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.  
They who once His kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God.  
This was boundless love indeed;  
Jesus is a Friend in need.

CHRIST.

3. When He lived on earth abaséd,  
 Friend of Sinners was His name;  
 Now above all glory raiséd,  
 He rejoices in the same.  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.
  
4. O for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above;  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.

— 227.

L. M.

SCOTT.

IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE?—Jer. 8 : 22.

*to be this  
 man from  
 Abel's Coll.*

WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?  
 Whence these wild tumults in my breast?  
 Is there no balm to heal my wound?  
 No kind physician to be found?

2. Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;  
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies!  
 He dies extended on the tree,  
 Thence sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
  
3. Dear Saviour, at Thy feet I lie,  
 Here to receive a cure, or die;  
 But grace forbids that painful fear—  
 Infinite grace, which triumphs here.
  
4. Expand, my soul, with holy joy;  
 Hosannas be thy blest employ,  
 Salvation thy eternal theme,  
 And swell the song with Jesus' name.

*Ver by D. O. Bell.*

228.

(a)

L. M.

MEDLEY.

THE LOVING KINDNESSES OF THE LORD.—Is. 63: 7.

*I take this  
from old  
Rippon.*

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His loving kindness, O, how free!
2. He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His loving kindness, O, how great!
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His loving kindness, O, how good!
4. Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O, may my last, expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.
6. Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

*very  
old Rip  
pon*



NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

2. Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
Streams of mercy find their way;  
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
Making all around look gay;  
O ye nations,  
Hail the long-expected day.
3. Gladdened by the flowing treasure,  
All-enriching as it goes,  
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,  
Buds and blossoms as the rose;  
Every object  
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

*W. H. 1817*

231.

L. M.

*J. Brewer 1752  
Su Bell 1790  
BROWNE.*

AN AN SHAL BE AS AN HIDING-PLACE.—Is. 32: 2.

*Lehoda*

*Brewer, (1752-1817)*

1. HAIL, sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a Hiding-place.
2. Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought with hand uplifted high;  
Despised His rich, abounding grace,  
Too proud to seek a Hiding-place.
3. But thus the eternal counsel ran:  
"Almighty love, arrest that man."  
I felt the arrow of distress,  
And found I had no Hiding-place.
4. Indignant justice stood in view;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
"This mountain is no Hiding-place."

*Said in Measures for a Bino  
New York 1806. "to be com  
posed by a British Officer: 1838.*

*ver by Dohll - 1810. who*

5. Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And Mercy's angel form appeared;  
 She led me on with gentle pace,  
 To Jesus, my Hiding-place.

6. On Him almighty vengeance fell,  
 That must have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for the chosen race,  
 And thus became their Hiding-place.

7. A few more rolling suns, at most,  
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
 And see my glorious Hiding-place.

232.

7s.

TOPLADY.

THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.—1 COR.

1. ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood  
 From Thy riven side which flow,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears forever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone,  
 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

2. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When my heart-strings break in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Quid sumus nisi turres facturus  
 Quam Patrum et Patrum  
 Quam vix putas vita, 22. can. 1.*

*"Undoubtedly the best original  
 hymn in the English language  
 provided it be taken as a penitential devotion,  
 the Morning & Evening that wonderful apostrophe  
 that to be left to mind that wonderful apostrophe"*

*Handwritten notes on the left margin, including names like 'Mr. Stas', 'Mr. Sutton', and dates like 'Apr. 1851'.*

*This was a special favorite of the devoted Harlan Page who was remarkably fond of sacred*



1770. Suffered by O thou lover of  
50 St-Bernard  
"O amator amplectende  
Ternit ipsum hinc ostende  
"Crux saluberrima" etc.

Passion 1858  
Sweet South Bay  
martyr 1859

CHRIST.

Safe into the haven guide ;  
O, receive my soul at last.

- Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 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 ;  
False, and full of sin, I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Philipp  
This was sung by  
on the scaffold - Boston

235.

L. M.

ZINZENDORF.

HEATH COVERED ME WITH THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Is. 61 : 10.

- JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- When from the dust of death I rise,  
To take my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea :  
"Jesus hath lived, and died for me."
- Bold shall I stand in that great day ;  
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
While, through Thy blood, absolved I am  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

a

From  
Phippen who alludes to  
"Crux saluberrima"

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

*Zein Amidof came  
Daminica*

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 ruined 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 banished ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

236.

L. M.

*R*

GRANT.

TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES. — Heb. 4: 15.

*Souly bathine!*

*a*

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

*2 first st. rev. by Stebbins's  
See Boston*

CHRIST.

4. And, O, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

237.

C. M.

WATTS.

CHRIST WAS ONCE OFFERED TO BEAR THE SINS OF MANY. — Heb. 9 : 28.

1. THE true Messiah now appears ;  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.
2. No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid, nor bullock slain ;  
Incense and spice of costly names  
Would all be burned in vain.
3. Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God Himself comes down to be  
The Offering and the Priest.
4. He took our mortal flesh to show  
The wonders of His love ;  
For us He paid His life below,  
And prays for us above.
5. "Father," He cries, "forgive their sins,  
For I Myself have died ;"  
And then He shows His open veins,  
And pleads His wounded side.

*Bk 2:12.*

*for Rev. Green  
- word's sake*

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

238.

C. M.

WATTS.

WE HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST.—Heb. 4:14.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
2. Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.
3. But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood ;  
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,  
And did resist to blood.
4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out His cries and tears ;  
And in His measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
5. Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace,  
In the distressing hour.

239.

L. M.

LOGAN

Michael Bruce 1746-1781

TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE.—Heb. 4:15.

w. ab. 1781.

- +
1. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

175

+ Var. by Sac. dya p. 175

CHRIST.

2. Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
3. Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
4. In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
5. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aids of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

240.

L. M.

STEELE.

• WE HAVE AN ADVOCATE WITH THE FATHER.—1 John 2: 1.

1. WHERE is my God? Does He retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?
2. Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye ;  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in His hands.
3. He sweetens every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer ;  
Recline thy hope on Him alone  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4. Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine.

241.

C. M.

WATTS.

THROUGH HIM WE BOTH HAVE ACCESS BY ONE SPIRIT UNTO THE  
FATHER.— Eph. 2: 18.

1. COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
2. Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appeared consuming fire,  
And vengeance was His name.
3. Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That calmed His frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace.
4. Now we may bow before His feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery cherub guards His seat,  
Nor double flaming sword.
5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach the almighty throne.
6. To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high;  
And glory to the eternal King,  
That lays His fury by.

Bk 2:108  
1753.

a

242.

L. M.

STEELE.

HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION. — Heb. 7 : 25.

- \* 1. HE lives, the great Redeemer lives ;  
 What joy the blest assurance gives !  
 And now, before His Father, God,  
 Pleads the full merit of His blood.
2. Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
 And justice armed with frowns appears ;  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
3. Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts ;  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 His powerful intercessions rise,  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- a 4. In every dark, distressful hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power,  
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
 That Jesus bears us on His heart.
5. Great Advocate, almighty Friend !  
 On Him our humble hopes depend :  
 Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

*ver. int.*

243.

L. M.

MEDLEY.

THE FORERUNNER. — Heb. 6 : 20.

- \* 1. HIGH on His throne of heavenly light,  
 Eternal glory He sustains,  
 While saints and angels bless the sight ;  
 There Jesus, our Forerunner, reigns.

*Upton's Coll.**her eyes in death*

2. He lives salvation to impart  
From sin, and hell, and Satan's wiles ;  
With love eternal in His heart  
There Jesus, our Forerunner, smiles.
3. Before His heavenly Father's face,  
For every saint He intercedes ;  
For mercy and abounding grace,  
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.
4. But O, 'tis this completes the whole,  
And all its bliss and glory proves,  
That while eternal ages roll,  
There Jesus, our Forerunner, loves.

244.

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

YET HAVE I SET MY KING UPON MY HOLY HILL. — Ps. 2 : 6.

1. REJOICE! the Lord is King ;  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore ;  
Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again  
Lift up your voice ; | I say, rejoice.

a  
2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above ;  
Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again  
Lift up your voice ; | I say, rejoice.

3. 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 hearts, | Rejoice, again  
Lift up your voice ; | I say, rejoice.

"I have trust my Redeemer liveth"

CHRIST.

4. 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 hearts, | Rejoice, again  
 Lift up your voice ; | I say, rejoice.
5. He all His foes shall quell,  
 Shall all our sins destroy,  
 And every bosom swell  
 With pure, seraphic joy ;  
 Lift up your hearts, | Rejoice, again  
 Lift up your voice ; | I say, rejoice.
6. Rejoice in glorious hope,  
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
 And take His servants up  
 To their eternal home ;  
 We soon shall hear | The trump of God  
 The archangel's voice ; | Shall sound, Rejoice !

245.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Ed. 1719. (Correct.)*  
 (a)  
 THOU ART FAIRER THAN THE CHILDREN OF MEN. — Ps. 45 : 2.

1. THE King of saints, how fair His face,  
 Adorned with majesty and grace !  
 He comes with blessings from above,  
 And wins the nations to His love.
2. At His right hand our eyes behold  
 The queen arrayed in purest gold ;  
 The world admires her heavenly dress,  
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.
3. He forms her beauties like His own ;  
 He calls and seats her near His throne ;  
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
 The idols of thy native state.

NAMES AND CHARACTERS.

4. O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
 To His fair palace in the skies,  
 And all thy sons — a numerous train —  
 Each like a prince in glory reign.
5. Let endless honors crown His head ;  
 Let every age His praises spread ;  
 While we, with cheerful songs, approve  
 The condescensions of His love.

246.

L. M.

WATTS.

Bk 2: 51-1753

WHO, BEING IN THE FORM OF GOD, THOUGHT IT NOT ROBBERY TO BE EQUAL  
 WITH GOD. — Phil. 2: 6.

1. BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !  
 Our spirits bow before Thy seat ;  
 To Thee we lift an humble thought,  
 And worship at Thine awful feet.
2. A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
 Stand round the glorious Deity :  
 But who, among the sons of light,  
 Pretends comparison with Thee ?
3. Yet there is one of human frame,  
 Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,  
 Thinks it no robbery to claim  
 A full equality with God.
4. Their glory shines with equal beams ;  
 Their essence is forever one ;  
 Though They are known by different names,  
 The Father God, and God the Son.
5. Then let the name of Christ, our King,  
 With equal honors be adored ;  
 His praise let every angel sing,  
 And all the nations own Him Lord.

247.

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

WHEN THE SON OF MAN SHALL COME IN HIS GLORY.—Matt. 25: 31.

*Dobell says:*  
*Stratton!*  
*It is in W & S.*  
*The same,*

1. Lo, He comes, the King of glory,  
 With His chosen tribes to reign;  
 Countless hosts of saints and angels  
 Swell the mighty Conqueror's train;  
 Now in triumph,  
 Sin and Death are captive led.
2. See, the rocks and mountains rending,  
 All the nations filled with dread;  
 Hark! the trump of God, proclaiming,  
 Through the mansions of the dead,  
 "Come to judgment;  
 Stand before the Son of Man!"
3. Now behold the dead awaking;  
 Great and small before Him stand;  
 Not one soul forgot or missing;  
 None His orders countermand;  
 All stand waiting  
 For their last, decisive doom.
4. Now awake, ye slumbering virgins;  
 Trim your lamps; the Bridegroom's near;  
 Let your loins with truth be girded;  
 Signs proclaim He'll soon appear;  
 Mark, the fig tree,  
 Budding, shows the summer's near.
5. Jesus, save a trembling sinner,  
 While the storms of vengeance roll;  
 In this general wreck of nature,  
 Be the Refuge of my soul:  
~~Jesus save me~~ When the lightnings  
 Blaze around from pole to pole.

ADORATION.

CHRIST. — ADORATION.

248.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JEHOVAH IS MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG. — IS. 12 : 2.

+

1. O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.
2. My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin ;  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.
5. He speaks ; and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.
6. Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

*Meth. Cole  
& Freeman.*

*v  
Pop's  
music.*

*Pub. 1739*

CHRIST.

249.

7s & 6s.

*Maurice Coll. in Dobell's*  
PRAISE OUR GOD, ALL YE HIS SERVANTS. — Rev. 19: 5.

1. PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps His courts below;  
Praise Him for His boundless love,  
And all His greatness show;  
Praise Him for His noble deeds;  
Praise Him for His matchless power;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.

*Ver. by  
Pratt's*

2. Publish, spread to all around,  
The great Immanuel's name;  
Let the gospel trumpet sound;  
Him the Prince of Peace proclaim.  
Praise Him, every tuneful string;  
All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the power of music bring —  
The music of the heart.

*Coll. in  
Peuchen  
1st*

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

*a*

250.

7s.

MADAN'S COLL.

*Rev Martin Madan 2 (1726-1790)*

TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOREVER AND EVER. — Rev. 1: 6.

1. Now begin the heavenly theme;  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

*in. ab 1763.*

*W. J.  
Ver. by Rippon  
Condry  
Lambford*

*a 184*

*ditto.*

ADORATION.

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,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.
4. Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now, from bliss no longer rove;  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
5. Welcome, all by sin oppressed,  
Welcome to His sacred rest;  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
6. He subdued the infernal powers;  
His tremendous foes, and ours,  
From their curséd empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.
7. Hither, then, your music bring;  
Strike aloud each joyful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above;  
Join to praise redeeming love,

*Ed. 2d*  
*138*  
*Wadley says it appeared*  
*in his first*  
*manuscript selection 1756 -*  
*very meagre*

251.

C. M.

STEELE.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST. — 2 Cor. 5:14.

- a* +
1. To our Redeemer's glorious name *a*  
Awake the sacred song;  
O, may His love — immortal flame — *over*  
Tune every heart and tongue.

*Vol 1: p 164*  
*Am. 2d*

CHRIST.

2. His love what mortal thought can reach?  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
3. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
4. O, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

—252.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A PRINCE AND A SAVIOUR. — Acts 5 : 31.

1. HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell;  
The spacious world unseen is His,  
And sovereign power becomes Him well.
2. In shame and torment once He died;  
But now He lives forevermore;  
Bow down, ye saints, around His seat,  
And all ye angel bands adore.
3. So live forever, glorious Lord,  
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends,  
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice  
That Thy dominion never ends.
4. Worthy Thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

*verified*

*Favorite of Dr Dickenson*

ADORATION.

5. Forever reign, victorious King ;  
 Wide through the earth Thy name be known ;  
 And call my longing soul to sing  
 Sublimar anthems near Thy throne.

253.

6s & 4s.

KINGSBURY.

THAT AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHOULD BOW.—Phil. 2 : 10.

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

2. Proclaim abroad His name ;  
 Tell of His matchless fame ;  
 What wonders done ;  
 Above, beneath, around,  
 Let all the earth resound,  
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,  
 " Victory is won."

3. He vanquished sin and hell,  
 And our last foe will quell ;  
 Mourners, rejoice ;  
 His dying love adore ;  
 Praise Him, now raised in power ;  
 Praise Him forevermore,  
 With joyful voice.

4. All hail the glorious day,  
 When, through the heavenly way,  
 Lo, He shall come,  
 While they who pierced Him wail ;  
 His promise shall not fail ;  
 Saints, see your King prevail ;  
 Great Saviour, come.

254.

7s.

*Josiah* CONDER.

PALMS IN THEIR HANDS.—Rev. 7:9.

1. SEE the ransomed millions stand,  
Palms of conquest in their hand;  
This before the throne their strain—  
“Hell is vanquished, Death is slain.
2. “Blessing, honor, glory, might,  
Are the Conqueror’s native right;  
Thrones and powers before Him fall,  
Lamb of God, and Lord of all.”

*ver. by his  
Coll.*

255.

L. M.

SHIRLEY.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.—Rev. 5:12.

1. WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
In earth or heaven the Lord of all;  
*Let all the powers of earth obey,  
And low before His footstool fall.*
2. Higher, still higher, swell the strain;  
Creation’s voice, the note prolong;  
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign;  
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

## DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

ADORATION.

— 256.

8s & 7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

THOU ART MY GOD, AND I WILL PRAISE THEE.— Ps. 118 : 28.

1. CROWN His head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassions never ceasing,  
Comes salvation to proclaim.
2. Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee!  
Thee, our Saviour! Thee, our God!  
From His throne His beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.
3. Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round Thy throne.
4. Now, ye saints, His power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For His mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows forevermore.

— 257.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HIS THRONE IS UPHOLDEN BY MERCY.— Prov. 20 : 28.

1. EXALTED Prince of life, we own  
The royal honors of Thy throne;  
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,  
And seraphs bow at Thy command.
2. Exalted Saviour, we confess  
The sovereign triumphs of Thy grace,  
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,  
And temper majesty divine.

verified

*Often begins here.*

CHRIST.

3. Wide Thy resistless sceptre sway,  
 Till all Thine enemies obey;  
 Wide may Thy cross its virtues prove,  
 And conquer millions by its love.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

258.

8s & 7s. *Jno.* BAKEWELL.

61721

THOU ART WORTHY, O LORD, TO RECEIVE GLORY.—REV. 4:11.

1819 -

1. HAIL, Thou once despiséd Jesus;  
 Hail, Thou Galiléan King;  
 Thou didst suffer to release us,  
 Thou didst free salvation bring.  
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame;  
 By Thy merits we find favor;  
 Life is given through Thy name.

*a methodist lo-  
 cal preacher mor-  
 than 70 years.  
 Bethel,  
 w. ab 1776.*

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made;  
 All Thy people are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

5264  
 6

3. Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There forever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side;

*Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "The Hymn..." and other illegible text.*

ADORATION.

There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give ;  
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits ;  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

259.

8s, 7s, & 4s. *Thos.* KELLY.

AND HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER.—REV. 11:15.

1. LOOK, ye saints ; the sight is glorious ;  
See the " Man of Sorrows " now ;  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to Him shall bow ;  
Crown Him, crown Him ;  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him ;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings ;  
Crown Him, crown Him ;  
Crown the Saviour " King of kings."
3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name ;  
Crown Him, crown Him ;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

CHRIST.

4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

*Matthew*

260.

4s, 6s, & 8s. *^*

BRYDGES.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD. — John 1: 29.

1. BEHOLD the Lamb!  
O Thou for sinners slain,  
Let it not be in vain  
That Thou hast died;  
Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
Thee, Thee alone, my Refuge make,  
Thy piercéed side.

*Ver  
of Cath.  
p300.*

2. Behold the Lamb!  
Archangels, fold your wings;  
Seraphs, hush all the strings  
Of million lyres:  
The Victim, veiled on earth, in love-  
Unveiled, enthroned, adored above,  
All heaven admires.

3. Behold the Lamb!  
Saints, wrapped in blissful rest,  
Souls, waiting to be blest —  
O Lord, how long!  
Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,  
Still in this vale of woe and tears,  
Swell the full song.

4. Behold the Lamb!  
Worthy is He alone  
To sit upon the throne  
Of God above;

ADORATION.

One with the Ancient of all days ;  
One with the Paraclete in praise ;  
All light, all love.

— 261.

8s & 7s. *Edward* CASWALL.

TO THE ONLY WISE GOD, OUR SAVIOUR, BE GLORY. — Jude 25.

1. SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory ;  
Tell His triumph far and wide ;  
Tell aloud the famous story  
Of His body crucified ;  
How upon the cross a victim  
Vanquishing in death, He died.
2. Eating of the tree forbidden,  
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second tree prepare ;  
Destined, many ages later,  
That first evil to repair.
3. Blessing, honor everlasting,  
To the immortal Deity ;  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Equal praises ever be ;  
Glory through the earth and heaven  
To our God in Trinity.

*Ver. by*  
*J. Catholico*  
*p137*

— 262.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE WOULD RAISE UP CHRIST TO SIT ON HIS THRONE. — Acts 2 : 30.

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.

*1753*  
*B 2:43*



ADORATION.

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

264.

(a) S. M.

WATTS.

NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL, IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, ETC.—1 Tim. 1: 17.

*Ed. 1753. BR 1: 458 -*

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 our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of His face,  
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,  
And make His wonders known.
5. To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

song with great spirit" at the old South  
Pres. meeting, Cape Church 19<sup>th</sup> 1857.

New Edn  
Perrouet  
[ - 1792 ]  
w. ab. 1780

CHRIST.

265.

C. M.

~~DUNCAN~~

HE IS LORD OF ALL. — Acts 10: 36.

Perrouet

1. ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name;  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
~~And~~ crown Him Lord of all. 70

See Belcher's

2. 1792.

2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball;  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

See "Cape Church" 1857

3. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Ye ~~chosen~~ <sup>chosen</sup> seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

1/2 Random

5. ~~Ye Gentile sinners~~, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

V. The Rev  
May 1857.

6. Let every kindred, every ~~tribe~~,  
~~On this terrestrial ball,~~  
~~To Him all majesty ascribe,~~  
And crown Him Lord of all.

That bound creation's  
now struck in universal song  
The crowned God of all

7. O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all. e

Comet by Belcher's version  
See p. 222

ADORATION.

266.

6s & 4s.

*2920 1/2  
11 1/2  
Hills 6/11 - in*

THE LAMB WHICH IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE THRONE. - Rev. 7: 14

*Rev James Allen 174 - 1804. Feb. 176  
Dobell's.*

1. GLORY to God on high!  
Let heaven and earth reply,  
"Praise ye His name;"  
Angels, His love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
Saints, cry for evermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb."
2. Ye who surround the throne,  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name;  
Ye who have felt His blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound through the earth abroad,  
"Worthy the Lamb."
3. Soon must we change our place;  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising His name;  
Still will we tribute bring,  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And through all ages sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

*Palmit  
Says  
Sac. Depu*

267.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOD HATH BLESSED THEE FOREVER. - Ps. 45: 2.

1. I'LL speak the honors of my King,  
His form divinely fair;  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.
2. Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace  
Upon Thy lips is shed;  
Thy God with blessings infinite  
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

CHRIST.

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, forever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,  
To rule the saints by love.
5. Justice and truth attend Thee still ;  
But mercy is Thy choice ;  
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

268.

+ 5s & 6s. MADAN'S COLL.  
SALVATION TO OUR GOD. — Rev. 7 : 10.

*Rev. C. Wesley L. 1708-1788*

*w. 1744.*

*From MS S.*

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 shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.
3. Salvation to God,  
Who sits on the throne,

+ Adams says "Pratt's Coll."

ADORATION.

Let all cry aloud,  
 And honor the Son ;  
 Our Saviour's high praises  
 The angels proclaim ;  
 Fall down on their faces  
 And worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore,  
 And give Him His right —  
 All glory and power,  
 And wisdom and might ;  
 All honor and blessing,  
 With angels above,  
 And thanks never ceasing,  
 And infinite love.

269.

S. M. <sup>Wm</sup> HAMMOND. L-1783

AND THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES.—REV. 15: 3

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 us, whose sins He bore.
3. Sing, till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue ;  
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspire our song.
4. Soon shall we hear Him say,  
 "Ye blesséd children, come !"  
 Soon will He call us hence away  
 To our eternal home.

*From the Psalmist*

*a*

*a*

*Var. from a Wm Hammond 1744 by Martin Madan 1760. See R. Palmer*

CHRIST.

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

— 270.

11s & 12s.

NOEL'S COLL.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.—Rev. 19: 6.

1. O, JOIN ye the anthems of triumph that rise  
From the throng of the blest, from the hosts of the  
skies;  
Alleluia, they sing, in rapturous strains,  
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns!
2. He gave to the light its beneficent wings;  
He controlleth the councils of senates and kings;  
From His throne in the clouds the lightnings are  
hurled,  
And He ruleth the factions that rage through the  
world.
3. Rejoice, ye that love Him; His power cannot fail;  
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;  
The triumph of evil will shortly be passed,  
And the omnipotent King shall conquer at last.
4. Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,  
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away;  
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,  
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns!

— 271.

8s & 7s.

*Thos.* KELLY.

LET ALL THE ANGELS OF GOD WORSHIP HIM.—Heb. 1: 6.

- over?*  
(a)  
1. HARK! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:

ADORATION.

See, He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.

2. King of glory, reign forever;  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face.
3. Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."

272.

C. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED BE THE KING THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.  
Luke 19: 38.

1. HOSANNA to our conquering King!  
All hail, incarnate Love!  
Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown Thy head above.
2. Thy victories and Thy deathless fame,  
Through the wide world shall run,  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs Thou hast won.

1753  
Bk 2:89.

273.

*Robinson*  
8s & *Robinson*

ROBINSON.

BEING THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY. Heb. 1: 3.

1735-1790

w. at 1774.

*v. Creamer*  
*b. 67*  
*let*

1. BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,  
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

*Creamer of -*  
*over by Robinson*

CHRIST.

2. Did archangels sing Thy coming?  
Did the shepherds learn their lays?  
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
3. From the highest throne in glory  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
4. Go, return, immortal Saviour;  
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;  
Thence return, and reign forever;  
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

274.

10s, 11s, & 12s. EPIS. COLL.

MESSIAH, THE PRINCE. — Dan. 9: 25.

1. ZION, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.  
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
2. Tell how He cometh, from nation to nation;  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.  
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.  
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

ADORATION.

275.

7s.

KELLY.

TO HIM BE GLORY, BOTH NOW AND FOREVER.—2 Pet. 3: 13.

- N. 275-18*
1. GLORY, glory to our King!  
Crowns unfading wreath His head;  
Jesus is the name we sing,  
Jesus, risen from the dead;  
*a* Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave; *b*  
Jesus, mighty now to save.
  2. Now behold Him high enthroned,  
Glory beaming from His face,  
By adoring angels owned,  
God of holiness and grace;  
O for hearts and tongues to sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King!" *net*

276.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOLDEN VIALS, FULL OF ODORS.—Rev. 5: 8.

1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb, *1753*  
Amid His Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for His name,  
And songs before unknown. *B 1: 1 -*
2. Let elders worship at His feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints;  
He loves to hear our praise.

CHRIST.

4. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 Be endless blessings paid;  
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
 Forever on Thy head. *a*
5. The worlds of nature and of grace  
 Are put beneath Thy power;  
 Then shorten these delaying days,  
 And bring the promised hour.

DOXOLOGY.

Now to our God, the Father, Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, sing;  
 With praise to God, the Three in One,  
 Let all creation ring.

277.

8s, 7s, & 4.

*Breviary*

AND AGAIN THEY SAID, ALLELUIA. — Rev. 19 : 3.

1. HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest  
 Of the hymns of praise above;  
 Hallelujah! thou repeatest,  
 Angel host, these notes of love;  
 This ye utter,  
 While your golden harps ye move. *Hymn*
2. Hallelujah! church victorious,  
 Join the concert of the sky;  
 Hallelujah! bright and glorious,  
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;  
 We, poor exiles,  
 Join not yet your melody.
3. Hallelujah! strains of gladness  
 Comfort not the faint and worn;  
 Hallelujah! sounds of sadness  
 Best become the heart forlorn;  
 Our offences  
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

*Beecher has  
this Hymn.*

*Latin Hymn in the  
13th Century, 1300*

ADORATION.

4. But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God, we raise to Thee;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Make us all Thy peace to see.  
Hallelujah!  
Ours at length this strain shall be.

278.

7s.

*Hallelujah*

CONDER.

PRAISE, O YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD, PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.  
Ps. 113: 1.

- (a)*
1. ALL His servants, join to sing  
God our Saviour and our King;  
Round the world His praise be sung,  
Through all lands, in every tongue.
  2. O'er all nations God alone,  
Higher than the heavens His throne;  
Who is like to God most high,  
Infinite in majesty?
  - a* 3. Yet to view the heavens He bends;  
Yea, to earth He condescends;  
Passing by the rich and great,  
For the low and desolate.
  4. He can raise the poor to stand  
With the princes of the land;  
Wealth upon the needy shower;  
Set the meanest high in power.
  5. He the broken spirit cheers;  
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;  
Such the wonders of His ways!  
Praise His name, forever praise.

CHRIST.

DOXOLOGY.

21  
Praise to Christ, of martyrs King,  
Who His saints to bliss doth bring;  
Praise to God, the Father, Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.

— 279.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

ALLELUIA, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.— Rev. 19 : 6.

1. HARK! the song of jubilee!  
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.
2. Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
3. Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes, above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.
4. See Jehovah's banner furled;  
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 4  
5. He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.
6. Then the end; beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is All in All.

Supreme we bounded sway"

ADORATION.

280.

1a) 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. — Luke 2: 14.

ver?

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

*ver*

281.

6s & 4s.

PRATT'S COLL.

*ab 1801*

*Rw Jas. Boden*

THOU ART WORTHY — Rev. 5: 9.

1. COME, all ye saints of God,  
Publish through earth abroad  
Your Saviour's fame;  
Tell what His love has done;  
Trust in His name alone;  
Shout to His lofty throne,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

*ver?*  
*spread Jesus' fame*  
*in of his name*  
*I make the change*  
*Pratt's -*

*add to me*

CHRIST.

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
 Dry up your mournful tears;  
 Swell the glad theme;  
 To Christ, our gracious King,  
 Strike each melodious string,  
 Join heart and voice to sing,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
  
3. Hark! how the choirs above,  
 Filled with the Saviour's love,  
 Dwell on His name!  
 There, too, may we be found,  
 With light and glory crowned,  
 While all the heavens resound,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

282.

7s & 6s. Thos.

HAWEIS. 2d D.  
 b. ab. 1732. D. ch  
 B with Feb 11. 1820  
 v q adly. -

BLESSED BE THY KING.—Luke 19: 38.

1. To Thee, my God, my Saviour,  
 My soul exulting sings,  
 Rejoicing in Thy favor,  
 Almighty King of kings!  
 I'll celebrate Thy glory,  
 With all the saints above,  
 And tell the joyful story  
 Of Thy redeeming love.
  
2. Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication,  
 My Saviour, Thou shalt hear;  
 O, grant me Thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

ADORATION.

3. By Thee through life supported,  
 I pass the dangerous road,  
 With heavenly hosts escorted  
 Up to their bright abode ;  
 There cast my crown before Thee,  
 And, all my conflicts o'er,  
 Unceasingly adore Thee ;  
 What would an angel more ?

283.

8s, 7s, & 4. *Thos:* KELLY.

THOU WAST SLAIN, AND HAST REDEEMED US.—Rev. 5: 9. *W.?*

1. GLORY, glory everlasting,  
 Be to Him who bore the cross,  
 Who redeemed our souls by tasting  
 Death, the death deserved by us ;  
 Spread His glory,  
 Who redeemed His people thus.
2. While we hear the wondrous story  
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
 Sing we, "Everlasting glory  
 Be to God and to the Lamb ;"  
 Saints and angels,  
 Give ye glory to His name.

284.

*Ed. 1753. BK 1: H. 72.* L. M.

WATTS.

TO WHOM BE HONOR AND POWER EVERLASTING.—1 Tim. 6: 16.

1. JESUS, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
 Accept the well-deserved renown,  
 And wear our praises as Thy crown.
2. Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee ;  
 Like the dear hour when from above  
 We first received Thy pledge of love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3. The gladness of that happy day,  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.
  4. Each following minute, as it flies,  
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.
  5. O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day !  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all His Father's glories on.
- 

THE HOLY SPIRIT. — INVOCATION.

285.

L. M.

*Jno.* DRYDEN.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD. — Gen. 1 : 2.

*ver? by Dryden's works -*

1. CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every pious mind ;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.
2. Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !  
Our hearts with filial love inspire ;  
Come, and Thy secret unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
3. Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in our way.

INVOCATION.

4. Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

286.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST.—Jude 20.

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

Ed. 1753.

1352: H. 34.

1753

B2: 34

lie in the  
original

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*ver?* by Reed's Coll.  
287.

7s. *Reed's* REED.

THROUGH SANCTIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT.—1 Pet. 1:2.

[1787-1862]  
*w. ab. 1848*

1. HOLY Ghost, with light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shades of night away;  
Turn the darkness into day.
2. Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long has sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart;  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
4. Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol throne;  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

288.

(a) L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS.—Ps. 72:6.

1. As, in soft silence, vernal showers  
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.
2. That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
3. Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind;  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

*Kirk says*  
"no!"

*a*

*Kirk says no*

INVOCATION.

— 289.

C. M.

WATTS.

YE WERE SEALED WITH THAT HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE.—Eph. 1:13.

*Ed. 1753.*

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

1753

— 290.

7s.

*John*

STOCKER.

HE WILL GUIDE YOU INTO ALL TRUTH.—John 16:13.

*Dove*

*Comp. ab. 1776.*

*Take from  
"Belmish"  
Life in Ch.  
Solmody  
Campbell's  
Coll.*

1. GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!  
Let Thy light within me shine;  
All my guilty fears remove;  
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
Wash me in His precious blood.

*If Honiton  
Devon, It  
appeared in  
Gospel Mag.  
July 1777.*

*Belmish* *Life in Ch.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3. Life and peace to me impart ;  
Seal salvation on my heart ;  
Dwell Thyself within my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.
4. Let me never from Thee stray ;  
Keep me in the narrow way ;  
Fill my soul with joy divine ;  
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

291.

L. M. *John* BEDDOME.

(a)

*Beddome*  
*Ben. Beddome*  
*1717-1794*  
*Comp. 1811*

THE ANOINTING WHICH YE HAVE RECEIVED OF HIM ABIDETH IN YOU  
1 John 2:27.

1. COME, blesséd Spirit, Source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.
2. To mine illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth Thy word reveals ;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;  
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
3. Thine inward teachings make me know,  
The mysteries of redeeming love,  
The emptiness of things below,  
The excellence of things above.
4. While through this dubious maze I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad,  
To show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

*Chr. Beddome*

INVOCATION.

—292.

L. M. *Anne* STEELE.

THAT HE MAY ABIDE WITH YOU FOREVER. — John 14:16.

1. DEAR Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest  
     In such a wretched heart as mine?  
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!  
     Favor astonishing! divine!
2. When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,  
     And hope almost expires in night,  
 Lord, can Thy Spirit then be here,  
     Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?
3. Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;  
     'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;  
 Else would my hopes forever die,  
     And every cheering ray depart.
4. And, when my cheerful hope can say,  
     I love my God, and taste His grace,  
 Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray  
     Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
5. Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart  
     Forever dwell, O God of love,  
 And light and heavenly peace impart,  
     Sweet earnest of the joys above.

—293.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

IT IS GOD WHICH WORKETH IN YOU BOTH TO WILL AND TO DO. — Phil. 2:13.

- help from Father B. & C.*  
*Concord*
1. 'Tis God, the Spirit, leads  
     In paths before unknown;  
 The work to be performed is ours,  
     The strength is all His own.
- over by the Christian Reformer*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2. Assisted by His grace,  
We still pursue our way,  
And hope, at last, to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
3. 'Tis He that works to will,  
'Tis He that works to do ;  
His is the power by which we act ;  
His be the glory, too.

294.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

CALL YE UPON HIM WHILE HE IS NEAR. — IS. 55 : 6.

1. AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come ;  
Celestial Breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
2. " Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
And loose my cable from below ;  
But I can only spread my sail ;  
Thou, Thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

295.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH. — JOHN 6 : 63.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor, benighted soul  
With beams of mercy shine.
2. Melt, melt this frozen heart ;  
This stubborn will subdue ;  
Each evil passion overcome,  
And form me all anew.

INVOCATION.

3. Mine will the profit be,  
But Thine shall be the praise ;  
And unto Thee I will devote  
The remnant of my days.

DOXOLOGY.

22  
To God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all who dwell below the skies  
Their grateful praises sing.

✓ 296.

*Rev. L. Simon* BROWNE.

6 1680 D. 1732 Sa Bulcher  
AS MANY AS ARE LED BY THE SPIRIT OF GOD, THEY ARE THE SONS OF  
GOD. — Rom. 8 : 14.

- Simon*
1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- Rev. by*  
*Rippon*
2. The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- a*
3. Lead us to holiness — the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ — the living Way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

— 297.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS. — Zech. 4 : 6.

1. SPIRIT of power and might, behold  
A world by sin destroyed :  
Creator Spirit, as of old,  
Move on the formless void.
- van*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2. Give Thou the word ; that healing sound  
Shall quell the deadly strife ;  
And earth again, like Eden crowned,  
Produce the tree of life.
3. If sang the morning stars for joy,  
When nature rose to view,  
What strains shall angel harps employ,  
When Thou shalt all renew !
4. And if the sons of God rejoice  
To hear a Saviour's name,  
How will the ransomed raise their voice,  
To whom that Saviour came !
5. So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,  
Assembling round the throne,  
Thy new creation shall ascribe  
To sovereign love alone.

298.

S. M. CLELAND'S HYMNS.

A STILL SMALL VOICE. — 1 Kings 19 : 12.

1. BLEST Comforter divine,  
Let rays of heavenly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
To guide our souls above.
2. Draw, with Thy still small voice,  
From every sinful way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay.
3. By Thine inspiring breath,  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.

by Adams  
says Presb. Coll.

Handwritten notes: (A B) ... says

INVOCATION.

—299.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE SHALL TEACH YOU ALL THINGS. — John 14: 26.

1. ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thine inward teachings make us know ;  
Our danger, and our refuge too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin,  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows Thy voice ;  
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

132:133

—300.

8s & 7s.

TOPLADY.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LOVE, JOY, ETC. — Gal. 5: 22.

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.
2. Author of our new creation,  
Bid us all Thine influence prove ;  
Make our souls Thy habitation ;  
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

merely  
4-11-

carried to Toplady 1776 from Lord 1794  
John Christian Jacobi 1722.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

— 301.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRIVE. — Gen. 6 : 3.

1. STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done Thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
2. Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er Thy grace received, —  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved, —
3. Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest ;  
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear  
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
4. Now, Lord, my weary soul release ;  
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand ;  
And guide me into perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

— 302.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD HATH REVEALED THEM UNTO US BY HIS SPIRIT. — 1 Cor. 2 : 10.

1. DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove ;  
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings ;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things ;
2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

3. O, for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
4. Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall :  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5. O, what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King !
6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount, to dwell above,  
And stand and bow among them there,  
And view Thy face, and sing, and love ?

*St Rink of Emerson's Sermon*

THE TRINITY. — ADORATION AND  
PRAISE.

303.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD THE FATHER, THROUGH SANCTIFICATION OF THE SPIRIT. — 1 Pet. 1 : 2.

1. BLESSED be the Father and His love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy 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.

THE TRINITY.

3. We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe  
Mak'st 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.

— 304.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THESE THREE ARE ONE. — 1 John 5 : 7.

1. HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom One in Three we know ;  
By all Thy heavenly host adored,  
By all Thy church below.
2. One undivided Trinity  
With triumph we proclaim ;  
Thy universe is full of Thee,  
And speaks Thy glorious name.
3. Thee, holy Father, we confess ;  
Thee, holy Son, adore ;  
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,  
And worship evermore.
4. Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Our heavenly song shall be ;  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In co-eternal Three.

— 305.

6s, 8s, & 4s.

OLIVER.

THESE ARE THREE THAT BEAR RECORD IN HEAVEN. — 1 John 5 : 7.

1. THE God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing,  
And "Holy, holy, holy" cry,  
Almighty King ;

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

Who was and is the same,  
 And evermore shall be ;  
 Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,  
 We worship Thee.

*In Chr.  
 Psalmist*

2. The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high :  
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 They ever cry.  
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine ;  
 I join the heavenly lays ;  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise.

*by Mark*

*Gomez*

306.

H. M.

WATTS.

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.  
 Matt. 28 : 19.

1. I GIVE immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love  
 For all my comforts here,  
 And better hopes above ;

He sent His own		To die for sins
Eternal Son		That man had done. <i>a</i>

2. To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too ;  
 Who bought us with His blood  
 From everlasting woe ;

And now He lives,		And sees the fruit
And now He reigns,		Of all His pains.

*1753*

*133:38*

3. To God the Spirit's name  
 Immortal worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live ;

His work completes		And fills the soul
The great design,		With joy divine.

THE TRINITY.

4. Almighty God, to Thee  
 Be endless honors done;  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One.  
 Where reason fails, | There faith prevails,  
 With all her powers, | And love adores.

307.

8s.

HART.

OUR GOD FOREVER AND EVER. — Ps. 48: 14.

1. THIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,  
 Whose love is as large as His power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.
2. 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
 We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
 And trust Him for all that's to come.

308.

6s & 4s. MADAN'S COLL.

THE FATHER, THE WORD, AND THE HOLY GHOST. — 1 John 5: 7.

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 stayed;  
 Lord, hear our call.

Rev C. Wesley  
 [1708-1788.]

Comp. 1757

C. Wesley.  
 1757

& Some say by <sup>224</sup> Martin Madan

INSPIRATION, EXCELLENCE, ETC.

60. vi.  
-e-24
3. 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.
  4. Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour.  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.
  5. To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore ;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

HOLY SCRIPTURES. — INSPIRATION,  
EXCELLENCE, ETC.

— 309.

L. M.

· WATTS.

HOLY MEN OF GOD SPAKE AS THEY WERE MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST.  
2 Pet. 1 : 21.

1. 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke His word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

1753

B2 1753

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

2. The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirmed the messages they brought;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
3. Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of Thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read His name who died for me.
4. Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is Thy word, and must endure.

310.

C. M.

COWPER.

THE LIGHT OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL OF CHRIST.—2 Cor. 4: 4.

1. THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
2. A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun,  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
3. The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.
4. Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

INSPIRATION, EXCELLENCE, ETC.

5. My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory break upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

311.

C. M.

FAWCETT.

ALL SCRIPTURE IS GIVEN BY INSPIRATION OF GOD.—2 Tim. 3: 16.

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

312.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT.—Ps. 19: 7.

1. BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.
2. But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

3. How perfect is Thy word,  
And all Thy judgments just!  
Forever sure Thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain  
Are Thy directions given!  
O, may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.

313.

L. M.

WATTS.

ENLIGHTENING THE EYES.—Ps. 19: 8.

1. THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;  
In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
2. The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, Thy power confess;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
3. Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when Thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
4. Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,  
That see the light or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

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

— 314.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

*Watts*  
 MORE TO BE DESIRED ARE THEY THAN GOLD.— Ps. 19 : 10.

- 85* /
1. I LOVE the volumes of Thy word ;  
 What light and joy those leaves afford  
 To souls benighted and distressed !  
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;  
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;  
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
2. From the discoveries of Thy law  
 The perfect rules of life I draw ;  
 These are my study and delight ;  
 Not honey so invites the taste,  
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed,  
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
3. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,  
 And warn me where my danger lies ;  
 But 'tis Thy blesséd gospel, Lord,  
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
 And gives a free but large reward.
4. Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?  
 My God, forgive my secret faults,  
 And from presumptuous sins restrain ;  
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
 That I have read Thy book of grace  
 And book of nature not in vain.
- 1719*

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

315.

C. M.

STEELE.

I HAVE REJOICED IN THE WAY OF THY TESTIMONIES.—Ps. 119 : 14.

1. FATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
Forever be Thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines.
2. Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
3. Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
4. O, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
5. Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

316.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE STATUTES OF THE LORD ARE RIGHT, REJOICING THE HEART.—Ps. 119 : 8.

1. BEHOLD, the lofty sky  
Declares its Maker, God ;  
And all His starry works on high  
Proclaim His power abroad.

INSPIRATION, EXCELLENCE, ETC.

2. The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same,  
While night to day, and day to night,  
Divinely teach His name.
3. In every different land  
Their general voice is known ;  
They show the wonders of His hand,  
And orders of His throne.
4. His statutes and commands  
Are set before our eyes ;  
He puts His gospel in our hands,  
Where our salvation lies.
5. While of Thy works I sing,  
Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's name.

— 317. *Manuscript* C. M. WATTS.

THY COMMANDMENT IS EXCEEDING BROAD. — Ps. 119 : 96.

- 317*
1. LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book ;  
Great God, if once compared with Thine,  
How mean their writings look !
  2. Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
But Thine conduct to heaven.
  3. I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
And can no farther go.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

4. Yet men would fain be just with God,  
By works their hands have wrought;  
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to every thought.
5. Our faith, and love, and every grace,  
Fall far below Thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

DOXOLOGY.

23  
Honor to Thee, almighty Three,  
And everlasting One;  
All glory to the Father be,  
The Spirit and the Son.

318.

C. M.

WATTS.

O, HOW LOVE I THY LAW! — Ps. 119: 97.

- ES /
1. O, HOW I love Thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
  2. My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate Thy word;  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear Thy gospel, Lord.
  - 1719 3. How doth Thy word my heart engage!  
How well employ my tongue!  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heavenly song.
  4. When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write Thy praise.

*write*

*John T. Searles*  
*The pub. of "Youth's Monitor" 1800.*

INSPIRATION, EXCELLENCE, ETC.

319.

7s.

*In -*  
*Union Hymns*

I LOVE THY COMMANDMENTS ABOVE GOLD.—Ps. 119 : 127.

1. HOLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to teach me what I am;
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
3. Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show, by living faith,  
How to triumph over death;
4. Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O, thou precious book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

*Bible*  
*H.*  
*Book.*

320.

L. M.

GRANT.

THE WORD OF OUR GOD SHALL STAND FOREVER.—Is. 40 : 8.

1. THE starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as Thy written word.
2. The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to Thee.

*Handwritten notes in the left margin, including "I love thy commandments above gold" and other illegible text.*

*Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including "Huntington's Copy" and other illegible text.*

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

3. Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
The moon forget her nightly tale,  
And deepest silence hush on high  
The radiant chorus of the sky.
4. But fixed for everlasting years,  
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
When heaven and earth have passed away.

321.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORDS GIVETH LIGHT.—Ps. 119: 130.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.
2. When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
4. Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

322.

C. M.

WATTS.

A HERITAGE FOREVER. — Ps. 119 : 111.

- ps /
1. LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
  2. I'll read the histories of Thy love,  
And keep Thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
  3. 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
  4. The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blessed ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.
- ver  
1745  
ent

323.

4s & 7s.

GELLERT.

THE FAITHFUL WORD. — Tit. 1 : 9.

- +
1. I TRUST the Lord ;  
Upon His word  
I rest my soul's well-being ;  
My walk with Thee,  
Lord, here must be  
By faith, and not by seeing.
- Horad.  
Groomman

- +
2. The only scheme  
Man to redeem  
From death, sin's fearful wages,
- 10 14

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Would lie concealed,  
But as revealed  
In these, Thy sacred pages.

3. And now shall grief  
Hope no relief,  
My soul sink down despairing?  
No; here I see  
Thy grace for me  
A Father's love declaring.

4. By faith to live,  
Its fruits to give,  
This is the path to heaven;  
All strength and skill  
To do Thy will  
But through Thy word are given.

5. Teach me, O Lord,  
To prize Thy word,  
This gift of matchless favor;  
Be it my health,  
Be it my wealth,  
My strength and life forever.

324.

C. M.

WATTS.

THY WORD WAS UNTO ME THE JOY AND REJOICING OF MINE HEART.  
Jer. 15 : 16.

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to Thee, my Lord;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears  
But in Thy written word.

2. The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in every page.

B2 149-1253

INSPIRATION, EXCELLENCE, ETC.

3. This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own.
4. Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.
5. This is the judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.
6. O, may Thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command,  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to Thy right hand.

325.

C. M. EVAN. MAG. <sup>3</sup>  
*John Buttrick* w. 1820.

O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH.—Ps. 43:3.

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

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

326.

L. M. *John* BOWRING.

(a)

IT SHALL PROSPER. — IS. 55 : 11.

- Taken from  
metins & notes,  
p. 243.*
1. UPON the gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine ;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.
  2. On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar ;  
And, as it soars, the gospel light  
Adds to its influence more and more.
  3. More glorious still as centuries roll,  
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;
  4. Flow to restore, but not destroy ;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps each lingering mist away.
- Kirk says "220" It is a "crotchet."*

327.

8s. & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

THOU SHALT GUIDE ME WITH THY COUNSEL. — PS. 73 : 24.

1. WHAT is the world? A wildering maze,  
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand ways  
Her victims to insnare ;  
All broad, and winding, and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.
2. Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,  
Bearing their bawbles or their loads  
Down to eternal night ;

One only path, that never bends,  
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
From darkness into light.

3. Is there no guide to show that path?  
The Bible! He alone who hath  
The Bible need not stray;  
But he who hath, and will not give  
That light of life to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way.

—328.

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*(a) ver.*  
EVERY THING SHALL LIVE WHITHER THE RIVER COMETH. — Ezek. 47 : 9.

1. GREAT Source of being and of love,  
Thou waterest all the worlds above;  
And all the joys we mortals know  
From Thine exhaustless fountain flow.
2. A sacred spring, at Thy command,  
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,  
Beside Thy temple cleaves the ground,  
And pours its limpid stream around.
3. The limpid stream, with sudden force,  
Swells to a river in its course;  
Through desert realms its windings play,  
And scatter blessings all the way.
4. Close by its banks, in order fair,  
The blooming trees of life appear;  
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,  
And on their fruit the nations live.
5. Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,  
Flow on, to earth's remotest bound,  
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,  
To Him who all thy virtues gave.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.—THE  
SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

329.

S. M.

WATTS.

THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN.—Mark 2:27.

- 1753*
- True,*  
*to origin-*  
*at.*
1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise,  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes.
  2. The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
  3. One day amid the place  
Where my dear God hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
  4. My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

330.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

THE SACRIFICES OF GOD ARE A BROKEN SPIRIT.—Ps. 51:17.

- +*
1. WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread His sovereign praise abroad?
- +* *Sung at opening of the service*  
*1st & 2d at other on restoration at*

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
3. Vain, sinful man, creation's Lord  
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

331.

L. M.

J. STENNETT.

THEY SHALL HALLOW MY SABBATHS. — Ezek. 44 : 24.

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest,  
Revere the day thy God has blessed.
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
3. O, that my thoughts and words may rise  
As incense to propitious skies,  
And fetch from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
4. This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
5. With joy, great God, Thy works I view,  
In various scenes, both old and new ;  
With praise I think on mercies past ;  
With hope I future pleasures taste.

"of" in  
orig.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

6. In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away;  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

332.

H. M.

HAYWARD.

THE LORD SHALL DRIVE THEE OUT OF ZION. — Ps. 137: 8

1. WELCOME, delightful morn;  
Thou day of sacred rest,  
I hail thy kind return  
Lord, make these moments blessed:  
From the low train | I soar to reach  
Of mortal toys, | immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address Thy face:  
Let sinners feel | and learn to know  
Thy quickening word, | and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Display the Saviour's love,  
And bless the sacred hours:  
Then shall my soul | for Sabbath days  
New life obtain, | be spent in vain.

333.

L. M.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT. — Is. 58: 13.

1. DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,  
When village bells awake the day,  
And by their sacred minstrelsy  
Call me from earthly cares away.

*Several  
things  
omitted.*

*"morn" in orig. 1732  
"melts" in orig.  
1732*

*Revised  
words  
Hymn, no.*

*not in Ripston  
Dobell has  
disclose a like  
this the  
H. 548 of  
Dobell's  
show Hayward*

*Hayward  
1732  
Dobell's  
not in Ripston*

*Ed 148  
Not in Ripston  
Dobell's  
not in Dobell's*



PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

Take away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.

3. Here we come Thy name to praise;  
Let us feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
4. May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints;  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

335.

C. M.

WATTS.

IT BEHOVED CHRIST TO SUFFER AND TO RISE FROM THE DEAD THE  
THIRD DAY.— Luke 24: 46.

1. BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God,  
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave His ~~last~~ abode!
2. In the cold prison of a tomb  
The great Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, the appointed day.
3. Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

4. To Thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
5. Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King;  
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,  
With glad hosannas ring.

336.

L. M.

WATTS.

TO SHOW FORTH THY LOVING KINDNESS IN THE MORNING.—Ps. 92: 2.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His 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  
Blast them in everlasting death.
5. But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

new morning

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

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

—337.

S. M. H. F. LYTE.

TO SHOW FORTH THY LOVING KINDNESS IN THE MORNING AND THY FAITHFULNESS EVERY NIGHT.—Ps. 92: 2.

1. SWEET is the task, O Lord,  
Thy glorious acts, to sing,  
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.

*Miss Harriet  
Lauber 1793-18  
W. ab. 1829*

2. Sweet at the dawning hour,  
Thy boundless love, to tell;  
And when the night wind shuts the flower,  
Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve Thee best,  
And in Thy name rejoice.

4. To songs of praise and joy,  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

338.

C. M. WATTS.

THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE.—Ps. 118: 24.

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.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. To-day He rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Save me please  
in the name  
of the Lord

339.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

6076

I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.—REV. 1 : 10.

1. MY opening eyes with rapture see  
The dawn of Thy returning day ;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,  
While thus my early vows I pay.
2. I yield my heart to Thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest ;  
Eternal King, erect Thy throne,  
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.
3. O, bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away ;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.

over  
Praise  
God

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

4. Then to Thy courts when I repair,  
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
 The wonders of Thy love declare,  
 And join the strains which angels sing.

21797  
 61925

— 340.

10s.

MASON.

THE LORD BLESSED THE SABBATH DAY AND HALLOWED IT.—Ex. 20 : 11.

1. AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
 Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blessed ;  
 When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,  
 And all be piety, and all be peace.
2. Let us devote this consecrated day  
 To learn His will, and all we learn obey ;  
 So shall He hear while fervently we raise  
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.
3. Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,  
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,  
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,  
 Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

Worship  
 5th March  
 1811

— 341.

H. M.

SCOTT.

AND THEY RETURNED AND PREPARED SPICES AND OINTMENTS, AND RESTED THE SABBATH DAY.—Luke 23 : 56.

1. AWAKE, our drowsy souls,  
 And burst the slothful band ;  
 The wonders of this day  
 Our noblest songs demand ;  
 Auspicious morn, | Bright seraphs hail  
 Thy blissful rays | In songs of praise.

1763.

2. At thy approaching dawn  
 Reluctant death resigned

Ver by [unclear] 1810

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

The glorious Prince of life,  
Its dark domains confined ;  
The angelic host | And 'mid their shouts  
Around Him bends, | The God ascends.

3. " All hail, triumphant Lord !"  
Heaven with hosannas rings ;  
While earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings :  
Worthy art Thou, | Through endless years,  
Who once wast slain, | To live and reign.

4. Gird on, great God, Thy sword,  
Ascend Thy conquering car,  
While justice, truth, and love  
Maintain the glorious war ;  
Victorious, Thou | And sin and hell  
Thy foes shalt tread, | In triumph lead.

342.

C. M.

H. F. LYTE.

OUR FEET SHALL STAND WITHIN THY GATES, O JERUSALEM. — Ps. 122 : 2.

1. WITH joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God has called His own ;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at His throne.
2. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.
3. Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell  
Within Thy church below ;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

4. Let peace within her walls be found,  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.
5. Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which Thou hast called Thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at Thy throne.

343.

L. M.

STEELE.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT DOETH THIS. — Is. 56: 2.

1. GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine  
Demands our soul's collected powers;  
May we employ in work divine  
These solemn, these devoted hours;  
O, may our souls adoring own  
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.
2. Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;  
Where God resides appear no more;  
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore;  
O, may Thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
3. Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;  
O, may Thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine;  
Then shall our souls, adoring, own  
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

344.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.— Heb. 4: 9.

*Fau. of Dr Stuart of Andover.*  
 1. LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house,  
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
 The songs which from the desert rise.

*Sung by Mrs S. L. Smith and her*

*My dear Dr Smith see sabbath before she died*  
 2. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
 But there's a nobler rest above;  
 To that our laboring souls aspire,  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

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

*Over*

4. No rude alarms of raging foes;  
 No cares to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun;  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

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

*a*

345.

L. M.

WATTS.

PRaise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.— Ps. 65: 1.

*35*  
 1. THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,  
 My God, and praise becomes Thy house;  
 There shall Thy saints Thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public vows.

*Over 1719*

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; OPENING.

2. O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies,  
To save when humble sinners pray,  
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,  
And distant islands of the sea.
3. Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain;  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.
4. Blessed is the man whom Thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to Thee ;  
Give him a place within Thy house,  
To taste Thy love divinely free.
5. With dreadful glory God fulfil  
What His afflicted saints request,  
And with almighty wrath reveals  
His love to give His churches rest.
6. Then shall the flocking nations run  
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord ;  
The rising and the setting sun  
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

346.

8s, 7s, & 4.

MONTGOMERY.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.—Hab. 2 : 20.

1. GOD is in His holy temple ;  
All the earth, keep silence here ;  
Worship Him in truth and spirit,  
Reverence Him with godly fear ;  
Holy, holy  
Lord of hosts, our God appear.
2. God in Christ reveals His presence,  
Throned upon the mercy seat ;  
Saints, rejoice, and, sinners, tremble ;

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

Each prepare his God to meet ;  
    Lowly, lowly  
Bow adoring at His feet.

3. Hail Him here with songs of praises ;  
    Him with prayers of faith surround ;  
Harken to His glorious gospel  
    While the preacher's lips expound ;  
    Blesséd, blesséd  
    They who know the joyful sound.
4. Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,  
    O thou great Unsearchable,  
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,  
    Thou with man art pleased to dwell ;  
    Welcome, welcome,  
    God with us, Immanuel.

347.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING.—Ps. 100 : 4.

- 83
1. WITH one consent, let all the earth  
    To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,  
    And sing before Him songs of praise.
  2. Convinced that He is God alone,  
    From whom both we and all proceed,  
We, whom He chooses for His own,  
    The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.
  3. O, enter then His temple gate,  
    Thence to His courts devoutly press ;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
    And still His name with praises bless.

*ver.*

*Magnificently sung!*

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

4. For He's the Lord, supremely good;  
 His mercy is forever sure;  
 His truth, which all times firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

348.

S. M.

S. STENNETT.

EVEN THINE ALTARS, O LORD OF HOSTS. — Ps. 84: 3.

1727-1745  
w. ab. 1778.

1. How charming is the place  
 Where my Redeemer, God,  
 Unveils the beauties of His face,  
 And sheds His love abroad!
2. Not the fair palaces  
 To which the great resort,  
 Are once to be compared with this,  
 Where Jesus holds His court.
3. Here on the mercy seat,  
 With radiant glory crowned,  
 Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,  
 And smile on all around.

Give me, O Lord, a place  
 Within Thy blest abode,  
 Among the children of Thy grace,  
 The servants of my God.

349.

L. M.

WATTS.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD. — Ps. 100: 1.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and He destroy.

*Ps*  
 "Hill" attend before his throne  
 with solemn fear; with sacred joy  
 know that the Lord is God alone

*Admiration wrought by attributes to  
 the Father*

*God hundred's creatures  
 of that + written 1787+*

*1719*

## THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
3. We are His people, we His care ;  
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
4. We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs ;  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is Thy command ;  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

— 350.

C. P. M.

MERRICK.

THEY SHALL PROSPER THAT LOVE THEE. — Ps. 122 : 6.

- BS /
- +1. THE joyful morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to Thy honored dome,  
Thy presence to adore.  
My feet the summons shall attend,  
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,  
And tread the hallowed floor.
  2. Hither, from Judah's utmost end,  
The heaven-protected tribes ascend,  
Their offerings hither bring ;  
Here, eager to attest their joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
And hail the immortal King.

1765

verified by Merrick's version of The  
Ps. made 1765 - It is diff. as given  
by Hogue p. 479. There as a source

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

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

351.

C. M.

WATTS.

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING.—Ps. 5 : 3.

1. LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting at His Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
4. But to Thy house will I resort,  
To taste Thy mercies there;  
I will frequent Thine holy court,  
And worship in Thy fear.

352.

L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

A GOD READY TO PARDON.—Neh. 9 : 17.

1. FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

*R.C. Wilson says; 256 "J. Cooper." and give the same except "mysterious" instead of "eternal"*

*eff here in the morning...  
fer in the morning with...  
Direct my prayers to Thy throne  
and thine left mine eyes...  
go Herbert in...  
Music...  
351*

*a*

*John Cooper -  
w. at 1810.*

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
3. Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.
4. Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!  
Eternal Godhead! Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

353.

8s, 7s, & 4. Thos: KELLY.

SPEAK, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH. — 1 Sam. 3 : 10.

1. IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, Thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear —  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
2. While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till Thy glory,  
Without clouds, in heaven we see.
3. There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
Thee Thy people shall adore,  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Far than thought conceived before —  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

17 257

I have at the Sp<sup>er</sup> served my first  
Sabb as pastor at 800 ...

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

354.

C. M.

WATTS.

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.—Ps. 63 : 1.

- 88
- 1719
1. EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek Thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace.
  2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
  3. I've seen Thy glory and Thy power  
Through all Thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
  4. Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As Thy forgiving love.
  5. Thus, till my last, expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my heart to sing.

355.

7s.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE HEART IN MAN, AND THE ANSWER OF THE TONGUE,  
IS FROM THE LORD.—Prov. 16 : 1.

- Harps
1. HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare  
For the solemn work of prayer ;  
Grant that, when we bend the knee,  
All our thoughts may turn to Thee,  
And Thy presence may be found,  
Breathing peace and joy around.

"Modern Psalmist."

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. Lord, when we approach Thy throne,  
Make Thy power and glory known;  
Thus may we be taught to call  
Humbly on the Lord of all,  
And with reverence and fear  
At Thy footstool to appear.
  
3. Teach us, as we breathe our woes,  
On Thy promise to repose,  
All Thy tender love to trace  
In the Saviour's work of grace,  
And with confidence depend  
On a gracious God and Friend.

356.

C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

*Rev Joseph Gaire Carlyle [1759-1804]*  
SERVE HIM IN SINCERITY AND IN TRUTH.—*Josh. 24: 14.*

*W. B. 805.*

*R.C. Wil-*  
*SON in Psalm*  
*Hyms*  
*scribes to*  
*Carlyle.*  
*Hegins only*  
*three stanzas*  
*and quite diff.*

1. LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
O, may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
  
2. Our broken spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a healing glance from Thee  
Beam hope on every heart.
  
3. When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
O, let our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.
  
4. Let faith each weak petition fill,  
And lift it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

*W. B.*  
*by*  
*Pratt's*  
*Coll.*

*Manly says Carlyle*  
*Joseph D. Carlyle*  
*6 stanzas in*  
*all*  
*1805.*



THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all His own,  
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at His throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are His work, and not our own ;  
He formed us by His word.
4. To-day attend His voice,  
Nor dare provoke His rod ;  
Come, like the people of His choice,  
And own your gracious God.

359.

S. M.

WATTS.

WALK ABOUT ZION, AND GO ROUND ABOUT HER.—Ps. 48 : 12.

- Es/c*  
*ver-*  
*1719*
1. FAR as Thy name is known,  
The world declares Thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne  
Their songs of honor raise.
  2. With joy let Judah stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,  
And counsels of Thy will.
  3. Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view the holy ground,  
And mark the building well,
  4. The order of Thy house,  
The worship of Thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

5. How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.
6. The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

360.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS. — Ps. 122 : 7.

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

DOXOLOGY.

Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, Thee,  
Let heaven and earth adore;  
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be  
God blessed evermore.

361.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

O, COME LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.—Ps. 95 : 1.

- Ps.*
1. O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
  2. Into His presence let us haste,  
To thank Him for His favors past ;  
To Him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to His name belongs.
  3. For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivalled glory great —  
A King superior far to all —  
Whom by His title God we call.
  4. O, let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Down on our knees devoutly, all,  
Before the Lord, our Maker fall.
- ver.*

362.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS SANCTUARY.—Ps. 96 : 6.

- Ps.*
1. LET all the earth their voices raise,  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise ;  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :  
His glory let the heathen know ;  
His wonders to the nations show ;  
And all His saving works proclaim.
  2. He framed the globe, He built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there ;
- J.*

*From  
Bennett's  
Coll.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; OPENING.

His beams are majesty and light ;  
His beauties, how divinely bright !  
His temple, how divinely fair !

3. Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel His saving power,  
And barbarous nations fear His name :  
Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of His holiness,  
And in His courts His grace proclaim.

363.

6s & 4s.

GOODE.

PRAISE HIM ACCORDING TO HIS EXCELLENT GREATNESS. — Ps. 150 : 2.

34

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

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

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

364.

L. M.

WATTS.

LET MY PRAYER BE SET FORTH BEFORE THEE AS INCENSE.—Ps. 141: 2.

- 85 /
1. My God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in Thy house;  
And let my nightly worship rise,  
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
  2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From every rash and heedless word;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty path where sinners lead.
  3. O, may the righteous, when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wandering way;  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
  4. When I behold them pressed with grief,  
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

365.

C. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

LORD, I HAVE LOVED THE HABITATION OF THY HOUSE.—Ps. 26: 8.

- 711  
82  
83
1. WE love Thy holy temple, Lord,  
For there Thou deign'st to dwell;  
And there the heralds of Thy word  
Of all Thy mercies tell.
  2. There, in Thy pure and cleansing fount,  
Washed from each guilty stain,  
Our souls on wings of faith shall mount  
To heaven's eternal fane.

+ From Ch. Ps. in Pratt's Coll.

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; OPENING.

3. Around Thine altar will we kneel  
In penitence sincere,  
A Saviour's mercy deeply feel,  
And words of pardon hear ;
4. Or, mingling with the choral throng,  
Our joyful voices raise,  
And pour the full, melodious song,  
In notes of grateful praise.

366.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME, LET US GO INTO THE HOUSE OF  
THE LORD. — Ps. 122 : 1.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day."
2. I love her gates, I love the road ;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show His milder face.
3. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair ;  
The Son of David holds His throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
4. He hears our praises and complaints,  
And while His awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
5. Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blessed.

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

367.

H. M.

WATTS.

MY SOUL LONGETH, YEA, EVEN FAINTETH, FOR THE COURTS OF THE LORD.  
 Ps. 84 : 2.

84/

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

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

3. O happy souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear ;  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there :  
 They praise Thee still ;              |              That love the way  
 And happy they                      |              To Zion'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,                      |              Shall thither bring  
 When God our King                      |              Our willing feet.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

— 368.

L. M.

WATTS.

LET US COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH THANKSGIVING. — Ps. 95 : 2.

- ed
1. COME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise :  
God is a sovereign king ; rehearse  
His honors in exalted verse.
  2. Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who framed our natures with His word :  
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep  
His mercy chose, His pastures keep.
  3. Come, let us hear His voice to-day ;  
The counsels of His love obey ;  
Nor let our hardened hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
  4. Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
Attend the offered grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
  5. Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;  
Believe, and take the promised rest ;  
Obey, and be forever blest.

— 369.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE WAY TO ZION. — Jer. 50 : 5.

1. INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Zion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determined will.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. Come, let us to His temple haste,  
And seek His favor there ;  
Before His footstool humbly bow,  
And pour our fervent prayer.
3. Come, let us join our souls to God  
In everlasting bands,  
And seize the blessings He bestows,  
With eager hearts and hands.

370.

75. *From* HAMMOND.

AND YE SHALL SEEK ME AND FIND ME WHEN YE SHALL SEARCH FOR ME  
WITH ALL YOUR HEART. — JER. 29 : 13.

*Rev<sup>d</sup> Wm  
Hammond  
— 1783  
at. 1745*

*Methodist H. Book  
H. 122  
Orig. in*

1. LORD, we come before Thee now ;  
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O, do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
2. Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion, now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace ;  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
3. In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
4. Send some message from Thy word  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn ;  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those who are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

*written 1745 +*

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; OPENING.

6. Grant that all may seek, and find  
Thee a gracious God and kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

371.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS, AND PROSPERITY WITHIN THY PALACES.  
Ps. 122 : 7.

1. How pleased and blessed was I,  
To hear the people cry,  
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honors pay.
2. Zion, thrice happy place !  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3. Here David's greater Son  
Has fixed His royal throne ;  
He sits for grace and judgment here :  
He bids the saint be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4. May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest ;  
The man who seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest.
5. My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house!"

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

For here my friends and kindred dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee His blest abode ;  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

372.

*a*  
L. M.

HEBER.

THOU HAST BEEN A SHELTER FOR ME. — Ps. 61 : 3.

- with Rev. -*
1. FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek Thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
  2. Long have we roamed in want and pain ;  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
- Rev.*

373.

C. M.

STEELE.

THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME. — Hag. 2 : 7.

1. COME, thou Desire of all Thy saints !  
Our humble strains attend,  
While, with our praises and complaints,  
Low at Thy feet we bend.
  2. How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise !  
How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies !
  3. Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame ;  
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,  
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- Rev.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

4. Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine  
And fill Thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine  
A heaven on earth appear.
5. Then shall our hearts enraptured say,  
Come, great Redeemer, come,  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls Thy children home!

374.

C. M.

WATTS.

GOD IS GREATLY TO BE FEARED IN THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS.  
Ps. 89: 7.

1. WITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord;  
His high commands with reverence hear,  
And tremble at His word.
2. How terrible Thy glories be!  
How bright Thine armies shine!  
Where is the power that vies with Thee?  
Or truth, compared with Thine?
3. The northern pole, and southern, rest  
On Thy supporting hand;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at Thy command.
4. Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
5. Justice and judgment are Thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near Thy face.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY

— 375. 8s, 7s, & 4. RIPPON'S COLL.

THE SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH OUR INFIRMITIES. — Rom. 8 : 26.

1. COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
 Bless the sower and the seed ;  
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit ;  
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;  
 From the gospel  
 Now supply Thy people's need. *a*
2. O, may all enjoy the blessing  
 Which Thy word's designed to give ;  
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,  
 Joyfully the truth receive ;  
 And forever  
 To Thy praise and glory live.

376. 8s & 7s. *No.* TAYLOR.

THE LORD WILL GIVE GRACE AND GLORY. — Ps. 84 : 11.

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

*No. Taylor  
1796*

*Dr. Hunt  
Coll.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

3. Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
Still Thy providence adoring,  
Faithful subjects to Thy laws;  
Lord, with favor still attend us,  
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;  
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us;  
All our hope is from above.

377.

C. M.

WATTS.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR ALL HIS BENEFITS TOWARD  
ME.—Ps. 116: 12.

- ES /
1. WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all His kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit Thine abode,  
My songs address Thy throne.
2. Among the saints that fill Thy house  
My offerings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 1719
3. How much is mercy Thy delight,  
Thou ever-blesséd God!  
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all Thy servants are!  
How great Thy grace to me!  
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.
5. Now I am Thine, forever Thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with Thy love.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

6. Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And Thy rich grace record ;  
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord !

378.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRaise GOD IN HIS SANCTUARY. — Ps. 150 : 1.

1. IN God's own house pronounce His praise ;  
 His grace He there reveals ;  
 To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there His glory dwells.
2. Let all your sacred passions move  
 While you rehearse His deeds ;  
 But the great work of saving love  
 Your highest praise exceeds.
3. All that have motion, life, and breath,  
 Proclaim your Maker blessed ;  
 Yet when my voice expires in death,  
 My soul shall praise Him best.

379.

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE WHOSE MIND IS STAYED ON THEE. Is. 26 : 3.

1. WHILE Thee I seek, Protecting Power,  
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, —  
 To Thee my thoughts would soar ;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, —  
 That mercy I adore.

*Ps*  
*next*

*1-2-*  
*Paraph*

*+ V. Rec*  
*TOTAL*

*June 20*  
*called 1811.*  
*at the St.*  
*or by Mitch*  
*ABrane.*

*V. Memorial of*  
*1811*  
*some called of first*

*C. P. ...*

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

3. In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.
4. In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
5. When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—  
That heart will rest on Thee.

*My steadfast heart shall know no fear. — Addison. Ps. 28.*

380.

L. M.

WATTS.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD.—Ps. 100: 1.

1. YE nations of the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;  
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice;  
With all your tongues His glory sing.
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give;  
We are His work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on His pastures live.
3. Enter His gates with songs of joy;  
With praises to His courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.

*Ps. 28 by Addison, heart shall know*

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;  
Great is His grace, His mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

*38*  
381.

L. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED BE THE LORD OUT OF ZION.— Ps. 135 : 21.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,  
While in His earthly courts we wait ;  
Ye saints, ~~who~~ to His house belong,  
Or stand attending at His gate. *ye  
Remains  
That*
2. Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;  
To praise His name is sweet employ ;  
Israel He chose of old, and still  
His church is His peculiar joy. *5 in all*
3. The Lord Himself will judge His saints ;  
He treats His servants as His friends ;  
And when He hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that He sends. *ye the church*
4. Bless ~~Him~~, all ye who taste His love ;  
People and priests, exalt His name ;  
Among His saints He ever dwells ;  
His church is His Jerusalem.

*38*  
382.

C. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

SING ALOUD UNTO GOD OUR STRENGTH.— Ps. 81 : 1.

1. To God, our Strength, your voice aloud,  
In strains of glory raise ;  
High to Jehovah, Jacob's God,  
Exalt the notes of praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; OPENING.

2. Now let the gospel trumpet blow  
On each appointed feast,  
And teach His waiting church to know  
The Sabbath's sacred rest.
3. This was the statute of the Lord  
To Israel's favored race ;  
And yet His courts preserve His word,  
And there we wait His grace.
4. With psalms of honor, and of joy,  
Let all His temples ring ;  
Your various instruments employ,  
And songs of triumph sing.

383.

L. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DWELL IN THY HOUSE.—Ps. 84: 4.

- es*
1. GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from Thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with Thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
  2. Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within Thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
  3. God is our Sun, He makes our day ;  
God is our Shield, He guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin ;  
From foes without and foes within.
  4. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey, —  
And devils at Thy presence flee, —  
Blessed is the man that trusts in Thee.

384.

L. M.

WATTS.

O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD: EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.—Ps. 63: 1.

- 83
1. GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;  
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;  
The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.
  2. Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am Thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.
  3. With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water brook.
  4. With early feet I love to appear  
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;  
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
  5. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

385.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

CAUSE THY FACE TO SHINE, AND WE SHALL BE SAVED.—Ps. 80: 3.

1. LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,  
Love divine, Thyself impart;  
Every fainting soul inspire;  
Shine in every drooping heart.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

2. Every mournful sinner cheer,  
Scatter all our guilty gloom;  
Son of God, appear, appear!  
To Thy human temples come.
3. Come in this accepted hour;  
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;  
Fill us with Thy glorious power,  
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
4. Nothing more can we require,  
We will covet nothing less;  
Be Thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy and all our peace.

DOXOLOGY.

25  
Sing we to our God above,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host.

386.

8s, 7s, & 4.

**J.**

PIERPONT.

IN THE MULTITUDE OF THY MERCY HEAR ME. — Ps. 69 : 13.

- Original*
1. GOD Almighty and All Seeing,  
Holy One, in whom we all  
Live, and move, and have our being,  
Hear us when on Thee we call;  
Father, hear us,  
As before Thy throne we fall.
  2. Of all good art Thou the Giver;  
Weak and wandering ones are we;  
Then forever, yea, forever,  
In Thy presence would we be;  
O, be near us,  
That we wander not from Thee.
- Other of it*

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit  
For election, sovereign, free ;  
For redeeming love and merit ;  
For renewing such as we ;  
For all blessings  
Praise the glorious One in Three.

*Rippon's  
Coll.*

387.

L. M.

WATTS.

MY SOUL LONGETH, YEA, EVEN FAINTETH, FOR THE COURTS OF THE LORD.  
Ps. 84 : 2.

- Ps*
1. How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints. *1719*
  2. My flesh would rest in Thine abode ;  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee ? *1719*
  3. Blessed are the saints who sit on high,  
Around Thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
  4. Blessed are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace ;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
  5. Blessed are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their Strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their Helper, God.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

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

388.

C. M.

WATTS.

LET US MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE TO THE ROCK OF OUR SALVATION. — Ps. 95 : 1.

- 82 /
1. SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in His strength rejoice;  
When His salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
2. With thanks approach His awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
3. Let princes hear, let angels know  
How mean their natures seem;  
Those gods on high, and gods below,  
When once compared with Him.
4. Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in His spacious hand;  
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 45
5. Come, and with humble souls adore;  
Come, kneel before His face;  
O, may the creatures of His power  
Be children of His grace.
6. Now is the time; He bends His ear,  
And waits for your request;  
Come, lest He rouse His wrath, and swear,  
"Ye shall not see my rest."
- 3

389.

11s & 8s. MONTGOMERY.

ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKSGIVING. — Ps. 100 : 4.

- Ps*
1. BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;  
O, serve Him with gladness and fear ;  
Exult in His presence with music and mirth ;  
With love and devotion draw near.
  2. For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;  
And we are His people, His sceptre we own ;  
His sheep, and we follow His call.
  3. O, enter His gates with thanksgiving and song ;  
Your vows in His temple proclaim ;  
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless His adorable name.
  4. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,<sup>†</sup>  
And we are the work of His hand ;  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

*31*  
† changed in Sab. H. Book. — *sadly*

—390.

L. M.

WATTS.

O, VISIT ME WITH THY SALVATION. — Ps. 106 : 4.

*Bk 2: 15*

- 1753*
1. FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
  2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire ;  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; OPENING.

3. Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How sweet Thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love.
4. Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

391.

C. M.

WATTS.

THAT I MAY DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.  
Ps. 27 : 4.

- Ps*
1. THE Lord of glory is my Light,  
And my Salvation too;  
God is my Strength; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
  2. One privilege my heart desires;  
O, grant me an abode  
Among the churches of Thy saints,  
The temples of my God.
  3. There shall I offer my requests,  
And see Thy beauty still;  
Shall hear Thy messages of love,  
And there inquire Thy will.
  4. When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may His children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.
  5. Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around;  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within Thy temple sound.

392.

L. M. G. TERSTEEGEN.

THIS IS NONE OTHER BUT THE HOUSE OF GOD. — Gen. 28 : 17.

but by  
 4. B.  
 4285.  
 then in  
 stanzas  
 of lines each  
 the hymn  
 of 12  
 taken

1. Lo, God is here! let us adore,  
 And own how dreadful is this place!  
 Let all within us feel His power,  
 And silent bow before His face.

Translated by  
 Mrs. Wesley  
 Creamed  
 327 p.

2. Lo, God is here! Him, day and night,  
 The united choirs of angels sing;  
 To Him, enthroned above all height,  
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring.

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

393.

L. M. R. HEBER.

HOSANNA. — John 12 : 13.

1. HOSANNA to the living Lord!  
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2. Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.

3. O, Saviour, with protecting care,  
 Return to this, Thy house of prayer;  
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.

written 1811.

"A hymn" says Mr. Love "that I should be glad to hear sung at the opening of divine service."

written 1811. "Creamed" 327 p.

4. But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,  
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
5. So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

394.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD LOVETH THE GATES OF ZION.—Ps. 37 : 2.

1. GOD in His earthly temple lays  
Foundations for His heavenly praise ;  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
2. His mercy visits every house  
That pays its night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3. When God makes up His last account  
Of natives in His holy mount,  
'Twill be an honor to appear  
As one new-born or nourished there.

PUBLIC WORSHIP ; CLOSING.— THE  
SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

395.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS THERE ALONE.— Matt. 14 : 23.

1. SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day ;  
Gently as life's setting sun  
When the Christian's course is run.
2. Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.
3. Still the Spirit lingers near  
Where the evening worshipper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.
4. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of peace and joy in Thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

396.

L. M. *Jamieson* EDMESTON.

THE TIME OF THE EVENING OBLATION.— Dan. 9 : 21.

1. SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;  
For these blest hours the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; CLOSING.

2. The time how lovely and how still;  
Peace shines and smiles on all below;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
All fair with evening's setting glow.
3. Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees the smiling heaven above
4. Nor will our days of toil be long;  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

*Dracon's* 397. Coll 8s & 7s. *Indobell-*

O THAT THOU WOULDST BLESS ME INDEED. — 1 Chron. 4:10.

*unknown author. w. 1775.*

*v. Cremer*  
*p436*

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase.  
Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to Thee our hearts we raise;  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

398.

C. M.

BROWNE.

*marked "Bible Rippon from which it is taken."*

INCREASE OUR FAITH. — Luke 17:5.

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

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

2. Accept our faint attempts to love ;  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
We would be like Thy saints above,  
And praise Thee while we live.
3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbaths never end ; —
4. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air ;  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.

399.

L. M. *Reginald* HEBER.

*written 1812.*

THE DESIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE GRANTED. — Prov. 10 : 24.

1. LORD, now we part in Thy blest name,  
In which we here together came ;  
Grant us our few remaining days  
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise.
2. Teach us in life and death to bless  
The Lord our Strength and Righteousness  
And grant us all to meet above ;  
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

*written 1812.*

400.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL BE ACCEPTED UPON MINE ALTER. — Is. 56 : 7.

1. ETERNAL Father, God of love,  
To Thee our hearts we raise ;  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove.  
And gladly sing Thy praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP; CLOSING.

2. Thine, wholly Thine, O, let us be;  
 Our sacrifice receive;  
 Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,  
 To Thee ourselves we give.

DOXOLOGY.

In hope to join the angelic host,  
 And all the ransomed throng,  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 We raise the grateful song.

401. 8s & 7s. BICKERSTETH.

I WILL FEED MY FLOCK. — Ezek. 34: 15.

1. ISRAËL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
 Through my pilgrimage below,  
 And beside the waters lead me,  
 Where Thy flock, rejoicing, go.
2. Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,  
 Meekly kneeling, I implore;  
 I have found Thee, and would never,  
 Never wander from Thee more.

402. 7s. WHITE.

WHEN THEY HAD SUNG A HYMN THEY WENT OUT. — Mark 14: 26.

1. CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,  
 Every voice and every heart  
 Join, and to our Father raise  
 One last hymn of grateful praise.
2. ~~Though we here should meet no more,  
 Yet there is a brighter shore;  
 There, released from toil and pain,  
 There we all may meet again.~~

2 Christians, we here may meet no more  
 But there is yet a happier shore  
 And there released from toil & pain

Ms. A. 1. 13. 213.

THE SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

*in joy  
at love.*

3. Now to ~~Thee~~, ~~Thou~~ God of heaven,  
Be eternal glory ~~given~~; — *done*  
Grateful for Thy love divine, *Raise ye saints, the source*  
~~May our hearts be ever Thine.~~

*All nations join the loud amen!*

403.

C. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE PEOPLE THAT KNOW THE JOYFUL SOUND.— Ps. 89 : 15.

1. BLESSED are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

+ 3. The Lord, our Glory and Defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King forever reigns,  
Thy God forever lives.

*Handwritten scribbles and numbers*

404.

C. M.

SOME A HUNDRED FOLD, SOME SIXTY FOLD, SOME THIRTY FOLD.— Matt. 13 : 8.

+ 1. ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground ;  
Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.

± 2. Let not the foe of Christ or man  
This holy seed remove,  
But give it root in every heart,  
To bring forth fruits of love.

*John Cawood 1825  
attend much here. See  
Sir R. Palmer*

PUBLIC WORSHIP; CLOSING.

3. Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,  
But let it yield, a hundred fold,  
The fruits of peace and joy.
4. Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.
5. Oft as Thy precious seed is sown,  
Thy quickening grace bestow;  
That all, whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving power may know.

405.

C. M.

WATTS.

BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH. — Eph. 2:8.

1. SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
3. Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

*song of the medicine  
of the Am. B. S. S.  
at 1830*

DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

*29*

*Hon & Rev. Walter Shirley [1725-1786]  
W. A. 1774.*

406.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Geo. BURDER.

THE GOD OF LOVE AND PEACE SHALL BE WITH YOU.—2 Cor. 13: 11.

1. LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
3. Then, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

*Attended +*

*20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30*

*"Service of Song" says  
"Walter Shirley 1779"*

407.

8s & 7s.

John NEWTON.

THE GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—2 Cor. 13: 14.

1. MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

MAN A BEING. — THE SOUL.

408.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL? — Mark 8:37.

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

Handwritten notes in Arabic script, possibly a translation or commentary, written vertically on the right side of the page.

409.

S. M.

WATTS:

WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM? — Ps. 8:4.

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

THE SOUL.

2. When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms,  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms ?
3. Lord, what is worthless man,  
That Thou shouldst love him so ?  
Next to Thine angels is he placed,  
And lord of all below.
4. How rich Thy bounties are,  
And wondrous are Thy ways ;  
Of dust and worms Thy power can frame  
A monument of praise.

410.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD SHALL GUIDE THEE CONTINUALLY, AND SATISFY THY SOUL.  
Is. 58 : 11.

1. MAN has a soul of vast desires ;  
He burns within with restless fires ;  
Tossed to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
2. In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind ;  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
3. So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns ;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
4. Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust ;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refined.

MAN A SINNER.

MAN A SINNER. — CONDITION BY  
NATURE.

411.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WAS SHAPEN IN INIQUITY. — Ps. 51 : 5.

- B*
1. LORD, I am vile, conceived 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 grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defiled in every part.
  3. Behold, I fall before Thy face ;  
My only refuge is Thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
  4. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
  5. Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

412.

C. M.

STEELE.

THEY THAT ARE IN THE FLESH CANNOT PLEASE GOD. — Rom. 8 : 8.

1. How helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load ;  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- And it says - be*  
*direct says 'its'*

CONDITION BY NATURE.

2. The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray ;  
Reason, debased, can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.
3. Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine  
To form the heart anew.
4. O, change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine ;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

413.

C. M.

WATTS.

IF WE SAY THAT WE HAVE NO SIN, WE DECEIVE OURSELVES.—1 John 1 : 8.

1. SIN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood ;  
The only balm is sovereign grace,  
And the Physician, God.
2. Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead  
With His almighty breath.
3. Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.
4. We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise ;  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.

414.

C. M.

WATTS.

— THERE IS NONE THAT DOETH GOOD, NO, NOT ONE. — ROM. 3: 12.

1. VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word;  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
3. In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
4. Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!  
When in Thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

415.

L. M.

MOORE.

WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING. — JOHN 15: 5.

1. LIKE morning, when her early breeze  
Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
That, in the furrows, dark with night,  
Her hand may sow the seeds of light, —
2. Thy grace can send its breathings o'er  
The spirit dark and lost before;  
And, freshening all its depths, prepare  
For truth divine to enter there.

*From Huntingdon's Coll.*  
*obe a*  
*cl*  
*Moore says: — "To an air by Be...*

CONDITION BY NATURE.

3. Till David touched his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;  
But when he swept its chords along,  
angels stooped to hear the song.

4. So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,  
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;  
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise  
In music worthy of the skies.

*Edm*

*Ver. by*

*More's*

*works p.*

*entire*

C. M.

WATTS.

DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS.—Eph. 2: 1.

1. How sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."

3. My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;  
O, help my unbelief.

4. To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.

5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All.

*The direct that my funeral be as plain as possible and that the following inscription be cut out on my grave stone: William Carey, born August 17th 1761, died a wretched poor and helpless worm.*

Conviction of sin by the Law  
MAN A SINNER.

417.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WAS ALIVE WITHOUT THE LAW ONCE.—Rom. 7: 9.

1. LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread!  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
2. My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.
3. My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure  
Was Thine eternal law.
4. Then felt my soul the heavy load;  
My sins revived again:  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.
5. I'm like a helpless captive sold,  
Under the power of sin;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
6. My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

Intire

Mission  
in the  
Gospel

418.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, THERE IS NO GOD.—Ps. 14: 1.

1. FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,  
 "That all religion's vain ;  
 There is no God that reigns on high,  
 Or minds the affairs of men."
2. From thoughts so dreadfully profane,  
 Corrupt discourse proceeds ;  
 And in their impious hands are found  
 Abominable deeds.
3. The Lord, from His celestial throne,  
 Looked down on things below,  
 To find the man that sought His grace,  
 Or did His justice know.
4. By nature all are gone astray,  
 Their practice all the same ;  
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand ;  
 There's none that loves His name.
5. Their tongues are used to speak deceit,  
 Their slanders never cease ;  
 How swift to mischief are their feet,  
 Nor know the paths of peace !
6. Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,  
 In every heart are found ;  
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit  
 Till grace refine the ground.

*The lives of fools do tell us that  
 Their hearts no God do truly own;  
 Corrupt are they; admit their words  
 For them that do no more.*

1717

301

*This Ps. was testified by Queen Elizabeth - the two first lines of which are  
 Fools that true fayth yet never had  
 Sayth as this heart, heart, there  
 is no God.*

MAN A SINNER. — WARNINGS AND  
INVITATIONS.

419.

C. M.

WATTS.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME YE TO THE WATERS. — Is. 55 : 1.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.
2. Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind !
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast ;  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho, ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away, and die !  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy, here,  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation, in abundance, flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

420.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE CARETH FOR YOU. — 1 Pet. 5 : 7.

1. How gentle God's commands !  
How kind His precepts are !  
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care."
2. While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide His children well.
3. Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
4. His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day ;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

421.

L. M.

WATTS.

MY BURDEN IS LIGHT. — Matt. 11 : 30.

1. "COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to My heavenly home.
2. "They shall find rest that learn of Me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. "Blessed is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light."

4. Jesus, we come at Thy command ;  
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
 Resign our spirits to Thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at Thy will.

422.

TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.  
 Heb. 3 : 15.

1. TO-DAY the Saviour calls !  
 Ye wanderers, come ;  
 O, ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer roam ?
2. To-day the Saviour calls !  
 O, listen now ;  
 Within these sacred walls  
 To Jesus bow.
3. To-day the Saviour calls !  
 For refuge fly ;  
 The storm of vengeance falls ;  
 Ruin is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day !  
 Yield to His power ;  
 O, grieve Him not away ;  
 'Tis mercy's hour.

423.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.—John 14 : 27.

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

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,  
View His bloody sacrifice ;  
See through Him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness, and heaven ;  
Glorify the King of kings,  
Take the peace the gospel brings.

424.

L. M. Timothy DWIGHT.

SHALL THY LOVING KINDNESS BE DECLARED IN THE GRAVE?—Ps. 88: 11.

- es* / 1. While life <sup>a</sup>prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah, soon approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
2. While God invites, how blessed the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God He's found.
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave,  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

425.

8s, 7s, & 4.

*Rippon's Coll. says  
"swain."*

TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU.—Matt. 11: 29.

1. COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,  
By the perfect law convicted,

Through the cross behold the crown;  
Look to Jesus;  
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2. Take His easy yoke, and wear it;  
Love will make obedience sweet;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While His wisdom guides your feet  
Safe to glory,  
Where His ransomed captives meet.
3. Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly-opened eyes;  
Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies;  
All who taste it  
Shall to rest immortal rise.
4. While the wounds of woe are healing,  
While the heart is all resigned,  
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind;  
None but Jesus  
Can the broken heart upbind.
5. But to sing the rest of glory,  
Mortal tongues far short must fall;  
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,  
~~But it soars beyond them all:~~  
Faith believes it, hope expects it,  
Love desires it,  
But it overwhelms them all.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

426.

12s & 8s

S. F. SMITH.

THE HARVEST IS PAST, THE SUMMER IS ENDED, AND WE ARE NOT SAVED.  
Jer. 8: 20.

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

427.

8s & 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

IN THAT DAY THERE SHALL BE A FOUNTAIN OPENED. — Zech. 13: 1.

1. COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing Fountain  
Flows to you, to me, to all.
2. Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
Here the guilty, free remission,  
Here the troubled, peace may find.

3. He that drinks shall live forever ;  
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood ;  
 God is faithful ; God will never  
 Break His covenant in blood.

428.

8s, 7s, & 4.

ALLEN.

*Rev Jonathan Allen*

LORD, WHO HATH BELIEVED OUR REPORT?—John 12: 38.

*w. A. 180.*

1. SINNERS, will you scorn the message  
 Sent in mercy from above?  
 Every sentence, O, how tender!  
 Every line is full of love.  
 Listen to it;  
 Every line is full of love.
2. Hear the heralds of the gospel  
 News from Zion's King proclaim,  
 To each rebel sinner pardon,  
 Free forgiveness in His name.  
 How important!  
 Free forgiveness in His name.
3. Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears :  
 Tender heralds  
 Chase away the falling tears.
4. Who hath our report believéd?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon  
 Offered to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it?  
 Offered to you by the Lord.

*Belcher Says. by James Allen b. Yorktown Eng. 173.  
# 2. There 1804. p. 75.*

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

5. O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay :  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

429.

S. M.

WATTS.

HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON. — John 3 : 16.

1. RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial Grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Belovéd chose,  
And bid Him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears ;  
No terror clothes His brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears ;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of His love,  
And take the offered peace.
6. Lord, we obey Thy call ;  
We lay a humble claim  
To the salvation Thou hast brought,  
And love and praise Thy name.

DOXOLOGY.

Ye angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

430.

C. M.

HEBER.

I KNOW THAT THOU WILT BRING ME TO DEATH. — Job 30 : 23.

1. BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given ;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.
2. Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.
3. Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.
4. Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come ?
5. Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.
6. Turn, Christian, turn ; thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given ;  
The bones that underneath thee lie  
Shall live for hell or heaven.

—431.

7s.

NEWTON.

WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIS INDIGNATION?— Nahum 1 : 6.

1. SINNER, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure  
 In the Lord's avenging day?
2. See, His mighty arm is bared;  
 Awful terrors clothe His brow;  
 For His judgments stand prepared;  
 Thou must either break or bow.
3. At His presence nature shakes;  
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;  
 Solid mountains melt like wax:  
 What will then become of thee?
4. Who His advent may abide?  
 You that glory in your shame,  
 Will you find a place to hide,  
 When the world is wrapped in flame?

—432.

L. M.

WATTS.

WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.  
 Eccl. 9 : 10.

1. LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time to insure the great reward;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has given  
 To escape from hell and fly to heaven,—  
 The day of grace, — and mortals may  
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead ~~men~~ lie; <sup>+</sup>  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5. There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

433.

S. M. *John* DOBELL.

*1757-1847*

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME. — 2 Cor. 6: 2.

*cop. at ~~1786~~  
1806*

1. Now is the accepted time;  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

2. Now is the accepted time;  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late;  
Then why should you delay?

3. Now is the accepted time;  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in His word  
Declares there yet is room.

*ver. by*

*Dobell's*

*Coll*

*pub. 1810*

*+*

*+ one ver. omitted*

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

434.

7s. *Rev. Thos. HAWEIS.*

AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP FROM THE EARTH, WILL DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME.  
John 12:32.

*1732-1820*

*w. ab. 1792*

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear!  
Love's redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On My piercé body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
3. Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest bounty stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Thou shalt be a child confessed,  
Never from His house to roam;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
4. Soon the days of life shall end;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirit to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to My eternal home;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

435.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH.— Luke 13:3.

1. REPENT, the voice celestial cries;  
No longer dare delay;  
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,  
And meets a fiery day.

2. Together in His presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess ;  
Accept the offered Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with the grace.
3. Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to His bar ;  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
4. Amazing love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days ;  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

436.

L. M.

COLLYER.

HASTE THEE ; ESCAPE THITHER. — Gen. 19 : 22.

1. HASTE, traveller, haste ! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone ;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou far off from home and rest.
2. The rising tempest sweeps the sky ;  
The rains descend, the winds are high ;  
The waters swell, and death and fear  
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.
3. O, yes ! a shelter you may gain,  
A covert from the wind and rain ;  
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,  
A refuge from the wrath to come.
4. Then linger not in all the plain ;  
Flee for thy life ; the mountain gain ;  
Look not behind ; make no delay ;  
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

—437.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY. — Rev. 22 : 17.

1. O, WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.
2. Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation like a river rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.
3. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds, —  
A deep, celestial spring.
4. Whoever will — O, gracious word! —  
Shall of this stream partake;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord  
And drink for Jesus' sake.
5. Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

—438.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD. — Ps. 55 : 22.

1. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow;  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,  
 On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;  
 In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,  
 Safe in the mercy of thy God ;  
 Thy God's thy Saviour ; glorious word !  
 O, hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

439.

12s.

THORNBY.

*Rev Richard Burdall 1735-1824*  
 ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAIN.—Gen. 19: 17.  
*w. ab 1796.*

1. THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"  
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain ;  
 For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
 His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.  
*Chorus.* Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us  
 a pardon ;  
 We'll praise Him again when we pass over  
 Jordan.
2. Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair ;  
 Now He calls you in mercy ; and can you forbear ?  
 Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,  
 His blood can remove them ; it flows from the fountain.
3. Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;  
 O'er sin, death, and hell He is more than victorious ;  
 With shouting proclaim it ; O, trust in His passion ;  
 He saves us most freely ; O, precious salvation !
4. When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,  
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise Him the more ;  
 We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,  
 And sing of salvation forever and ever.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

440. *De* L. M. *7* SCOTT.

I MADE HASTE, AND DELAYED NOT. — Ps. 119 : 60.

1. HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
2. O, hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Before the needful work is done.
3. O, hasten, sinner, to be blessed,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.
4. O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn;  
Now rouse him from his senseless state;  
O, let him not Thy counsel spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

441. 7s. EPIS. COLL.

AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST. — Eph. 5 : 14.

1. SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;  
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;  
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;  
Jesus waits His light to shed.
2. Wake from sleep, arise from death,  
See the bright and living path;  
Watchful tread that path; be wise;  
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

MAN A SINNER.

3. Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;  
From this hour redeem thy time ;  
Life secure without delay ;  
Evil is the mortal day.
4. Be not blind and foolish still ;  
Called of Jesus, learn His will ;  
Jesus calls from death and night,  
Jesus waits to shed His light.

442.

L. M.

WATTS.

JOY SHALL BE IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH.— Luke 15 : 7.

1. WHO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of His eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of His agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul He formed anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

443.

8s, 7s, & 4.

REED.

LET HIM RETURN UNTO THE LORD, AND HE WILL HAVE MERCY UPON HIM.  
Is. 55 : 7.

1. LISTEN, sinner! Mercy hails you ;  
With her sweetest voice she calls ;  
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of Justice falls ;  
Listen, sinner !  
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

2. See the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread ;  
Hark ! the awful thunders rolling  
Loud and louder o'er your head ;  
Tarry, sinner !  
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
3. Haste, ah, hasten to the Saviour !  
Sue His mercy while you may ;  
Soon the day of grace is over,  
Soon your life will pass away ;  
Hasten, sinner !  
You must perish if you stay.

444.

C. P. M. Yho: HASTINGS.

WHO HATH WARNED YOU TO FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME ?— Luke 3 : 7.

1. THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear ;  
And while salvation lingers near,  
The heavenly call obey ;  
Flee from destruction's downward path,  
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath  
That rises o'er thy way.
2. Soon night comes on, with thickening shade ;  
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,  
The winds their fury pour ;  
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,  
The thunders roar, the flames arise ;  
What terrors fill that hour !
3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear,  
Whose accents linger on thine ear ;  
Thy footsteps now retrace ;  
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven ;  
Believe, become an heir of heaven,  
And sing redeeming grace.

*For last verse see "Christian Psalmist".*

445.

H. M.

C. WESLEY

THEN SHALT THOU CAUSE THE TRUMPET OF THE JUBILEE TO SOUND.

Lev. 25 : 9.

1708-178  
w. ab. 1750

1. BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, homé.
  
2. Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
  
3. Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
  
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blessed in Jesus live ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
  
5. Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

6. The gospel trumpet hear, —  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face;

• The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

446.

*S. M.* 7s & 6s.

THE NIGHT COMETH.—John 9: 4.

*S. F. Some*

1. DARK brood the heavens o'er thee;  
Black clouds are gathering fast;  
In awful power thy God has come;  
Thy days of mirth are past.
2. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;  
Red flames are bursting round;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;  
How shakes the trembling ground!
3. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;  
Behold, the Judge appears;  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the dust of years.
4. Dark brood the heavens o'er thee;  
Sinner, behold thy doom!  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy chosen, final home.
5. Yet stay; the vision lingers;  
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits —  
This hour to Jesus fly.

21

321

*From a line in Schiller  
Mr. Stewart*

*on dudonk*

447.

S. M.

EPIS. COLL.

*Bp.*

*Honey Ustick on dudonk [1789-1858]*

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME.—Rev. 22: 17.

*W. 1826.*

1. THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all His children, Come.
2. Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come !  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
3. Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come ;"  
Lord, even so ; I wait Thy hour ;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

448.

L. M.

WATTS.

BROAD IS THE WAY THAT LEADETH TO DESTRUCTION.—Matt. 7: 13.

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.
2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new —  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

449.

*Anna L.*  
7s.

BARBAULD.

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN. — Matt. 11 : 28.

1. COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make My paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
2. Sinner, come ; for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure ;  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

450.

8s & 7s.

ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU: SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND. — Matt. 7 : 7.

1. HARK ! the gospel trumpet's sounding ;  
Sinners, hear the joyful call ;  
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,  
Offers liberty to all.
2. Though your crimes have reached to heaven,  
And of deepest dye appear,  
Ask, and they shall be forgiven ;  
Seek, and you shall find Him near.
3. Cast your load of guilt behind you ;  
To the Lord for mercy flee ;  
Though the strongest fetters bind you,  
His salvation makes you free.

MAN A SINNER.

451.

S. M.

HYDE.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD.—Eph. 4:30.

1. AND canst thou, sinner, slight  
The call of love divine?  
Shall God, with tenderness invite,  
And gain no thought of thine?
2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve  
The Spirit from thy breast,  
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave  
With all thy sins oppressed?
3. To-day, a pardoning God  
Will hear the suppliant pray;  
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood  
Will wash thy guilt away.
4. But grace so dearly bought,  
If yet thou wilt despise,  
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,  
Will fill thee with surprise.

452.

11s.

SACRED SONGS.

THE DAY IS AT HAND.—Rom. 13:12.

1. DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;  
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?  
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

*Hastings writes me 1857 that this is his. S.W.*

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come!  
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:  
 Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;  
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall  
 fade;  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall  
 stand;  
 What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

453.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE TIME IS SHORT.—1 Cor. 7: 29.

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine, —  
 Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;  
 And if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by Thy command.
2. The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away;  
 O, make Thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day.
3. Since, on this wingéd hour,  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken by Thine almighty power,  
 The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care;  
 O, be it still pursued,  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
 Should never be renewed.
5. To Jesus may we fly,  
 Swift as the morning light,  
 Lest life's young golden beams should die,  
 In sudden, endless night.

*Handwritten note:* v. 10. D.D. 1/2

*Vertical handwritten note:* 4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace  
 does not resist; He resists only to take his seed  
 and leave the inheritance to the sinner. To sink in the gloom of  
 eternity, might.

*Bottom handwritten note:* # Some Hastings writes me

454.

C. M.

STEELE.

ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.— Luke 14 : 17.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast,  
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
2. See, Jesus stands with open arms ;  
He calls, He bids you come ;  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;  
But see, there yet is room !
3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;  
There love and pity meet ;  
Nor will He bid the soul depart  
That trembles at His feet.
4. In Him, the Father reconciled,  
Invites your souls to come ;  
The rebel shall be called a child,  
And kindly welcomed home.

455.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

YE ARE NOT AS YET COME TO THE REST.— Deut. 12 : 9.

1. O, WHERE shall rest be found, —  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

3. Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
O, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
5. Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
And evermore undone.

456.

L. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT HEARETH ME. — Prov. 8 : 34.

1. THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord, —  
“Blessed is the man that hears My word ;  
Keeps daily watch before My gates,  
And at My feet for mercy waits.
2. “The soul that seeks Me shall obtain  
Immortal wealth, and heavenly gain ;  
Immortal life is his reward ;  
Life, and the favor of the Lord.”

457.

L. M.

HYDE.

A STILL SMALL VOICE. — 1 Kings 19 : 12.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control ?

MAN A SINNER.

2. Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
3. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice ;  
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
4. Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
Regard in time the warning kind ;  
That call thou mayst not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

458.

7s.

C. ELIZABETH.

EVIL PURSUETH SINNERS ; BUT TO THE RIGHTEOUS GOOD SHALL BE REPAID.  
Prov. 13 : 21.

1. WORLDLING, what hast thou to show  
Like the joys believers know ?  
Is thy path of fading flowers  
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours ?
2. Doth a skilful, healing Friend  
On thy daily steps attend ?  
And where thorns and stings abound  
Shed a balm on every wound ?
3. When the tempests roar on high,  
Hast thou still a Refuge nigh ?  
Can, O can thy dying breath  
Summon One more strong than death ?
4. Worldling, when wilt thou be wise ?  
What though faithless fools despise ?  
We have treasures, honors, bliss ;  
God is ours, and all things His.

3. Child of sin and sorrow, thy moments glide  
like the falling crown or the rushing tide

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.  
Eye time is over  
459. 10s, 6, & 4s.

I WOULD HASTEN BY ESCAPE FROM THE WINDY STORM AND TEMPEST.  
Ps. 55 : 8.  
On Christ confide

1. CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day ;  
Heaven bids thee come,  
While yet there's room ;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.
2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die ?  
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high ;  
Grieve not that love,  
Which from above —  
Child of sin and sorrow —  
Would bring thee nigh.
3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee ?  
Through that long to-morrow, eternity,  
Exiled from home,  
Darkly to roam ;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee ?
4. Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye !  
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high !  
In that high home,  
Graven thy name :  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Swift homeward fly.

460. C. M. CHEEVER.

THERE IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT UNTO A MAN. — PROV. 16 : 25.

1. THERE is a way that seemeth right ;  
The steps go on with ease ;  
And conscience slumbers while the soul  
Forsakes the path of peace.

MAN A SINNER.

2. There is a way that leads to death, —  
God hath the warning given ;  
And multitudes pursue that way,  
Still dreaming on of heaven.
3. Then let me tremble at the word  
That shows this danger nigh ;  
And wake, and pray, and keep the path,  
That leads to joys on high.
4. For God will teach the contrite mind  
The way of death to shun ;  
He ne'er will leave a praying soul  
By sin to be undone.

461.

*Rev. M. James*

BODEN.

YET THERE IS ROOM — Luke 14: 22.

*6.1757-8 1841*

1. YE dying sons of men,  
Immerged in sin and woe,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you:  
Ye perishing and guilty, come ;  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
2. No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame ;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Though poor, and blind, and lame :  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.
3. Believe the heavenly word  
His messengers proclaim ;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is His name :  
Backsliding souls, return and come ;  
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

4. Compelled by bleeding Love,  
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near;  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His charming accents hear!  
 Let whosoever will now come;  
 In Mercy's breast there still is room.

462.

11s.

*M<sup>m</sup>* KNOX.

ACQUAINT NOW THYSELF WITH HIM, AND BE AT PEACE. — Job 22 : 21.

1. ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,  
 And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;  
 And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,  
 And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
2. Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,  
 And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;  
 Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;  
 Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

463.

L. M.

GREGG.

*Rev Joseph Gregg - 1768.*

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK. — Rev. 3 : 20.

1. BEHOLD *a stranger* the Saviour at thy door!  
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
 Has waited long, is waiting still, —  
 You treat no other friend so ill.
2. O, lovely attitude! He stands  
 With melting heart, and outstretched hands;  
 O, matchless kindness! and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. Admit Him; for the human breast  
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
 Admit Him; or the hour's at hand,  
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

4. "Open my heart, Lord, enter in ;  
Slay every foe, and conquer sin :  
I now to Thee my all resign,  
My body, soul, and all are Thine."

464.

*W. M. B. COLLYER.*  
*[1782 - 1854]*  
*W. at 1812*

RETURN UNTO ME. — Mal. 3:1.

*ame  
in  
Dippon*

1. RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face ;  
Those new desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
Whose pitying eye thy grief discern,  
Whose hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
Gaze on His bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear ;  
"His God who says, "No longer mourn ;"  
"His Mercy's voice invites thee near.

*Says the Lord*

465.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WHO SHALL JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.  
2 Tim. 4:1.

1. THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear :

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

2. Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day ;  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
3. O, may we thus be found  
Obedient to Thy word ;  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord.
4. O, may we all insure  
A lot among the blessed ;  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

466.

8s, 7s, & 4.

HART.

COME, BUY WINE AND MILK WITHOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT PRICE.—IS. 55:1.

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, joined with power.  
He is able,  
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,  
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 ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

MAN A SINNER.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. Lo, the incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of His blood ;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly ;  
Let no other trust intrude :  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
6. Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with His name.  
Hallelujah !  
Sinners here may sing the same.

467.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

WHY WILL YE DIE ? — Ezek. 18 : 31.

*w. ab 1745.*

1. SINNERS, turn ! why will ye die ?  
God, your Maker, asks you why ?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with Himself to live ;  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of His own hands ;  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross His love, and die ?
2. Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died Himself, that ye might live.

Will you let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3. Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love;  
 Will ye not His grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God and die?

468.

8s, 7s, & 4.

NEWTON.

THEY SHALL SEE THE SON OF MAN COMING IN THE CLOUDS OF HEAVEN,  
 WITH POWER AND GREAT GLORY.—Matt. 24: 30.

1. DAY of judgment, day of wonders!  
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
 Louder than a thousand thunders,  
 Shakes the vast creation round:  
 How the summons  
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
 Clothed in majesty divine;  
 You, who long for His appearing,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that day for Thine.
3. At His call the dead awaken,  
 Rise to life from earth and sea;  
 All the powers of nature shaken  
 By His looks, prepare to flee:  
 Careless sinner,  
 What will then become of thee?

4. But to those who have confesséd,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd,  
 See the kingdom I bestow ;  
 You forever  
 Shall My love and glory know."

469.

C. M.

~~COLVER.~~

WHEN THEY SHALL SAY, PEACE AND SAFETY : THEN SUDDEN DESTRUCTION  
COMETH. — 1 Thess. 5 : 3.

1. THERE is a line, by us unseen,  
 That crosses every path,  
 The hidden boundary between  
 God's patience and His wrath.
2. To pass that limit is to die,  
 To die as if by stealth ;  
 It does not quench the beaming eye,  
 Nor pale the glow of health.
3. The conscience may be still at ease,  
 The spirit light and gay ;  
 That which is pleasing still may please,  
 And care be thrust away.
4. O, where is this mysterious bourne  
 By which our path is crossed ;  
 Beyond which God himself hath sworn  
 That he who goes is lost ?
5. How far may we go on to sin ?  
 How long will God forbear ?  
 Where does hope end, and where begin  
 The confines of despair ?
6. An answer from the skies is sent, —  
 "Ye that from God depart,  
 While it is called to-day, repent,  
 And harden not your heart."

*Alverson  
 - 72.*

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS.

470.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME — Rev. 14:7.

1. SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,  
And Thou, O earth, adore;  
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,  
Stand trembling at His power.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky;  
He makes the clouds His throne;  
There all His stores of lightning lie  
Till vengeance darts them down.

3. Think, O my soul, the dreadful day  
When this incenséd God  
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
And send His wrath abroad.

4. What shall the wretch, the sinner do?  
He once defied the Lord;  
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,  
And sink beneath His word.

5. Tempests of angry fire shall roll  
To blast the rebel worm,  
And beat upon his naked soul  
In one eternal storm.

*ver*  
*1753.*

*Made in*  
*a storm*  
*of thunder*  
*1697*

471.

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR? — 1 Pet. 4:18.

1. WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death shades o'er thee spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

*ver*

*Galmist. 22 by Stow & Smith.*

2. When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, O where wilt thou be found?
3. When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, O where wilt thou appear?
4. What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?
5. While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly;  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

MAN A SUPPLIANT.—PENITENCE AND  
CONFESSION.

—472.

C. M. *Rev Edmund* JONES.

[1732-1765]

Est. 4: 16.

w. 1760.

*rev. by oldest  
Rifepon*

1. COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:
2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

*Baptist minister at Exon  
Luton d. Apr 15 1765 act 43*

*V. Thimney*

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone  
Without His sovereign grace.
4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps He may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
5. "Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
6. "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."

473.

C. M.

WATTS.

CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS.—1 Cor. 15:3.

1. ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

*Very tender  
and touching  
ver. by  
Ed. 1755.*

*a-*

MAN A SUPPLIANT.

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.

474.

L. M.

WATTS.

HAVE MERCY UPON ME.—Ps. 51:1.

1. SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of Thy grace :  
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,  
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
3. O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;  
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.



MAN A SUPPLIANT.

476.

L. M. *mix*

*Charlotte*  
ELLIOTT.

HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT.—*John 6: 37.*

- 1/17 89 - 1877*  
*w. 1856*
1. JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  2. Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  3. Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  5. Just as I am, though so depraved,  
So long by Satan's power enslaved,  
To be by Thee renewed and saved,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  6. Just as I am, Thy wilt receive;  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
  7. Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

477.

S. M.

MUHLENBERG.

THE DOVE FOUND NO REST. — Gen. 8:9.

1. LIKE Noah's weary dove,  
That soared the earth around,  
But not a resting-place above  
The cheerless waters found;
2. O cease, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All the wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
3. Behold the ark of God;  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.
4. There, safe thou shalt abide;  
There, sweet shall be thy rest;  
And, every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blessed.
5. And when the waves of ire  
Again the earth shall fill,  
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,  
Then rest on Zion's hill.

*Ep. Cou.  
Ber.*

DOXOLOGY.

Ye angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, love the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.



PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

2. I have sinned, but O, restore me ;  
For unless Thou smile on me,  
Dark is all the world before me,  
Darker yet eternity !
3. In Thy word I hear Thee saying,  
“ Come and I will give you rest ; ”  
And the gracious call obeying,  
See, I hasten to Thy breast.
4. Grant, O, grant Thy Spirit's teaching,  
That I may not go astray,  
Till, the gate of heaven reaching,  
Earth and sin are passed away.

480.

L. M. *Anne* STEELE.

HE DIED FOR ALL, THAT THEY WHICH LIVE SHOULD NOT HENCEFORTH LIVE  
UNTO THEMSELVES. — 2 Cor. 5 : 15.

- Ver.*
1. LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove  
Amid the wonders of Thy love,  
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,  
And bids intruding fears depart.
  2. For mortal crimes a sacrifice,  
The Lord of life, the Saviour, dies ;  
What love ! what mercy ! how divine !  
Jesus, and can I call Thee mine ?
  3. Repentant sorrow fills my heart,  
But mingling joy allays the smart ;  
O, may my future life declare  
This sorrow and the joy sincere.
  4. Be all my heart and all my days  
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love.

481.

L. M.

HART.

I WILL TAKE THE STONY HEART OUT OF THEIR FLESH. — Ezek. 11 : 19.

1. O FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away,  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart, of mine.
2. The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
3. To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt ;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear ;  
(Amazing thought,) which devils fear ;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
5. But something yet can do the deed,  
And that dear something much I need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

482.

S. M.

WATTS.

TURN US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION. — Ps. 85 : 4.

1. Is this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow ?

2 Bk-14 74 1

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

2. To what a stubborn frame  
 Has sin reduced our mind!  
 What strange, rebellious wretches we,  
 And God as strangely kind.
3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
 And mould our souls afresh;  
 Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of stone,  
 And give us hearts of flesh.
4. Let old ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes;  
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
 Let hourly thanks arise.

*a*

483.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

LOOK UPON MINE AFFLICTION AND MY PAIN, AND FORGIVE ALL MY SINS.  
Ps. 25 : 18.

1. PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,  
 A guilty rebel lies,  
 And upwards to Thy mercy seat  
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
2. If tears of sorrow would suffice  
 To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
 In ceaseless torrents flow.
3. But no such sacrifice I plead,  
 To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears but those which Thou hast shed,  
 No blood but Thou hast spilt.
4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
 And all my sins forgive;  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live.

*Over  
 by Stennett  
 printed  
 pub.  
 1824  
 The v.  
 + the  
 G. D. H. M.  
 +*

484.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY REFUGE IN THE DAY OF AFFLICTION. — Jer. 16 : 19.

- over*  
*b 142.*
1. DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise,  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
  2. To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
  3. But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
  4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
  5. Thy mercy seat is open still ;  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.

*a*

485.

C. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT ARE CHRIST'S HAVE CRUCIFIED THE FLESH. — Gal. 5 : 24.

- over*  
*1753.*
1. O, IF my soul was formed for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs !  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the curséd tree,  
And groaned away a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
3. O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God!  
Those sins that pierced and nailed His flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!
4. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
5. While, with a melting, broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

486.

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

TURN THOU ME, AND I SHALL BE TURNED. — Jer. 31: 18.

1. Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
Secure, insensible: —  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
2. O God, my 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.
3. Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come

*Oct 30*  
*Thos. Rus.*  
*May, 1859*

*+ ditto*

*a 319*

*Same in S. H. Bk.*

*"A penitence piece of poetry in book  
at hand, and suggests of this book"  
04 for 1858.*

To judge the nations at Thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom ?

4. Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear,  
 Eternal bliss to insure ;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.
5. 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.

487.

L. M.

WATTS.

A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU WILT NOT DESPISE.  
Ps. 51: 17

1. A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ;  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;  
 Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 As they shall praise a pardoning God.
4. O, may Thy love inspire my tongue ;  
 Salvation shall be all my song ;  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

" Thought I have sinned, etc. "

488.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDING. — Hosea 14:4.

1. DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
3. Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

*bed =*  
*shy*

*V. Arvins' amended Ver. p. 701.*

489.

C. P. M.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon 1707-1772*

FOR THY NAME'S SAKE O LORD, PARDON MINE INIQUITY. — Ps. 25:11. *ed. ab. 1772*

1. WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?
2. I love to meet among them now,  
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all:  
But can I bear the piercing thought,  
What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shalt call?
3. Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day:

*From*  
*Olds to*  
*pon - ?*  
*anon.*

*Countess of Huntingdon's*  
*charms suff;*

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear;  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among Thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see Thy smiling face;  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

490.

C. M.

STEELE.

RETURN. — Jer. 3 : 22.

1. How oft, alas! this wretched heart  
 Has wandered from the Lord!  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
 Forgetful of His word!
2. Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"  
 Dear Lord, and may I come?  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
 O, take the wanderer home!
3. And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,  
 And bid my crimes remove?  
 And shall a pardoned rebel live  
 To speak Thy wondrous love?
4. Almighty Grace, Thy healing power  
 How glorious, how divine,  
 That can to life and bliss restore  
 So vile a heart as mine!
5. Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
 Dear Saviour, I adore;  
 O, keep me at Thy sacred feet,  
 And let me rove no more.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

*C. M. Original V. L. M.*

491.

HEAL ME, O LORD, AND I SHALL BE HEALED. — Jer. 17 : 14.

1. WHEN will this weary struggle cease,  
This aching heart find rest?  
When will the light of hope and peace  
Cheer this despairing breast?
2. My feet, bewildered, long have trod  
In error's gloomy ways;  
My heart, rebellious, far from God,  
At sinful distance stays.
3. Tossed on the billows of remorse,  
The surges of despair,  
I'll fly with trembling to the cross,  
And seek for mercy there.
4. Saviour, I yield, with humble faith,  
This wretched heart to Thee;  
From bonds of guilt Thy sovereign grace  
Alone can set me free.
5. O, cause the light of hope to shine;  
Subdue this stubborn will;  
Let peace, and joy, and love divine  
My waiting spirit fill.

*Sent to  
by Dr  
Kirk*

492.

L. M.

RAFFLES. ✕

HELP US, O GOD OF OUR SALVATION. — Ps. 79 : 9.

+

1. FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
O, hear a humble suppliant's cry;  
Bend from Thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty;  
O, deign to hear my mournful voice,  
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

23

353

*+ Ch. Ps. att. to Collyer.  
New Englander to Raffles.*

MAN A SUPPLIANT.

2. I urge no merits of my own,  
No worth, to claim Thy gracious smile;  
No; when I bow before Thy throne,  
Dare to converse with God a while,  
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea—  
Dearest and sweetest name to me.
3. Father of mercies, God of love,  
Then hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Bend from Thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty;  
One pardoning word can make me whole,  
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

493.

L. M.

WATTS.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD, AND RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN  
ME. — Ps. 51 : 10.

- bu. 93*  
*1719*
1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from Thy book.
  2. Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let Thy good spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
  3. I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
  4. Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford,  
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,  
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

494.

S. M.

COWPER.

WHO HATH WARNED YOU TO FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME?— Luke 3: 7.

1. My former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
2. Ah! whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
3. When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
“Flee from the wrath to come.”
4. I see, or think I see,  
A glimmering from afar;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.
5. Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

*Ent. O*  
*Over.*  
*Ent.*

*a*

*a*

495.

C. M.

STEELE.

HAVE MERCY ON ME.— Luke 18: 38.

1. O THOU whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye;

*J.*

*Over*  
*a*

*a*

MAN A SUPPLIANT.

2. See, low before Thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn ;  
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
Hast Thou not said, " Return " ?
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from Thy feet ?  
O, let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
4. O, shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine ;  
And let Thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

496.

C. M.

NEWTON.

ALL THE PEOPLE THAT CAME TOGETHER TO THAT SIGHT, BEHOLDING THE THINGS WHICH WERE DONE, SMOTE THEIR BREASTS.— Luke 23 : 48.

1. IN evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.
2. I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.
3. Sure, never, to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.
4. Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

5. A second look He gave, which said,  
 "I freely all forgive;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
 I'll die that thou mayst live."

497.

L. M. C.F. RICHTER.

CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.—Eph. 5: 14.

*See Wesley  
 Col. 74th  
 for the 1st  
 Stanza  
 Sec. Rev.  
 253 p.  
 st 7-103 p.*

My soul before Thee prostrate lies;  
 To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies;  
 My wants I mourn, my chains I see;  
 O, let Thy presence set me free.

2. Lost and undone, for aid I cry;  
 In Thy death, Saviour, let me die;  
 Grieved with Thy grief, pained with Thy pain,  
 Ne'er may I feel self-love again.

3. In life's short day, let me yet more  
 Of Thy enlivening power implore;  
 My mind must deeper sink in Thee,  
 My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

*Ver by  
 Slobbins  
 Sac. Poet  
 who say  
 Mosavian*

*Huntington says Richter*

498.

L. M.

NEWTON.

O LORD, REBUKE ME NOT IN THINE ANGER.—Ps. 6: 1.

*PS  
 +*

1. IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke  
 Thy feeble worm, my God;  
 My spirit dreads Thine angry look,  
 And trembles at Thy rod.

2. O, come, and show Thy power to save,  
 And spare my fainting breath;  
 For who can praise Thee in the grave,  
 Or sing Thy name in death?

*Ver. ps*

*B. H. 604 by Lyte*

MAN A SUPPLIANT.

3. Satan, my cruel, envious foe,  
Insults me in my pain ;  
He smiles to see me brought so low,  
And tells me hope is vain.
4. But hence, thou enemy, depart,  
Nor tempt me to despair ;  
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart ;  
The Lord has heard my prayer.

499.

8s, 7s, & 4. EVAN. MAG.

*Village Hymns -*  
THE LORD IS MY PORTION. — Lam. 3 : 24.

1. WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer ;  
Welcome to this heart of mine ;  
Lord, I make a full surrender,  
Every power and thought be Thine,  
Thine entirely,  
Through eternal ages Thine.

*Rev Wm Malon*  
*1725-1797*  
*Feb. 1794*

*a*

2. Known to all to be Thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near ;  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

*a*

500.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD IS THE STRENGTH OF MY HEART. — Ps. 73 : 26.

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

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

2. But O, their end, their dreadful end !  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so ;  
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
 And fiery billows roll below.
3. Now let them boast how tall they rise ;  
 I'll never envy them again ;  
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
4. Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,  
 My Life, my Portion, and my God.

1719  
 17 had  
 8m

*Entire  
 entire*

*a*

501.

7s.

COWPER.

LOVEST THOU ME ? — John 21 : 16.

1. HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;  
 'Tis thy Saviour ; hear His word ;  
 Jesus speaks ; He speaks to thee :  
 " Say, poor sinner ; lov'st thou Me ?
2. " I delivered thee when bound,  
 And when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.
3. " Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
4. " Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done ;  
 Partner of My throne shalt be ;  
 Say, poor sinner ; lov'st thou Me ?"

*ver.*

5. Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is still so faint ;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore :  
O for grace to love Thee more !

502.

L. M.

WATTS.

I ACKNOWLEDGED MY SIN UNTO THEE. — Ps. 32 : 5.

1. I SPREAD my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess ;  
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,  
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
2. How safe beneath Thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark, and storms appear !  
And when I walk, Thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

503.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU. — John 14 : 27

1. O THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down —  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
2. Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

C. P. M. <sup>son</sup> Samp OCCOM.

[1723-1792] at 176

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. — JOHN 3: 7.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
And knew not where to go;  
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or sink to endless woe.

Rev. by Hymn  
in the Re-  
Corder.

When to the law I trembling fled  
It poured its curses on my head;  
I no relief could find.  
This fearful truth increased my pain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
And whelmed my tortured mind.

He studied  
at York a  
Mr Wheelock  
School at  
Lebanon

Again did Sinai's thunder roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, oppressive load:  
As I read and saw it plain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
Or drink the wrath of God.

at New  
Stockbridge  
N.Y. 1792  
b9.

The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
sank in deep despair.

vidz Gilk  
Life me-  
moirs of  
Whitfield  
p 184

But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour passed that way,  
And felt His pity move:  
The sinner, by His justice slain,  
only by His grace is born again,  
and sings redeeming love.

Mr Occom went to Eng. in order to raise funds. He visited the Indian school at Lebanon and for several years lived at the same place. He was much pleased with his preaching. He married an Indian woman by whom he had seven or eight children. He died at Stockbridge N.Y. in 1792.

Indian Preacher. J. at New  
Stockbridge N.Y. - aged 69 1792

MAN A CHRISTIAN.— FAITH.

505.

C. M.

WREFORD.

LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.— Mark 9: 24.

1. LORD, I believe; Thy power I own;  
Thy word I would obey;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from Thy truth I stray.
2. Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.
3. Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak;  
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.
4. Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief;  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
Help Thou my unbelief.

*From  
Hymns  
for the  
Ch. of  
Christ."*

*1821  
V. R. Wreford  
no. 10*

506.

*C. P. M.  
Rev Augustus*

TOPLADY.

AT THAT DAY SHALL A MAN LOOK TO HIS MAKER.— Is. 17: 7.

1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on Thee?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffered once for me.

*Montague*

*L 1740-1778  
w. ab 1759*

*+*  
*+*

*But by Toplady's works Ed  
1794. [Andrew's Library.]*

FAITH.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And His availing blood :  
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be ;  
Thy merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.
3. Then snatch me from eternal death ;  
The Spirit of adoption breathe ;  
His consolations send ;  
By Him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
" Thy Maker is thy Friend."
4. The king of terrors then would be  
A welcome messenger to me,  
To bid me come away :  
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,  
I'd mount upon his sable wings  
To everlasting day.

13  
507.

a  
C. M.

WATTS.

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN.—Heb. 11: 1.

1. FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heavenly light.
2. It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
3. By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word ;  
Abraham, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obeyed the Lord.

B1: 120

1753

Est.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

4. He sought a city, fair and high,  
 Built by the eternal Hands ;  
 And faith assures us, though we die,  
 That heavenly building stands.

508.

H. M.

*In Dr Cowley's son - Sobrell's sonnet who  
 THEY LAUNCHED FORTH. - Luke 8: 22  
 att. to Cowley,*

*From  
 W. S. J.  
 Come ab-  
 scribe to  
 Cowley  
 but do  
 not find  
 it in  
 his  
 works.*

1. JESUS, at Thy command,  
 I launch into the deep,  
 And leave my native land,  
 Where sin lulls all asleep ;  
 For Thee I fain would all resign,  
 And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.
2. Though rocks and quicksands deep  
 Through all my passage lie,  
 Yet Thou wilt safely keep  
 And guide me with Thine eye :  
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
 And I each boisterous storm outide.
3. By faith I see the land,  
 The port of endless rest ;  
 My soul, thy sails expand,  
 And fly to Jesus' breast.  
 O, may I reach the heavenly shore,  
 Where winds and waves distress no more.
4. Come, heavenly Wind, and blow  
 A prosperous gale of grace,  
 To waft me from below  
 To heaven, my destined place :  
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

*From notes of Select  
 ascribed to Cowley's sonnet - In Beech  
 ...*

*Rediffia*

509.

FAITH, WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE.—Gal. 5 : 6.

1. FAITH is the polar star  
 That guides the Christian's way,  
 Directs his wanderings from afar  
 To realms of endless day ;

*From  
Belmont*

It points the course | And safely leads  
 Where'er he roam, | The pilgrim home.

2. Faith is the rainbow's form  
 Hung on the brow of heaven,  
 The glory of the passing storm,  
 The pledge of mercy given ;

*at the bridge  
watchman  
climb  
up*

It is the bright | Through which the saints  
 Triumphal arch | To glory march.

3. The faith that works by love,  
 And purifies the heart,  
 A foretaste of the joys above  
 To mortals can impart ;

It bears us through | And triumphs in  
 This earthly strife, | Immortal life.

*Anon. to Belmont*

510.

C. M.

WATTS.

JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH.—Heb. 12 : 2.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 And bright their glories be.

*B2:14*

2. Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears :  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

*1753.*

*Watts  
Little  
Brown's  
Ed. 7  
73. Feb. 7*

*of Dr. Safford.*

*Dr. Hink*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.
4. They marked the footsteps that He trod ;  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possessed the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

511.

6s & 4s.

R. PALMER.

I LIVE BY THE FAITH OF THE SON OF GOD. — Gal. 2: 20.

1. MY faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine ;  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be —  
A living fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide ;

*Written in  
1834.  
not ok +  
see Bunker*

*See Congregationalist*

*Aug 15 1852 -*

*... compositions*

FAITH.

Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O, bear me safe above —  
A ransomed soul.

512.

C. M. *pro.* NEEDHAM.

*His Hymns printed at Bristol Eng. 1768.*

THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH.— Heb. 11 : 13.

*v. 9 ad by to. 99.*

1. RISE, O my soul, pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod ;  
Aspiring, view those holy men  
Who lived and walked with God.
2. Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live ;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds  
Still fresh instruction give.
3. 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood  
They conquered every foe ;  
And to His power and matchless grace,  
Their crowns of life they owe.
4. Lord, may I ever keep in view  
The patterns Thou hast given,  
And ne'er forsake the blessed road  
That led them safe to heaven.

*I take from W &  
A. The 3<sup>d</sup> Stanza  
is diff<sup>r</sup> in Beech  
or who says in  
" Needham "*

*3<sup>d</sup> v. 9. in Bechard who give  
Needham - Ch. Ps. Do.*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

513.

S. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH. — Heb. 10 : 38.

1. If through unruffled seas  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee  
We'll own the fostering gale.
2. But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blessed be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield at Thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
4. Teach us, in every state,  
To make Thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

514.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

HAST THOU FAITH? — Rom. 14 : 22.

1. HAVE I that faith which looks to Christ,  
O'ercomes the world and sin,  
Receives Him, Prophet, Priest, and King,  
And makes the conscience clean ?
2. If I this precious grace possess,  
All praise is due to Thee ;  
If not, I seek it from Thy hands ;  
Now grant it, Lord, to me.

FAITH.

—515.

L. M.

NEWTON.

THE HOPE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS BY FAITH.—Gal. 5:5.

- Newton's letter*
1. As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,  
He eyes his home, though distant still,—
  2. Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
  3. 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus, in the realms of day;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And He will wipe my tears away.
- 3 is omitted*

DOXOLOGY.

*33*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

—516.

C. M.

WATTS.

IN FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH.—Heb. 10:22.

1. MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise;  
The waters never fail.
  2. There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blesséd Three in One;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.
- 1753*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. His promise stands forever firm ;  
His grace shall ne'er depart ;  
He binds my name upon His arm,  
And seals it on His heart.
4. Light are the pains that nature brings ;  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things  
The present we compare !
5. I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I forever hope to dwell  
Near my Redeemer's face.

---

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—LOVE AND  
OBEDIENCE.

517.

C. M. *Andrew* REED.

I LOVE THE LORD.—Ps. 116 : 1.

1. I LOVE the Lord ; He guides my way  
By His revealéd will,  
And when my erring feet would stray,  
His hand is with me still.
2. I love the Lord ; He hears my prayer  
When stormy troubles rise,  
And bids celestial hope look out  
On ever-smiling skies.
3. I love the Lord ; His grace attends  
My pilgrimage below,  
And all the streams of grace shall soon  
In boundless glory flow.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

4. I love the Lord; may each desire  
In this united be:  
As, Lord, Thy love descends on me,  
So raise my heart to Thee.

518.

8s. *Benj.*

FRANCIS.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.—1 John 4:19.

1. MY gracious Redeemer I love;  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above  
To shout His adorable name.
2. To gaze on His glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ;  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
3. Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away.
4. The crown that my Saviour bestows  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows;  
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

519.

S. M.

WATTS.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?—Ps. 73:25.

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. Not all the harps above  
     Can make a heavenly place,  
 If God His residence remove,  
     Or but conceal His face.
  
3. Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
     Can one delight afford;  
 No, not a drop of real joy  
     Without Thy presence, Lord.
  
4. Thou art the sea of love  
     Where all my pleasures roll,  
 The circle where my passions move,  
     And centre of my soul.

520.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE. — JOHN 21: 15.

- How dwelleth the love of God in the heart, which can bear unmoved and without being moved, and make a person of the same spirit that doth dare to rival Thee.*
1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
     Behold my heart, and see;  
     And turn each cursed idol out  
     That dares to rival Thee.
  
  2. Is not Thy name melodious still  
     To mine attentive ear?  
     Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
     My Saviour's voice to hear?
  
  3. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
     I would disdain to feed?  
     Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
     I fear Thy cause to plead?
  
  4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
     In honor of Thy name,  
     And challenge the cold hand of death  
     To damp the immortal flame?

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

5. Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord ;  
But O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

*2 vs omitted*

521.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WAS BROUGHT LOW, AND HE HELPED ME.—Ps. 116:6.

1. I LOVE the Lord ; He heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan ;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to His throne.
2. I love the Lord ; He bowed His ear  
And chased my griefs away ;  
O, let my heart no more despair  
While I have breath to pray.
3. The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;  
He bade my pains remove :  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,  
For thou hast known His love.
4. My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears ;  
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

*Watt.*

*17/18*

*2 vs omitted*

*2 vs*

*8-11*

DOXOLOGY.

Eternal praise and glory be  
To God on high addressed,  
Who in His church doth make us meet  
For mansions of the blessed.

522.

C. M.

WATTS.

FOLLOW AFTER CHARITY. — 1 Cor. 1:14.

1. HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
2. Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
3. This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
4. Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

523.

8s & 7s. *Rev. Robt. ROBINSON.*

HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US. — 1 Sam. 7:12.

1. COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount; ~~I'm fixed upon it~~ —  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
2. Here I ~~th~~ raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;

From the collection of D. O. Robinson. p. 4.

*some by  
Lilapou*

*Lilapou  
Ref.*

*orig. part in Whelpin's MS. B. K.*

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

*Save my soul*

- 3. O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

524.

C. M.

FABER.

I HAVE CHOSEN YOU. — John 15 : 16.

- 1. How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits, day and night,  
Incessantly adored.
- 2. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 3. Only to sit and think of God,  
O, what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the name,  
Earth has no higher bliss.
- 4. Father of Jesus! love's Reward!  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

*Ver. by  
Liza C. A.  
1525.*

*Begin - "My God how wonderful"*

*He often with the psalm  
"Lord, how wonderful  
is Thy name"*

*in the*

*that you, Lord*

*Lord  
from*

*Thou*

+

I AM DEBTOR. — Rom. 1 : 14.

*6 stanzas in all*

1. WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —  
Not till then — how much I owe.
2. When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —  
Not till then — how much I owe.
3. When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know —  
Not till then — how much I owe.
4. Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show  
By my love how much I owe.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love ;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Written at Dundee May 1837  
Apr 16. 1837. An original is:-  
"Much prayer & praise"*

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

526.

C. P. M. Sir Jas. GRANT.

AND PRAISE THY NAME FOR THY LOVING KINDNESS. — Ps. 133 : 2.

1. THY mercy heard my infant prayer,  
Thy love, with all a mother's care,  
Sustained my childish days ;  
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,  
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,  
And filled my lips with praise.
2. Then e'en in age and grief, Thy name  
Shall still my languid heart inflame,  
And bow my faltering knee ;  
O, yet this bosom feels the fire ;  
This trembling hand and drooping lyre  
Have yet a strain for Thee.
3. Yes ; broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,  
This voice, transported, shall record  
Thy goodness, tried so long ;  
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,  
Its feeble murmurs melt away  
Into a seraph's song.

*This stanza  
is very beautiful*

527.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE FACE OF JESUS. — 2 Cor. 4 : 6.

1. JESUS, the vision of Thy face  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.
2. Then, while ye hear my heartstrings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll ;  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.

*Mather Marvin of Lode  
Mich. found great comfort  
in repeating this in secret.*

frequently repeated on his dying bed -  
"My God, my portion, my love"  
and also,

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

"Glorious hour to bless <sup>528</sup> <sup>C. M.</sup> <sup>WATTS.</sup> <sup>WATTS.</sup>"

THE LOVE OF THE PORTION OF MERE CREATURE. Ps. 135. 5.  
H. D. Feb 28 1793 leaf ver.

1. My God, my Portion, and my Love,  
My everlasting All,  
I've none but Thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball

"Jesus loves my soul"

2. To Thee I owe my wealth, and friends,  
And health, and safe abode;  
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.

W. Gilman Mem. of Whitfield

3. Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars mine own,  
Without Thy graces and Thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.

p. 126 [not]

4. Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of Thy face,  
And I desire no more.

529.

C. M. J.

XAVIER.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US. - 1 John 4: 19.

From  
Buckner's  
C. M.

1. THOU, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace;

A

2. And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself; and all for one  
That was Thine enemy.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

- 3
3. Then, why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;
  4. Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovéd me,  
O ever-loving Lord.
  5. E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

530.

C. M.

THAT HE WHO LOVETH GOD, LOVE HIS BROTHER ALSO.—1 John 4: 21.

- From Hymnals
1. OUR God is love, and all His saints  
His image bear below;  
The heart with love to God inspired,  
With love to man will glow.
  2. Our heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou,  
Thy favored children we;  
O, may we love each other here,  
As we are loved by Thee.
  3. Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same;  
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.
  4. So may the vain, contentious world  
See how true Christians love,  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.
- + |

+ See how true Christians  
love each other.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

DOXOLOGY.

Let God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

531.

L. M.

*L. M. Merrick*

MERRICK.

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR.—Ps. 41: 1.

1. BLESSED who with generous pity glows,  
Who learns to feel another's woes,  
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,  
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:  
In every want, in every woe,  
Himself Thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2. Thy love his life shall guard, Thy hand  
Give to his lot the chosen land;  
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,  
To unrelenting foes a prey.  
When languid with disease and pain,  
Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain.

532.

C. M.

*Wm. Cutter*

CUTTER.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?—Luke 10: 29.

1. WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,  
Thy soothing hand may press.

2. Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
O, enter thou his humble door  
With aid and peace for him.

380

*This sometimes attributed to everybody. [Wrongly]*

*Rev. by Merrick, Psalm.*

*Psalm 35*

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

3. Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft  
Of any treasured gem;  
Widow or orphan helpless left;  
Go thou, and shelter them.
4. Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,  
Fettered in mind and limb,  
Who hath no hope this side the grave;  
Go thou, and ransom him.
5. Where'er thou meet'st a human form  
Bowed down with grief and care,  
Whom love may soothe, and kindness warm,  
Thou'lt find a neighbor there.

533.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE HATH GIVEN TO THE POOR. — Ps. 112: 9.

1. HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,  
And follows His commands;  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with liberal hands.
2. As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need,  
So God shall answer his request  
With blessings on his seed.
3. No evil tidings shall surprise  
His well-established mind;  
His soul to God, his Refuge, flies,  
And leaves his fears behind.
4. In times of general distress,  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace divine.

1719

Entire

+ This should be sung to "Pity," an  
English Tune in an. style.

534.

C. M.

BARBAULD.

THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER. — John 13 : 34.

1. BLESSED is the man whose softening heart  
 Feels all another's pain ;  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never raised in vain ;
2. Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
 A stranger's woe to feel,  
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal.
3. To gentle offices of love  
 His feet are never slow ;  
 He views through mercy's melting eye  
 A brother in a foe.
4. Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 My peace, to him I give ;  
 And when he kneels before the throne,  
 His trembling soul shall live.

*over by  
Mrs.  
B's making  
Boston  
Thames*

*Several vers.  
omitted*

*but several stanzas omitted,*

535.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WHEN HE SAW HIM HE HAD COMPASSION ON HIM. — Luke 10 : 33.

1. FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace  
 All powerful from above,  
 To form in our obedient souls  
 The image of Thy love !
2. O, may our sympathizing breasts  
 That generous pleasure know,  
 Kindly to share in others' joy,  
 And weep for others' woe.

*verified.*

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

3. When the most helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.

SEE S.H. 873-1095

536.

L. M.

WATTS.

WHO SHALL DWELL IN THY HOLY HILL?—Ps. 15: 1.

- Bd* / 1. WHO shall ascend Thy heavenly place,  
Great God, and dwell before Thy face?  
The man who minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below;

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;  
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;  
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3. He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those who curse him to his face;  
And does to all men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them.

4. Yet when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone:  
This is the man Thy face shall see,  
And dwell forever, Lord, with Thee.

1719

is practical  
ad +

537.

C. M.

WATTS.

I MADE HASTE, AND DELAYED NOT TO KEEP THY COMMANDMENTS.  
Ps. 119: 60.

- Bd* / 1. THOU art my Portion, O my God;  
Soon as I know Thy way,  
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

1719

Tab. of Prof. Stewart

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
3. The testimonies of Thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
4. If once I wander from Thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,  
And trust Thy pardoning grace.
5. Now I am Thine, forever Thine ;  
O, save Thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place ;  
My hope is in Thy word.

538.

C. M.

COWPER.

AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD. — Gen. 5 : 24.

1. O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word ?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

24  
Rev:  
Entire  
critique

a 381  
Anderson Books  
and!! See Lunt's Review.

LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

4. Return, O holy Dove ; return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

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

*"Often have I adopted the words of the  
pious Cooper: Life of writing of H. W. Hall,  
539. p. 109. - C. M. Bernard Barton.*

IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT. - Ps. 36 : 9.

1. WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.

3. Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear ;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.

4. Walk in the light ! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright ;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is Light

*Barton*  
*ver. by Stebbins*  
*"Sac. Poetry"*  
This is by Bernard Barton



LOVE AND OBEDIENCE.

542.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED, AND IN THE EVENING WITHHOLD NOT THINE  
HAND.—Ecc. 11: 6.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed ;  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;  
Broadcast it o'er the land ;  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.
2. The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found ;  
Go forth, then, every where ;  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
3. Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garner in the sky ;  
Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

*Book*  
*p. 258.*

543.

C. M.

WATTS.

O THAT MY WAYS WERE DIRECTED TO KEEP THY STATUTES!—Ps. 119: 5.

1. O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep His statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do His will !

*Book*  
*1719*

2. O, send Thy Spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart;  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;  
 Let no corrupt design  
 Nor covetous desires arise  
 Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by Thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

544.

C. M. *Wm* CUTTER.

TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS SEVERAL ABILITY. — Matt. 25 : 15.

*sent me  
 by the author  
 who lives in  
 N. York City.  
 He was for-  
 merly of Port-  
 and has  
 been much  
 trouble - but  
 is a good man  
 true -*

1. HIDE not thy talent in the earth,  
 However small it be;  
 Its faithful use, its utmost worth,  
 God will require of thee.  
 His own, which He hath lent on trust,  
 He asks of thee again;  
 Little or much, the claim is just,  
 And thine excuses vain.

2. What if the little rain should plead,  
 "So small a drop as I  
 Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead;  
 I'll tarry in the sky"!  
 What if a shining beam of noon  
 Should in its fountain stay,  
 Because its feeble light alone  
 Was not enough for day?

3. Doth not each rain drop help to form  
 The cool, refreshing shower?  
 And every ray of light to warm  
 And beautify the flower?  
 Go, then, and strive to do thy part,  
 Though humble it may be;  
 The ready hand, the willing heart,  
 Are all Heaven asks of thee.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—SELF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

545.

C. M.

MIDDLETON.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.—2 Cor. 13: 5.

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

*Over by  
 Stebbins  
 Sac. Park  
 Lond  
 1835  
 in possession  
 of D. C. Cole  
 - worth*

*7 Bps. Thomas Van Hook's Memoir  
 1822. See Sir R. Palmer*

546.

7s.

NEWTON.

LOVEST THOU ME? — John 21 : 16.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know ;  
 Oft it causes anxious thought :  
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
 Am I His, or am I not ?  
 Could my heart so hard remain,  
 Prayer a task and burden prove,  
 Every trifle give me pain,  
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?
  
2. When I turn my eyes within,  
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
 Filled with unbelief and sin,  
 Can I deem myself a child ?  
 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all ?
  
3. Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
 Thou who art Thy people's Sun ;  
 Shine upon Thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.  
 Let me love Thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

—547.

C. M.

COWPER.

ISAAC WENT OUT TO MEDITATE IN THE FIELD AT THE EVENTIDE. — Gen. 24 : 63.

1. FAR from the world, - O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far,  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.

390

*One of the best known hymns of  
 the only great poet of our coun-  
 try who has written such things.*

*first sad affliction at*  
*St. Andrews*  
SELF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.
3. There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
4. There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour, Thou art mine.

*Ver.*

*Ent.*

548.

L. M.

WATTS.

IF YE LIVE AFTER THE FLESH, YE SHALL DIE.—Rom. 8: 13.

1. MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee;  
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
3. Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

*1753*

*BK 2:12*

*a*

4. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;  
 Let noise and vanity be gone;  
 In secret silence of the mind,  
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

549.

S. M.

WATTS.

WHAT MAN IS HE THAT FEARETH THE LORD?—Ps. 25: 12.

1. WHERE shall the man be found  
 Who fears to offend his God,  
 Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
 And trembles at the rod?
2. The Lord shall make him know  
 The secrets of his heart;  
 The wonders of His covenant show,  
 And all His love impart.
3. The dealings of His hand  
 Are truth and mercy, still,  
 With such as to His covenant stand,  
 And love to do His will.

550.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEART.—Ps. 4: 4.

1. RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
 And chase these shadowy forms no more;  
 Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
 And Thy forsaken God implore.
2. Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;  
 Retired and silent, seek them there;  
 True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,  
 True strength, to break the tempter's snare.

*my inmost soul be made to share  
The every grace which combats to prove  
That God has preserved my dwelling*

SELF-EXAMINATION AND HUMILITY.

3. And Thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with Thy presence fill the place.
4. Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be searched and purified.

551.

S. M. *John* KEBLE.

THOUGH THE LORD BE HIGH, YET HATH HE RESPECT UNTO THE LOWLY.  
Ps. 138 : 6.

1. BLESSED are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God ;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.
2. Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His cradle and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

*Worship by  
Christian  
years.*

552.

L. M. WATTS.

EXAMINE ME, O LORD, AND PROVE ME. — Ps. 26 : 2.

1. JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon Thy promise stays,  
Nor from Thy law my feet depart.
2. Among Thy saints will I appear,  
With hands well washed in innocence ;  
But when I stand before Thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.

*1719  
One St  
2a om  
= itted.*

3. I love Thy habitation, Lord ;  
The temple where Thine honors dwell ;  
There shall I hear Thy holy word,  
And there Thy works of wonder tell.
4. Let not my soul be joined at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have passed  
Among the saints, and near my God.

553.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

THOSE THAT WALK IN PRIDE HE IS ABLE TO ABASE. — Dan. 4:37.

1. WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,  
Who from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day,  
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
2. His brightest visions just appear,  
Then vanish, and no more are found ;  
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
A breath may level with the ground.
3. By doubt perplexed, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way ;  
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !  
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
4. Follies and sins, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life's little span ;  
How ill, alas ! does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man !
5. God of my life, Father divine,  
Give me a meek and lowly mind ;  
In modest worth, O, let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find.

554.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

HUMBLENESS OF MIND. — Col. 3:12.

1. WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to Thee?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in Thy wisdom wise?
2. Only Thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below?  
Only guided by Thy light?  
Only mighty in Thy might?
3. Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

*over*  
*cleaner*  
*beg*

555.

C. M.

WATTS.

LORD, MY HEART IS NOT HAUGHTY. — Ps. 131:1.

*Ps*

1. Is there ambition in my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see;  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
Lord, I appeal to Thee.
2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild;  
Content, my Father, with Thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
3. The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward;  
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

*over*  
*ent*

556.

L. M.

LYTE.

I AM MECK AND LOWLY IN HEART. — Matt. 23 : 29.

- crificed by secunods coll.*
1. "O, LEARN of Me," the Saviour cried ;  
 "O, learn of Me, ye sons of pride ;  
 For I am lowly, humble, meek ;  
 No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak."
  2. Yes, blest Immanuel, Thou wast mild,  
 Patient, and gentle as a child ;  
 And they who would Thy kingdom see  
 Must meek and lowly be, like Thee.

557.

8s & 7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

MY SOUL IS EVEN AS A WEANED CHILD. — Ps. 131 : 2.

- coll.*
1. LET Thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,  
 Humble all my swelling pride ;  
 Fallen, guilty, and unholy,  
 Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.
  2. I'll forbid my vain aspiring,  
 Nor at earthly honors aim ;  
 No ambitious heights desiring,  
 Far above my humble claim.
  3. Weaned from earth's vexatious pleasures,  
 In Thy love I'll seek for mine ;  
 Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,  
 Earth I quietly resign.
  4. Israel, thus the world despising,  
 On the Lord alone rely ;  
 Then from Him thy joys arising,  
 Like Himself shall never die.
- Indica  
d in  
coll.*

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

558.

7s.

*Madam's Coll.*

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT. — Matt. 5:3

*Reed says  
"anon" -  
I copy from  
Rippon.*

1. LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility;
2. Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Changed into a little child;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.
3. Father, fix my soul on Thee;  
Every evil let me flee;  
Nothing want, beneath, above,  
Happy in Thy precious love.
4. O that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined!  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

*In Conder.*

*From*

*Rippon's*

*Copy*

MAN A CHRISTIAN. — TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

559.

7s.

*Rev. John*

NEWTON.

O THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST. — Job 29:2.

*+*

1. ONCE I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed, no more to move;  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love:  
Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

*Thy grace  
in orig.*

*Jill says - part of volume  
+ Rev. "S" ...*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. Little, then, myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power;  
Now I ~~feel my sins anew~~ *find their words*  
Now I feel the stormy hour; *were true.*  
Sin has put my joys to flight, *in my.*  
Sin has turned my day to night.
3. Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul;  
Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole;  
Far away the tempter drive;  
Speak the word, and set me free;  
Let me live alone to Thee.

560.

L. M.

WATTS.

HOPE THOU IN GOD. — Ps. 42 : 5.

1. MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;  
But I will call Thy name to mind,  
And times of past distress record,  
When I have found my God was kind.
2. Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;  
Thy waterspouts drown all my joys,  
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
3. Yet will the Lord command His love,  
When I address His throne by day;  
Nor in the night His grace remove;  
The night shall hear me sing and pray.
4. Thy light and truth shall guide me still;  
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
And lead me to Thine heavenly hill,  
My God, my most exceeding Joy.

THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH. — 1 Pet. 1: 7.

1. 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
2. Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all —  
This is happiness to me.
3. Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

11

*Lord don't I call & cry  
ffro the depe dale of sorrow & woo*

~~562~~

S. M. TATE & BRADY.

*Here my voys graciously  
and shelds me fro my fearfull foe.*

MY SOUL DOETH WAIT — Ps. 130 : 5.

*B*

1. FROM lowest depths of woe  
To God I send my cry;  
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.
2. My soul with patience waits  
For Thee, the living Lord;  
My hopes are on Thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.
3. My longing eye look out  
For Thy enlivening ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.

*By Bishop Abcock elevated to*

*the See of Ely in 1486. See  
version  
P. 97 B.*

*In "de profundis" sung  
the Grace of the Lord*

4. Let Israel trust in God ;  
 No bounds His mercy knows ;  
 The plenteous Source and Spring from whence  
 Eternal succor flows.

563.

C. M.

WATTS.

UNLESS THY LAW HAD BEEN MY DELIGHTS. — Ps. 119 : 92.

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

564.

L. M.

NEWTON.

HAPPY IS THE MAN WHOM GOD CORRECTETH. — Job 5 : 17.

1. I ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
 Might more of His salvation know,  
 And seek more earnestly His face.

*100*  
 Lunk says restore the  
 verse in 564 "which is  
 nervous if in plain  
 language."

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

2. I hoped that in some favored hour  
At once He'd answer my request,  
And, by His love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
3. Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.
4. Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe,  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.
5. "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;  
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.
6. "These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free,  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

565.

C. M.

WATTS.

STRAIT IS THE GATE, AND NARROW IS THE WAY, WHICH LEADETH UNTO LIFE.  
Matt. 7 : 14.

1. OUR journey is a thorny maze;  
But we march upward still,  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.
2. See the kind angels at the gates  
Inviting us to come;  
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits  
To welcome travellers home.

3. There, on a green and flowery mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And, with transporting joys, recount  
The labors of our feet.
4. Eternal glory to the King  
Who brought us safely through :  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

566.

S. M.

DWIGHT.

MY SOUL IS FULL OF TROUBLES.—Ps. 88 : 3.

1. I SAW, beyond the tomb,  
The awful Judge appear,  
Prepared to scan with strict account  
My blessings wasted here.
2. His wrath, like flaming fire,  
Burned to the lowest hell ;  
And in that hopeless world of woe  
He bade my spirit dwell.
3. My friends — now friends no more  
At infinite remove,  
Left me to gain their rich reward,  
And taste forgiving love.
4. Then to the Lord I prayed,  
And raised a bitter cry :  
“ Hear me, O God, and save my soul,  
Lest I forever die.”
5. He heard my humble cry,  
He saved my soul from death ;  
To Him I'll give my heart and hands,  
And consecrate my breath.

Com. - say "take this"

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

567

L. M.

WATTS.

MY SOUL DOETH WAIT.—Ps. 130: 5.

1. FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts  
To Thee, my God, I raised my cries ;  
If Thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.
2. But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach Thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before Thy gate :  
When will my God His face display ?
4. My trust is fixed upon Thy word,  
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.

568.

L. M.

COWPER.

LET NOT THE WATER-FLOOD OVERFLOW ME.—Ps. 69: 15.

1. GOD of my life, to Thee I call ;  
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall :  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where, but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

3. Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
4. Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

569.

L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

TEACH ME THY WAY, O LORD. — Ps. 86 : 11.

1. THOU great Instructor, lest I stray,  
O, teach my erring feet Thy way;  
Thy truth, with ever-fresh delight,  
Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.
2. How oft my heart's affections yield,  
And wander o'er the world's wide field!  
My vagrant passions, Lord, reclaim;  
Unite them all to fear Thy name.
3. Then to my God my heart and tongue,  
With all their powers, shall raise the song:  
On earth Thy glories I'll declare,  
Till heaven the immortal notes shall hear.

570.

C. M.

WATTS.

VANITY OF VANITIES; ALL IS VANITY. — Eccl. 1 : 2.

1. How vain are all things here below!  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

*32-418 Grammar*  
*"The finest specimen of alliteration"*



4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll.  
 Across my peaceful breast.

572.

11s.

GRANT.

PARTAKERS OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.—1 Pet. 4: 13.

1. SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,  
 Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,  
 Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,  
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to  
 betray.
2. The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below,  
 The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the  
 beam;  
 Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered of  
 woe;  
 And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.
3. So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
 I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;  
 And still did this eager and credulous heart  
 Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.
4. I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;  
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;  
 I asked for the palm branch, the robe, and the crown;  
 I asked, and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.
5. Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,  
 My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;  
 O, give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

6. There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,  
 But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;  
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;  
 There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

573.

L. M.

TORREY.

AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER.—Luke 22 : 61.

1. WHEN silent steal across my soul  
 Remembrances of broken vows,  
 And tears, almost beyond control,  
 Flow, as my guilty spirit bows,  
 'Tis then I've caught the Saviour's eye,  
 Viewing with looks of injured love,  
 A soul, for whom He deigned to die,  
 Inconstant and ungrateful prove.

*13 June 29, 1857 m. gn  
 29 1837, 2.  
 Nov. 6. 1869  
 wrote "Coun-  
 ment, or Christian-  
 1838, City & Country Life, 185  
 Rude & Dye  
 also  
 Little Lu  
 1835.*

3. O, had He not so kindly glanced,  
 My weeping soul in anguish cries,  
 I could have borne that searching look,  
 But now I yield ; my spirit dies.
4. No more on promises I'll rest,  
 Nor resolutions vainly made,  
 But leaning on my Saviour's breast,  
 Implore His Spirit's gracious aid.

574

S. M. <sup>2 this</sup> *How* - BONAR.  
*11. 1857.*

YE WERE AS SHEEP GOING ASTRAY.—1 Pet. 2 : 25.

1. I WAS a wandering sheep ;  
 I did not love the fold ;  
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;  
 I would not be controlled :

*By Bonar  
 Belton 1852*

I was a wayward child ;  
 I did not love my home ;  
 I did not love my Father's voice ;  
 I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought His sheep ;  
 The Father sought His child ;  
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er deserts waste and wild ;  
 They found me nigh to death,  
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
 They bound me with the bands of love ;  
 They saved the wandering one.

3. I was a wandering sheep ;  
 I would not be controlled ;  
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
 I love, I love His fold.  
 I was a wayward child ;  
 I once preferred to roam ;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love His home.

575

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM. — Ps. 126 : 6.

1. THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers,  
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers !  
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
 But Nature pours forth all her tears.
2. The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
 Are in these watered furrows sown ;  
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !

*Int.*  
*One in*  
*fruit*

3. In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;  
And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
4. Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And ~~bind~~ his sheaves, and bear them home ;  
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

576.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU HAST PROVED MINE HEART. — Ps. 17 : 3.

1. LORD, I am Thine ; but Thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love :  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword — the hand is Thine.
2. What sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :  
I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
3. This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
4. O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God,  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
5. My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

The last stanza is in substance the same as the one in the book of Psalms

Selected by Mrs. Watts  
 from the Psalms  
 17:3

577.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE HATH PUT A NEW SONG IN MY MOUTH.—Ps. 40 : 3.

1. I WAITED patient for the Lord ;  
He bowed to hear my cry ;  
He saw me resting on His word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
2. He raised me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds released my feet —  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
3. Firm on a rock He made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of His hand  
In a new, thankful song.
4. I'll spread His works of grace abroad ;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.

578.

Ps & 7s.

RANKIN.

THE LORD SHALL GIVE THEE REST FROM THY SORROW.—Is. 14 : 3.

1. LABORING and heavy laden  
With my sins, O Lord, I roam ;  
While I know Thou hast invited  
All such wanderers to their home.
2. Make my stubborn spirit willing  
To obey Thy gracious voice ;  
At the cross to leave its burden,  
And departing to rejoice.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

3. Thy sweet yoke I'd take upon me,  
And would learn, O Lord, of Thee ;  
Thou art meek in heart, and lowly ;  
Teach me like Thyself to be.
4. Rest my weary soul is seeking  
From its sins and all its woes ;  
In Thy bosom I would place me,  
There to find a blest repose.
5. Laboring and heavy laden,  
Lord, no longer will I roam  
Here I fix my habitation  
In Thy sheltering love at home.

579.

C. M.

*Sab. Recreations*

BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED, I WENT ASTRAY. — Ps. 119 : 67.

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

*This op. in Puritan  
Recorder as orig. Feb 26. 1828*

*Rev. J. E. Rankin  
6. 1828 in Thoreau's  
1177*

580.

S. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS HE WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS FORGIVEN.—Ps. 32:1.

1. O, BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are covered o'er ;  
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
2. They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
3. While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound,  
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,  
And ready pardon found.
4. Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
Our help, in times of deep distress,  
Is found in God alone.

581.

S. M.

WATTS.

MINE EYES ARE EVER TOWARD THE LORD.—Ps. 25: 15.

1. MINE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead His promises,  
And rest upon His word.
2. Turn, turn Thee to my soul ;  
Bring Thy salvation near ;  
When will Thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare ?

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

3. When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways,  
My wandering feet have trod?
4. O, keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame;  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

DOXOLOGY.

36  
The triune God shall be  
Our song while life is given,  
And the unceasing praise shall run  
Through all the days of heaven.

582.

*Moore*

L. M.

GREGG.

WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL BE ASHAMED OF ME AND OF MY WORDS, ET.  
Mark 8: 38.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be —  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

*rev by Dr*  
*W. H. P.*  
*revised*  
*by Dr*  
*Forsyth*  
*This is*  
*as origi*  
*in Boston*  
*truly ma*  
*arise v*  
*2 No 22.*  
*1813 or 4.*

5. Till then — nor is my boasting vain —  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And O, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

583.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

MAKE HASTE, O GOD, TO DELIVER ME.—Ps. 70: 1.

1. HASTEN, Lord, to my release,  
 Haste to help me, O my God!  
 Foes, like armed bands, increase;  
 Turn them back the way they trod.
2. Dark temptations round me press;  
 Evil thoughts my soul assail;  
 Doubts and fears, in my distress,  
 Rise till flesh and spirit fail.
3. Those that seek Thee shall rejoice;  
 I am bowed with misery;  
 Yet I make Thy law my choice;  
 Turn, my God, and look on me.
4. Thou mine only Helper art,  
 My Redeemer from the grave;  
 Strength of my desiring heart,  
 Do not tarry — haste to save.

584.

S. M.

WATTS.

I WILL TRUST IN THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.—Ps. 61: 4.

1. WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
 My heart within me dies,  
 Helpless, and far from all relief,  
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

2. O, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of Thy wings,  
My shelter and my shade.
3. Within Thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the Tower of my defence,  
The Refuge where I hide.
4. Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear Thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

585.

C. M.

WATTS.

NO MAN CARES FOR MY SOUL. — Ps. 142 : 4.

1. To God I made my sorrows known ;  
From God I sought relief ;  
In long complaints, before His throne,  
I poured out all my grief.
2. On every side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone ;  
While friends and strangers passed me by,  
Neglected or unknown.
3. Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And called Thy mercy near ;  
“Thou art my Portion when I die,  
Be Thou my Refuge here.”
4. Lord, I am brought exceeding low ;  
Now let Thine ear attend,  
And make my foes, who vex me, know  
I've an almighty Friend.

586.

7s.

C. ELIZABETH.

IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION. — John 16 : 33.

1. TRIBULATION, pain, and woe  
Are the Christian's lot below ;  
Glory, triumph, peace, and love  
Are the Christian's crown above.
  
2. Shall we sport a little while  
In the world's deceitful smile,  
Careless how we waste our breath,  
Thoughtless of eternal death ?
  
3. No! if Christian souls we be,  
Saviour, we must live to Thee ;  
Trusting in Thy mighty name,  
We can welcome grief and shame.
  
4. Jesus, Lord, to Thee we come ;  
Short, though rough, the journey home ;  
Let Thy grace but now be given,  
Glory will be ours in heaven.

587.

L. M.

WATTS.

I WILL CALL UPON THE LORD, WHO IS WORTHY TO BE PRAISED. — Ps. 18 : 3.

1. THEE will I love, O Lord, my Strength,  
My Rock, my Tower, my high Defence ;  
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
For I have found salvation thence.
  
2. Death, and the terrors of the grave,  
Stood round me with their dismal shade,  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

3. I saw the opening gates of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there,  
Which none, but they that feel, can tell,  
While I was hurried to despair.
4. In my distress I called my God,  
When I could scarce believe Him mine;  
He bowed His ear to my complaint;  
Then did His grace appear divine.

588:

C. M.

WATTS.

FORSAKE ME NOT, O LORD. — Ps. 38 : 21.

1. AMID Thy wrath remember love,  
Restore Thy servant, Lord;  
Nor let a Father's chastening prove  
Like an avenger's sword.
2. My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me to atone.
3. My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down;  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Beneath my Father's frown.
4. All my desire to Thee is known;  
Thine eye counts every tear;  
And every sigh, and every groan,  
Is noticed by Thine ear.
5. My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be forever nigh;  
O Lord of my salvation, haste  
Before Thy servant die.

589.

C. M.

BARLOW.

*Not in Index -*

JUDGE ME, O GOD, AND PLEAD MY CAUSE. — Ps. 43: 1.

1. JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause  
Against a sinful race ;  
From vile oppression and deceit  
Secure me by Thy grace.
2. On Thee my steadfast hope depends ;  
And am I left to mourn ?  
To sink in sorrows, and in vain  
Implore Thy kind return ?
3. O, send Thy light to guide my feet, *ver-*  
And bid Thy truth appear ;  
Conduct me to Thy holy hill,  
To taste Thy mercies there.
4. Then to Thine altar, O my God,  
My joyful feet shall rise,  
And my triumphant songs shall praise  
The God who rules the skies.

*One v. omitted - last x*

590.

L. M.

KELLY.

FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY. — Heb. 13: 14.

1. "WE'VE no abiding city here ;"  
This may distress the worldling's mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.
2. "We've no abiding city here ;"  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name ; the Lord is there ;  
It shines with everlasting light.

*Rec'd  
1853 +*

3. O, sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blessed!  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

4. But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;  
 The time my God appoints is best;  
 While here, to do His will be mine;  
 And His to fix my time of rest.

—591.

L. M.

WATTS.

HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME, O LORD?—PS. 13: 1.

- Ps*
1. How long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
 Like one who seeks his God in vain?  
 Canst Thou Thy face forever hide,  
 And I still pray and be denied?
  2. Shall I forever be forgot,  
 As one whom Thou regardest not?  
 Still shall my soul Thine absence mourn,  
 And still despair of Thy return?
  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. Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;  
 My heart shall feel Thy love, and raise  
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

592.

L. M.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT. — Zech. 14: 7.

- Jas Montgomery*  
*(S.H. Plummer)*
1. At evening time let there be light ;  
Life's little day draws near its close ;  
Around me fall the shades of night,  
The night of death, the grave's repose ;  
To crown my joys, to end my woes,  
At evening time let there be light.
  2. At evening time, let there be light ;  
Stormy and dark hath been my day ;  
Yet rose the morn divinely bright ;  
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way ;  
O, for one sweet, one parting ray !  
At evening time let there be light.
  3. At evening time there shall be light,  
For God hath spoken ; it must be ;  
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight ;  
His glory now is risen on me ;  
Mine eyes shall His salvation see ;  
'Tis evening time, and there is light.

593.

C. M.

BAXTER.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM. — 1 Pet. 5: 7.

1. CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.
2. Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must Thy glory be ?

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

I have made a solemn promise to  
be true to the chief religious espousal of  
religion and of my life; and have  
to bear down all the temptations with  
I have been against church  
and against the world.

3. Then I shall end my sad complaints

And weary, sinful days,

And join with those triumphant saints

That sing Jehovah's praise.

I have not the least comfort that I  
in the opinion of my late dear wife  
our first night in the morning and last  
bed late night in the evening of  
like the history of others inter-  
ted it."

4. My knowledge of that life is small;

The eye of faith is dim;

But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,

And I shall be with Him.

594:

C. M.

WATTS.

IN THE DAY OF MY TROUBLE I SOUGHT THE LORD.—Ps. 77 : 2.

1. To God I cried, with mournful voice;

I sought His gracious ear

In the sad day when troubles rose,

And filled the night with fear.

2. I called Thy mercies to my mind,

Which I enjoyed before;

And will the Lord no more be kind?

His face appear no more?

3. I'll think again of all Thy ways,

And talk Thy wonders o'er—

Thy wonders of recovering grace,

When flesh could hope no more.

Better pub. his Peace of Mary of  
Pedrus of David with other hymns  
in 1892. or L. M. BOWRING.  
Matthew Sylvester for the world

THE GOOD SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.—Ps. 112 : 6.

1. EARTH'S transitory things decay;

Its pomps, its pleasures, pass away;

But the sweet memory of the good

Survives in the vicissitude.

2. As, 'mid the ever-rolling sea,  
The eternal isles established be,  
'Gainst which the surges of the main  
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain;
3. As, in the heavens, the urns divine  
Of golden light forever shine;  
Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,  
They still shine on from age to age;
4. So, through the ocean tide of years,  
The memory of the just appears;  
So, through the tempest and the gloom,  
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

596.

L. M.

KELLY.

I REMEMBER THEE, THE KINDNESS OF THY YOUTH, THE LOVE OF THINE  
ESPOUSALS. — Jer. 2 : 2.

- (a)
1. O, WHERE is now that glowing love  
That marked our union with the Lord?  
Our hearts were fixed on things above,  
Nor could the world a joy afford.
  2. Where is the zeal that led us then  
To make our Saviour's glory known?  
That freed us from the fear of men,  
And kept our eye on Him alone?
  3. Where are the happy seasons spent  
In fellowship with Him we loved?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we proved?
  4. Behold, again we turn to Thee;  
O, cast us not away, though vile  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

597.

C. M.

NEWTON.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.—Micah 2: 10.

1. WE seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day;  
Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way.
2. The swelling flood and raging flame  
Hear and obey His word;  
Then let us triumph in His name;  
Our Saviour is the Lord.

598.

L. M.

STEELE. X

DAVID ENCOURAGED HIMSELF IN THE LORD HIS GOD.—1 Sam. 30: 6.

1. WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind?  
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?  
Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?  
Am I not safe if God is nigh?
2. He holds all nature in His hand;  
That gracious hand on which I live,  
Does life, and time, and death command,  
And has immortal joys to give.
3. Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,  
And ease the sorrows of my breast;  
Speak to my heart the healing word,  
That Thou art mine, and I am blessed.

+ Vol 2: p. 93:

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—TRUST  
AND SUBMISSION.

599.

C. M. *James* EDMESTON.

THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.—JOB 13 : 15.

1. O THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
There is no mercy here.
2. O, may I, Lord, desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
Far more than sweetest earthly gain  
Succeeded by a frown.
3. Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see ;  
The gracious hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

600.

L. M. WATTS.

IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED.—PS. 119 : 71.

1. FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was Thy chastising rod,  
That forced my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wandering soul to God !
2. Foolish and vain, I went astray,  
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord ;  
I left my Guide, and lost my way ;  
But now I love and keep Thy word.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn His statutes well.
4. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;  
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

601.

11s & 10s.

MOORE.

I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE. — EX. 15 : 26.

1. COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish;  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
2. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,  
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

602.

C. M.

J.

GREENE.

IT IS THE LORD; LET HIM DO WHAT SEEMETH HIM GOOD. — 1 Sam. 3 : 18.

1. It is the Lord, enthroned in light,  
Whose claims are all divine,  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.
2. It is the Lord, who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends, my ease,  
And of His bounties may recall  
Whatever part He please.

3. It is the Lord, who can sustain  
    Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
    To tread the thorny road.
  
4. It is the Lord, my covenant God, —  
    Thrice blesséd be His name, —  
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,  
    Must ever be the same.

603.

C. H. M. — CONDER.

*Devotion*

REJOICING IN HOPE ; PATIENT IN TRIBULATION. — Rom. 12 : 12.

1. WHEN I can trust my all with God,  
    In trial's fearful hour,  
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,  
    And bless His sparing power,  
A joy springs up amid distress,  
    A fountain in the wilderness.
  
2. O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
    Though sorrows fix me there,  
Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
    The energies of prayer,  
Though sighs and tears its language be,  
    If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
  
3. Then blesséd be the hand that gave,  
    Still blesséd when it takes ;  
Blesséd be He who smites to save,  
    Who heals the heart He breaks ;  
Perfect and true are all His ways,  
    Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

604.

7s.

LYTE.

O LORD, REBUKE ME NOT IN THINE ANGER. — Ps. 6 : 1.

1. GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod  
On my sinful head, O God!  
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,  
Lest I sink before its sway.
2. Heal me, for my flesh is weak;  
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;  
~~This~~ my only plea I make;  
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
3. Who within the silent grave  
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?  
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;  
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
4. Lo, He comes! He heeds my plea!  
Lo, He comes! the shadows flee!  
Glory round me dawns once more;  
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

605.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD. — Ps. 46 : 10.

1. PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand  
That blasts our joys in death,  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back the breath.
2. 'Tis He whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice,  
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,  
A thousand rich supplies.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. Our covenant God and Father He  
In Christ, our bleeding Lord,  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.
4. Silent, I own Jehovah's name ;  
I kiss Thy scourging hand,  
And yield my comforts and my life  
To Thy supreme command.

606.

S. M.

TOPLADY.

[1740-1778]

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.—2 Cor. 12 : 9.

*v. ab. 1772.*

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.
2. Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
3. His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
4. When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control ;  
His loving kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

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

607.

7s.

RYLAND.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND. — Ps. 31 : 15.

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise,  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.
2. Times of sickness, times of health ;  
Times of penury and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief ;  
Times of triumph and relief ;
3. Times the tempter's power to prove ;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
4. O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,  
In Thy hands my life I trust ;  
Have I somewhat dearer still ?  
I resign it to Thy will.

608.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

THIS IS MY COMFORT IN MY AFFLICTION. — Ps. 119 : 50.

1. WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away :

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love ;  
Sweet to look upward, to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above :
3. Sweet on His righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
4. If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee ?

609.

L. M.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL. — Mark 7 : 37.

1. TIME's gilded tints, hope's golden gleam,  
Fade from my sight, though once so fair ;  
And youth's fond, false, deceitful dream  
Dissolves away in empty air.
2. Each plan of life forever broke,  
Each comfort sinking to the grave,  
I bow beneath the eternal stroke,  
Deprived of all by Him who gave.
3. Yet it is God ! Be still, my soul ;  
That God who sees the sparrow fall,  
Whose kindness watches to console,  
That gracious God has ordered all.
4. He takes my health and strength away,  
Yet guides my life with perfect skill ;  
Then let me own His righteous sway,  
And bow submissive to His will.

From the "Complete" Sermon by  
P. P. Bowen at Milton

Barlow pub. an alt. ed. of water  
and a poet named Oliver a  
cousin of Benedict Arnold once met  
him & said

"You've proved yourself a sinful creature  
You've murdered water & spoilt the metre;  
You've tried the word of god to alter  
And for your pains deserve <sup>a</sup> better"

Dry kinetics (cyclop. Am. Lit.

vol 1 p. 392.

B. J. Dec 22 1812 a Zarnawica a little  
village near Cracow. b. at Read-  
ing (am. 17) 4.

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at base. an alt. - 20. of water  
a but several others -  
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over 1000 feet a surface of water  
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in the case of you to other

your brain become "Faint"  
they think (p. 10). The air.

1851 p. 375.  
22 1812 a barometer a little  
new force. d. at base.

17/4

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~~copy~~

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

610.

L. M.

BARLOW.

IN THEE, O LORD, DO I HOPE. — Ps. 33 : 15.

1. To Thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ;  
My fervent prayer in mercy hear ;  
For ruin waits my trembling soul,  
If Thou refuse a gracious ear.
2. When, suppliant, toward Thy holy hill  
I lift my mournful hands to pray,  
Afford Thy grace, nor drive me still  
With impious hypocrites away.
3. To sons of falsehood, that despise  
The works and wonders of Thy reign,  
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,  
And sinks their souls to endless pain.
4. But ever blesséd be the Lord,  
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice ;  
My heart, that trusted in His word,  
In His salvation shall rejoice.

611.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE. — Ex. 33 : 14.

1. ~~FATHER~~, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign ~~will~~ denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :
2. " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And ~~mak~~e me live to Thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

612.

*8s & 4.* *Dunk as I am* BOWRING.

THY WILL BE DONE. — Matt. 6 : 10.

1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way  
The hurrying stream of life may run;  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
"Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine  
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
This prayer will make it more divine:  
"Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one  
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore,  
"Thy will be done."

613.

10s & 11s.

NEWTON.

JEHOVAH JIREH. — Gen. 22 : 14.

1. THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide:  
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
2. His call we obey, like Abraham of old,  
Not knowing our way; but faith makes us bold:  
For, though we are strangers, we have a good Guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

3. No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim ;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong Tower for safety we hide ;  
The Lord is our Power ; the Lord will provide.

614.

C. M.

NOEL.

WEeping MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT ; BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.  
Ps. 30 : 5.

1. WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.

*Town  
Plymouth  
cell.*

2. 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.

*B.  
Psalmist.*

3. It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.

4. O, let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

*Psalmist*

615.

L. M.

WATTS.

I CRIED UNTO THEE, AND THOU HAST HEALED ME. — Ps. 30 : 2.

1. I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high ;  
At Thy command diseases fly ;  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?

*Ps. 30*

*1711*

2. His anger but a moment stays ;  
His love is life and length of days ;  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning Star restores the joy.

616.

*Edwin H. Nevin.*  
7s. 6d. 1814. NEVIN.

GOD IS MY SALVATION; I WILL TRUST. — Is. 12 : 2.

1. HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,  
If I could but trust in Thee ;  
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide ;  
Trust Thy goodness to provide ;  
Trust Thy saving love and power ;  
Trust Thee every day and hour :
2. Trust Thee as the only light  
In the darkest hour of night ;  
Trust in sickness, trust in health ;  
Trust in poverty and wealth ;  
Trust in joy and trust in grief ;  
Trust Thy promise for relief :
3. Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul ;  
Trust Thy grace to make me whole ;  
Trust Thee living, dying, too ;  
Trust Thee all my journey through ;  
Trust Thee till my feet shall be  
Planted on the crystal sea.

617.

7s & 6s.

REED. 57

IN HIS FAVOR IS LIFE. — Ps. 30 : 5.

1. O THOU, my God, my Saviour,  
In Thy celestial favor  
Is my supreme delight ;  
The more my woes oppress me,  
The more do Thou possess me  
With Thy heavenly might.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

2. Whene'er my heart is broken,  
Before my grief is spoken,  
God pities my complaint;  
And when He might reject me,  
He kindly does protect me,  
Lest all my courage faint.
3. By night ~~Thine~~ <sup>His</sup> arm attends me,  
And graciously defends me,  
And soft is my repose;  
The eyes that watch my keeping,  
Are never, never sleeping;  
I cannot fear my foes.
4. By day His hand shall lead me,  
And heavenly manna feed me,  
Through all my desert way;  
His beam my path enlightens,  
And more and more it brightens  
Into eternal day.

*His "in original" +*

MAN A CHRISTIAN. — PRAYER AND  
DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

— 618. — C. M. — MONTGOMERY.

LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY. — Luke II : 1.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
6. O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

619.

7s.

NEWTON.

LET ME SPEAK, AND ANSWER THOU ME. — Job 13 : 22.

- right*
1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
~~He Himself invites thee near,~~ *alts*  
~~Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.~~
  2. With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
  3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain  
And without a rival reign.
- right*

*He himself has bid thee pray  
Thou shalt not see them pray*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

620.

C. M.

WATTS.

PRAY TO THY FATHER, WHICH IS IN SECRET. — Matt. 6 : 6.

1. O THAT I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before His face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
2. I'd tell Him how my sins arise ;  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
3. Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear ;  
He calls thee to His throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

621.

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*Temple Melodies*

NOT FAR FROM EVERY ONE OF US. — Acts 17 : 27.

1. THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present every where.
2. In our sickness or our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present every where.
3. When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;  
God is present every where.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

4. Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer ;  
God is present every where.

622.

*New* L. M. *Hugh*

STOWELL.

*1744-1865*

I WILL COMMUNE WITH THEE FROM ABOVE THE MERCY SEAT. — Ex. 25 : 22.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads —  
A place than all besides more sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.
4. There, there, on eagle wing we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more ;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy seat.
5. O, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy seat.

*Comp. ab. 1832,*

623.

L. M.

COWPER.

I WILL THEREFORE THAT MEN PRAY EVERY WHERE. — 1 Tim. 2 : 8.

1. WHAT various hinderances we meet  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
• Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
• Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words? Ah, think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill a fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
5. Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

624.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

EDMESTON.

I WILL LEAD THEM. — Is. 42 : 16.

1. LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us ;  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.
3. Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy ;  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

625. *Sam.!*  
*From Boethius. v. Rambler no 7.* 10s. DR. JOHNSON.

MAKE THY FACE TO SHINE UPON THY SERVANT.—Ps. 31: 16.

1. O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides,  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
2. 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast  
With silent confidence and holy rest ;  
From Thee, great God, we spring; to Thee we tend ;  
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blessed,  
Eternal praise and worship be addressed ;  
From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,  
And spread His fame when time shall be no more.

*Boethius wrote his "De consolatio"*  
*in Prison. See Lamb's "The Life of"*

*Rev. Peter Williams [1719-1796]  
The rest, 1st written 1771, 2<sup>d</sup> 1773*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

*Rev. Peter Williams [1719-1796]  
626. Rev. Wm. Williams [1717-1797]  
8s, 7s, & 4. Mrs. OLIVERS b. 1725  
d. 1799. v. 9 add by b. 11*

I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE. — Ps. 32 : 8.

*Crossing the lonely desert from  
Cairo to Sen. [?]  
his companions placed  
themselves on their weary  
way by singing this ep-  
itiphial hymn.  
"Delort  
of Sinai?"  
p. 70.*

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open Thou the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

*From Ripps  
Dobell &  
was give  
"Robinson"  
Conn Coll  
"Oliver",  
Campbell  
says: "hol-  
lians."*

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

*Dole "S"  
Campbell  
"Mellin"*

627. C. M. STEELE.

THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL. — 2 Cor. 4 : 18.

1. O, COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospects rise,  
Unconscious of decay.

*Bulcher attributes to  
r. Williams b. 1717. 1791 - See  
b. 294 -*

*This is  
unseen  
"Heavenly"*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim ;  
With one reviving touch of Thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
4. Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent wishes rise  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,  
Immortal, in the skies.

DOXOLOGY.

Let God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

628.

*Sir Robert =*

78.

GRANT.

*1815.*

HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT. — Dan. 9: 17.

1. SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
O, by all Thy pains and woe,  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.
2. By Thy helpless infant years ;  
By Thy life of wants and tears ;  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness ;  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power, —  
Turn, O, turn a pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.

*written for and published in*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

3. By Thine hour of dire despair;  
By Thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —  
Listen to our humble cry;  
Hear our solemn litany.

4. By the deep, expiring groan;  
By the sad, sepulchral stone;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God, —  
O, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

629.

Rev Robert  
7s & 6s. R.

SEAGRAVE. 1693-

AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE. — Rev. 22 : 4. w. ab. 1742,

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Toward heaven, thy native place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
Thus a soul, new born of God,  
Pants to view His glorious face  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

*Mr. B. V. P. Robinson of Albany had closed his pulpit  
services just before his death with  
"Prin my soul to  
brother"*

*y*

*Handwritten notes and scribbles in the right margin.*

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 your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

630.

L. M.

GIBBONS.

MY FLESH LONGETH FOR THEE IN A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND. — Ps. 63 : 1.

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

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

631.

C. M.

MOORE.

O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE : FOR THEN WOULD I FLY AWAY AND BE AT REST.— Ps. 55 : 6.

1. THE bird let loose in eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam.
2. But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.
3. So grant me, God, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft through virtue's purer air  
To hold my course to Thee.
4. No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs ;  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings.

*taken by Stead*

632.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.— Matt. 6 : 9.

1. OUR heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now ;  
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;  
To Thee all nations bow !
2. Thy kingdom come ; Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above !

*2143*

*Same as in Moore's works - v. 6. p. 197 Phil. Ed.*

3. Our daily bread supply,  
While by Thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.
4. From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles, defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

—633.

L. M.

KENN.

I WILL SING ALOUD OF THY MERCY IN THE MORNING. — Ps. 59: 16.

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praises to the eternal King.
3. Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
4. Lord, I to Thee my vows renew;  
Dispel my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
5. Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with true delight,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

634.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION. — Hab. 3 : 18.

1. ~~THERE'S nothing round this~~ spacious earth

That suits my large desire ;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire, —

+ SEE

Sac. Sup. p 2

2. Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refined,  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.

1753

Ver.

Bk 2:1

3. The almighty Ruler of the sphere,  
The glorious and the great,  
Brings His own all-sufficiency there,  
To make our bliss complete.

4. Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heavenly road ;  
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,  
And there my smiling God.

635.

S. M.

WATTS.

SHALL WE CONTINUE IN SIN THAT GRACE MAY ABOUND ? — Rom. 6 : 1.

1. SHALL we go on to sin  
Because Thy grace abounds ?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all His wounds ?

2. Forbid it, mighty God ;  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. We will be slaves no more,  
 Since Christ has made us free, —  
 Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,  
 And bought our liberty.

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Son, who came  
 Lost sinners to restore,  
 The Father, and the Holy Ghost,  
 Be glory evermore.

636.

C. M.

FOR THY NAME'S SAKE LEAD ME AND GUIDE ME.—Ps. 31: 3.

*"*  
*From Songs*  
*for the School*  
*Room" by E. W.*  
*See Specimen*  
*of Am. Poetry*  
*by G. B. Okeover.*

1. BE Thou, O God, by night, by day,  
 My Guide, my Guard from sin,  
 My Life, my Trust, my Light divine,  
 To keep me pure within; —  
 Pure as the air, when day's first light  
 A cloudless sky illumines;  
 And active as the lark, that soars  
 Till heaven shine round its plumes.

3. So may my soul upon the wings  
 Of faith unwearied rise,  
 Till at the gate of heaven it sings,  
 'Mid light from paradise.

637.

L. M.

GRANT.

WHETHER WE LIVE, THEREFORE, OR DIE, WE ARE THE LORD'S.—Rom. 14: 8.

1. WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
 The morning light salutes my eyes,  
 O Sun of Righteousness divine,  
 On me with beams of mercy shine;

*W.S.*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

2. When to heaven's great and glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring,  
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,  
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,  
And be my Advocate with God.

3. When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies.

4. And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed,  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
"To see Thy face and sing Thy praise."

638.

C. M. *Phebe HX* BROWN.

WHEN THE EVENING WAS COME, HE WAS THERE ALONE. — Matt. 14 : 23.

1 I LOVE to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

*Verified  
by William  
Hymns.  
✓ 308+*

*one a. Oct 10 at Henry M. Oct 10. 1881.  
was she a dr of Jan. Eaton of Monson? Hus band P. H. H.  
Sec Rec in Nov. 20 1881-*

*+ she wrote "Pon Parit"*

Sil. gives

MAN A CHRISTIAN. This night

3. I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
Keep me O keep me King of kings,  
Under Thine own almighty wings,  
On Him whom I adore.

4. I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven,  
The prospect do my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.

5. Then, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as the impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

was bro. in law to Isaac brother of ...  
with him into Italy. He d. March 17th  
at Longdell. L. M. KENN.

HE THAT KEEPETH THEM WILL NOT SLUMBER.—Ps. 121 : 3.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.

4. Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the latter day.

Under  
ill.

Rev. G. W. F. Burdett  
who gave ill.

From his  
Try Hymns.

don't you had his rights keep.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

5. 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.

640.

12s & 11s.

*Sears 2*

AT THE EVENING SACRIFICE I AROSE UP FROM MY HEAVINESS. — Ezra 9 : 5.

*Heber So Adams.*

1. SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean ;  
 The sun has gone down on the far distant sea ;  
 O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,  
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to Thee.
2. Full oft wast Thou found far away on the mountain,  
 As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave ;  
 Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain,  
 Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and to save.
3. And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow  
 Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's  
 deep,  
 Let Thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,  
 And guard us from evil, though death watch our  
 sleep.
4. To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,  
 Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,  
 To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given ;  
 One God, ever blessed and praised, Thou art.

641.

L. M.

HYMNAL.

GOD IS LIGHT. — 1 John 1 : 5.

1. O GOD, the Light of all that live,  
 Unmoved, who dost all motion sway,  
 The times and seasons who dost give,  
 And through its changes guid'st the day, —

*2*  
*Wor.*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. At eventide let there be light ;  
So may our souls no sunset see,  
And death to us the portal bright  
To an eternal morning be.
3. This grace on Thy redeemed confer,  
O Father blessed, who, with the Son  
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
Forever reignest, Three in One.

642.

8s & 7s.

*Jas:* EDMESTON.

THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT FROM THEE.—Ps. 139 : 12.

- [1791-1867]*  
*w. ab. 1820.*
1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
Sin and want we come confessing ;  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow near us fly,  
Angel guards from Thee surround us ;  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
  2. Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be ;  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

643.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THE SABBATH DREW ON.—Luke 23 : 54.

- original for  
this book.*
1. How sweet the evening shadows fall,  
Advancing from the west !  
As ends the weary week of toil,  
And comes the day of rest.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

2. Bright o'er the earth the star of eve  
Her radiant beauty sheds ;  
And myriad sisters calmly weave  
Their light around our heads.
3. Rest, man, from labor ; rest from sin ;  
The world's hard contest close ;  
The holy hours with God begin ;  
Yield thee to sweet repose.
4. Bright o'er the earth the morning ray  
Its sacred light will cast —  
Fair emblem of the glorious day  
That evermore shall last.

644.

*Rev. Chas. Jenkins*  
L. M. JENKINS.

WHEN THE GATES OF JERUSALEM BEGAN TO BE DARK BEFORE THE SABBATH.  
Nch. 13 : 19.

1. SWEET is the last, the parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in,  
When, with the still, expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin ;  
How grateful to the anxious breast  
The sacred hours of holy rest !  
*anon in  
W.S. from  
which I  
take it.*
2. Hushed is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and business cease,  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace ;  
Delightful season ! kindly given  
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.
3. Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,  
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,  
And bear them to my heavenly home,  
On faith and hope's celestial wings,  
Till the last gleam of life decay  
In one eternal Sabbath day.



PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

4. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
Good Lord, remember me.
5. When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree;  
Be this the prayer of my last breath—  
Good Lord, remember me.
6. And when before Thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then with the saints at Thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me.

647.

L. M.

*Take it from*  
EPIS. COLL.

I HAVE SET THE LORD ALWAYS BEFORE ME.—Ps. 16:8.

1. SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,  
My soul, adoring, turns to Thee;  
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,  
And wrapped in shades of death for me.
2. On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn;  
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;  
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.
3. When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;  
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;  
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
4. O'er earth when shades of evening steal,  
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;  
To death, whose power I soon must feel;  
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

648.

C. M.

WATTS.

AT MIDNIGHT I WILL RISE TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THEE.—Ps. 119 : 62.

1. To Thee, before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray ;  
I meditate Thy name by night,  
And keep Thy law by day.
2. My spirit faints to see Thy grace ;  
Thy promise bears me up ;  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.
3. Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to Thee ;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.
4. When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call Thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

*3  
er. by  
with 1719.*

*revised  
20th*

649.

L. M. Mrs A. B. HYDE.

THINK UPON ME, MY GOD, FOR GOOD.—Neh. 5 : 19.

1. THOUGH earthly friends estranged may grow,  
Or, in my need, afar may be,  
It is enough, my God, to know  
That Thou for good wilt think on me.
2. On me, so worthless and so vile !  
Amazing grace ! and can it be  
I may look up to meet Thy smile,  
And Thou look down to think on me ?

*revised  
This  
with*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

3. When crushed beneath my load of sin,  
Let me that burden cast on Thee ;  
'Mid fears and griefs, without, within,  
In pardoning pity, think on me.
4. The toils and cares consuming life,  
The bitter words I fain would flee,  
While faints my spirit in the strife,  
Behold them, Lord, and think on me.
5. Help me to trust Thy love and care  
If sorer conflicts yet to see ;  
In the dark valley treading, there,  
My God, for good, O think on me.

650.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE HATH ATTENDED TO THE VOICE OF MY PRAYER. — Ps. 66: 19.

1. Now shall my solemn vows be paid  
To that almighty Power  
That heard the long requests I made  
In my distressful hour.
2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
To make His mercies known ;  
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear  
The wonders He has done.
3. When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
I sought His heavenly aid ;  
He saved my sinking soul from hell,  
And death's eternal shade.
4. If sin lay covered in my heart,  
While prayer employed my tongue,  
The Lord had shown me no regard,  
Nor I His praises sung.

Ed. 1719.

5. But God — His name be ever blessed —  
Has set my spirit free ;  
Nor turned from Him my poor request,  
Nor turned His heart from me.

651.

6s & 4s.

ADAMS.

NEAR UNTO HIM. — Ps. 148 : 14.

1. NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me !  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee —  
Nearer to Thee.

2. Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee —  
Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee —  
Nearer to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee —  
Nearer to Thee.

*Handwritten notes:*  
Fill. calls  
Dogsprul  
See Congregationalist Jan 31. 1852 -  
and an-  
other hymn  
by the same  
author.

*Vertical handwritten notes:*  
written in 1848.  
wrote of work under the title  
of  
Admission Copieration & Relief 2d. 1848.  
no!

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

5. Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee —  
Nearer to Thee.

652.

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

HIS LOVE IS PERFECTED IN US. — 1 John 4 : 12.

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,  
Let us find that second rest :  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.
3. Finish then Thy new creation ;  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee ;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

*Mrs Rufus W.*

653.

L. M.

CLARKE.

THE LORD IS MY HELPER.—Heb. 13:6.

- Original here*
1. O, THAT angelic bliss were mine !  
O, that to me the joy were given  
With angel purity to shine,  
With angel gifts my path to line,  
And shed around a glow from heaven !
  2. Be hushed, my heart : a fountain flows  
Ready to wash away each stain ;  
And deep we have, amid our woes,  
One joy, that Gabriel never knows —  
For us the Lamb of God was slain.
  3. Help me, Thou Lamb, to keep in view  
Thy sufferings and Thy glorious reign ;  
Help me a mortal's work to do,  
A mortal's mission to pursue,  
That I an angel's place may gain.

654.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE ENDURED, AS SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE.—Heb. 11:27.

- Rec. by D's Hymns*
1. ETERNAL and immortal King,  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;  
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all His lustre's there.
  2. Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The great Invisible can see,  
And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
In fixed regards, great God, on Thee.
  3. O, ever conscious to my heart,  
Witness to its supreme desire,  
Behold, it presseth on to Thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.



MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. Still has my life new wonders seen,  
Repeated every year ;  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to Thy care.
3. Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let Thy glory shine,  
Whene'er Thy servant dies.
4. Then, in the history of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read Thy love in every page,  
In every line Thy praise.

—657.

C. M. *W<sup>m</sup>B.* COLLYER.

FORSAKE ME NOT WHEN MY STRENGTH FAILETH.—Ps. 71 : 9.

1. WHEN bending o'er the brink of life  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God, at Thy command ;
- In W. V.S.* 2. When every long-loved scene of life  
Stands ready to depart ;  
When the last sigh that shakes the frame  
Shall rend this bursting heart ;
3. O Thou great Source of joy supreme.  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.
- Line* | 4. Lay Thy supporting, gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head,  
And with a ray of love divine  
Illume my dying bed.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

658.

7s & 4.

GILBERT.

WHITHER THE FORERUNNER IS FOR US ENTERED. — Heb. 6 : 20.

1. WHEN the vale of death appears,  
Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,  
Light me through the darksome way.  
Break the shadows,  
Usher in eternal day.
2. Starting from this dying state,  
Upward bid my soul aspire ;  
Open Thou the crystal gate,  
To Thy praise attune my lyre.  
Dwell forever,  
Dwell on each immortal wire.
3. From the sparkling turrets there,  
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way ;  
Often bless Thy guardian care,  
Fire by night, and cloud by day ;  
While my triumphs  
At my Leader's feet I lay.

659.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN. — Phil. 3 : 20.

- Ver= by  
Mis hymns  
Very fine  
& lyrical.*
1. WHILE through this changing world we roam,  
From infancy to age,  
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage.
  2. Thither his raptured thought ascends,  
Eternal joys to share ;  
There his adoring spirit bends,  
While here he kneels in prayer.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. From earth his freed affections rise  
To fix on things above,  
Where all his hope of glory lies,  
And love is perfect love.
4. O, there may we our treasure place,  
There let our hearts be found ;  
That still, where sin abounded, grace  
May more and more abound.
5. Henceforth our conversation be  
With Christ, before the throne ;  
Ere long, we eye to eye shall see,  
And know as we are known.

660.

11s & 8s.

SWAIN.

WHY SHOULD I BE AS ONE THAT TURNETH ASIDE? — Cant. 1:7.

- the songs of Love*  
*rust Socy*
1. O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My Comfort by day and my Song in the night,  
My Hope, my Salvation, my All!  
Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or along in the wilderness rove?

- young Christ - Companion: B26.*
2. O, why should I wander an alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?

*Ripley's Com. 1821.*

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed;  
Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of Thy face;  
Thy soul-cheering favor impart;  
And let Thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace  
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

*See Selection pub. at Portland 1876*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

661.

7s.

WINKWORTH.

THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY. — Heb. 11 : 16.

- Strom*  
*Lyra Ger-*  
*manica -*
1. "HEAVENWARD!" doth His Spirit cry  
When I hear Him in His word ;  
Showing thus the rest on high,  
Where I shall be with my Lord.
  2. Heavenward ever would I haste,  
When Thy table, Lord, is spread ;  
Heavenly strength on earth I taste,  
Feeding on the living Bread.
  3. Heavenward death shall lead at last,  
To the home where I would be ;  
All my sorrows overpassed,  
I shall triumph there with Thee.

662.

C. M. *Mrs P. H.* BROWN.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS. — Heb. 12 : 2.

1. To Christ, in each fresh hour of woe  
With confidence repair ;  
He will all needful grace bestow  
And all thy sorrow share.
2. When dark the troubled surges roll  
O'er the bereavéd breast,  
His power doth still the waves control,  
And hush the storm to rest.
3. Christ was a Man of sorrows here,  
And knew the stings of grief ;  
He hears affliction's broken prayer ;  
His love gives sweet relief.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

MAN A CHRISTIAN. — WATCHFULNESS,  
COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

✓ 663.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Entire.*

STAND FAST IN THE FAITH; QUIT YOU LIKE MEN. — 1 Cor. 16: 13.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause  
Or blush to speak His name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain  
Supported by Thy word.
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine

*W. Cramer*

*b. 444*

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

604

S. M.

C. WESLEY

KEEP THE CHARGE OF THE LORD, THAT YE BE NOT. — LEV. 23: 35.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

322 N.Y. Observer

Feb 24. 1859.

665.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

I PRESS TOWARD THE MARK FOR THE PRIZE. — Phil. 3: 14.

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown. †
2. A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

12

467

Doddridge

Have not his stirring words come to us like the breath of heaven? "A cloud of witnesses"

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye;
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
5. Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

666.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

LET YOUR LOINS BE GIRDED ABOUT, AND YOUR LIGHTS BURNING.  
Luke 12 : 35.

1. YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His name.
3. "Watch!" 'Tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
4. O, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found;  
He shall His Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

S. M. C. WESLEY.

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD. — Eph. 6 : 11.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
3. Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God ;
4. That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

668.

8s & 7s.

CASWALL.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND. — Mark 1 : 15.

1. HARK ! an awful voice is sounding :  
“ Christ is nigh ! ” it seems to say ;  
“ Cast away the dreams of darkness,  
O ye children of the day.”
2. Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

*See any church  
G.C. vol 2. p. 51*

*MS.*

*rev.*

*Hy 2a (d)  
p 92*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,  
One and all, to be forgiven.
4. So when next He comes in glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
May He then as our Defender  
On the clouds of heaven appear.

669.

5s & 6s.

*Joseph Stammers*

HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE.—2 Tim. 4: 7. 1801—

1. BREAST the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest;  
Onward and onward still  
Be thine endeavor;  
The rest that remaineth  
Will be forever.

2. Fight the fight, Christian;  
Jesus is o'er thee:  
Run the race, Christian;  
Heaven is before thee:  
He who hath promised us  
Faltereth never;  
Love of eternity  
Flows on forever.

3. Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it repositeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
Mount when the work is done;  
Praise Him forever.

*Joseph Stammers* <sup>170</sup> *at Bury St Edmunds*  
*in 1801.*

*From the time armed down  
thy arduous work will not be  
Till thou obtain thy crown*

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

670.

S. M.

HEATH.

WATCH AND PRAY. — Matt. 26 : 41.

1. MY soul, be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

*George  
Heath  
1781*

671.

8s & 7s.

*Saml Johnson*

SEEING WE ALSO ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES. — Heb. 12 : 1.

1. ONWARD, Christian, though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
God has set a guardian legion  
Very near thee ; press thou on.
2. Listen, Christian ; their hosanna  
Rolleth o'er thee : " God is love."  
Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
" Upward ever ; heaven's above."
3. By the thorn-road, and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother ;  
Jesus trod it ; press thou on.
4. Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace ;  
While it needs thee, O, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release.

*Form  
B. P. R.  
Apr 20 18  
when it  
corrected  
S. Johnson  
I am very  
more given  
which is  
to me  
read the*

*By thy trustful, calm endeavor,  
guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
Earth's bound hearts, thou shalt deliver  
A for this sake, press thou on!*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

5. Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,  
That thou be a faithful son ;  
By the prayer of Jesus, " Father,  
Not My will, but Thine, be done."

672.

S. M.

GERHARD.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD. — Matt. 28 : 20.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.
2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
3. Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought,  
That caused thy needless fear.
4. What thought thou rulest not !  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

*4 Doub. Stanzas  
in Wesley's -  
This is the 1st  
part of the  
3<sup>rd</sup> & last half  
of the 2nd.  
385 H. in  
his Coll  
Paul yet -*

*no. from  
man by  
Wesley  
et. by  
Wesley (Coll)  
Coll.  
3. 385  
his from a long lyric by*

*and called "Trust in Providence".  
673. 36 Vers.*

IN DUE SEASON WE SHALL REAP IF WE FAINT NOT. — Gal. 6 : 9.

1. FAINT not, Christian ! though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode  
Darksome be, and dangerous too,  
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

*Wm. J. C. Rife x*

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

2. Faint not, Christian ! though the world  
Has its hostile flag unfurled,  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;  
Thou shalt overcome at last.
3. Faint not, Christian ! though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin,  
Christ the Lord is over all ;  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
4. Faint not, Christian ! look on high ;  
See the harpers in the sky ;  
Patient wait, and thou wilt join  
Chant with them of love divine.

—674.

L. M.

WATTS.

ENDURE HARDNESS AS A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.—2 Tim. 2 : 3.

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes :  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when He rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

*Mag.  
ref-  
sent  
Hymn!*

*1753  
Bk 2:7*

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM. — Matt. 25 : 6.

- Rejoice*
1. ~~Rise up~~, all ye believers,  
 And let your lights appear;  
 The shades of eve are thickening,  
 And darker night is near.  
 The Bridegroom is advancing;  
 Each hour He draws more night;  
 Up! ~~watch and pray, nor slumber~~;  
 At midnight comes the cry.

*-eing*  
*Evening is drawing*  
*arising*  
*trouble*

- enrich them*
2. See that your lamps are burning,  
 Your vessels filled with oil;  
 Wait calmly your deliverance  
 From earthly pain and toil.  
 The watchers on the mountains  
 E'en now His chariot spy;  
 O, go ye forth to meet Him,  
 And raise hosannas high.

*Salvation*  
*And wait for ye*  
*The end of earth*  
*Proclaim the bride*  
*Go meet him as he*

3. The saints, who here in patience  
 Their cross and sufferings bore,  
 With Him shall reign forever,  
 When sorrow is no more.  
 Around the throne of glory  
 The Lamb shall they behold,  
 Adoring cast before Him  
 Their diadems of gold.

*Two first*  
*Laurentius Laurenti, and*  
*from the house of*

676. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND HAVE FOLLOWED THEE. — Mark 10 : 28.

- +**
1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my All shalt be.

*H. F. Lytle. See Beecher p. 190.*  
*See Gadsby's appendix.*

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate and friends may scorn me;  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3. Soul, then know thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4. Hasten thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*New D. a Boardman - Preface to his  
My own Book says this is from  
by the late Henry F. Lytle & he gives  
the whole of it.*

677.

C. M. *Rippon*

Jno. RYLAND.

*w. ab. 1775*

HINDER ME NOT. — Gen. 24: 56.

*L1753-18257  
from old  
Rippon.*

1. IN all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue;  
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.

*Rippon*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

2. Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where He goes ;  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
3. Through duty, and through trials too,  
I'll go at His command ;  
"Hinder me not ;" for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
4. And, when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be —  
"Hinder me not ;" come, welcome, death ;  
I'll gladly go with Thee.

678.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE REDEEMED SHALL WALK THERE. — Is. 35 : 9.

1. SING, ye redeeméd of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing ;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
2. A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
3. There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
4. March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
Pursue His footsteps still ;  
And let the prospect cheer your eye  
While laboring up the hill.

WATCHFULNESS, COURAGE, AND ZEAL.

—679.

7s.

WINDHAM.

FOR TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.—Phil. 1: 21.

- Beecher  
ascribe to  
"Windham". =  
= myth.  
By Dr Phelps  
Travellers, 1817.  
(Bird)*
1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,  
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,  
Still in Thee let me be found,  
Still for Thee my powers employ.
  2. Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from Thy fulness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
Be it "Christ for me to live."
  3. When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll;  
Death's dark stream shall never more  
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
  4. Thus, O, thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky;  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it "gain to die."

—680.

L. M.

WATTS.

LAY HOLD ON ETERNAL LIFE.—1 Tim. 6: 12.

- BA 2:11-  
Ver? Ed.!*
1. I SEND the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
  2. Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair;  
And while I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
  3. Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bade me seek superior bliss.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

4. Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!
5. There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

681.

L. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.  
Is. 40 : 31.

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 they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint;
3. The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
4. From Thee, the overflowing Spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.—PEACE, SAFETY,  
HOPE, AND JOY.

682.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE WILL SPEAK PEACE UNTO HIS PEOPLE.—Ps. 85 : 8.

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

683.

C. M.

WATTS.

SALVATION WILL GOD APPOINT FOR WALLS AND BULWARKS.—Is. 26 : 1.

1. ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.
2. The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul He placed,  
And on the Rock of Ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

3. The city of my blest abode  
Is walled around with grace;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.
4. Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

684.

S. M.

WATTS.

GOD HATH SENT FORTH THE SPIRIT OF HIS SON INTO YOUR HEARTS.

Gal. 4 : 6.

*BK 1. 64 H.*

1. BEHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father hath bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
2. 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
3. Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
4. If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
5. We would no longer lie,  
Like slaves, beneath the throne;  
My faith shall Abba Father cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

*Rev?* - 685.

7s.

HUMPHRIES.

NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD. - 1 John 3 : 2.

*Joseph  
Humphreys  
[1720 - ]  
c. ab. 1743.*

1. BLESS'D are the sons of God ;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood ;  
They are ransomed from the grave ;  
Life eternal they shall have :  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through 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 numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.
3. They are justified by grace ;  
They enjoy a solid peace ;  
All their sins are washed away ;  
They shall stand in God's great day :  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and in eternity.

*Rectified  
box.  
oldest  
- from  
ascrib  
J. Humphreys*

*a*

686.

C. M.

WATTS.

YE HAVE RECEIVED THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION WHEREBY WE CRY ABBA FATHER. - Rom. 8 : 15.

1. GRACE, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within ;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.
2. Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform His will,  
But with the noblest powers they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.

*Ed.  
1753*

*a*

3. They find access, at every hour,  
 To God within the veil;  
 Hence they derive a quickening power,  
 And joys that never fail.
4. O happy souls! O glorious state  
 Of overflowing grace!  
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
 And see His lovely face!
5. Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne;  
 Call me a child of Thine;  
 Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,  
 To form my heart divine.
6. There shed Thy choicest love abroad,  
 And make my comforts strong;  
 Then shall I say, My Father, God,  
 With an unwavering tongue.

"  
 loves"  
 1753

687.

C. P. M.

H. MOORE.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU. — John 14: 27.

1. SOFT are the fruitful showers that bring  
 The welcome promise of the spring;  
 And soft the vernal gale;  
 Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,  
 The voice of nature and of love,  
 That gladden every vale.
2. But softer in the mourner's ear  
 Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,  
 That whispers sins forgiven;  
 And sweeter far the music swells  
 When to the raptured soul she tells  
 Of peace and promised heaven.
3. Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;  
 And groves and gardens, blooming round,  
 Unnumbered charms unfold;

*Sab. H. B. begins here*

*L. Hymns —*

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

Bright is the sun's meridian ray,  
And bright the beams of setting day,  
That robe the clouds in gold.

4. But far more fair the pious breast,  
In richer robes of goodness dressed,  
Where heaven's own graces shine;  
And brighter far the prospects rise,  
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,  
From glories all divine.

—688.

C. M.

COWPER.

AND THE LORD SHOWED HIM ALL THE LAND.— Deut. 34: 1.

1. I WAS a grovelling creature once,  
And basely cleaved to earth;  
I wanted spirit to renounce  
The clod that gave me birth.
2. But God has breathed upon a worm,  
And sent me from above  
Wings such as clothe an angel's form  
The wings of joy and love.
3. With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
And there delighted stand,  
To view, beneath a shining sky,  
The spacious promised land.
4. The Lord of all the vast domain  
Has promised it to me;  
The length and breadth of all the plain,  
As far as faith can see.
5. How glorious is my privilege!  
To Thee for help I call;  
I stand upon a mountain's edge;  
O, save me, lest I fall.

6. Though much exalted in the Lord,  
 My strength is not my own ;  
 Then let me tremble at His word,  
 And none shall cast me down.

689.

L. M.

WATTS.

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS ? — Heb. 1 : 14.

- Ed.  
 1753
1. HIGH on a hill of dazzling light  
 The King of glory spreads His seat,  
 And troops of angels, stretched for flight,  
 Stand waiting round His awful feet.
2. Thy wingéd troops, O God of hosts,  
 Wait on Thy wandering church below ;  
 Here we are sailing to Thy coasts ;  
 Let angels be our convoy too.
3. Are they not all Thy servants, Lord ?  
 At Thy command they go and come,  
 With cheerful haste obey Thy word,  
 And guard Thy children to their home.

690.

C. M.

ADDISON.

THEY CRIED UNTO THE LORD IN THEIR TROUBLE, AND HE SAVED THEM.  
 Ps. 107 : 13.

- Speech  
 No 489  
 712  
 verified
1. How are Thy servants blessed, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms and lands remote,  
 Supported by Thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed unhurt,  
 And breathed in tainted air.

The earlier of my poems  
I recollect taking pleasure in  
was the vision of Mirza and  
hymn of adoration beginning  
PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY

How are Thy servants, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide, extended deep  
In all its horrors rise

I particularly remember  
how I stood which was  
to my joy

3. Thy mercy set me free,  
While in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on Thee
4. Yet then from all my griefs, O God,  
Thy mercy set me free,  
While in the confidence of prayer  
My soul took hold on Thee

For though on dreadful etc -

5. For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
6. In midst of dangers, fears, and death  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

v. Burns  
p. 5  
Set in  
Dr M

691. C. M. WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT WALKETH NOT IN THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY.  
Ps. 1: 1.

1. BLESSED is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet,  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat;
2. But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has placed his chief delight;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
3. Green as the leaf, and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine;  
While fruits of holiness appear,  
Like clusters on the vine.

1719

The Sab. H. B has no verse  
of the 1st Psalm.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

4. Not so the impious and unjust ;  
What vain designs they form !  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.
  
5. Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,  
When Christ, the Judge, at His right hand,  
Appoints His saints a place.

692.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE ONLY IS MY ROCK. — Ps. 62 : 2.

1. MY spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is His throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on His salvation waits.
  
2. Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways ;  
Pour out your hearts before His face ;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

693.

C. M.

WATTS.

THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD SHALL BE AS MOUNT ZION. — Ps. 125 : 1.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be ;  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.
  
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

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

694.

7s.

HF

LYTE.

UNDER HIS WINGS SHALT THOU TRUST.—Ps. 91 : 4.

1. THEY who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh ;  
Lo, His sheltering wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.
2. Vain temptation's wily snare ;  
Christians are Jehovah's care ;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
3. When they wake, or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep ;  
Death and danger may be near ;  
Faith and love have nought to fear.

From  
Service  
Hymn  
Book

695.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN ARE ORDERED BY THE LORD.—Ps. 37 : 23.

1. MY God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by Thy will ;  
Though they should fall, they rise again ;  
Thy hand supports them still.
2. The Lord delights to see their ways ;  
Their virtue He approves ;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of His grace,  
Nor leave the men He loves.

1719

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3. The heavenly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
4. The haughty sinner I have seen,  
Nor fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay tree, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.
5. And, lo, he vanished from the ground,  
Destroyed by hands unseen;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.
6. But mark the man of righteousness;  
His several steps attend;  
True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

696.

8s & 7s.

NEVIN.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS. — Matt. 28 : 20.

1. ALWAYS with us, always with us —  
Words of cheer and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From His dwelling place above.
2. With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none,  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvests shall be won.
3. With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear,  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stilling every anxious fear.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

4. With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream,  
Lighting up the steps to glory  
With salvation's radiant beam.

697.

C. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, AND HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE.— Ps. 55 : 22.

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

698.

L. M.

WATTS.

WHO SHALL LAY ANY THING TO THE CHARGE OF GOD'S ELECT?— Rom. 8 : 33.

1. WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God who justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;  
And the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold Him rising from the dead.
3. He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there;  
Who shall divide us from His love,  
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4. Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He who hath loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.

699.

L. M.

WATTS.

EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEY LABOR IN VAIN. — Ps. 127 : 1.

1. IF God succeed not, all the cost  
And pains to build the house are lost ;  
If God the city will not keep,  
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
2. What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread ;
3. 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God, our Sovereign, make them so.
4. Happy the man to whom He sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends ;  
How sweet our daily comforts prove  
When they are seasoned with His love !

700.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD SHALL BLESS THEE OUT OF ZION. — Ps. 128 : 5.

1. O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled  
With zeal and reverend awe !  
His lips to God their honors yield,  
His life adorns the law.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

2. A careful Providence shall stand,  
And ever guard thy head ;  
Shall on the labors of thy hand  
Its kindly blessings shed.
3. Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
Thy children round thy board,  
Each like a plant of honor shine,  
And learn to fear the Lord.
4. This is the man whose happy eyes  
Shall see his house increase ;  
Shall see the sinking church arise,  
Then leave the world in peace.

— 701.

C. M.

WATTS.

FOR I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED. — 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

1. ~~I~~ not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend His cause,  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
2. Jesus, my God, I know His name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands  
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

702.

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENEST.—Ps. 94: 12.

1. BLESSED is the man whom Thou, O Lord,  
In kindness dost chastise,  
And by Thy sacred rules to walk,  
Dost lovingly advise.
2. For God will never from His saints  
His favor wholly take:  
His own possession, and His lot  
He will not quite forsake.

DOXOLOGY.

To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,  
To Thee, O Spirit blessed,  
All glory in one Godhead be  
By all the saints addressed.

703.

C. M.

*This prob. by M. Bruce.*

*Bruce*  
~~LOGAN.~~

HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS.—Prov. 3: 17.

1. O, HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
2. For she has treasure greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her reward is more secure  
Than is the gain of gold.
3. In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years,  
And in her left the prize of fame  
And honor bright appears.

*stunt differs +*

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

4. She guides the young, with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
5. According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

704. L. M. WATTS.

BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH, WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD. — Rom. 5 : 1.

1. LORD, how secure and blessed are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love,  
And soft and silent as the shades  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

705. C. M. WATTS.

THOU HAST HOLDEN ME BY MY RIGHT HAND. — Ps. 73 : 23.

1. GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,  
My Help forever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness,  
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,  
To dwell before Thy face.

- 3. Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And while this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but Thee.
- 4. What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint;  
God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
The Strength of every saint.

706.

7s. Rev. Jno. CENNICK.

1717-1755

REJOICING IN HOPE. = Rom. 12: 12. w. ab 1742.

S. S. Y.

How

upon's

Creames

359.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

3  
little  
in  
it

2. Ye are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

kept

3. Shout, ye little flock, and blessed!  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared;  
There your kingdom and reward.

ransomed  
ye.

4. Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
~~Christ, your Father's darling Son,~~  
Bids you undismayed go on.

Jesus Christ  
God's only son

5. Lord, submissive ~~make us go,~~  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

may we

Cennick pub. his hymns at the end  
sermons - He was a Methodist  
preacher in Somersetshire Eng

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

707.

S. M.

SWAIN.

HE WILL NOT SUFFER HIS FOOT TO BE MOVED. — Ps. 121:3.

- This was  
taken by  
Bacon from  
by name in  
the Psalms.  
taken from*
1. I STAND on Zion's mount,  
And view my starry crown;  
No power on earth my hope can shake,  
Nor hell can thrust me down.

The lofty hills and towers  
That lift their heads on high,  
Shall all be levelled low in dust;  
Their very names shall die.

3. The vaulted heavens shall fall,  
Built by Jehovah's hands;  
But firmer than the heavens the Rock  
Of my salvation stands.

DOXOLOGY

41

Praise to the Father be;  
Praise to the Son, who rose;  
Praise to the blessed Comforter,  
While time unending flows.

708.

C. M.

WATTS.

LET US BE GLAD AND REJOICE, AND GIVE HONOR TO HIM. — Rev. 19:7.

1. SERAPHS, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
2. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ;  
Jesus, my Love, they sing;  
Jesus, the name of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

3 Now let me rise, and join their song,  
And be an angel too;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
(Here's joyful work for you)

4 I would begin the music here  
And so my soul should rise  
For some heavenly notes to bear  
My spirit to the skies!

70. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

THEY SHALL SING IN THE WAYS OF THE LORD. — Ps. 138 : 5.

1. Now let our voices join  
To form one pleasant song,  
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.

2. How straight the path appears  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking gins to entrap our feet,  
No fierce destroyer there.

3. But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The Sun of glory gilds the path,  
And dear companion sing.

4. See Salem's golden spires  
In beauty do prospect rise,  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the skies.

5. Reduce the nations, Lord;  
Teach all their kings Thy ways,  
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,  
And heaven resound the praise.

Taylor + D. D. Dr Dutton! Jays! - After he  
mind through his weakens began to  
mean for his hand to wear upon  
truth of heaven in glory, the  
beel we were in glory, the  
at his side

See what a revelation  
Jan 4 1859

b. 32.

+ d. March 1858.

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

710.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Ps*

MY FLESH ALSO SHALL REST IN HOPE.—Ps. 16: 9.

*Ver. by  
1803*

1. WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;  
His arm is my almighty prop:  
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
2. Though in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave  
My soul forever with the dead,  
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.
3. My flesh shall Thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;  
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to Thy throne above the sky.
4. There streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And full discoveries of Thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

*B*

711.

C. M.

LOGAN.

*Blair.*

I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION.—Hab. 3: 18.

*+*

*Author un-  
known: alter  
ed by Cameron  
Stebbins  
N.Y.  
p. 76.*

1. WHAT though no flowers the fig tree clothe,  
Though vines their fruit deny,  
The labor of the olive fail,  
And fields no meat supply;
2. Though from the fold, with sad surprise,  
My flock cut off I see;  
Though famine pine in empty stalls,  
Where herds were wont to be,—

*Ver. by S. P. Ross. fixed in 1781-*

*Ver. by "Scottish Paraphrase"*

MAN A CHRISTIAN.

Yet in the Lord will I be glad,  
And glory in His love :  
In Him I'll joy, who will the God  
Of my salvation prove.

God is the Treasure of my soul,  
The Source of lasting joy —  
A joy which want shall not impair,  
Nor death itself destroy.

712. *Bk 2:30. ver 1753.* WATTS.

LET THE CHILDREN OF ZION BE JOYFUL IN THEIR KING.—Ps. 149 : 2.

1. COME, we who love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But favorites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3. The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

*[John says  
Changed]*

*in 1814 a pious father received some 30 male & young female  
sent child saying - " it is my duty to place my children in  
God is " The next day she attended a conference to have the  
my hymn - Come we who love the Lord  
abounding joy  
began the  
her sea  
think sketch  
by Rev J.  
Jane p 44*

713.

7s & 6s.

COWPER.

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD, HOW THEY GROW. — Matt. 6 : 28.

1. SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings ;  
 It is the Lord, who rises  
 With healing in His wings :  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.
2. In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new :  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 "E'en let the unknown morrow  
 Bring with it what it may."
3. It can bring with it nothing  
 But He will bear us through ;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing  
 Will clothe His people too :  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And He who feeds the ravens  
 Will give His children bread.

714.

C. M.

WATTS.

THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY. — Ps. 126 : 5.

1. WHEN God revealed His gracious name,  
 And changed my mournful state,  
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appeared so great.

\* W. McChey's Wife p 146  
 # Said by Col Gardner & it sented h

loved daughter of the meigs at Mar...  
 Ceylon in 1831, says he went into the hill  
 and she used to write for prayer and trans...  
 and the following which she had scrat...  
 - The world

2. The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did Thy hand confess ;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sang surprising grace.

*This is my little Bethel.*

3. "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,  
 And owned Thy power divine ;  
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,  
 "And be the glory Thine."

4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night,  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.

*S.S. Visitor May 1837 p 100.*

5. Let those that sow in sadness wait  
 Till the fair harvest come ;  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessings home.

715.

C. M.

WATTS.

MY BELOVED IS MINE, AND I AM HIS. — Cant. 2 : 16.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys,  
 The Life of my delights,  
 The Glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights !

2. In darkest shades, if He appear,  
 My darkness is begun !  
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,  
 and He my rising Sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
 And whispers, I am His.

3.  
2:54

*infer - Gray's - 500*

*The meanest flower of the vale*

*Dr. Oakes's version  
 of Ps. 42 begins -  
 O God the Spring of all my joys  
 Psalm 130 1831*

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqueror through.

716.

C. M.

WATTS.

THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.—Is. 33 : 17.

1. FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
2. The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself outbrave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
3. There, where my blesséd Jesus reigns,  
In heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
4. Millions of years my wondering eyes  
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of Thy love.
5. Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring,  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all Thy graces spring.

1753.

Bk 2:75

a 501

b.  
+ Daryman's Daughter p. 1

6. Haste, my Belovéd; fetch my soul  
 Up to Thy blest abode;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour and my God.

— 717.

8s, 7s & 4.

FAWCETT.

HOPE THOU IN GOD. — Ps. 42 : 5.

- From Rippon's*
1. O MY soul, what means this sadness?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;  
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:  
 Look to Jesus,  
 And rejoice in His dear name.
2. What though Satan's strong temptations  
 Vex and tease thee day by day,  
 And thy sinful inclinations  
 Often fill thee with dismay;  
 Thou shalt conquer  
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
3. Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin;  
 He is faithful  
 To perform His gracious word.
4. O that I could now adore Him,  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who forever bow before Him,  
 And unceasing sing His love!  
 Happy songsters!  
 When shall I your chorus join?

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

718.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE SHALL STRENGTHEN THINE HEART. — Ps. 27 : 14.

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

*From  
Coun (of  
Ver by  
Ed. 180*

*1 v. omitted*

719.

L. M.

WHITE.

WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR, THEY REJOICED WITH EXCEEDING GREAT JOY.  
Matt. 2 : 10.

1. WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One Star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks  
From every host, from every gem ;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks :  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

*Ver. by  
Ed. of  
White  
Phil  
1846.*

*"Glittering messengers"*

3. Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned; and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose:  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forevermore,  
The Star! — the Star of Bethlehem!

*with special emphasis Rev. David Kimball b. 1773 died Nov 2. 1860 expected to see his dying bed. Soon I shall my labors have an end.*

720.

C. M.

C. PSALMIST.

THE HOLY JERUSALEM. — Rev. 21 : 10.

1. JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy, and peace, and thee
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

*hymn that will never be unknown  
then not a church on earth training  
and fidelity for the church above.  
sung after my death  
at 240 St. ...*

*Excelsior p 240.  
also Barnes on Rev.*

PEACE, SAFETY, HOPE, AND JOY.

4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below,  
Will join the glorious band.

*I should have - where congregations ne*

6. Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

*breakap  
Bates  
See Rev H.H.*

*a*

721.

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

SEARCH ME, O GOD, AND KNOW MINE HEART. — Ps. 139 : 23.

*Trans. from  
German  
entitled  
The Believer's  
Support  
v. Cree.*

1. O THOU, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;  
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.

*Ver b  
Wesley  
H. B.*

2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

*Geo. J.  
v. B.*

3. If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence, I fear,  
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

THE CHURCH.

5. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;  
O, let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

*One verse omitted - which is*

THE CHURCH. — FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

722.

S. M.

WATTS.

GOD IS KNOWN IN HER PALACES FOR A REFUGE. — Ps. 48 : 3.

1. GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great;  
He makes His churches His abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2. These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.

3. In Zion God is known,  
A Refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

4. Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where His own sheep have been.

5. In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

*It rough & stormy be the way  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil & grief & pain shall cease,  
I'll then be like the Lion & bear.*

*1719  
New-  
England  
1854*

723.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE STONE WHICH THE BUILDERS REFUSED IS BECOME THE HEAD STONE  
OF THE CORNER. — Ps. 118 : 22.

- 88  
rev. by Ed.
- 1719
- 1719
1. Lo, what a glorious Corner Stone  
The Jewish builders did refuse ;  
But God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envy and the Jews.
  2. Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
This is the day that proves it Thine,  
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
  3. Sinners, rejoice, and saints, be glad ;  
Hosanna ! let His name be blessed ;  
A thousand honors on His head,  
With peace, and light, and glory rest.
  4. In God's own name He comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race ;  
Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

724.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

THERE THE GLORIOUS LORD WILL BE UNTO US A PLACE OF BROAD RIVERS  
AND STREAMS. — Is. 33 : 21.

- +
1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God :  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode ;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
  2. See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,

ver.

507

Church Reassembly says Dream

THE CHURCH.

Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove !  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near ;  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day :  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

725.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THE PLANTING OF THE LORD THAT HE MIGHT BE GLORIFIED. — Is. 61 : 3.

- W. by  
Palmist*
1. PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to Thee, O Lord.
2. Joined in one body may we be ;  
One inward life partake ;  
One be our heart ; one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
3. In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One Wisdom be our guide ;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In Thee may we abide.
4. Then, when among the saints in light  
Our joyful spirits shine,  
Shall anthems of immortal praise,  
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

— 726.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

AS THE MOUNTAINS ARE ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM, SO THE LORD IS ROUND ABOUT HIS PEOPLE. — Ps. 125 : 2.

*Ps*

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
 Zion, kept by Power divine ;  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine ;  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine !

2. Every human tie may perish,  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
 But can never cease to love thee ;  
 Thou art precious in His sight ;  
 God is with thee,  
 God, thine everlasting Light.

*Wor. by  
 Kelly's  
 Hymns*

— 727.

L. M.

COWPER.

THE LORD IS THERE. — Ezek. 48 : 35.

1. As birds their infant brood protect,  
 And spread their wings to shelter them,  
 Thus saith the Lord to His elect,  
 " So will I guard Jerusalem."

*Wor.  
 by Ol-  
 my Hymns*

2. Jehovah founded it in blood —  
 The blood of His incarnate Son ;  
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,  
 The sinners whom He calls his own.

THE CHURCH.

3. There, though besieged on every side,  
Yet much beloved and guarded well,  
From age to age they have defied  
The utmost force of earth and hell.
4. Let earth repent, and hell despair ;  
This city has a sure defence ;  
Her name is called " The Lord is there ;"  
And who has power to drive them thence ?

— 728.

C. M.

WATTS.

WE HAVE A STRONG CITY.—Is. 26 : 1.

- bet.*
- 1753*
1. How honorable is the place  
Where we adoring stand —  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land !
  2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell ;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy the assaults of hell.
  3. Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling ;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our King.
  4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace,  
You who have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventured on His grace.
  5. Trust in the Lord, forever trust,  
And banish all your fears ;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as His years.

FOUNDATION AND SAFETY.

729. 11s & 8s. MONTGOMERY.

WALK ABOUT ZION, AND GO ROUND ABOUT HER. — Ps. 48 : 12.

1. THE joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,  
Is Zion's impregnable hill ;  
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight ;  
God reigns in her palaces still.
2. Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length ;  
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well ;  
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,  
Her towers and her pinnacles tell.
3. Then say to your children, " Our stronghold is tried ;  
This God is our God to the end ;  
His people forever His counsels shall guide,  
His arm shall forever defend."

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Redeemer, and Spirit, one God,  
All praises we join to proclaim,  
And hope yet, in strains more sublimely on high,  
Adoring, to bless Thy great name.

730. S. M. DWIGHT.

IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM, LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUN-  
NING. — Ps. 137 : 5.

1. I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.
2. I love Thy church, O God ;  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

*W. Duykondy Inc Eng Lit.*

THE CHURCH.

3. If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her woe,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.
4. Beyond my highest joy,  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

731.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.—Is. 40 : 11.

1. GREEN pastures and clear streams,  
Freedom and quiet rest,  
Christ's flock enjoy beneath His beams,  
Or in His shadow blessed.
2. The mountain and the vale,  
Forest and field, they range ;  
The morning dew, the evening gale,  
Bring health in every change.
3. The wounded and the weak,  
He comforts, heals, and binds ;  
The lost He came from heaven to seek,  
And saves them when He finds.

4. Conflicts and trials done,  
 His glory they behold,  
 Where Jesus and His flock are one,  
 One Shepherd and one fold.

732.

L. M.

WATTS.

I AM THE LORD YOUR GOD, DWELLING IN ZION.—Joel 3:17.

1. HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,  
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;  
 Thy holy courts are His abode,  
 Thou earthly palace of our God.

*Ver by*  
*1803.*

2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
 Fixed on His counsels and His love.

*Bk 2:6*

3. Thy foes in vain designs engage;  
 Against His throne in vain they rage,  
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
 That dash and die upon the shore.

4. God is our Shield, and God our Sun;  
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
 On us He sheds new beams of grace,  
 And we reflect His brightest praise.

33

513

*Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
 Nor fear the wrath of Rome & hell,  
 His arms embrace thy happy ground  
 Like barren bulwarks built around*

THE CHURCH. — THE MINISTRY.

733.

S. M.

WATTS.

HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRING-  
ETH GOOD TIDINGS! — Is. 52:7.

- 53
1. How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
1. 11
2. How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
4. How blesséd are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

THE MINISTRY.

—734.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

IF THOU WILT KEEP MY CHARGE, THEN THOU SHALT ALSO JUDGE MY HOUSE.  
Zech. 3:7.

1. GREAT Lord of angels, we adore  
The grace that builds Thy courts below,  
And through ten thousand suns of light,  
Stoops to regard what mortals do. *Ver!*
2. Amid the wastes of time and death,  
Successive pastors Thou dost raise,  
Thy charge to keep, Thy house to guide,  
And form a people for Thy praise.
3. At length, dismissed from feeble clay,  
Thy servants join the angelic band;  
With them through distant worlds they fly,  
With them before Thy presence stand.
4. O glorious hope! O blest employ!  
Sweet lenitive of grief and care!  
When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
And all their joy and honor share?
5. Yet while these labors we pursue,  
Thus distant from Thy heavenly throne,  
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,  
And half their heaven shall here be known.

—735.

L. M.

WATTS.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL.—Mark 16:15.

1. "Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;  
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;  
He shall be saved that trusts My word;  
He shall be damned that won't believe. *Ver!*

*1753*  
*Bk 1:128.*

THE CHURCH.

2. "I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove My gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
3. "Go heal the sick ; go raise the dead ;  
Go cast out devils in My name ;  
Nor let My prophets be afraid,  
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blasphemé.
4. "Teach all the nations My commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end ;  
All power is trusted in My hands ;  
I can destroy, and I defend."
5. He spake, and light shone round His head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode ;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

736.

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

THEY ARE WHITE & READY TO HARVEST. — JOHN 4 : 35.

1. FAR o'er the land the precious grain  
Waves 'neath the sunny sky ;  
And ripening harvests offer sheaves  
For immortality.
2. But who will reap the golden fruit,  
And who at last will stand,  
A faithful servant, crowned with joy,  
O Lord, at Thy right hand ?
3. Be ours the work, be ours the joy ;  
To us the charge be given  
To gather souls to Christ, and find  
Our garnered sheaves in heaven.

189. ~~...~~ ἡ γεφὴ ἡ ὑπελαβεν

THE MINISTRY.

4. Strength to the reapers, mighty God,  
Strength to the reapers send,  
To bear the burden of the day,  
And labor till the end.
5. Then songs of triumph shall arise,  
Then shall Thy kingdom come,  
And echoing anthems greet at last  
The heavenly harvest home.

—737.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

RECEIVE HIM, THEREFORE, IN THE LORD, WITH ALL GLADNESS. — Phil. 2:29.

1. WE bid thee welcome in the name  
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;  
Come as a servant; so He came;  
And we receive thee in His stead.
2. Come as a shepherd; guard and keep  
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3. Come as a teacher sent from God,  
Charged His whole counsel to declare;  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
4. Come as a messenger of peace,  
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

DOXOLOGY.

Blessing and honor, praise and love,  
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
By all Thy works, be paid to Thee.

THE CHURCH.

738.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THEY WATCH FOR YOUR SOULS AS THEY THAT MUST GIVE ACCOUNT.  
Heb. 13 : 17.

- Ed.*
1. LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give ;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
  2. 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands,  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
  3. They watch for souls for whom the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego,  
For souls that must forever live  
In rapture or in woe.
  4. All to the great tribunal haste,  
The account to render there ;  
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear ?
  5. May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer, see ;  
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for Thee.

739.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

LET ALL THOSE THAT SEEK THEE REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN THEE. — Ps. 70 : 4.

- or.*
1. O THOU whose hand the kingdom sways,  
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,  
To help Thy chosen sons appear,  
And show Thy power and glory here.

THE MINISTRY.

2. O, haste, with every gift inspired,  
With glory, truth, and grace attired,  
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn,  
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn.
3. Saints shall be glad before Thy face,  
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;  
Thy church shall blossom in Thy sight,  
And fruits of peace and pure delight.
4. O, hither, then, Thy footsteps bend;  
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;  
Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,  
Till life unfolds eternal day.

740.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

GO FORTH AND PREACH THE KINGDOM OF GOD.—Luke 9: 60.

1. Go, heralds of salvation, forth;  
Go, in your heavenly Master's name;  
From east to west, from south to north,  
The glorious gospel wide proclaim.
2. Go, bid the thirsty desert bloom;  
Go, bid the weary spirit rest;  
Go, seek the wanderers through the gloom,  
And guide them to the Saviour's breast.
3. Go forth to sow the living seed;  
Seek not earth's praise, nor dread its frown;  
Nor labors fear, nor trials heed;  
Win jewels for Immanuel's crown.
4. "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;  
"My grace your spirits shall sustain;  
Strong is My arm, and sure My word;  
My servants shall not toil in vain.

THE CHURCH.

5. "Go forth in hope; My burden take,  
Till God's great reaping day shall come;  
Then they who sowed in tears shall wake,  
And hail the joyful harvest home."

741.

8s, 7s, & 4.

PROSPER, I PRAY THEE, THY SERVANT. — Neh. 1: 11.

- at*  
*Stal*  
*Fulds*  
*alem St*  
*otton*
1. FATHER, by Thy heavenly blessing,  
Now confirm this new-formed tie;  
To Thine ear our prayers addressing,  
We beseech Thee to be nigh.  
Seal this union;  
Hallow it in courts on high.
2. Now the sacred trust is given;  
Now the solemn charge is made;  
Help Thy son in strength from heaven  
Keep these vows upon him laid.  
Thou art ready  
Ever thus to grant Thine aid.
3. And when earth's few years have fled,  
Grant that, in Thy home of light,  
Past the joys and griefs now meted,  
Pastor, people, may unite,  
Ever dwelling  
In the glory of Thy sight.

742.

C. M.

NEWTON.

BEING ENSAMPLES TO THE FLOCK. — 1 Pet. 5: 3.

- er*
1. CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,  
From death and sin set free,  
May every under-shepherd keep  
His eye intent on Thee.

THE MINISTRY.

2. With plenteous grace their hearts prepare  
To execute Thy will,  
Compassion, patience, love and care,  
And faithfulness and skill.
3. In flame their minds with holy zeal  
Their flocks to feed and teach,  
And let them live, and let them feel,  
The sacred truths they preach.

743.

L. M.

BEDDOME.

BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US. — 1 Thess. 5 : 25.

- T
1. FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for Thee ;  
Successful may they ever be.
  2. Clothe them with energy divine,  
And let their messages be Thine ;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal ;  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
  3. Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain  
From paths that lead to endless pain.
  4. How great their work ! how vast their charge !  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge,  
Till light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

521

From Ch. Beddome by Hastings  
def. in Jampbell's coll.

THE CHURCH.

744.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN ME IS THINE HELP. — Hos. 13 : 9.

1. POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
2. Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love ;
3. To watch and pray, and never faint ;  
By day and night strict guard to keep ;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep ;
4. Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign ;  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine.

---

THE CHURCH. — DEDICATION.

745.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

MINE HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED A HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE.  
Is. 56 : 7.

- ben*  
*Entire*
1. LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise ;  
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

DEDICATION.

2. Let the living here be fed  
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;  
Here, in hope of glory blessed,  
May the dead be laid to rest.
3. Here to Thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land;  
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.
4. Hallelujah! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

746.

H. M.

FRANCIS.

NOW, THEREFORE, ARISE, O LORD GOD, INTO THY RESTING PLACE.  
2 Chron. 6: 41.

- +
1. IN sweet, exalted strains  
The King of glory praise;  
O'er heaven and earth He reigns  
Through everlasting days;  
He with a nod the world controls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
  2. To earth He bends His throne,  
His throne of grace divine;  
Wide is His bounty known,  
And wide His glories shine;  
Fair Salem, still His chosen rest,  
Is with His smiles and presence blessed.
  3. Then, King of glory, come,  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy dome,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

*Rev. by  
Rippon  
for wh.  
Francis*

*Sung at the opening<sup>528</sup> of the meeting  
house at Horsley Gloucestershire  
Sept 18 1774. V. Rippon p 33*

THE CHURCH.

4. Here may Thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
All fragrant, to the skies ;  
Here may Thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.
5. Here may the attentive throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love,  
And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above,  
And willing crowds surround Thy board,  
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

747.

C. M.

BRYANT.

IN HIS TEMPLE DOETH EVERY ONE SPEAK OF HIS GLORY. — Ps. 29 : 9.

1. O THOU whose own vast temple stands  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship Thee.
2. Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to 'bide,  
The peace that dwelleth, without end,  
Serenely by Thy side.
3. May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way,  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

DEDICATION.

—748.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE HIGHEST HIMSELF SHALL ESTABLISH HER.—Ps. 87 : 5.

1. AND will the great, eternal God  
On earth establish His abode?  
And will He from His radiant throne  
Avow our temples for His own?
2. These walls we to Thy honor raise;  
Long may they echo with Thy praise;  
And Thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
3. Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of His train;  
While power divine His word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.
4. And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That crowds were born to glory here.

*ver.*

—749.

L. M. *John*

PIERPONT.

THIS IS NONE OTHER BUT THE HOUSE OF GOD.—Gen. 28 : 17.

1. O, BOW Thine ear, Eternal One!  
On Thee our heart adoring calls;  
To Thee the followers of Thy Son  
Have raised and now devote these walls.
2. Here let Thy holy days be kept;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

*Sung at dedication at Natl  
1854*

## THE CHURCH.

3. Here be Thy praise devoutly sung ;  
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,  
As when, of old, Thy Spirit hung,  
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
4. And when the lips that with Thy name  
Are vocal now to dust shall turn,  
On others may devotion's flame  
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

## DOXOLOGY.

All glory to Thy wondrous name,  
Father of mercy, God of love ;  
Exalted be the Lord, the Lamb,  
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

750.

C. M.

SO THE KING AND ALL THE PEOPLE DEDICATED THE HOUSE OF GOD.  
2 Chron. 7 : 5.

1. GOD of the universe, to Thee  
This sacred fane we rear,  
And now, with songs and bended knee,  
Invoke Thy presence here.
2. Long may this echoing dome resound  
The praises of Thy name,  
These hallowed walls to all around  
The Triune God proclaim.
3. Here let Thy love, Thy presence dwell ;  
Thy glory here make known ;  
Thy people's home, O come and fill,  
And seal it as Thine own.
4. When sad with care, by sin oppressed,  
Here may the burdened soul  
Beneath Thy sheltering wing find rest ;  
Here make the wounded whole.

DEDICATION.

5. And when the last long Sabbath morn  
Upon the just shall rise,  
May all who own Thee here be borne  
To mansions in the skies.

—751.

C. M.

WATTS.

ARISE, O LORD, INTO THY REST ; THOU AND THE ARK OF THY STRENGTH.  
Ps. 132 : 8.

- 68
1. ARISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to Thy rest ;  
Lo, Thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be owned and blessed.
  2. Enter, with all Thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.
  3. Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;  
Here let Thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of Thy house,  
And fill Thy poor with bread.
  4. Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth His court maintain,  
With love and power divine.
  5. Here let Him hold a lasting throne,  
And, as His kingdom grows,  
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,  
And shame confound His foes.

1719  
a

THE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH.—ADMISSION AND  
BAPTISM.

752.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY GOD MY GOD.—Ruth 1: 16.

1. PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
2. Now to you my spirit turns —  
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me into rest.
3. Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave.
4. Mine the God whom you adore;  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my soul no more;  
Every idol I resign.

753.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

HE WAS FOUND OF THEM; AND THE LORD GAVE THEM REST.—2 Chron. 15: 15.

1. O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

*Blessed is the man who can  
take the words of his devoted servant*

ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angels' bread to feast?
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

754.

L. M.

KELLY.

COME IN, THOU BLESSED OF THE LORD.— Gen. 24 : 31.

1. "COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;"  
Enter in Jesus' precious name;  
We welcome thee with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same.
2. Those joys which earth cannot afford  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,  
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.
3. And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;  
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's cares our own.

*ina* "Happy Day of the ...

THE CHURCH.

4. Once more our welcome we repeat;  
Receive assurance of our love;  
And may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above.

755.

L. M.

DAVIES.

O LORD, TRULY I AM THY SERVANT. — Ps. 116 : 16.

1. LORD, am I Thine, entirely Thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine?  
With full consent Thine I would be,  
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
2. Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all;  
Lord, let me live and die to Thee,  
Be Thine through all eternity.

756.

L. M.

WATTS.

BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. — Matt. 28 : 19.

1. 'T WAS the commission of the Lord,  
"Go, teach the nations and baptize."  
The nations have received the word  
Since He ascended to the skies.
2. "Repent, and be baptized," He saith,  
"For the remission of your sins;"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what His gospel means.
3. Our souls He washes in His blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

4. Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,  
And seal our covenant with the Lord ;  
O, may the great Eternal Three  
In heaven our solemn vows record.

757.

C. M.

WATTS.

I ESTABLISH MY COVENANT WITH YOU AND WITH YOUR SEED AFTER YOU.  
Gen. 9 : 9.

1. How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abraham and his seed !  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need."
2. The words of His extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The Angel of the covenant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.
3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers given ;  
He takes young children to His arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.
4. Our God, how faithful are His ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of His grace  
Blots out the children's name.

758.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.—Mark 10 : 14.

1. SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms ;  
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in His arms !

THE CHURCH.

2. "Permit them to approach," He cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to Thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
4. Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
Ye children, seek His face,  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of His grace.
- + 5. If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

759.

S. M.

*S. M. C. Y.*

CLARKE.

I WILL BRING HIM, THAT HE MAY APPEAR BEFORE THE LORD.—1 Sam. 1: 22.

- unbig  
is (oh)*
1. To Thee, O God in heaven,  
This little one we bring,  
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given —  
Our dearest offering.
2. Into a world of toil  
These little feet will roam,  
Where sin its purity may soil,  
Where care and grief may come.
3. O, then, let Thy pure love,  
With influence serene,  
Come down, like water, from above,  
To comfort and make clean.

*Omitted in Sab. H. B.*

ADMISSION AND BAPTISM.

760.

L. M.

COLLYER.

AND WAS BAPTIZED, HE AND ALL HIS, STRAIGHTWAY.— Acts 16 : 33.

1. UNITED prayers ascend to Thee,  
Eternal Parent of mankind :  
Smile on this waiting family ;  
Thy blessing let Thy servants find.
2. Let the dear pledges of their love  
Like tender plants around them grow ;  
Thy present grace, and joys above,  
Upon their little ones bestow.
3. Receive, at their believing hand,  
The charge which they devote as Thine,  
Obedient to their Lord's command,  
And seal, with power, the right divine.
4. To every member of their house  
Thy grace impart, Thy love extend ;  
Grant every good that time allows,  
With heavenly joys that never end.

*Ch. H.*

*Errow*

*typ. u*  
*rector*

761.

L. M.

BICKERSTETH.

HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM, AND CARRY THEM IN HIS BOSOM.— Is. 40 : 11.

1. WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,  
To celebrate the Saviour's praise ;  
Yet who but saints in heaven above  
Can tell the riches of His love ?
2. He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads  
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds,  
Deigns in His arms the lambs to bear,  
And makes them His peculiar care.

*81-79 ideal in cotton*

THE CHURCH.

3. Jesus, to Thy protecting wing  
Our helpless little ones we bring ;  
O, grant them grace and strength, that they  
May find and keep the heavenward way.
- 

THE CHURCH. — THE LORD'S SUPPER.

762.

C. M.

WARDLAW.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST. — 1 Pet. 1 : 19.

1. REMEMBER Thee, redeeming Lord !  
While memory holds her place,  
Can we forget the Prince of life,  
Who saves us by His grace ?
2. The Lord of life, with glory crowned,  
On heaven's exalted throne,  
Remembers those for whom, on earth,  
He heaved His dying groan.
3. His glory now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell ;  
Yet 'tis the chief of all His joys  
That souls are saved from hell.
4. For this He came and dwelt on earth ;  
For this His life was given ;  
For this He fought and vanquished death ;  
For this He pleads in heaven.
5. Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give ;  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
Who died that you might live.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

763.

L. M.

WATTS.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. — Luke 22 : 19.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
2. Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;  
What love through all His actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace He spake !
3. "This is My body broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food :"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;  
" 'Tis the new covenant in My blood.
4. "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend ;  
Meet at My table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
5. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate ;  
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,  
Till Thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

764.

C. M.

WATTS.

WITH LOVING KINDNESS HAVE I DRAWN THEE. — Jer. 31 : 3.

1. How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores !

THE CHURCH.

2. While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast;  
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,  
"Lord, why was I a guest?"
3. "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room —  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

765.

*Hon & Rev G Ward Thos.*  
C. M.

NOEL.

*[1782 - 1851]*

DID NOT OUR HEART BURN WITHIN US? — Luke 24:32.

*w. 1813.*

1. IF human kindness meets return  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a Friend is nigh; — +
2. O, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died our fears to quell,  
Who bore our guilt and woe?
3. While yet in anguish He surveyed  
Those pangs He would not flee,  
What love His latest words displayed!  
"Meet and remember Me."
4. Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share!  
O, memory, leave no other name  
But His recorded there.

*over ob. by Ann Hyde.*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

766.

7s.

CONDER.

COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.— Luke 14 : 17.

1. MANY centuries have fled  
 Since our Saviour broke the bread,  
 And this sacred feast ordained,  
 Ever by His church retained :  
 Those His body who discern  
 Thus shall meet till His return.
2. Through the church's long eclipse,  
 When, from priest or pastor's lips,  
 Truth divine was never heard,  
 'Mid the famine of the word,  
 Still these symbols witness gave  
 To His love who died to save.
3. All who bear the Saviour's name  
 Here their common faith proclaim ;  
 Though diverse in tongue or rite,  
 Here, one body, we unite ;  
 Breaking thus one mystic bread,  
 Members of one common Head.
4. Come, the blessed emblems share  
 Which the Saviour's death declare ;  
 Come, on truth immortal feed ;  
 For His flesh is meat indeed :  
 Saviour, witness with the sign,  
 That our ransomed souls are Thine.

*From  
 Con Coll  
 which is v  
 por with*

767.

S. M.

WATTS.

IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK.— John 7 : 37.

1. JESUS invites His saints  
 To meet around His board ;  
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
 Communion with their Lord.

*B. 3*

THE CHURCH.

2. For food He gives His flesh ;  
He bids us drink His blood ;  
Amazing favor, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God !
3. This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in His death.
4. We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the Head.
5. Let all our powers be joined  
His glorious name to raise,  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

768.

L. M.

WATTS.

DIVIDE IT AMONG YOURSELVES. — Luke 22 : 17.

1. THE Lord of life this table spread  
With His own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
2. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem,  
Christ and His love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.
3. While He is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live forever near His face.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

4. Our eyes look upwards to the hills,  
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;  
We wait Thy chariot's awful wheels  
To fetch our longing spirits home.

769.

7s.

CONDER.

I AM THE LIVING BREAD. — John 6 : 51.

1. BREAD of heaven, on Thee I feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living Bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him who died.
2. Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
The blest cup of sacrifice ;  
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give ;  
To Thy cross I look and live ;  
Thou, my life, O, let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

*This —*  
*as by original Eng. Ed. (Bro Roberts)*  
770.

C. M.

WATTS.

UNTO ALL PEOPLE A FEAST. — Is. 25 : 6.

1. COME, let us lift our voices high,  
High as our joys arise,  
And join the songs above the sky,  
Where pleasure never dies.
2. Jesus, the God, invites us here,  
To this triumphal feast,  
And brings immortal blessings down  
For each redeeméd guest.

THE CHURCH.

3. Victorious God! what can we pay  
For favors so divine?  
We would devote our hearts away,  
To be forever Thine.
4. We give Thee, Lord, our highest praise —  
The tribute of our tongues;  
But themes so infinite as these  
Exceed our noblest songs.

— 771.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

MY FLESH IS MEAT INDEED.— John 6 : 55.

1. HERE at Thy table, Lord, we meet  
To feed on food divine;  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
2. He that prepares this rich repast  
Himself comes down and dies,  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
3. The bitter torments He endured  
Upon the shameful cross  
For us, His welcome guests, procured  
These heart-reviving joys.
4. Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine;  
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me  
Which owes so much to Thine.
5. Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all;  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at Thy call.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

772.

9s & 8s.

HEBER.

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.—John 6 : 35.

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

*Ver? be  
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 2mo.  
 His in  
 was.*

773.

L. M.

WATTS.

THOU PREPAREST A TABLE BEFORE ME.—Ps. 23 : 5.

1. AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,  
 Here we attend Thy dying feast ;  
 Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,  
 And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.
2. Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,  
 And trusts for life in One that died ;  
 We hope for heavenly crowns above  
 From a Redeemer crucified.
3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
 And fling their scandals on the cause ;  
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
 And make our triumphs in His cross.
4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
 He that was dead has left His tomb ;  
 He lives above their utmost rage,  
 And we are waiting till He come.

*1753  
 B3: 10*

THE CHURCH.

774.

7s, 6s, & 8.

C. WESLEY.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.—John 1: 36.

1. LAMB of God, whose dying love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find:  
Think on us who think on 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 applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal;  
Speak us freely justified,  
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.

775.

C. M.

J. STENNETT.

HE BROUGHT ME TO THE BANQUETING HOUSE.—Cant. 2: 4.

- by old Repson*
1. LORD, at Thy table I behold  
The wonders of Thy grace;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place.
- any all the program* 542  
*of the Conference at Strat-*  
*am Apr 26. 1854*

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2. What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
3. Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers ;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.
4. Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to Thee ;  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

776.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.— Luke 22 : 19.

1. ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord ;  
I will remember Thee.
2. Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
3. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.
4. Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

*Ver-  
living  
hymn*

THE CHURCH.

5. And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

777.

L. M.

WATTS.

THEN WERE THE DISCIPLES GLAD WHEN THEY SAW THE LORD. — John 20 : 20.

1. HERE we have seen Thy face, O Lord,  
And viewed salvation with our eyes ;  
Tasted and felt the living word,  
The Bread descending from the skies.
2. Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,  
Hast set His blood before our face,  
To teach the terrors of Thy name,  
And show the wonders of Thy grace.
3. He is our Light; our Morning Star  
Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;  
The Glory of Thine Israel here,  
And Joy of spirits near the throne.

778.

8s & 7s.

EXETER COLL.

ARISE ; LET US GO HENCE. — John 14 : 31.

1. FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.
2. His example by beholding,  
May our lives His image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

FELLOWSHIP.

- Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in His way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God, through endless day.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise and honor to the Father,  
Praise and honor to the Son,  
Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One.

THE CHURCH. — FELLOWSHIP.

— 779.

S. M. *Rev. Jno.* FAWCETT.

YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS. — Gal. 3: 28.

*11739-18177*  
*w. 1772.*

*From*  
*M.S.*

*Creame*  
*p384*

- BLESSED be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

35                      545

*Sung at the close of the meeting*  
*of the Am. B. F. Society — 1857*

THE CHURCH.

4. When we asunder part,  
    It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
    And hope to meet again.
  
5. This glorious hope revives  
    Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
    And longs to see the day.
  
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
    And sin we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
    Through all eternity.

— 780.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

CONTINUING DAILY WITH ONE ACCORD IN THE TEMPLE. — Acts 2 : 46.

1. How blessed the sacred tie that binds,  
    In union sweet, according minds!  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
    Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
  
2. To each the soul of each how dear!  
    What jealous love! what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within  
    Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
  
3. Their streaming eyes together flow  
    For human guilt and mortal woe;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
    Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
  
4. Together oft they seek the place  
    Where God reveals His awful face;  
How high, how strong their raptures swell,  
    There's none but kindred souls can tell.

FELLOWSHIP.

5. Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
When nature droops her sickening fire ;  
Then shall they meet in realms above —  
A heaven of joy because of love.

781.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

HOW GOOD AND HOW PLEASANT IT IS FOR BRETHERN TO DWELL TOGETHER  
IN UNITY! — Ps. 133 : 1.

- 89
1. How pleasant 'tis to see  
Kindred and friends agrée,  
Each in his proper station move,  
And each fulfil his part,  
With sympathizing heart,  
In all the cares of life and love!
  2. Like fruitful showers of rain,  
That water all the plain,  
Descending from the neighboring hills,  
Such streams of pleasure roll  
Through every friendly soul,  
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.
- 1719
- 200 W
- 200 W

782.

C. M.

SWAIN.

LOVE AS BRETHERN. — 1 Pet. 3 : 8.

- Sing at Exeter Am  
Nov 25 1860. My first  
Sun in heart
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.  
When those who love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil His word!
  2. When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part!  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart!

THE CHURCH.

3. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love !
4. Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow,  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
5. Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

783.

C. M.

WATTS.

YE ARE COME UNTO MOUNT ZION.— Heb. 12 : 22.

1. NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
2. But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare His will,  
And spread His love abroad.
3. Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight !
4. The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living Head.  
And of His grace partake.

*This name is a memorial of the excellent  
 -lasting remembrance of the excellent  
 no other memorial of the excellent  
 in which was ~~the~~ FELLOWSHIP. in living  
 The best humble verses of det party  
 Montgomery. p 28.*

784

S. M.

BEDDOME.

YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS. — Gal. 3 : 28.

1. LET party names no more  
 The Christian world o'erspread ;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ, their Head.
2. Among the saints on earth  
 Let mutual love be found ;  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crowned.
3. Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
 And every heart is love.

*Rev. by  
 Rippon  
 Cole*

785.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

BY ONE SPIRIT ARE WE ALL BAPTIZED INTO ONE BODY. — 1 Cor. 12 : 13.

1. LET saints below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone ;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In earth and heaven are one.
2. One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream, of death.
3. One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow ;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

*v. Keame  
 p. 181*

*Let me look again in Daffles  
 life of - Mrs. Spence's of this hymn  
 which he at to Kelly in Bedford*

THE CHURCH.

4. Some to their everlasting home  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
  
5. O that we now might see our Guide!  
O that the word were given!  
Come, blesséd Lord, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

786.

C. M. P. H. BROWN.

WHERE PRAYER WAS NOT TO BE MADE. — Acts 16 : 13.

1. ASSEMBLED at Thine altar, Lord,  
We lift our hearts in prayer,  
Study the pages of Thy word,  
And learn our duty there.
  
2. Grant us Thy Spirit's guiding ray;  
Thy presence we implore;  
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,  
To love and praise Thee more.
  
3. So will our worship here below  
Resemble that above,  
Where saints unclouded glory view,  
And sing redeeming love.

787.

L. M.

KELLY.

HE LIFTED UP HIS HANDS AND BLESSED THEM. — Luke 24 : 50.

1. How sweet to leave the world a while,  
And seek the presence of our Lord!  
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,  
And come according to Thy word.

Original - written for me by Mrs

FELLOWSHIP.

2. From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with Thee :  
Ah, Lord, behold us at Thy feet ;  
Let this the " gate of heaven " be.
  
3. " Chief of ten thousand," now appear,  
That we by faith may see Thy face ;  
O, speak, that we Thy voice may hear,  
And let Thy presence fill this place.

788.

L. M.

S. STENNETT. 1727-

WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME, THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM. — Matt. 18 : 20.

1. WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
  
2. " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil My smiling face,  
And shed My glories round the place."
  
3. We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on Thy faithful word ;  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*bet. l  
his  
works  
at an  
= bet.*

*Comp-  
1778.*

*Original 788*

8s, 7s & 4. COLESWORTHY.

GIVE EAR, O LORD, UNTO MY PRAYER. — Ps. 86 : 6.

1. WHILE we lowly bow before Thee,  
Wilt Thou, gracious Saviour, hear ?  
We are poor and needy sinners,  
Full of doubt and full of fear ;  
Gracious Saviour,  
Make us humble and sincere.

*+ Misquoted in H. & S.*

THE CHURCH.

2. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit ;  
Sanctify us by Thy grace ;  
And incline us more to love Thee,  
And in dust our souls abase.  
Hear us, Saviour,  
And unveil Thy glorious face.
3. None in vain did ever ask Thee  
For the Spirit of Thy love ;  
Hear us then, dear Saviour, hear us ;  
Grant an answer from above ;  
Blesséd Saviour,  
Hear and answer from above.

790.

7s.

BURDER'S COLL.

BEHOLD, JESUS MET THEM.—Matt. 28 : 9.

1. SWEET the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints together meet,  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they join to sing of Him.
2. Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move ;  
He beheld the world undonè,  
Loved the world, and gave His Son.
3. Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How He left the realms above,  
Took our nature, and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.
4. Sing we too the Spirit's love ;  
With our wretched hearts He strove,  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Saviour near.

FELLOWSHIP.

5. Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,  
Where the saints in glory meet,  
Where the Saviour's still the theme,  
Where they see and sing of Him.

791.

L. M.

WATTS.

THAT CHRIST MAY DWELL IN YOUR HEARTS BY FAITH.—Eph. 3 : 17.

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 expressed.
2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;  
Make our enlargéd souls possess,  
And learn the height, 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 honors done,  
By all the church, through Christ, His Son.

792.

S. M.

SAB. LYRICS.

*P. H. Brown. S*

• RISING UP A GREAT WHILE BEFORE DAY.—Mark 1 : 35.

*Morning Hymn*

1. How sweet the melting lay  
Which breaks upon the ear,  
When, at the hour of rising day,  
Christians unite in prayer !
2. The breezes waft their cries  
Up to Jehovah's throne ;  
He listens to their humble sighs,  
And sends His blessings down.

THE CHURCH.

3. So Jesus rose to pray  
    Before the morning light,  
Once on the chilling mount did stay,  
    And wrestle all the night.
4. So Jesus still doth pray  
    Before the morning bright,  
On heavenly mountains far away,  
    While we toil here in night.
5. Leave, Lord, Thy vigil there ;  
    Descend upon life's wave ;  
Come to the bark through midnight air ;  
    The storm shall cease to rave.

793.

8s, 7s, & 4.

HOLY CONVOCATIONS. — Lev. 23 : 4.

1. WELCOME, days of solemn meeting ;  
    Welcome, days of praise and prayer ;  
Far from earthly scenes retreating,  
    In your blessings we would share ;  
    Sacred seasons,  
    In your blessings we would share.
2. Be Thou near us, blesséd Saviour,  
    Still at morn and eve the same ;  
Give us faith that cannot waver ;  
    Kindle in us heaven's own flame ;  
    Blesséd Saviour,  
    Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
3. When the fervent heart is glowing,  
    Holy Spirit, hear that prayer :  
When the song of praise is flowing,  
    Let that song Thine impress bear ;  
    Holy Spirit,  
    Let that song Thine impress bear.

FELLOWSHIP.

794.

L. M.

NEWTON.

THEY CAME TO MEET US.— Acts 28 : 15.

1. KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only He can give.
2. May He, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send His good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
3. Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of Him  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
4. Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,  
And hasten on the glorious day  
When we shall meet to part no more.

*Ver<sup>d</sup> by  
Olney th  
p 219*

795.

7s.

NEWTON.

THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING, SHALL KEEP  
YOUR HEARTS.— Phil. 4 : 7.

1. FOR a season called to part,  
Let us then ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.

*Ver<sup>d</sup> by  
Olney th  
p. 220.*

THE CHURCH.

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.

796.

6s & 5s.

+  
anon.

SORROWING MOST OF ALL FOR THE WORDS WHICH HE SPAKE, THAT THEY SHOULD SEE HIS FACE NO MORE. — Acts 20 : 38.

- first seen in the "dir", 1836.*
1. WHEN shall we meet again ?  
Meet ne'er to sever ?  
When will Peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever ?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never — no, never.

2. When shall love freely flow,  
Pure as life's river ?  
When shall sweet friendship glow,  
Changeless forever ?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never — no, never.

3. Up to that world of light  
Take us, dear Saviour ;  
May we all there unite,  
Happy forever ;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never — no, never.

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

4. Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ;  
Soon shall Peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever ;  
Our hearts will then repose,  
Secure from worldly woes ;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never — no, never.
- 

THE CHURCH.—REVIVAL, EXTENSION,  
AND FUTURE GLORY.

—797.

L. M.

WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP FROM THE WILDERNESS LEANING UPON HER  
BELOVED.—Cant. 8 : 5.

1. WHO is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness,  
And, pressed with sorrows and with sins,  
On her belovéd Lord she leans ?
2. This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasures of His blood ;  
And her request, and her complaint,  
Is but the voice of every saint.
3. "O, let my name engraven stand  
Both on Thy heart and on Thy hand ;  
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear  
That pledge of love forever there.
4. "Come, my Belovéd, haste away ;  
Cut short the hours of Thy delay ;  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow.

798.

C. M.

WATTS.

HELP, LORD ; FOR THE GODLY MAN CEASETH. — Ps. 12 : 1.

1. HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail ;  
Religion loses ground ;  
The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.
2. Their oaths and promises they break,  
Yet act the flatterer's part ;  
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.
3. Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold, —
4. Is not Thy chariot hastening on ?  
Hast Thou not given the sign ?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine ?
5. Thy word, like silver seven times tried,  
Through ages shall endure ;  
The men who in Thy truth confide,  
Shall find Thy promise sure.

799.

C. M.

WATTS.

LET ISRAEL HOPE IN THE LORD. — Ps. 130 : 7.

1. I WAIT for Thy salvation, Lord ;  
With strong desires I wait ;  
My soul, invited by Thy word,  
Stands watching at Thy gate.

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

2. Just as the guards that keep the night  
    Long for the morning skies,  
    Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
    And meet them with their eyes, —
3. So waits my soul to see Thy grace,  
    And, more intent than they,  
    Meets the first openings of Thy face,  
    And finds a brighter day.
4. Then in the Lord let Israel trust ;  
    Let Israel seek His face :  
    The Lord is good as well as just,  
    And plenteous in His grace.
5. There's full redemption at His throne  
    For sinners long enslaved ;  
    The great Redeemer is His Son,  
    And Israel shall be saved.

800.

7s.

LYTE.

THAT THY WAY MAY BE KNOWN UPON EARTH, THY SAVING HEALTH AMONG  
ALL NATIONS. — Ps. 67 : 2.

1. ON Thy church, O Power divine,  
    Cause Thy glorious face to shine,  
    Till the nations from afar  
    Hail her as their guiding star,  
    Till her sons from zone to zone  
    Make Thy great salvation known.
2. Then shall God, with lavish hand,  
    Scatter blessings o'er the land ;  
    Earth shall yield her rich increase,  
    Every breeze shall whisper peace,  
    And the world's remotest bound  
    With the voice of praise resound.

THE CHURCH.

801.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

BEHOLD, THY SALVATION COMETH.—Is. 62 : 11.

1. DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head ;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust :  
He calls thee from the dead.
2. Awake, awake ; put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array ;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
3. Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth ;  
Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north ! "
4. They come, they come : thine exiled bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.
5. Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God His works destroy,  
With songs thy ransomed shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

802.

L. M.

SHRUBSOLE.

ARISE, SHINE.—Is. 60 : 1.

- and from  
under  
H. B. K.*
1. ZION, awake ; thy strength renew ;  
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;  
And let the admiring world behold  
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

2. Church of our God, arise and shine  
Bright with the beams of truth divine ;  
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are.
3. Gentiles and kings thy light shall view ;  
All shall admire and love thee too,  
Shall come like clouds across the sky,  
Or doves that to their windows fly.

803.

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

THEY SHALL REVIVE AS THE CORN, AND GROW AS THE VINE. — Hos. 14 : 7.

1. SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation ;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain :  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless Thou return again.  
Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.
2. Surely once Thy garden flourished ;  
Every part looked gay and green ;  
Then Thy word our spirits nourished :  
Happy seasons we have seen.  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see :  
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed :  
Help can only come from Thee.
3. Let our mutual love be fervent ;  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one esteemed Thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive Thy work afresh.

Brown. He was profigate. She lived 50 years  
House. In no. Before in Ellingly, Conn.

THE CHURCH.

804.

S. M. P. H., BROWN.  
6. May 1. 1783. D. Oct. 10. 1861.

LORD, REVIVE THY WORK. — Hab. 3: 2.

then in  
and first  
in spiritual  
written  
a full heart  
Mrs Brown  
E. N.

1. O LORD, Thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And make her dying graces live  
By Thy restoring power.
2. Awake Thy chosen few  
To fervent, earnest prayer;  
Again their sacred vows renew,  
Thy blessed presence share.
3. Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of feeble clay,  
And hearts of adamant will break,  
And rebels will obey.
4. Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;  
O, listen to our cry;  
O, come and bring salvation here  
Our hopes on Thee rely.

(1773-1466  
w/ ab 1829)

Min Harvest Auburn  
H. F. LYTE.

805.

8s & 7s.

EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEY LABOR IN VAIN. — Ps. 127: 1.

- +
1. VAINLY through night's weary hours,  
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;  
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,  
But for God's protecting arm.
  2. Vain were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless;  
Vain, without His grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.

Rev. Birdwell says this word is  
pron. with 3 syllables in English  
"vain" etc.

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

3. Vainer still the hope of heaven  
That on human strength relies ;  
But to him shall help be given  
Who in humble faith applies.
4. Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed ;  
He shall grant us peace and rest :  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed  
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

—806.

C. M.

*Rippon's Coll.*

FAIR AS THE MOON, CLEAR AS THE SUN, AND TERRIBLE AS AN ARMY WITH  
BANNERS. — Cant. 6 : 10.

*This is  
403 in  
at Rippon.  
the same  
Entire.  
Rippon.*

1. SAY, who is she that looks abroad  
Like the sweet, blushing dawn,  
When with her living light she paints  
The dew drops of the lawn ?
2. Fair as the moon, when in the skies  
Serene her throne she guides,  
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme  
In full-orbed glory rides ; —
3. Clear as the sun, when from the east  
Without a cloud he springs,  
And scatters boundless light and heat  
From his resplendent wings ; —
4. Tremendous as a host, that moves  
Majestically slow,  
With banners wide displayed, all armed,  
All ardent, for the foe.
5. This is the church, by Heaven arrayed  
With strength and grace divine :  
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,  
And thus her glories shine.

THE CHURCH.

807.

L. M.

WATTS.

TURN US AGAIN, O GOD OF HOSTS, AND CAUSE THY FACE TO SHINE. — Ps. 80 : 7.

1. GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep, —
2. Hast Thou not planted with Thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands?  
Did not Thy power defend it round,  
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?
3. How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit!  
But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
4. Return, almighty God, return;  
Nor let Thy bleeding vineyard mourn;  
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore:  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

808.

7s.

VILLAGE HYMNS.  
C. Wesley +

BEHOLD, THERE ARISETH A LITTLE CLOUD. — 1 Kings 18 : 44

1. SAW ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
2. Lo, the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the blessings of His love.

+ so Adams<sup>564</sup> -

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

3. When He first the work begun,  
     Small and feeble was His day;  
     Now the word doth swiftly run,  
     Now it wins its widening way.
4. Sons of God, your Saviour praise;  
     He the door hath opened wide;  
     He hath given the word of grace:  
     Jesus' word is glorified.

809.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE. — Is. 60: 1.

1. O ZION, tune thy voice,  
     And raise thy hands on high;  
     Tell all the earth thy joys,  
     And boast salvation nigh;  
     Cheerful in God,           | While rays divine  
     Arise and shine,         | Stream all abroad.
2. He gilds thy morning face  
     With beams that cannot fade;  
     His all-resplendent grace  
     He pours around thy head:  
     The nations round       | With lustre new  
     Thy form shall view,   | Divinely crowned.
3. In honor to His name,  
     Reflect that sacred light,  
     And loud that grace proclaim  
     Which makes thy darkness bright;  
     Pursue His praise,       | In worlds above  
     Till sovereign love     | The glory raise.
4. There, on His holy hill,  
     A brighter Sun shall rise,  
     And with His radiance fill  
     Those fairer, purer skies;  
     While, round His throne, | In nobler spheres,  
     Ten thousand stars,     | His influence own.

THE CHURCH.

810.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

PUT ON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, O JERUSALEM.—Is. 52: 1.

1. TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy various charms be known :  
The world thy glories shall confess,  
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
3. No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
4. God, from on high, thy groans will hear ;  
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;  
Reared and adorned by love divine,  
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

811. x

C. M. LOGAN.  
*Michael Bruce [1746-1767]*

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD'S HOUSE SHALL BE ESTABLISHED IN THE TOP  
OF THE MOUNTAINS.—Is. 2: 2.

1. BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
2. To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;  
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,  
"And to His house, we'll go."

*Madams says "Michael Bruce"*

REVIVAL, EXTENSION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

3. The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.

812.

11s & 10s.

*J. Hastings*

HE WILL MAKE HER WILDERNESS LIKE EDEN. — Is. 51 : 3.

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

*Taken from B. sis' col. It is in S.S. Ho*

813.

C. M.

LOGAN.

*Michael Bruce [1746-1767] w. a.*

THEN SHALL THY LIGHT BREAK FORTH AS THE MORNING. — Is. 58 : 8.

1. O, CITY of the Lord, begin  
The universal song,  
And let the scattered villages  
Thy joyful notes prolong.

*6. Sacred d. p. 57.*

*By Thos Hastings - N. Church Melodie*

THE CHURCH.

2. Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
Lift up the lonely voice ;  
And let the tenants of the rock  
With accent rude rejoice.
3. O, from the streams of distant lands  
Unto Jehovah sing ;  
And joyful from the mountain tops  
Shout to the Lord, the King.
4. Let all combined, with one accord,  
Jehovah's glories raise,  
Till in remotest bounds of earth  
The nations sound His praise.

814.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

IN THY MAJESTY RIDE PROSPEROUSLY.—Ps. 45 : 4.

1. GIRD on Thy conquering sword,  
Ascend Thy shining car,  
And march, almighty Lord,  
To wage Thy holy war.  
Before His wheels, | Ye valleys, rise,  
In glad surprise, | And sink, ye hills.
2. Fair Truth, and smiling Love,  
And injured Righteousness,  
In Thy retinue move,  
And seek from Thee redress :  
Thou in their cause | And far and wide  
Shalt prosperous ride, | Dispense Thy laws.
3. Before Thine awful face  
Millions of foes shall fall,  
The captives of Thy grace,  
The grace which conquers all.  
The world shall know, | What wondrous things  
Great King of kings, | Thine arm can do.



THE CHURCH.

3. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
4. The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;  
Thy realm forever lasts — Messiah reigns.

817.

8s & 7s.

COWPER.

THOU SHALT CALL THY WALLS SALVATION, AND THY GATES PRAISE.  
Is. 60: 11.

1. HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;  
“ O My people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you ;  
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls ‘ Salvation,’  
And your gates shall all be ‘ Praise.’ ”
2. There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All His bounty shall bestow.  
Still in undisturbed possession  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.
3. Ye, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see,  
But, your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in Me.  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,  
God your everlasting Light.

I, JOHN, SAW THE HOLY CITY NEW JERUSALEM COMING DOWN FROM GOD  
OUT OF HEAVEN.—REV. 21: 2.

1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.
2. From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.
4. “The God of glory down to men  
Removes His blest abode;  
Men, the dear objects of His grace,  
And He the loving God.
5. “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears  
And death itself, shall die.”
6. How long, dear Saviour, O, how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

a 571

The mother of J. J. Buckingham  
repeated this last verse with  
simplicity & emotion, upon her  
bed in 1798. "Personal Memoirs"  
J. J. Buckingham vol I p. 30.

THE CHURCH. — MISSIONS 

819.

7s & 6s.

HEBER.

ASSUREDLY GATHERING THAT THE LORD HAD CALLED US FOR TO PREACH. Acts 16: 10.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain;  
 They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,

Though every prospect pleases,

And only man is vile?

In vain, with lavish kindness,

The gifts of God are strown:

The heathen, in his blindness,

Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Can we to man benighted

The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O, salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest nation

Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,

And you, ye waters, roll,

Till, like a sea of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb, for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,

In bliss return to reign.

*1819. The King had sent  
 an order that expatriations  
 should be taken in all the  
 churches & chapels belongg  
 to the establishment  
 of missionary efforts in the  
 East. Heber*

*specimens of Chappeway language as sung by  
 young widows  
 and his sons in  
 1854  
 Feb 25<sup>th</sup>*

MISSIONS.

820.

8s, 7s, & 4.

KELLY.

THE LORD HATH COMFORTED HIS PEOPLE.—Is. 52 : 9.

1. ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands ;  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands.  
Mourning captive,  
God Himself will loose thy bands.
2. God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
He Himself appears thy Friend :  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
3. Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
All thy wrongs shall be redressed ;  
"For thy shame thou shalt have double ;"  
In thy Maker's favor blessed ;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

821.

8s, 7s, & 4. J. COTTERILL.

A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES.—Luke 2 : 32.

1. O'ER the realms of pagan darkness  
Let the eye of pity gaze ;  
See the kindreds of the people  
Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;  
Darkness brooding  
On the face of all the earth.
2. Light of them that sit in darkness,  
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring ;  
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,  
Rise with healing in Thy wing ;  
To Thy brightness  
Let all kings and nations come.

as 2. 1823, See also 17 Counties, note, p. 56.

Ch. Ps. Done in Breckin.

THE CHURCH.

3. May the heathen, now adoring  
    Idol gods of wood and stone,  
Come, and worshipping before Him,  
    Serve the living God alone ;  
    Let Thy glory  
    Fill the earth as floods the sea.
4. Thou to whom all power is given,  
    Speak the word ; at Thy command,  
Let the company of preachers  
    Spread Thy name from land to land ;  
    Lord, be with them  
    Always, to the end of time.

822.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS. — Ps. 72 : 6.

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. As rain on meadows newly mown,  
    So shall He send His influence down ;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
    Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
3. The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
    The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at His first dawning light,  
    And deserts blossom at the sight.
4. The saints shall flourish in His days,  
    Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from His throne  
    Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

823.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

ASK OF ME, AND I SHALL GIVE THEE THE HEATHEN FOR THINE  
INHERITANCE. — Ps. 2 : 8.

1. ATTEND, O earth, while I declare  
God's uncontrolled decree :  
"Thou art my Son ; this day, my Heir,  
Have I begotten Thee.
2. "Ask, and receive Thy full demands ;  
Thine shall the heathen be ;  
The utmost limits of the lands  
Shall be possessed by Thee."
3. Learn, then, ye princes, and give ear,  
Ye judges of the earth ;  
Worship the Lord with holy fear,  
Rejoice with awful mirth.

824.

H. M.

GOODE.

THE KINGS OF TARSHISH AND OF THE ISLES SHALL BRING PRESENTS.  
Ps. 72 : 10.

1. FAR as the isles extend,  
To the vast ocean's bound,  
Let kings to Jesus bend,  
And pour their offerings round ;  
Arabia raise | And Afric join  
The song divine, | To exalt His praise.
2. All princes shall adore,  
And gifts and honors bring,  
To hail the Saviour's power,  
To crown Immanuel King :  
Remotest lands | And earth obey  
Shall homage pay, | His high commands.

...sion of the dep. of the first mis-  
...wards to the Sandwich Islands  
... being at the Islands in 1852 when the  
... mission of Micronesia were  
... out to sell ...

THE CHURCH

825

11s.

TAPPAN.

+ Scotland

THE MORNING COMETH. — Is. 21 : 12.

1. WAKE, isles of the south; your redemption is near;  
No longer repose in the borders of gloom; on  
The Strength of His chosen in love will appear,  
And light shall arise on the verge of His tomb.

2. The billows that gir| ye, the wild waves that roar, d  
The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms  
cease, n

Shall bear the rich freight to your desolate shore,  
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace,  
See Boston Acad. 4<sup>th</sup> Coll. p. 285 for music  
It is Sponted.

3. On the islands that sit in the regions of night, by mass  
The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey,  
The morning will open with healing and light; <sup>which the</sup>  
glad The young Star of Bethlehem will ripen to day.

4. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,  
The Dayspring the prophet in vision once saw,  
When the beams of Messiah will illumine each  
clime, shall gladden  
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for His law.

826.

L. M.

KELLY.

I WILL BRING THY SEED FROM THE EAST, AND GATHER THEE FROM THE WEST. — Is. 43 : 5.

1. MY soul, with sacred joy survey  
The glories of the latter day;  
Its dawn already seems begun —  
Sure earnest of the rising Sun.

2. "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;  
Spare not, but lift your voices high;  
Convey the sound from shore to shore  
And bid the captive sigh no more.

576

by  
ly-  
right

There are two more Stanzas.

MISSIONS.

3. "Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell ;  
He fixes there His lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place His own."
4. The north gives up ; the south no more  
Keeps back her consecrated store ;  
From east to west the message runs,  
And either India yields her sons.
5. Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray  
With joy I view, and hail the day ;  
Thou Sun, arise, supremely bright,  
And shed abroad Thy holy light.

827.

S. M.

LIVING WATERS SHALL GO OUT FROM JERUSALEM. — Zech. 14 : 8.

*cr. by  
Christian  
admission  
y month!  
here it  
appears  
more.*

1. Now living waters flow  
To cheer the humble soul ;  
From sea to sea the rivers go,  
And spread from pole to pole.
2. Now righteousness shall spring,  
And grow on earth again ;  
Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,  
And o'er the nations reign.
3. Jesus shall rule alone,  
The world shall hear His word ;  
By one blessed name shall He be known,  
The universal Lord.

*Ver by  
month &  
Call - wh  
it is an*

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
By saints on earth be honor done,  
And by the heavenly host.

THE CHURCH.

828.

L. M.

WATTS.

ALL KINGS SHALL FALL DOWN BEFORE HIM.—Ps. 72: 11.

1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms, of every tongue,  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
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 blessed.
5. Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
6. Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honors to their King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.

829.

7s & 6s.

MONTGOMERY.

HE SHALL REDEEM THEIR SOUL.—Ps. 72: 14.

1. HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !

*perhaps*  
It is one of the most most elegant and  
and mellifluous imitations of a psalm  
in the English language.

MISSIONS.

He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2. He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

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

4. Arabia's desert-ranger,  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:  
Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing.

830.

L. M. *W.B.* COLLYER.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS. — Ps. 89 : 7.

1. ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,  
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand:  
The voice that marshalled every star  
Has called Thy people from afar.

*m. / o. u.*

THE CHURCH.

2. We meet through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The anthem of Thy praise to roll.
3. Our prayers assist ; accept our praise ;  
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;  
Our counsels aid ; to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.
4. Forth with Thy chosen heralds come ;  
Recall the wandering spirits home ;  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious earth around.

831.

7s & 6s.

PRATT'S COLL.

*James Edmeston 1791-1867*

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE HILLS SHALL BREAK FORTH BEFORE THEE INTO  
SINGING. — Is. 55 : 12.

*w. 1822.*

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along ?  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And Him who once was slain,  
A second time descended,  
In righteousness to reign ?
2. Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly,  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply :  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the hymn around,  
All hallelujah swelling  
In one continued sound.

MISSIONS.

832.

C. M.

WATTS.

I WILL ALSO GATHER ALL NATIONS.—Joel 3 : 2.

1. PITY the nations, O our God ;  
 Constrain the earth to come ;  
 Send Thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.
2. We long to see Thy churches full,  
 That all Thy faithful race  
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
 Sing Thy redeeming grace.

833.

7s & 6s. J.

HASTINGS.

LIFT YE UP A BANNER UPON THE HIGH MOUNTAIN.—Is. 13 : 2.

1. Now be the gospel banner *entire*  
 In every land unfurled ;  
 And be the shout, Hosanna !  
 Reëchoed through the world ;  
 Till every isle and nation,  
 Till every tribe and tongue,  
 Receive the great salvation,  
 And join the happy throng.  
*written about 1830 for a Sunday school celebration in New York. Taken from Hastings's H. Book.*
2. What though the embattled legions  
 Of earth and hell combine, —  
 His arm throughout their regions  
 Shall soon resplendent shine.  
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious !  
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace !  
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,  
 Thy empire still increase.  
*Hastings's H. Book*
3. Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,  
 O Jesus, King of kings !  
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,  
 Each ransomed captive sings.  
*entire*

THE CHURCH.

The isles for Thee are waiting ;  
The deserts learn Thy praise ;  
The hills and valleys, greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

834.

8s, 7s, & 4. *Thos.* KELLY.

THE LORD HATH MADE BARE HIS HOLY ARM IN THE EYES OF ALL THE NATIONS. — Is. 52 : 10.

- em. by  
thy's hymn  
A.S.*
1. YES, we trust the day is breaking ;  
Joyful times are near at hand ;  
God, the mighty God, is speaking,  
By His word, in every land.  
Mark His progress —  
Darkness flies at His command.
  2. While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he “ enters like a flood,”  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread His truth abroad.  
Every language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.
  3. O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
To our hearts, to hear, each day,  
Joyful news, from far arriving,  
How the gospel wins its way,  
Those enlightening  
Who in death and darkness lay.
  4. God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let Thy people see Thy hand ;  
Let the gospel be victorious  
Through the world, in every land ;  
Let the idols  
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

MISSIONS.

835.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

THOU SHALT ARISE AND HAVE MERCY UPON ZION.—Ps. 102 : 13.

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds; display Thy power ;  
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour ;  
Bid the bright morning Star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.

*ver. by  
1120 H.  
Book*

2. Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns, —  
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,  
On wilds and continents unknown, —  
And make the nations all Thine own.

*Sung by  
sailing of  
missionaries  
to India  
1803. a*

3. Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice ;  
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

*part of  
855 H. &  
said to be  
by a Bristol  
Student  
Elias Smith's Co  
1805.*

836.

H. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US.—Ps. 67 : 1.

1. RISE, gracious God, and shine  
In all Thy saving might,  
And prosper each design  
To spread Thy glorious light ;  
Let healing streams | That all the earth  
Of mercy flow, | Thy truth may know.

*ver. by Pratt  
H. Book  
Differed in  
Pratt's Coll  
Differed in  
Com. Coll*

2. O, bring the nations near,  
That they may sing Thy praise ;  
Let all the people hear  
And learn Thy holy ways.  
Reign, mighty God, | And govern by  
Assert Thy cause, | Thy righteous laws.

THE CHURCH.

3. Put forth Thy glorious power ;  
 The nations then will see,  
 And earth present her store  
 In converts born of Thee.

God, our own God, | And earth shall yield  
 His church will bless, | Her full increase.

837.

7s.

*N. F.*

LYTE.

*6. June 1st 1798 J.*

I, THE LORD, WILL HASTEN IT IN HIS TIME. — Is. 60 : 22. *et Nice Nov.*

*Miss Harriet Aubrey  
 1773 - 1862*

*20. 1847.*

*ren from  
 Psalmody*

1. HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time  
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
 Every nation, every clime,  
 Shall the gospel call obey.

*w. A. 1829,*

2. Mightiest kings His power shall own,  
 Heathen tribes His name adore ;  
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3. Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
 Then be banished grief and pain ;  
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
 Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,  
 Ever praise His holy name,  
 All His mighty acts record,  
 All His wondrous love proclaim.

838.

8s & 7s. URWICK'S COLL.

*Take from G.B. Chivers Coll. who says  
 Urwick's Coll.*

A KING SHALL REIGN IN RIGHTEOUSNESS. — Is. 32 : 1.

1. O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,  
 Shine with healing in Thy wing,  
 Chase away these shades of darkness,  
 Holy light and comfort bring.

*ren  
 ev's*

*— who says 'Urwick's Coll'*

MISSIONS.

2. Let the heralds of salvation  
Round the world with joy proclaim  
Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished  
Through the great Immanuel's name.

3. Take Thy power, almighty Saviour,  
Claim the nations for Thine own;  
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,  
Till each heart becomes Thy throne.

4. Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,  
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,  
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling,  
As at first the Lord's delight.

839.

L. M.

SLINN.

GRANT US THY SALVATION. — Ps. 85 : 7.

1. ARISE, in all Thy splendor, Lord;  
Let power attend Thy gracious word;  
Unveil the beauties of Thy face,  
And show the glories of Thy grace.

2. Send forth Thy messengers of peace;  
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;  
Let Thy salvation, Lord, be known,  
That all the world Thy power may own.

840.

8s, 7s, & 4s. WILLIAMS.

THY KINGDOM COME. — Matt. 6 : 10.

1. O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;  
See the promises advancing  
To a glorious day of grace.  
Blesséd jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

585

See old Ripton - ver by it  
So. Psalmist

6. 1717 2. 1791 -  
See. Belcher  
p. 294 -  
do travail

*Let the Indian, let the negro*  
THE CHURCH.

2. ~~Let the dark, benighted pagan,~~  
Let the rude barbarian, see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary;  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound, from pole to pole.
3. Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness, —  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
~~Now~~ from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night;  
~~Let~~ redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
4. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
Win and conquer — never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase;  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

841.

S. M. WARDLAW'S COLL.

*I take from the "Psalms"*  
LET GOD ARISE. PS. 68: 1.

1. O LORD our God, arise;  
The cause of truth maintain,  
And wide o'er all the peopled world  
Extend her blesséd reign.
2. Thou Prince of life, arise,  
Nor let Thy glory cease;  
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
And bless the earth with peace.
3. O Holy Spirit, rise,  
Expand Thy heavenly wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

MISSIONS.

4. O, all ye nations, rise ;  
 To God the Saviour sing ;  
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,  
 Let echoing anthems ring.

— 842.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

*ver. by Pratt's coll.*

THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD.  
 Rev. 11 : 15.

1. SOON may the last glad song arise  
 Through all the millions of the skies —  
 That song of triumph which records  
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.
2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be  
 Obedient, mighty God, to Thee ;  
 And over land, and stream, and main,  
 Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.
3. O, let that glorious anthem swell ;  
 Let host to host the triumph tell,  
 That not one rebel heart remains,  
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

*ver.*

— 843.

6s & 4s.

MARRIOTT.

LET THERE BE LIGHT. — Gen. 1 : 3.

*Rev. Jno.*  
*11780-1825*

1. THOU whose almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray,  
 And where the gospel day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray  
 Let there be light.
2. Thou who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight, —

*w. 1813.*

*Huntington - To almost all  
 Pratt's coll - not in Pratt's*

THE CHURCH.

Health to the sick in mind,  
Light to the inly blind, —  
O, now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light.

3. Descend Thou from above,  
Spirit of truth and love ;  
Speed on Thy flight ;  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Spirit of hope and grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light.

844.

12s, 11 & 8.

S. F. SMITH.

THOU DIDST RIDE UPON THINE HORSES AND THY CHARIOTS OF SALVATION.  
Hab. 3 : 8.

1. THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,  
And glory attends Him along His bright way ;  
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,  
And nations are owning His sway.
2. Ride on in Thy greatness, Thou conquering Saviour ;  
Let thousands of thousands submit to Thy reign,  
Acknowledge Thy goodness, entreat for Thy favor,  
And follow Thy glorious train.
3. Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation  
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise ;  
And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation  
In rich and melodious lays.

845.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

O, SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH. — Ps. 43 : 3.

1. SEND forth Thy word, and let it fly,  
Armed with Thy Spirit's power,  
And thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.

MISSIONS.

2. Beneath the influence of its grace  
The barren wastes shall rise,  
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed —  
A blooming paradise.
3. Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch  
Her wings from shore to shore ;  
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,  
No murderous cannon roar.
4. Lord, for these days we wait ; these days  
Are in Thy word foretold ;  
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring  
This promised age of gold.
5. Amen, with joy divine, let earth's  
Unnumbered myriads cry ;  
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's  
Unnumbered choirs reply.

846.

8s, 7s, & 4.

RYLAND.

GIRD THY SWORD UPON THY THIGH, O MOST MIGHTY ! — Ps. 45 : 3.

1. GIRD Thy sword on, mighty Saviour ;  
Make the word of truth Thy car ;  
Prosper in Thy course, triumphant ;  
All success attend Thy war ;  
Gracious Victor,  
Bring Thy trophies from afar.
2. Majesty combines with meekness,  
Righteousness and peace unite,  
To insure Thy blesséd conquests ;  
Take possession of Thy right ;  
Ride triumphant,  
Dressed in robes of purest light.

*Edwin*

THE CHURCH.

3. Blessed are they that touch Thy sceptre ;  
Blessed are all that own Thy reign ;  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
Rescued from its galling chain ;  
Saints and angels,  
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.

847.

8s, 7s, & 4. LELAND'S HYMNS.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH. — Luke 1 : 78.

1. CHRISTIAN, see ! the orient morning  
Breaks along the heathen sky ;  
Lo, the expected day is dawning,  
Glorious Dayspring from on high ;  
Hallelujah !  
Hail the Dayspring from on high !
2. Heathens at the sight are singing ;  
Morning wakes the tuneful lays ;  
Precious offerings they are bringing,  
First fruits of more perfect praise ;  
Hallelujah !  
Hail the Dayspring from on high !
3. Zion's Sun, salvation beaming,  
Gilding now the radiant hills,  
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,  
All the world Thy glory fills ;  
Hallelujah !  
Hail the Dayspring from on high !
4. Lord of every tribe and nation,  
Spread Thy truth from pole to pole ;  
Spread the light of Thy salvation,  
Till it shine on every soul ;  
Hallelujah !  
Hail the Dayspring from on high !

MISSIONS.

—848.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

GIVE HIM NO REST TILL HE ESTABLISH, AND TILL HE MAKE JERUSALEM A  
PRAISE IN THE EARTH.—Is. 62 : 7.

- n*
- ver-*
1. INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,  
And wilt Thou bow Thy gracious ear?  
While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
Wilt Thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
  2. How shall Thy servants give Thee rest,  
Till Zion's mouldering walls Thou raise?  
Till Thy own power shall stand confessed,  
And make Jerusalem a praise?
  3. Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
And view the desolation round;  
See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
And hurl their idols to the ground.
  4. Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar;  
Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

—849.

7s & 6s.

S. F. SMITH.

I WILL OPEN RIVERS IN HIGH PLACES, AND FOUNTAINS IN THE MIDST OF  
THE VALLEYS.—Is. 41 : 18.

- Mr*
1. THE morning/light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

THE CHURCH.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower,  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour ;  
Each cry, to heaven going,  
Abundant answers brings,  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.
  
3. See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above ;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
  
4. Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home ;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

850.

10s.

J.

DWIGHT.

ISRAEL SHALL BE GLAD.—PS. 53 : 6.

1. LORD of all worlds, incline Thy bounteous ear,  
Thy children's voice with tender mercy hear ;  
Bear Thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind ;  
O, let Thy Spirit like soft dews descend,  
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

MISSIONS.

2. Let Zion's walls before Thee ceaseless stand,  
Dear as Thine eye, and graven on Thy hand ;  
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,  
Oppressed by man and scourged by Thee no more ;  
Enriched with gold, adorned with heavenly grace,  
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.
3. Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,  
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire ;  
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,  
Mohammed's empire crumble to the ground ;  
The dreams of infidels in smoke decay,  
And all the foes of Heaven shall fleet away.
4. In barren wilds shall living waters spring,  
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring ;  
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,  
And light and love the yielding bosom charm ;  
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,  
And grace and goodness shower from balmy skies.
5. Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn,  
Then happy nations in a day be born ;  
From east to west Thy glorious name be one,  
And one pure worship hail the eternal Son ;  
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,  
And o'er all regions beam the gospel's light.

851.

7s & 6s. *Dr S. L.*, POMROY.

ALL NATIONS SHALL SERVE HIM.—Ps. 72 : 11.

- written for  
his book.*
1. WHERE Stamboul's towers are gleaming,  
With crescent lifted high,  
The cross of Christ is beaming,  
Amid the eastern sky ;  
O'er Persia's lake is rising  
The bright and morning star,  
Which, in their hearts adoring,  
"The wise men" saw afar.

*Original*

THE CHURCH.

2. 'Mid Afric's sands, sweet fountains  
In living freshness flow ;  
On India's plains and mountains  
The tree of life doth grow ;  
Old China, too, is rising,  
God's mercy to adore,  
And beauteous isles are shouting,  
"Jesus forevermore!"
3. The mighty God is coming ;  
Lift high the sacred song ;  
Earth's jubilee's approaching ;  
The tidings roll along ;  
Go, spread the blissful story  
Wherever man is found,  
Till Jesus reigns in glory  
The ransomed world around.

852,

7s.

PRATT'S COLL. 7

*Rev. Leonard Bacon* / 1802 -

KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. — REV. 19: 16.

1. WAKE the song of jubilee ; *1833*  
Let it echo o'er the sea ;  
Now is come the promised hour ;  
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
2. All ye nations, join and sing,  
"Christ of lords and kings is King ;"  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
"Jesus reigns forevermore."
3. Now the desert lands rejoice,  
And the islands join their voice ;  
Yea, the whole creation sings,  
"Jesus is the King of kings."

MISSIONS.

38  
—853.

8s, 7s, & 4.

PRATT'S COLL.

THE LORD HATH MADE KNOWN HIS SALVATION.—Ps. 98 : 2.

1. SONGS anew of honor framing,  
Sing ye to the Lord alone ;  
All His wondrous works proclaiming ;  
Jesus wondrous works hath done ;  
Glorious victory  
His right hand and arm have won.
2. Now He bids His great salvation  
Through the heathen lands be told ;  
Tidings spread through every nation,  
And His acts of grace unfold ;  
All the heathen  
Shall His righteousness behold.
3. Shout aloud, and hail the Saviour ;  
Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim ;  
As ye triumph in His favor,  
All ye lands declare His fame ;  
Loud rejoicing,  
Shout the honors of His name.

—854.

C. M. *Ruth* GIBBONS.

[1720-1785]

LIGHT UNTO THE PEOPLE, AND TO THE GENTILES.—Acts 26 : 23.

1. GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation Thine ;  
And in Thy works, by all beheld,  
Thine obvious glories shine.

n. d. 1769.

THE CHURCH.

2. But, Lord, Thy greater love hath sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasured in Thy mind.
3. Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe and every soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound?
4. Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays,  
And build on sin's demolished throne  
The temples of Thy praise.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
~~The~~ God, whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

855.

L. M.

*See H. 835 which is a part of this.*

I WILL PUBLISH THE NAME OF THE LORD. — Deut. 32 : 3.

*Mrs Cooke 1816.*

1. YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim  
Salvation through Immanuel's name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

*Mrs Har. Newell quotes this 1st verse altered in Aug 1811 - see her memoirs p. 115 - Phil. & A*

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.

*Ch. Ps. "Palmer" says "Win- chells Set". Beecher*

MISSIONS.

3. And when your labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more ;  
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

856.

7s & 6s.

PRATT'S COLL.

MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH THEE.—EX. 33 : 14.

1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean,  
And as the billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To every land below.  
Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to the destined shore,  
That man may sit in darkness  
And death's black shade no more.

*Sung at x*  
*the embarkation of Mrs Sarah L. Smith*  
*on board the ship George for Malta*  
*Sept 21st 1833. and from Greenland*  
*by mountain to the ship*  
*of New Haven the harbor.*

*done by*  
*Pratt's Coll.*

2. O Thou eternal Ruler,  
Who holdest in Thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm :  
Thy presence e'er be with them,  
Wherever they may be,  
Though far from us, who love them,  
Still let them be with Thee.

857.

7s.

MARSDEN.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.  
Mark 16 : 15.

1. Go, ye messengers of God,  
Like the beams of morning, fly ;  
Take the wonder-working rod,  
Wave the banner-cross on high.
2. Where the aspirant minaret  
Gleams along the morning skies,  
Wave it till the crescent set,  
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

*W. H.*

THE CHURCH.

3. Go, to many a tropic isle,  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And the oppressed forever weep.
4. O'er the negro's night of care,  
Pour the living light of heaven ;  
Chase away the fiend despair,  
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
5. Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the palmy East,  
Wide the bleeding cross display,  
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
6. Circumnavigate the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea,  
Preach the cross of Christ to all ;  
Jesus' love is full and free.

858. *8s, 7s, & 4. Thos.* KELLY.

*vers. by W. H. Brock.*

CRY ALOUD, SPARE NOT. — Is. 58 : 1.

1. MEN of God, go take your stations ;  
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;  
Go, proclaim among the nations  
Joyful news of heavenly birth :  
Bear the tidings  
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
2. Of His gospel not ashamed,  
As the power of God to save,  
Go where Christ was never naméd,  
Publish freedom to the slave —  
Blesséd freedom !  
Freedom Zion's children have.

MISSIONS.

3. When exposed to fearful dangers,  
Jesus will His own defend ;  
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,  
Jesus will appear your Friend ;  
And His presence  
Shall be with you to the end.

859.

L. M.

BALFOUR.

GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS. — Matt. 23 : 19.

1. Go, messenger of peace and love,  
To nations plunged in shades of night ;  
Like angels sent from fields above,  
Be thine to shed celestial light.
2. Go, to the hungry food impart,  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart  
Where streams of living water glide.
3. Go, bid the bright and morning Star  
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,  
And piercing through the gloom afar,  
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
4. To India's various castes proclaim  
The gospel's soft, but powerful voice ;  
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,  
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.
5. From north to south, from east to west,  
Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;  
His name by every tongue confessed.  
His praise the universal theme.

From Beecher

THE CHURCH.

860.

8s, 7s, & 4.

S. F. SMITH.

FAREWELL.—Acts 18 : 21.

- submit*
1. YES, my native land, I love thee ;  
All thy scenes, I love them well ;  
Friends, connections, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell ?  
Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
  2. Home, thy joys are passing lovely —  
Joys no stranger-heart can tell ;  
Happy home, indeed I love thee ;  
Can I, can I say, “ Farewell ” ?  
Can I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
  3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath bell,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a last farewell ?  
Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?
  4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly —  
From the scenes I loved so well ;  
Far away, ye billows, bear me ;  
Lovely, native land, farewell ;  
Pleased I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
  5. In the deserts let me labor ;  
On the mountains let me tell  
How He died — the blesséd Saviour —  
To redeem a world from hell ;  
Let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

MISSIONS.

6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean ;  
 Let the winds my canvas swell ;  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,  
 While I go far hence to dwell ;  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

861.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER.—Rev. 11: 15.

1. LET the seventh angel sound on high,  
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky ;  
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord  
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
2. Almighty God, Thy power assume,  
 Who wast, and art, and art to come ;  
 Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,  
 Forever live, forever reign.

*132:55*

862.

7s & 6s.

LYTE.

O THAT THE SALVATION OF ISRAEL WERE COME OUT OF ZION.—Ps. 14: 7.

1. O THAT the Lord's salvation  
 Were out of Zion come,  
 To heal His ancient nation,  
 To lead His outcasts home !  
 How long the holy city  
 Shall heathen feet profane !  
 Return, O Lord, in pity ;  
 Rebuild her walls again.
2. Let fall Thy rod of terror,  
 Thy saving grace impart ;  
 Roll back the veil of error,  
 Release the fettered heart ;

*H. 7. 1793-1847*

*Cut from Bernan Coll.*

*w. 1834.*

*Bernan*

THE CHURCH.

Let Israel, home returning,  
Their lost Messiah see ;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy church to Thee.

863.

L. M.

MERRICK.

WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US AGAIN?—Ps. 85 : 6.

1. ARISE, great God, and let Thy grace  
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;  
Restore the long-lost, scattered band ;  
Recall them to their native land.
2. Their misery let Thy mercy heal,  
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;  
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,  
And grant them still Thy love to share.
3. How long shall Jacob's offspring prove  
The sad suspension of Thy love ?  
Lord, shall Thy wrath perpetual burn ?  
And wilt Thou ne'er, appeased, return ?
4. Thy quickening Spirit now impart,  
And wake to joy each grateful heart,  
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee  
Their bliss and full salvation see.

864.

8s, 7s, & 4. PRATT'S COLL.

THE HOUSE OF JACOB SHALL POSSESS THEIR POSSESSIONS. — Ob. 17.

1. MAY the glorious day of promise  
Come, and spread its cheerful ray,  
When the scattered sheep of Israel  
Shall no longer go astray,  
When hosannas  
With united voice they cry.

MISSIONS.

2. Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry?  
Shall Thy wrath forever burn?  
Rise; redeem Thine ancient people;  
Their transgressions from them turn.  
King of Israel,  
Come and set Thy people free.

865.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

HE SHALL SET UP AN ENSIGN FOR THE NATIONS, AND SHALL ASSEMBLE THE  
OUTCASTS OF ISRAEL. — Is. 11 : 12.

1. LORD, visit Thy forsaken race;  
Back to the fold the wanderers bring;  
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,  
And hail in Christ their promised King.
2. The veil of darkness rend in twain  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;  
The severed olive branch again  
Firm to its parent stock unite.
3. Hail, glorious day! expected long!  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
With grateful praise one God adore.

866.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

WE HANGED OUR HARPS UPON THE WILLOWS. — Ps. 137 : 2.

1. WHY, on the bending willows hung,  
Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string?  
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,  
And Zion's song denies to sing?
2. Awake; thy sweetest raptures raise;  
Let harp and voice unite their strains:  
Thy promised King His sceptre sways;  
Jesus, thine own Messiah reigns!

THE CHURCH.

3. No taunting foes the song require ;  
No strangers mock thy captive chain ;  
But friends provoke the silent lyre,  
And brethren ask the holy strain.
4. By foreign streams no longer roam ;  
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :  
In every clime behold a home ;  
In every temple see thy God.

867.

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

WE WEPT WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION. — Ps. 137 : 1.

1. WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,  
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,  
And Zion was our mournful theme.
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,  
With silent strings, neglected hung  
On willow trees, that withered there.
3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,  
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?  
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,  
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?
4. O Salem, our once happy seat,  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling hand forget  
The speaking strings with art to move.
5. If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal silence seize my tongue,  
Or if I sing one cheerful air  
Till thy deliverance is my song.

*Yes you then we weep when we  
see the people land Zion!!  
first book Bay Psalm Book  
first book that printed in America*

868.

C. P. M.

EPIS. COLL.

THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE SHALL BE GLAD FOR THEM.  
Is. 35 : 1.

1. WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,  
Led by Thy providential hand,  
Our wandering fathers came,  
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,  
Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth,  
To keep them in Thy name.
2. Then, through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost,  
Thy temples there arose;  
Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,  
And blossomed as the rose.
3. And O, may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet  
Within our spreading land;  
There, brethren, from our common home,  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,  
Still guided by Thy hand.
4. Saviour, we own this debt of love;  
O, shed Thy Spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast,  
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,  
And temples rise, to fix Thy name  
Through all our desert west.

869.

8s &amp; 7s.

Bp C. A. Cox

HE SHALL HAVE DOMINION ALSO FROM SEA TO SEA. — Ps. 72 : 8.

1. WHERE the wilderness is lying, —  
And the trees of ages nod,  
Westward in the desert crying,  
Make a highway for our God, —

Psalmody L. W. Babcock

THE CHURCH.

2. Westward till the church be kneeling  
     In the forest aisles so dim,  
 And the wild wood's arches pealing  
     With the people's holy hymn.
3. Westward still, O Lord, in glory  
     Be Thy bannered cross unfurled,  
 Till from vale and mountain hoary  
     Rolls the anthem round the world.
4. Reign, O, reign o'er every nation;  
     Reign, Redeemer, Father, King;  
 And with songs of Thy salvation  
     Let the wide creation ring.

870.

7s & 6s.

*Mrs J. W. Anderson*  
*wife of Prof. G. M. Anderson*  
*Leewardsburg, Penna.*

THE WASTES SHALL BE BUILDED. — Ezek. 36: 33.

1. OUR country's voice is pleading;  
     Ye men of God, arise;  
 His Providence is leading;  
     The land before you lies.  
 Day gleams are o'er it brightening,  
     And promise clothes the soil;  
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
     Invite the reaper's toil.

*See Belcher*  
*p 75 —*

2. Where prairie flowers are blooming,  
     Plant Sharon's fairer Rose,  
 The farthest wilds illuming  
     With light that ever glows.  
 To each lone forest ranger  
     The word of life unseal;  
 To every exile stranger  
     Its saving truths reveal.

SEAMEN.

3. The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed forth from east to west,  
Till all His cross beholding,  
In Him are fully blessed.  
Great Author of salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy sceptre shall obey.

871.

C. M.

LIVERMORE.

HE SHALL BE AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING. — 2 Sam. 23 : 4.

1. OUR pilgrim brethren dwelling far,  
O God of truth and love,  
Light Thou their path with Thine own Star,  
Bright beaming from above.
2. Wide as their mighty rivers flow,  
Let Thine own truth extend ;  
Where prairies spread, and forests grow,  
O Lord, Thy gospel send.
3. Then will a mighty nation own  
A union firm and strong ;  
The sceptre of the eternal throne  
Shall rule its councils long.

*Chr. Wynn*

THE CHURCH. — SEAMEN.

872.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM. — Ps. 107 : 29.

1. WOULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.

THE CHURCH.

2. They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favor of the wind;  
Till God commands, and tempests rise,  
That heave the ocean to the skies.
  
3. When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;  
His mercy hears their loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
  
4. He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage;  
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wished to be.
  
5. O, may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;  
Let them their private offerings bring,  
And in the church His glory sing.

— 873.

8s & 7s.

*Christian Syre.*

HE WAS IN THE HINDER PART OF THE SHIP, ASLEEP ON A PILLOW.  
Mark 4:38.

- Geo W. Henry*  
— 1862  
*Stef*  
1831.
1. TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
  
  1831. Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

- John*  
*he*
2. And though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
Darkly though the storm cloud's scowling  
O'er the sailor's anxious head,

*Stef*  
*Christian Syre.*

SEAMEN.

Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
 All its noise and tumult still,  
 Hush the tempest's wild commotion,  
 At the bidding of Thy will.

3. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
 While to Thee I lift mine eye,  
 Thou wilt save me ere I perish ;  
 Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry ;  
 And though mast and sail be riven,  
 Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;  
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,  
 Storm and tempest vex no more.

874.

C. M.

WATTS.

HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP. — Ps. 107 : 24.

1. THY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
 Thy wonders in the deeps,  
 The sons of courage shall record,  
 Who trade in floating ships.
2. At Thy command the winds arise,  
 And swell the towering waves ;  
 The men, astonished, mount the skies,  
 And sink in gaping graves.
3. Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
 And see the storm allayed ;  
 Now to their eyes the port appears ;  
 There let their vows be paid.
4. O that the sons of men would praise  
 The goodness of the Lord,  
 And those who see Thy wondrous ways  
 Thy wondrous love record.

*See his life by  
 from 21st.  
 the mind.*

*W*

1719

THE CHURCH.

875.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, SAVE ME. — Matt. 14 : 30.

1. LORD, whom winds and seas obey,  
Guide us through the watery way ;  
In the hollow of Thy hand  
Hide, and bring us safe to land.
2. Keep the souls whom now we leave ;  
Bid them to each other cleave ;  
Bid them walk on life's rough sea ;  
Bid them come by faith to Thee.
3. Save, till all these tempests end,  
All who on Thy love depend ;  
Waft our happy spirits o'er ;  
Land us on the heavenly shore.

876.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

SO HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN. — Ps. 107 : 30.

1. THEY that toil upon the deep,  
And in vessels light and frail  
O'er the mighty waters sweep,  
With the billow and the gale,  
Mark what wonders God performs,  
When He speaks, and, unconfined,  
Rush to battle all His storms,  
In the chariots of the wind.
2. Up to heaven their bark is whirled,  
On the mountain of the wave ;  
Down as suddenly 'tis hurled  
To the abysses of the grave ;  
To and fro they reel, they roll,  
As intoxicate with wine ;  
Terrors paralyze their soul,  
Helm they quit and hope resign.

SEAMEN.

3. Then unto the Lord they cry :  
 He inclines a gracious ear ;  
 Sends deliverance from on high,  
 Rescues them from all their fear :  
 O that men would praise the Lord,  
 For His goodness to their race,  
 For the wonders of His word,  
 And the riches of His grace !

—877.

12s.

HEBER.

LORD, SAVE US : WE PERISH. — Matt. 8 : 25.

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

—878.

8s. 7 & 4.

*Mrs Jane Bell Cross Simpson. W. A. 18*

THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST WENT BEFORE. — Matt. 2 : 9.

1. STAR of Peace, to wanderers weary,  
 Bright the beams that smile on me ;  
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
 Far, far at sea.

*From Beecher's - find in the  
 New York Baptist Co. 1835.*

THE CHURCH.

2. Star of Hope! Gleam on the billow,  
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;  
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
Far, far at sea.
3. Star of Faith! When winds are mocking  
All his toil, he flies to Thee;  
Save him, on the billows rocking,  
Far, far at sea.
4. Star divine! O safely guide him,  
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;  
Sore temptations long have tried him,  
Far, far at sea.

879.

C. M. MADAN'S COLL.

THEY THAT WERE IN THE SHIP CAME AND WORSHIPPED HIM.—Matt. 14: 33.

1. OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,  
By cruel tempests tossed,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Expecting to be lost, —
2. We to the Lord, in humble prayer,  
Breathed out our sad distress;  
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,  
We begged return of peace.
3. Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;  
The surges ceased to roll;  
And soon again a placid sea  
Spoke comfort to the soul.
4. O, may our grateful, trembling hearts  
Their hallelujahs sing  
To Him who hath our lives preserved, —  
Our Saviour and our King.

SEAMEN.

—880.

C. M.

THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA.—Jer. 49: 23.

1. NOT in the churchyard shall he sleep,  
Amid the silent gloom ;  
His home was on the mighty deep,  
And there shall be his tomb.
2. He loved his own bright, deep blue sea ;  
O'er it he loved to roam ;  
And now his winding sheet shall be  
That same bright ocean's foam.
3. No village bell shall toll for him  
Its mournful, solemn dirge ;  
The winds shall chant a requiem  
To him beneath the surge.
4. For him break not the grassy turf,  
Nor turn the dewy sod ;  
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,  
His spirit with its God.

—881.

L. M.

THE ABUNDANCE OF THE SEA SHALL BE CONVERTED UNTO THEE.—Is. 60: 5.

1. GRANT the abundance of the sea  
May be converted, Lord, to Thee,  
And every sailor on the shore  
Return to God, to roam no more.
2. The nations, then, with joy shall hail  
The Bethel flag in every sail ;  
And every ship that ploughs the sea  
A gospel messenger shall be.

THE CHURCH.

3. Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day  
When seamen shall Thy word obey,  
And safe from port to port be driven  
To point a ruined world to heaven.

---

THE CHURCH. — PARENTS AND  
CHILDREN.

— 882. S. M. *Benj*'s. BEDDOME.

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. — PROV. 3 : 6.

1. IN all my ways, O God,  
I would acknowledge Thee,  
And seek to keep my heart and house  
From all pollution free.
2. Where'er I have a tent,  
An altar will I raise ;  
And thither my oblations bring,  
Of humble prayer and praise.
3. Could I my wish obtain,  
My household, Lord, should be  
Devoted to Thyself alone,  
A dwelling place for Thee.

— 883. 7s. *M.B.* ; COLLYER.

AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH. — GEN. 2 : 24.

1. FATHER of the human race,  
Sanction with Thy heavenly grace  
What on earth hath now been done,  
That these twain be truly one.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

2. One in sickness and in health,  
One in poverty and wealth,  
And, as year rolls after year,  
Each to other still more dear.
3. One in purpose, one in heart,  
Till the mortal stroke shall part ;  
One in cheerful piety,  
One forever, Lord, with Thee.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as His love ;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

884.

S. M.

WATTS.

THERE THE LORD COMMANDED THE BLESSING.—Ps. 133 : 3.

1. BLESSED are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
2. Blessed is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
3. Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blessed above,  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

THE CHURCH.

885.

L. M.



BACON.

TO ABRAHAM AND HIS SEED WERE THE PROMISES MADE. — Gal. 3 : 16.

1. O GOD of Abraham, ever sure  
The mercies of Thy covenant stand ;  
And still Thy saints, in Thee secure,  
May leave their offspring in Thy hand.
2. Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, tend  
Our children, as Thy lambs, in love ;  
From peril all their paths defend,  
And bring <sup>us</sup> ~~old~~ above.
3. Should they their covenant God forsake,  
Then Thou, our God, forsake them not ;  
Thy mercy let them still partake,  
Nor be Thy promises forgot.
4. Let not Thy wrath against them burn ;  
Behold the seal that marks them Thine ;  
Thy power the wayward heart can turn ;  
O, turn their hearts by power divine.

*Leonard G. Ab. Dittrich 1802 ord. ab  
New Haven 1825.*

886.

S. M.

THE PROMISE IS UNTO YOU AND TO YOUR CHILDREN. — Acts 2 : 39.

1. OUR children Thou dost claim,  
O Lord, our God, as Thine :  
Ten thousand blessings to Thy name  
For goodness so divine.
2. Thee let the fathers own,  
Thee let the sons adore ;  
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,  
To be forgot no more.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

3. How great Thy mercies, Lord !  
How plenteous is Thy grace !  
Which, in the promise of Thy love,  
Includes our rising race.
4. Our offspring, still Thy care,  
Shall own their fathers' God !  
To latest times Thy blessings share,  
And sound Thy praise abroad.

887.

7s.

RIPPON'S COLL.

THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY UNTO THY CHILDREN.— Deut. 6 : 7.

1. LORD, assist us by Thy grace  
To instruct our infant race ;  
Grant us wisdom from above,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love.
2. May we teach them day by day,  
In the house and by the way,  
When they rise and when they rest,  
Till Thy truth shall make them blessed.
3. Gracious Saviour, hear our prayer :  
We commit them to Thy care ;  
Be their Shepherd and their Guide ;  
Bring them to Thy bleeding side.

888. †

C. M.

WATTS.

SHOWING TO THE GENERATION TO COME THE PRAISES OF THE LORD.  
Ps. 78 : 4.

1. LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old ;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

*PS*  
† This was sung<sup>17</sup> by the Congregation  
in Fremont Temple  
May 29/1855 at the an. of the

1719

THE CHURCH.

2. He bids us make His glories known,  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey His wonders down  
Through every rising race.
3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
4. Thus shall they learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget His works,  
But practise His commands.

889.

7s.

*Taken from*  
CAMPBELL'S COLL.

HE SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN.— Ps. 72 : 4.

1. GOD of mercy, hear our prayer  
For the children Thou hast given ;  
Let them all Thy blessings share —  
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven.
2. In the morning of their days  
May their hearts be drawn to Thee ;  
Let them learn to lisp Thy praise  
In their earliest infancy.
3. Cleanse their souls from every stain,  
Through the Saviour's precious blood ;  
Let them all be born again,  
And be reconciled to God.
4. For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;  
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear ;  
While on Thee our souls rely,  
Hear our prayer — in mercy, hear.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

890.

C. M.

COWPER.

THAT OUR SONS MAY BE AS PLANTS GROWN UP IN THEIR YOUTH.  
Ps. 144: 12.

1. BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace ;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.
2. Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root,  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign Love ;  
Your youth is stained with numerous crimes,  
But Mercy reigns above.
4. For you the public prayer is made ;  
O, join the public prayer ;  
For you the secret tear is shed ;  
O, shed yourselves a tear.

891.

8s & 7s.

HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM. — Is. 40 : 11.

1. SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's tenderest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share, —
2. Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm :  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.

THE CHURCH.

3. Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

892.

C. M.

HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS. — Mark 10 : 16.

1. JESUS, assembled in Thy name,  
We bow the suppliant knee ;  
And, as the ancient mothers came,  
We bring our charge to Thee.
2. O Thou good Shepherd of the sheep,  
Who didst Thy life lay down,  
These objects of Thy goodness keep,  
And guard them as Thine own.
3. Fold them within Thy kind embrace,  
And feed them with Thy love,  
Till they are called to see Thy face  
In brighter worlds above.

893.

S. M.

KNOW THOU THE GOD OF THY FATHER. — 1 Chron. 28 : 9.

1. MY son, know thou the Lord ;  
Thy father's God obey ;  
Seek His protecting care by night,  
His guiding hand by day.
2. Call while He may be found,  
And seek Him while He's near ;  
Serve Him with all thy heart and mind,  
And worship Him in fear.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

3. If thou wilt seek His face,  
His ear will hear thy cry ;  
Then shalt thou find His mercy sure,  
His grace forever nigh.

— 894.

L. M.

NOEL.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER. — Ex. 20 : 12.

- Cleveland*  
*Hymn*
1. To honor those who gave us birth,  
To cheer their age, to feel their worth,  
Is God's command to human kind,  
And owned by every grateful mind.
  2. Think of her toil, her anxious care,  
Who formed thy lisping lips to prayer ;  
To win for God the yielding soul,  
And all its ardent thoughts control.
  3. Nor keep from memory's glad review  
The fears which all the father knew,  
The joy that marked his thankful gaze  
As virtue crowned maturer days.
  4. God of our life, each parent guard,  
And death's sad hour, O, long retard ;  
Be theirs each joy that gilds the past,  
And heaven our mutual home at last.

— 895.

C. M.

CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS. — Eph. 6 : 1.

- Matt.*  
*to obey*
1. LET children that would fear the Lord  
Hear what their teachers say,  
With reverence meet their parents' word,  
And with delight obey.

THE CHURCH.

2. Judgments that fill the soul with awe  
Are written by the Lord  
For him that breaks his father's law  
Or mocks his mother's word.

896.

C. M. *Jno.* FAWCETT.

*b. Jan 7. b. O.S. 1739.*

MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART. — Prov. 23: 26.

*July 25. 1817.*

- "Billage  
in no!"*
1. RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.

*v. Gadsby.*

- M  
same*
2. Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amid our youthful bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
And for the awful tomb.

3. O, may my heart, by grace subdued,  
Be my Redeemer's throne;  
And be my stubborn will subdued  
His government to own.

897.

L. M.

WATTS.

*BK 1: 89 H. 1753-*

FOR ALL THESE THINGS GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT. — Eccl. 11: 9.

- 3*
1. YE sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire.

- :89*
2. Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,  
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know  
There is a day of judgment, too.

3. God from on high beholds your thoughts ;  
His book records your secret faults ;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
4. Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities,  
And let the thunder of Thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

898.

S. M. *Pro.* FAWCETT.

WHEREWITH SHALL A YOUNG MAN CLEANSE HIS WAY ? — Ps. 119 : 9.

1. WITH humble heart and tongue,  
My God, to Thee I pray ;  
O, make me learn, while I am young,  
How I may cleanse my way.
2. Make an unguarded youth  
The object of Thy care ;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from every snare.
3. My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine ;  
Unite it to Thyself alone,  
And make me wholly Thine.
4. O, let Thy word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ ;  
Be this, through all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.
5. May Thy young servant learn  
By this to cleanse his way ;  
And may I here the path discern  
That leads to endless day.

*Rippon's*

THE CHURCH.

899.

C. M.

WATTS.

THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.—PROV. 8: 17.

1. HAPPY'S the child whose tender years  
Receive instructions well,  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
2. When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;  
A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
3. 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are hardened in their crimes.
4. To Thee, almighty God, to Thee  
Our childhood we resign;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were Thine.

900.

C. M.

WATTS.

OLD MEN AND CHILDREN, LET THEM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.  
Ps. 148: 12.

1. How glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky!  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty?
2. How great His power is none can tell,  
Nor think how large His grace;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before His face.

3. Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search His secret will;  
But they perform His heavenly word,  
And sing His praises still.
4. Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring;  
The eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

901. S. M.

I THY SERVANT FEAR THE LORD FROM MY YOUTH. — 1 Kings 18 : 12.

1. SWEET is the time of spring,  
When nature's charms appear;  
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,  
And hail the opening year;  
But sweeter far the spring  
Of wisdom and of grace,  
When children bless and praise their King,  
Who loves the youthful race.
2. Sweet is the dawn of day,  
When light just streaks the sky,  
When shades and darkness pass away,  
And morning's beams are nigh;  
But sweeter far the dawn  
Of piety in youth,  
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,  
Before the light of truth.
3. Sweet is the early dew  
Which gilds the mountain tops,  
And decks each plant and flower we view  
With pearly, glittering drops:  
But sweeter far the scene  
On Zion's holy hill,  
When there the dew of youth is seen  
Its freshness to distil.

*Ch. Hymns - same in Book*

THE CHURCH.

902.

S. M.

WATTS.

FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.—2 Tim. 3:15.

1. THE praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught and learned so young  
To read His holy word.
2. Dear Lord, this book of Thine  
Informs me where to go  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.
3. O, may Thy Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,  
And all Thy saints believe.
4. Then shall I praise the Lord  
In a more cheerful strain,  
That I was taught to read His word,  
And have not learned in vain.

903.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

MY SON, FORGET NOT MY LAW.—Prov. 3:1.

1. O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardor glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose,
2. Deep in Thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And image deep engraved.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

3. True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
In age will give thee rest ;  
O, then improve the morn of life  
To make its evening blessed.

904.

*a* E. M.

GIBBONS.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.—Eccl. 12 : 1.

1. IN the soft season of Thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrives, and trembling waits  
Its summons to the tomb, —
2. Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For Him thy powers employ ;  
Make Him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,  
Thy Confidence and Joy.
3. He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shores  
Of blest eternity.
4. Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The ways of heavenly truth ;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

905.

L. M.

S. STENNETT.

A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK.—Matt. 12 : 20.

1. How soft the words my Saviour speaks !  
How kind the promises He makes !  
A bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor will He quench the smoking flax.

+  
+ *Rev. G. Olden Rippon*  
*put in 5's Hymns*

THE CHURCH.

2. When piety in early minds,  
Like tender buds, begins to shoot,  
He guards the plants from threatening winds,  
And ripens blossoms into fruit.
3. With humble souls He bears a part  
In all the sorrows they endure ;  
Tender and gracious is His heart ;  
His promise is forever sure.

906.

6s & 4s.

*H. Martyn Dexter*

HE CALLETH HIS OWN SHEEP BY NAME, AND LEADETH THEM.—John 10 : 3.

*1821*

1. SHEPHERD of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth  
Through devious ways,  
Christ, our triumphant King,  
We come Thy name to sing,  
And here our children bring,  
To shout Thy praise.
2. Ever be Thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our Pride,  
Our Staff and Song.  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy perennial word,  
Lead us where Thou hast trod ;  
Make our faith strong.
3. So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing.  
Infants, and the glad throng  
Who to the church belong,  
Unite, and swell the song  
To Christ, our King.

*from Clement of Alexandria*  
[ - 220 ]

—907.

C. M.

HEBER.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD. — Mark 10 : 14.

- Vite*
1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
  2. Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
  3. By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
  4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.
  5. O Thou whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine, —
  6. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

*ver-*  
*95*

THE CHURCH. — THE SABBATH  
SCHOOL.

908.

8s, 7s, & 4.

GOD HATH POWER TO HELP. — 2 Chron. 25 : 8.

1. AT Thy footstool, humbly blending  
Faith and hope with fervent prayer,  
On Thy promised help depending,  
May our toils Thy blessing share ;  
Great Jehovah,  
Hear us ; make us still Thy care.
2. Here reveal Thy power and glory ;  
Grant each teacher great success ;  
May those whom we teach adore Thee,  
And their Saviour now confess ;  
Holy Spirit,  
Bless us with Thy quickening grace.
3. For Thy love accept this token ;  
We the young with truth would feed ;  
'Twas for such Thy heart was broken ;  
Thou dost for them intercede ;  
Mighty Saviour,  
Help us ; 'tis Thy cause we plead.

909.

7s.

BRYANT.

THAT THE GOD OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE FATHER OF GLORY, MAY  
GIVE UNTO YOU THE SPIRIT OF WISDOM. — Eph. 1 : 17.

*From Methodist Coll.*

1. MIGHTY One, before whose face  
Wisdom had her glorious seat,  
When the orbs that people space  
Sprang to birth beneath Thy feet ; —

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

2. Source of truth, whose rays alone  
Light the mighty world of mind ;  
God of love, who from Thy throne  
Kindly watchest all mankind ; —
3. Shed on those who in Thy name  
Teach the way of truth and right,  
Shed that love's undying flame,  
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

910.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

GROUNDED IN LOVE. — Eph. 3 : 17.

1. LOVE is the theme of saints above ;  
Love be the theme of saints below ;  
Love is of God, for God is love ;  
With love let every bosom glow ; —
2. Love to each other — soul, and mind,  
And heart and hand in full accord,  
In one sweet covenant combined  
To live and die unto the Lord.
3. Christ's little flock we then shall feed ;  
The lambs we in our arms shall bear ;  
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,  
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

911.

C. M.

STRAPHAN.

FEED MY LAMBS. — John 21 : 15.

1. DELIGHTFUL work, young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.

THE CHURCH.

2. Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve  
When infants learn to lisp His name,  
And their Creator love.
3. Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And lead the mind that went astray  
To virtue and to truth.
4. Almighty God, Thy influence shed  
To aid this good design ;  
The honors of Thy name be spread,  
And all the glory Thine.

912.

L. M.

JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM. — Matt. 18 : 2.

- " S.S.  
" "
1. O LORD, behold, before Thy throne  
A band of children lowly bend ;  
Thy face we seek, Thy name we own,  
And pray that Thou wilt be our Friend.
  2. Thou didst on earth the young receive,  
And gently fold them to Thy breast,  
And say that such in heaven should live,  
Forever safe, forever blessed.
  3. Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
That He may teach us how to pray ;  
Make us sincere, and let each heart  
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.
  4. O, let Thy grace our souls renew,  
And seal a sense of pardon there ;  
Teach us Thy will to know and do,  
And let us all Thine image bear.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

913.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE PREPARATION OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.— Eph. 6 : 15.

1. WITHIN these walls be peace ;  
Love through our borders found ;  
In all our little palaces  
Prosperity abound.
2. God scorns not humble things ;  
Here, though the proud despise,  
The children of the King of kings  
Are training for the skies.
3. May none, who thus are taught,  
From glory be cast down,  
But all, through faith and patience, brought  
To an immortal crown.

*W. H.*  
*in*  
*Chr. P. Sch.*  
*by 'M'*  
*Method*

914.

L. M.

OUR HELP IS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.— Ps. 124 : 8.

1. ASSEMBLED in our school once more,  
O Lord, Thy blessing we implore ;  
We meet to read, and sing, and pray ;  
Be with us, then, through this Thy day.
2. Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends  
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;  
And when we in Thy house appear,  
Help us to worship in Thy fear.
3. When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar,  
And praise Thee in more lofty strains,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

*Method*  
*Coll.*

THE CHURCH.

915.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE.—Luke 2: 46.

1. YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you,  
And lays His radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
3. "The soul that longs to see My face  
Is sure My love to gain ;  
And those that early seek My grace  
Shall never seek in vain."
4. What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with Thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see ?
5. Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

916.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THY CHILDREN SHALL BE TAUGHT OF THE LORD.—Is. 54: 13.

1. THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God ;  
Thy little flock behold,  
And guide us by Thy staff and rod —  
The children of Thy fold.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

2. We praise Thy name that we were brought  
To this delightful place,  
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,  
The children of Thy grace.
3. O, may our friends, Thy servants here,  
Meet all our souls above,  
And they and we in heaven appear  
The children of Thy love.

—917.

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE.—PROV. 1:7.

1. LORD, lead my heart to learn,  
Prepare my ears to hear,  
And let me useful knowledge seek  
In Thy most holy fear.
2. If unforgiven sin  
Within my bosom lies,  
Or evil motives linger there  
To offend Thy perfect eyes,—
3. Remove them far away,  
Inspire me with Thy love,  
That I may please Thee here below,  
And dwell with Thee above.

—918.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

SING FORTH THE HONOR OF HIS NAME.—PS. 66:2.

1. GLORY to the Father give —  
God, in whom we move and live;  
Children's prayers He deigns to hear.  
Children's songs delight His ear.

THE CHURCH.

2. Glory to the Son we bring —  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost;  
Be this day a pentecost;  
Children's minds may He inspire,  
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
4. Glory in the highest be  
To the blesséd Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

919.

L. M.

J. WATTS.

*From with Psalms. 2d. 1719.*

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS HAST THOU ORDAINED  
STRENGTH. — Ps. 8: 2.

1. ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
Through the wide earth Thy name is spread;  
And Thine eternal glories rise  
O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.
2. To Thee the voices of the young  
A monument of honor raise;  
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,  
Declare the wonders of Thy praise.
3. Thy power assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.
4. Children amid Thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face;  
The Son of David is their song,  
And young hosannas fill the place.

920.

C. M.

JANE TAYLOR.

IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS DO ALWAYS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER.  
Matt. 18 : 10.

1. THERE is a glorious world of light  
Above the starry sky,  
Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord most high.
2. And hark ! amid the sacred songs  
Those heavenly voices raise,  
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues  
Unite in perfect praise.
3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,  
If Jesus we obey ;  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.
4. Soon will our earthly race be run,  
Our mortal frame decay ;  
Parents and children, one by one,  
Must die and pass away.
5. Great God, impress the serious thought  
This day on every breast,  
That both the teachers and the taught  
May enter to Thy rest.

921.

8s, 7s, & 4.

COME, YE CHILDREN, HEARKEN UNTO ME.—Ps. 34:11.

1. CHILDREN, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;  
'Tis the Lord of life and glory ;  
Shall He plead with you in vain ?  
O, receive Him,  
And salvation now obtain.

H. writes me 1857 make this is his. 372.

ver.

J. Hastings

Hastings H. Book - Penn

THE CHURCH.

2. Yield no more to sin and folly,  
So displeasing in His sight;  
Jesus loves the pure and holy;  
They alone are His delight;  
Seek His favor,  
And your hearts to Him unite.
3. All your sins to Him confessing  
Who is ready to forgive,  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;  
On His precious name believe;  
He is waiting;  
Will you not His grace receive?

922.

H. M. PRATT'S COLL.

IN THE TEMPLE, PRAISING AND BLESSING GOD.— Luke 24: 53.

1. COME, let our voices join  
In one glad song of praise;  
To God, the God of love,  
Our thankful hearts we'll raise;  
To God alone | Our earliest and  
All praise belongs, | Our latest songs.
2. Within these hallowed walls  
Our wandering feet are brought,  
Where prayer and praise ascend,  
And heavenly truths are taught;  
To God alone | Let young and old  
Your offerings bring; | His praises sing.
3. Lord, let this work of love  
Be crowned with full success;  
Let thousands yet unborn  
Thy sacred name here bless;  
To Thee, O Lord, | Shall rise throughout  
All praise to Thee, | Eternity.

923.

7s.

HASTINGS.

HEAR, YE CHILDREN, THE INSTRUCTION OF A FATHER. — Prov. 4: 1.

1. CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,  
And obey His gracious word;  
Seek His face with heart and mind;  
Early seek, and you shall find.
2. Sorrowful, your sins confess;  
Plead His perfect righteousness;  
See the Saviour's bleeding side;  
Come, you will not be denied.
3. For His worship now prepare;  
Kneel to Him in fervent prayer;  
Serve Him with a perfect heart;  
Never from His ways depart.

924.

7s & 6s.

HE SHALL SEND THEM A SAVIOUR. — Is. 19: 20.

1. To Thee, O blesséd Saviour,  
Our grateful songs we raise;  
O, tune our hearts and voices  
Thy holy name to praise;  
'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy  
We're now allowed to meet,  
And join with friends and teachers,  
Thy blessing to entreat.
2. O, may Thy precious gospel  
Be published all abroad,  
Till the benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord;  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine,  
And nations now in darkness  
Arise to light divine.

THE CHURCH.

925.

6s & 4s.

KNIT TOGETHER IN LOVE.—Col. 2: 2.

- S. Dyre*
1. GLAD hearts to Thee we bring,  
With joy Thy name we sing,  
Father above ;  
Creation praises Thee ;  
Thy bounty's full and free ;  
In all around we see  
Tokens of love.
  2. Giver of all our powers,  
Now, in life's morning hours,  
May they be Thine ;  
Thine may they ever be,  
Pure, and from error free,  
An offering worthy Thee,  
Parent divine.
  3. Unite our souls in love ;  
Smile on us from above ;  
Till life be o'er ;  
Then gather us to Thee,  
Thy kingdom, Lord, to see,  
In Thine own fold to be  
Forevermore.

926.

7s & 6s.

THE CHILDREN CRYING IN THE TEMPLE, AND SAYING, HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID.—Matt. 21: 15.

- Byrnes*
1. WHEN, His salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to His name ;

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along,  
He let them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

2. And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around His banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son."

3. For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Might well hosannas raise;  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

—927.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

GRACE TO HELP IN TIME OF NEED.—Heb. 4: 16.

1. FROM year to year in love we meet,  
From year to year in peace we part,  
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet  
The bosom joy of every heart.

2. But time rolls on, and year by year  
We change, grow up, or pass away;  
Not twice the same assembly here  
Have hailed the children's festal day.

41

641

*Christian Psalmist*  
*to be used*

THE CHURCH.

3. This sole occasion then is ours ;  
    This day we ne'er again shall see ;  
    Lord God, awaken all our powers,  
    To spend it for eternity.
4. Our times, our lives, are in Thy hand ;  
    On Thee for all things we rely ;  
    Assured, while in Thy grace we stand,  
    To live is Christ, and gain to die.
5. Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;  
    Send children, teachers, in our place,  
    More humble, docile, faithful, true,  
    More like Thy Son, from race to race.

928.

8s & 7s.

FOR THIS THING THE LORD THY GOD SHALL BLESS THEE.—Deut. 15 : 10.

1. HEAVENLY Father, grant Thy blessing  
    On the teaching of this day ;  
    That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,  
    May from sin be turned away.
2. Have we wandered ? O, forgive us ;  
    Have we wished from truth to rove ?  
    Turn, O, turn us, and receive us,  
    And incline us truth to love.

DOXOLOGY.

Sing we glory to the Father,  
    With the voice of melody ;  
Glory unto Christ, our Saviour,  
    Glory to the Spirit be.

THE CHURCH.—CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

929.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THESE THREE ; BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.—1 Cor. 13 : 13.

1. FAITH, hope, and charity, these three, —  
Yet is the greatest charity, —  
Father of lights, these gifts impart  
To mine and every human heart.
2. Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;  
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;  
And charity, whose name above  
Is God's own name, for God is love.
3. The morning star is lost in light,  
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,  
The rainbow passes with the storm,  
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
4. But charity, serene, sublime,  
Beyond the range of death and time,  
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

930.

8s, 7s, & 4.

A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW.—Matt. 13 : 3.

1. LORD (of) glory, who didst honor  
David's humble sling and stone,  
Ancient Israel to deliver,  
Now as weak an effort own ;  
Bless the labor  
Which our feeble hands have done.

THE CHURCH.

2. 'Tis the gospel seed we're sowing  
On the good and fallow ground;  
Bearing, weeping, without knowing  
Which shall fail, and which abound;  
Holy Spirit,  
Let it verdant spring around.

3. And when the great harvest's ended,  
When the Master counts our sheaves,  
O, let those by us attended  
Be as numerous as the leaves  
Which we scatter,  
And a dying world receives.

931.

L. M.

S. F. SMITH.

YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN.—1 Cor. 6: 19.

1. O, NOT my own these verdant hills,  
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and wood;  
But His who all with glory fills,  
Who bought me with His precious blood.
2. O, not my own this wondrous frame,  
Its curious work, its living soul;  
But His who for my ransom came;  
Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.
3. O, not my own the grace that keeps  
My feet from fierce temptations free;  
O, not my own the thought that leaps,  
Adoring, blesséd Lord, to Thee.
4. O, not my own; I'll soar and sing,  
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,  
And Thou Thy trembling lamb shalt bring  
Safe home, to wander never more.

Edward Smedley, M. A. wrote a poem  
entitled "Precious, or The Decree  
of Divination" *rev. of it*  
num. vol. 1. 1817 p. 44.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

932.

C. M.

LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED. — *Prov. 23: 3*

1. THE branch is stooping to thy hand,  
And pleasant to behold;  
Yet gather not, although its fruit  
Be streaked with hues of gold; —
2. For bitter ashes lurk concealed  
Beneath that golden skin,  
And though the coat be smooth, there lies  
But rottenness within.
3. The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,  
And bid it overflow;  
Yet drugged with poison are its lees,  
And death is found below.

*Smedley*  
*Charles*  
*Hymns*  
*give*  
*Smedley*  
*from which*  
*I copy*

933.

L. M.

SAVE THY PEOPLE, AND BLESS THINE INHERITANCE. — *Ps. 28: 9.*

1. GOD of 'our fathers, 'tis Thy hand  
Hath turned the tide of death away  
That rolled in madness o'er the land,  
And filled Thy people with dismay.
2. Thy voice awaked us from our dream;  
Thy Spirit taught our hearts to feel;  
'Twas Thy own light whose radiant beam  
Came down our duty to reveal.
3. Almighty Parent, still in Thee  
Our spirits trust for strength divine;  
Gird us with Heaven's own energy,  
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

*Chapin*

THE CHURCH.

4. The work of man's destruction stay ;  
The tide of fire still backward press ;  
Drive each delusive mist away,  
And every humble effort bless.

— 934.

L. M.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.— Gal. 6 : 2.

1. THOU God of hope, to Thee we bow ;  
Thou art our Refuge in distress ;  
The Husband of the widow Thou ;  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2: The poor are Thy peculiar care ;  
To them Thy promises are sure ;  
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share ;  
O, may we always thus be poor.
3. May we Thy law of love fulfil,  
To bear each other's burdens here,  
Endure and do Thy righteous will,  
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

*arp*

*a*

— 935.

7s.

*+ L. Taylor*

WHEREWITH SHALL I COME BEFORE THE LORD?— Micah 6 : 6.

1. LORD, what offering shall we bring,  
At Thine altar what will we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
Whence the kind affections flow ;—
2. Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye expressed ;  
Sympathy, at whose control  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;—

*John's Coll. given*

*Taylor*

*John Taylor  
1795.*

*to say Sab. H. Book.*

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

3. Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind ;  
Charity, with liberal store.
  
4. Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind ;  
Thus the accepted offering bring —  
Love to Thee and all mankind.

936.

L. M.

*Mrs.* VOKE.

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE. — Matt. 10:8.

1. BEHOLD the heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow ;  
The exiled captive to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
  
2. Come, let us, with a grateful heart,  
In this blest labor share a part ;  
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring  
To aid the triumphs of our King.
  
3. Where'er His hand hath spread the skies,  
Sweet incense to His name shall rise ;  
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,  
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

*most of her hymns spoken  
in Rippon  
10<sup>th</sup> Ed. 1850  
This there,*

937.

8s & 7s.

FRANCIS.

THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR. — 1 Sam. 2:30.

1. PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations ;  
Praise Him, all ye hosts above ;  
Shout, with joyful acclamations.  
His divine, victorious love.

*from 5<sup>th</sup> Ed. Rippon -*

THE CHURCH.

2. With my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord ;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to His word.
3. While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim,  
Let His friends, of every station,  
Gladly join to spread His fame.

938.

L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

LIBERAL DISTRIBUTION. — 2 Cor. 9 : 13.

1. HELP us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
Delighting in Thy perfect will,  
Each other's burdens learn to bear,  
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.
2. Teach us, with glad and cheerful hearts,  
As Thou hast blessed our various store,  
From our abundance to impart  
A liberal portion to the poor.
3. To Thee our all devoted be,  
In whom we breathe, and move, and live ;  
Freely we have received from Thee ;  
Freely may we rejoice to give.

939.

C. M. CROSWELL.

FOR YE HAVE THE POOR ALWAYS WITH YOU. — Matt. 26 : 11.

1. LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like His, upon the poor.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

2. Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
3. For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill ;  
And that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
4. Small are the offerings we can make ;  
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

—940.

C. M.

BODEN.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF. — Matt. 19 : 19.

1. BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,  
To Thee our souls we raise ;  
And to Thy sovereign bounty rear  
A monument of praise.
2. Thy mercy gilds the path of life  
With every cheering ray,  
Kindly restrains the rising tear,  
Or wipes that tear away.
3. To tents of woe, to beds of pain,  
Our cheerful feet repair,  
And, with the gifts Thy hand bestows,  
Relieve the mourners there.
4. The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;  
The orphan shall be fed ;  
The hungering soul we'll gladly point  
To Christ, the living Bread.

THE CHURCH.

941.

S. M.

SCOTT.

COME NEAR, AND BRING SACRIFICES AND THANK OFFERINGS INTO THE HOUSE  
OF THE LORD. — 2 Chron. 29 : 31.

- (son) -
1. THY bounties, gracious God,  
With gratitude we own ;  
We praise Thy providential care,  
That showers its blessings down.
  2. With joy Thy people bring  
Their offerings round Thy throne ;  
With thankful souls, behold, we pay  
A tribute of Thine own.
  3. O, may this sacrifice  
To Thee, the Lord, ascend,  
An odor of a sweet perfume  
Presented by His hand.

942.

7s. L. M., SIGOURNEY.

THERE CAME A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW, AND SHE THREW IN TWO MITES, WHICH  
MAKE A FARTHING. — Mark 12 : 42.

- S.
1. LITTLE rain drops feed the rill ;  
Rills, to meet to streamlet, glide ;  
Streams the broader rivers fill ;  
Rivers swell the ocean tide —  
Ocean, that with swelling note,  
Proudly rears a foaming crest,  
While the mightiest navies float  
Lightly o'er its billowy breast.
  2. Thus the offerings gathered here,  
Gifts we bring with willing hand,  
Shall those streams of bounty cheer  
That refresh a thirsty land,  
With the sea of love shall blend,  
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,  
And the name of Jesus send  
E'en to earth's remotest shore.
- (son)

There's a judgment on my soul, etc. on the  
day of the arm army at Camb. 1775. -  
under the great Elm tree - His troops  
sing with them - *Fidelis Rex* -  
new market -  
we sing at ass<sup>n</sup> Jan 7 13 1861 -

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

THE NATION.—GOD OUR STRENGTH  
AND SALVATION.

His notes in this of *Sabbath H. Book*

943.

6s & 4s.

*ab H. B*  
*ays -*  
*S. Dwight*

HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND.—Deut. 28: 8.

1. GOD bless our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do Thou our country save,  
By Thy great might.
2. For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On Him we wait;  
Thou who hast heard each sigh,  
Watching each weeping eye,  
Be Thou forever nigh;  
God save the state.

*Psalm*  
*Nations*  
*etc*  
*I Beech*  
*among*

944.

L. M.

THE NATIONS OF THEM WHICH ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN THE LIGHT OF IT.  
Rev. 21: 24.

1. LORD, let Thy goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by Thine almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To Thee, our Saviour and our King.
2. Let every public temple raise  
Triumphant songs of holy praise;  
Let every peaceful, private home  
A temple, Lord, to Thee become.

*any at ap. - Jan - Court 1861*

THE NATION.

3. Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk as in Thy glorious sight;  
Still in Thy precepts and Thy fear,  
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

945.

C. M.

EPIS. COLL.

THEN SHALL THE LORD BE MY GOD.—Gen. 28 : 21.

1. GOD of our fathers, by whose hand  
Thy people still are blessed,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage,  
Conduct us to our rest.
2. Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
3. O, spread Thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
4. Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God  
And Portion evermore.

946.

L. P. M.

KIPPIS.

YE SHALL BE A DELIGHTSOME LAND.—Mal. 3 : 12.

1. WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
To God we raise united songs;  
His power and mercy we proclaim;  
This land through every age shall own  
Jehovah here has fixed His throne,  
And triumph in His mighty name.

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

2. Long as the moon her course shall run,  
Or man behold the circling sun,  
O, still may God amid us reign;  
Crown our just counsels with success,  
With peace and joy our borders bless,  
And all our sacred rights maintain.

947.

L. M.

WATTS.

GOD STANDETH IN THE CONGREGATION OF THE MIGHTY. — Ps. 82 : 1.

1. AMONG the assemblies of the great,  
A greater Ruler takes His seat :  
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys  
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws?  
Or why support the unrighteous cause?  
When will ye once defend the poor,  
That sinners vex the saints no more?
3. They know not, Lord, nor will they know;  
Dark are the ways in which they go;  
Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
For they shall fall and die like men.
4. Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son  
Possess His universal throne,  
And rule the nations with His rod :  
He is our Judge, and He our God.

948.

8s & 6s.

HEBER.

I WILL PRESERVE THEE. — Is. 49 : 8.

1. FROM foes that would the land devour;  
From guilty pride, and lust of power;  
From wild sedition's lawless hour;  
From yoke of slavery;

THE NATION.

From blinded zeal, by faction led;  
From giddy change, by fancy bred;  
From poisonous error's serpent head,  
Good Lord, preserve us free.

2. Defend, O God, with guardian hand,  
The laws and ruler of our land;  
And grant our church Thy grace to stand  
In faith and unity.  
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,  
That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,  
Mayst at Thy second coming have  
A flock to welcome Thee.

949.

L. M.

*Caroline* SEWARD.

TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE.—Is. 58:6.

- Men from  
chess  
111*
1. LORD, when Thine ancient people cried,  
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,  
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,  
And forth Thy fainting Israel bring.
  2. Lo, in these latter days, our land  
Groans with the anguish of the slave!  
Lord God of hosts, stretch forth Thy hand,  
Not shortened that it cannot save.
  3. Roll back the swelling tide of sin,  
The lust of gain, the lust of power;  
The day of freedom usher in;  
How long delays the appointed hour?
  4. As Thou of old to Miriam's hand  
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,  
And to the joyful song her hand  
Echoed from desert to the shore,—
- see here*
- 6/*

*not verified by  
Luntington says - Sewall*

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

5. O, let Thy smitten ones again  
Take up the chorus of the free —  
“Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,  
For He hath conquered gloriously!”

950.

C. M. *Joch* BARLOW.

THE KING SHALL JOY IN THY STRENGTH, O LORD.—Ps. 21 : 1.

1. IN Thee, great God, with songs of praise,  
Our favored realms rejoice,  
And, blessed with Thy salvation, raise  
To heaven their cheerful voice.
2. In deep distress, our injured land  
Implored Thy power to save ;  
For life we prayed ; Thy bounteous hand  
The timely blessing gave.
3. On Thee, in want, in woe, or pain,  
Our hearts alone rely ;  
Our rights Thy mercy will maintain,  
And all our wants supply.
4. Thus, Lord, Thy wondrous power declare,  
And still exalt Thy fame ;  
While we glad songs of praise prepare  
For Thine almighty name.

951.

L. P. M.

ROSCOE.

THOU HAST INCREASED THE NATION.—Is. 26 : 15.

1. GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye  
The world's extended kingdoms lie,  
We bow before Thy heavenly throne ;  
Thy favoring smile upholds them all ;  
Thine anger smites them, and they fall ;  
Thy power we see, Thy greatness own.

2. To Thee, with grateful hearts, we raise  
 The tribute of exulting praise,  
 Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend ;  
 Preserved by Thee for ages past,  
 For ages let Thy kindness last,  
 And e'er Thy sheltering care extend.

952.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

BLESSED IS THE NATION WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD.—Ps. 33: 12.

1. O HAPPY nation, where the Lord  
 Reveals the treasure of His word,  
 And builds His church, His earthly throne ;  
 His eye the heathen world surveys ;  
 He formed their hearts, He knows their ways ;  
 But God, their Maker, is unknown.
2. In sickness, or the bloody field,  
 Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,  
 Send us salvation from Thy throne :  
 We wait to see Thy goodness shine ;  
 Let us rejoice in help divine,  
 For all our hope is God alone.

953.

C. M.

*W. H.*

WREFORD.

I WILL GIVE PEACE IN THE LAND.—Lev. 26: 6.

1. LORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O, hear us for our native land,  
 The land we love the most.
2. O, guard our shores from every foe,  
 With peace our borders bless,  
 With prosperous times our cities crown,  
 Our fields with plenteousness.

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

3. Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee,  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.
4. Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend ;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

954.

L. M.

FLINT.

THE LORD WILL NOT FORSAKE HIS PEOPLE. — 1 Sam. 12 : 22.

1. WHAT thanks to Thee, O God, are due,  
That Thou didst plant our fathers here,  
And watch and guard them as they grew  
A vineyard to the Planter dear !
2. The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;  
They sowed in tears, in joy we reap ;  
The birthright they so dearly bought  
We'll guard till with them we shall sleep.
3. Thy kindness to our fathers shown,  
In weal and woe, through all the past,  
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,  
While here their name and race shall last.

955.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE LORD IS MY ROCK, AND MY FORTRESS, AND MY DELIVERER. — Ps. 18 : 2.

1. We love Thee, Lord, and we adore ;  
Now is Thine arm revealed ;  
Thou art our Strength, our heavenly Tower,  
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

1715

THE NATION.

2. We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure defence ;  
His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.
3. When God, our Leader, shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of His loud alarms?  
The lightning of His spear?
4. He rides upon the wingéd wind,  
And angels in array  
In millions wait to know His mind,  
And swift as flames obey.
5. Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed,  
For His own church's sake ;  
The powers that give His people rest  
Shall of His care partake.

956.

C. M. *Leonard* BACON.

*(no psalm)*  
I WILL BE THEIR GOD. — Gen. 17 : 8.

1. GOD of our fathers, to Thy throne  
Our grateful songs we raise ;  
Thou art our God, and Thou alone ;  
Accept our humble praise.
2. Unnumbered benefits from Thee  
Are showered upon our land ;  
Behold, through all our coasts we see  
The bounties of Thy hand.
3. Here Thou wert once the pilgrims' Guide ;  
Thou gav'st them here a place,  
Where freedom spreads its blessings wide  
O'er all their favored race.

GOD OUR STRENGTH AND SALVATION.

4. Here, Lord, Thy gospel's holy light  
Is shed on all our hills,  
And, like the rains and dews of night,  
Celestial grace distils.
5. Still teach us, Lord, Thy name to fear,  
And still our Guardian be ;  
O, let our children's children here  
Forever worship Thee.

957.

L. M. Leonard BACON.

I AM GOD, THE GOD OF THY FATHER. — Gen. 46 : 3.

1. O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
2. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.
3. And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

958.

L. M. Henry WARE.

IN BLESSING I WILL BLESS THEE. — Gen. 22 : 17.

1. LIKE Israel's host to exile driven,  
Across the flood the pilgrims fled ;  
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,  
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,  
Till on these savage shores they trod,  
And won the wilderness for God.

Henry's

THE NATION.

2. Then, when their weary ark found rest,  
Another Zion proudly grew ;  
In more than Judah's glory dressed,  
With light that Israel never knew,  
From sea to sea her empire spread,  
Her temple heaven, and Christ her Head.
3. Then let the grateful church to-day  
Its ancient rite with gladness keep,  
And still our fathers' God display  
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.  
O, bless, as Thou hast blessed the past,  
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

— 959.

L. M. *Tom P.* LUNT.

THEIR SACRIFICES SHALL BE ACCEPTED UPON MINE ALTAR.—Is. 56: 7.

1. WHEN, driven by oppression's rod,  
Our fathers fled beyond the sea,  
Their care was first to honor God,  
And next to leave their children free.
2. Above the forest's gloomy shade  
The altar and the school appeared ;  
On that the gifts of faith were laid,  
In this their precious hopes were reared.
3. The altar and the school still stand,  
The sacred pillars of our trust,  
And freedom's sons shall fill the land  
When we are sleeping in the dust.
4. Before Thine altar, Lord, we bend,  
With grateful song and fervent prayer,  
For Thou, who wast our fathers' Friend,  
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.

960.

7s.

*2 taken from*

*Chapin's Col*

ON EARTH PEACE. — Luke 2 : 14.

1. PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim ;  
Dwell with rapture on the theme ;  
Loud, still louder swell the strain,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.
2. Breezes, whispering soft and low,  
Gently murmur as ye blow ;  
Breathe the sweet, celestial strain,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.
3. Ocean's billows, far and wide  
Rolling in majestic pride,  
Loud, still louder swell the strain,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.
4. Christians, who these blessings feel,  
And in adoration kneel,  
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,  
Praise to God, good will to men.

961.

L. M.

AIKIN.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. — Matt. 5 : 44.

1. WHILE sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground,  
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,  
The Parent and the Lord of all.
2. Great God, whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind,  
O, bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the maddening world to peace.

*Baldwin*

*Baldwin*

*208*  
*209*  
*210*

THE NATION.

3. With reverence may each hostile land  
Hear and obey that high command,  
Thy Son's blest errand from above,  
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

— 962.

11s, 10 & 9.

THOU WILT ORDAIN PEACE FOR US. — Is. 26 : 12.

1. GOD, the all-terrible, Thou who ordainest  
Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword,  
Show forth Thy pity on high, where Thou reignest,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
2. God, the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard,  
Save us in mercy, O, save us from danger,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
3. So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,  
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

---

THE NATION. — FASTING AND THANKS-  
GIVING.

963.

8s & 7s.

EPIS. COLL.

DELIVER US, AND PURGE AWAY OUR SINS, FOR THY NAME'S SAKE.  
Ps. 79 : 9.

- +  
1. DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,  
From Thy temple in the skies,  
Hear Thy people's supplications ;  
Now for their deliverance rise.

662  
Gen Carus Wilson in His Psalms  
mus ascribes to "Comper".

FASTING AND THANKSGIVING.

2. Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
Thou hast mercy more abounding;  
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
3. Let that love veil our transgression;  
Let that blood our guilt efface;  
Save Thy people from oppression,  
Save from spoil Thy holy place.
4. Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;  
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

964.

L. M.

DAVIES.

SHALL THERE BE EVIL IN A CITY, AND THE LORD HATH NOT DONE IT?  
Amos 3 : 6.

1. WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of Thy sword,  
O, whither shall the helpless fly?  
To whom but Thee direct their cry?
2. On Thee, our guardian God, we call;  
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;  
And is there no deliverance there?  
And must we perish in despair?
3. See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;  
To our forsaken God we turn;  
O, spare our guilty country; spare  
The church which Thou hast planted here.
4. We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;  
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;  
We plead Thy gracious promises;  
And are they unavailing pleas?

*See my pencils (ye.  
No. 272 vol I*

5. These pleas, presented at Thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless woe ;  
Let them prevail to save us too.

965.

C. M.

STEELE.

I HUMBL'D MY SOUL WITH FASTING. — Ps. 35 : 13.

1. SEE, gracious God, before Thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend ;  
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
2. Tremendous judgments from Thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And yet we live to pray.
3. How changed, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !
4. O, bid us turn, almighty Lord,  
By Thy resistless grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,  
And humbly seek Thy face.

966.

S. M.

DRUMMOND.

IS IT SUCH A FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN ? — Is. 58 : 5.

1. " Is this a fast for Me ? " —  
Thus saith the Lord our God ; —  
" A day for man to vex his soul,  
And feel affliction's rod ?

FASTING AND THANKSGIVING.

2. "Shall day like this have power  
To stay the avenging hand,  
Efface transgression, or avert  
My judgments from the land?"
3. "No; is not this alone  
The sacred fast I choose —  
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,  
The bands of guilt unloose?"
4. "To nakedness and want  
Your food and raiment deal,  
To dwell your kindred race among,  
And all their sufferings heal?"
5. "Then, like the morning ray,  
Shall spring your health and light;  
Before you, righteousness shall shine;  
Behind, My glory bright."

967.

C. M.

WATTS.

COMMAND DELIVERANCES FOR JACOB. — Ps. 44 : 4.

1. LORD, we have heard Thy works of old,  
Thy works of power and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days; —
2. How Thou didst build Thy churches here,  
And make Thy gospel known;  
Among them did Thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.
3. In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.

THE NATION.

4. But now our souls are seized with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach Thy grace.
5. Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God ;  
We plead the honors of Thy name,  
The merits of Thy blood.

968.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

DO YE JUDGE UPRIGHTLY, O YE SONS OF MEN ?—Ps. 58 : 1.

1. JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause,  
When the injured poor before you stands ?  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your hands ?
2. Have ye forgot, or never knew,  
That God will judge the judges too ?  
High in the heavens His justice reigns ;  
Yet you invade the rights of God,  
And send your bold decrees abroad,  
To bind the conscience in your chains !
3. The Almighty thunders from the sky ;—  
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
As hills of snow dissolve and run,  
Or snails that perish in their slime,  
Or births that come before their time —  
Vain births that never see the sun.
4. Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
Safety and joy to saints afford ;  
And all that hear shall join and say,  
“ Sure there's a God that rules on high ;  
A God that hears His children cry,  
And will their sufferings well repay.”

FASTING AND THANKSGIVING.

969.

7s.

SAC. LYRICS.

I WILL PRAISE THE NAME OF GOD WITH A SONG, AND WILL MAGNIFY HIM  
WITH THANKSGIVING.—Ps. 69: 30.

1. SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;  
Praises to our God belong ;  
Saints and angels, join to sing  
Praises to the heavenly King.
2. Blessings from His liberal hand  
Flow around this happy land ;  
Kept by Him, no foes annoy ;  
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
3. Here, beneath a virtuous sway,  
May we cheerfully obey,  
Never feel oppression's rod,  
Ever own and worship God.
4. Hark ! the voice of nature sings  
Praises to the King of kings ;  
Let us join the choral song,  
And the grateful notes prolong.

970.

P. M.

WASHBURN.

I WILL OFFER TO THEE THE SACRIFICE OF THANKSGIVING.—Ps. 116: 17.

1. LET every heart rejoice and sing ;  
Let choral anthems rise ;  
Ye reverend men and children, bring  
To God your sacrifice ;  
For He is good ; the Lord is good,  
And kind are all His ways.  
With songs and honors sounding loud,  
The Lord Jehovah praise,  
While the rocks and the rills,  
While the vales and the hills,  
A glorious anthem raise ;  
Let each prolong the grateful song,  
And the God of our fathers praise.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set ;  
 In heaven His power is known ;  
 And earth, subdued to Him, shall yet  
 Bow low before His throne ;  
 For He is good ; the Lord is good,  
 And kind are all His ways ;  
 With songs and honors sounding loud,  
 The Lord Jehovah praise,  
 While the rocks and the rills,  
 While the vales and the hills,  
 A glorious anthem raise ;  
 Let each prolong the grateful song,  
 And the God of our fathers praise

*Not rectified.*



971. *From The Psalms.* 8s. & 7s. CROSSE.

LORD, THOU HAST BEEN FAVORABLE UNTO THY LAND. — Ps. 85 : 1.

1. LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
 Hear us from Thy bright abode,  
 While our hearts, with true devotion,  
 Own their great and gracious God.
2. Now with joy we come before Thee,  
 Seek Thy face, Thy mercies sing ;  
 Lord of life, of light, and glory,  
 Guard Thy church, Thou heavenly King.
3. Health and every needful blessing  
 Are Thy bounteous gifts alone ;  
 Comforts undeserved possessing,  
 Here we bend before Thy throne.
4. Thee, with humble adoration,  
 Lord, we praise for mercies past ;  
 Still to this most favored nation  
 May those mercies ever last.

THE YEAR. — OPENING, ADVANCING,  
AND CLOSING.

972.

*Entire Ver?* P. M. <sup>2</sup>

C. WESLEY.

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT. — Matt. 25 : 21.

1. COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.
2. His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
3. Our life is a dream ; our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away ;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
4. The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
5. O that each in the day of His coming may say,  
" I have fought my way through ;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."
6. O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,  
" Well and faithfully done !  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

973.

*a*  
*Ver?*

L. M. <sup>2</sup> P.

DODDRIDGE.

HAVING, THEREFORE, OBTAINED HELP OF GOD, I CONTINUE UNTO THIS DAY.  
Acts 26 : 22.

1. GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand :  
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.

THE YEAR.

2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

—974.

7s.

NEWTON.

THOU CARRIEST THEM AWAY AS WITH A FLOOD. — Ps. 90 : 5.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait ;  
But how little none can know.
2. As the wingéd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find, —  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless Thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

975.

7s.

NEWTON.

BLESS THINE INHERITANCE. — Ps. 28 : 9.

1. BLESS, O Lord, the opening year  
To each soul assembled here ;  
Clothe Thy word with power divine ;  
Make us willing to be Thine.
2. Where Thou hast Thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run ;  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears ;  
Wipe away the mourners' tears.
3. Bless us all, both old and young ;  
Call forth praise from every tongue :  
Let the whole assembly prove  
All Thy power and all Thy love.

976.

C. M.

STEELE.

IT WAS WINTER. — John 10 : 22.

1. STERN winter throws his icy chains,  
Encircling nature round :  
How bleak, how comfortless, the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crowned !

THE YEAR.

2. The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart,  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
3. My heart, where mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad,  
Confined in cold, inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad!
4. Great Source of light, Thy beams display;  
My drooping joys restore;  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter frowns no more.

977.

8s.

HAWEIS.

LO, THE WINTER IS PAST.—Cant. 2: 11.

1. <sup>(6.)</sup> THE winter is over and gone,  
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,  
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,  
The lark mounts and warbles away.
2. Shall every creature around  
Their voices in concert unite,  
And I, the most favored, be found  
In praising to take less delight?
3. Awake, then, my harp and my lute;  
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell;  
No longer my lips shall be mute,  
The Saviour's high praises to tell.
4. His love in my heart shed abroad,  
My graces shall bloom as the spring;  
This temple, His spirit's abode,  
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

978.

H. M. J.

DWIGHT.

THOU VISITEST THE EARTH AND WATEREST IT.—Ps. 65 : 9.

1. How pleasing is Thy voice,  
 O Lord, our heavenly King,  
 That bids the frosts retire,  
 And wakes the lovely spring!  
 The rains return, | And plains and hills  
 The ice distils, | Forget to mourn.

*Ver? by  
 Dwight  
 Coll, ver  
 good.*

2. The morn, with glory crowned,  
 Thy hand arrays in smiles;  
 Thou bid'st the eve decline,  
 Rejoicing, o'er the hills.  
 Soft suns ascend, | And beauty glows  
 The mild wind blows, | To earth's far end.

3. Thy showers make soft the fields:  
 On every side behold  
 The ripening harvests wave  
 Their loads of richest gold.  
 The laborers sing | And, blessed, rejoice  
 With cheerful voice, | In God, their King.

4. The thunder is His voice;  
 His arrows, blazing fires;  
 He glows in yonder sun,  
 And smiles in starry choirs.  
 The balmy breeze | His beauty blooms  
 His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

5. With life He clothes the spring;  
 The earth with summer warms;  
 He spreads the autumnal feast,  
 And rides in wintry storms.  
 His gifts divine | And round the year  
 Through all appear, | His glories shine.

979.

C. M.

STEELE.

THE LITTLE HILLS REJOICE ON EVERY SIDE.—Ps. 65: 12.

1. WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms on the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!
2. And hark! the feathered warblers sing;  
'Tis nature's cheerful voice:  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
3. How kind the influence of the skies!  
These showers, with blessings fraught,  
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance, rise,  
And fix the roving thought.
4. O, let my wondering heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.
5. Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song,  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful song.

980.

C. M.

WATTS.

WHO ART THE CONFIDENCE OF ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.—Ps. 65: 5.

1. GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,  
Who makes the earth His care,  
Visits the pastures every spring,  
And bids the grass appear.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

2. The softened ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And the poor laborers sing.
3. The various months Thy goodness crowns;  
How bounteous are Thy ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout Thy praise.

981.

8s.

TO CAUSE THE BUD OF THE TENDER HERB TO SPRING FORTH. — Job. 38 : 27.

*From Watts & Select. In Bilknepe's coll.*

1. How sweetly, along the gay mead,  
The daisies and cowslips are seen!  
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the beautiful green.
2. The vines that encircle the bowers;  
The herbage that springs from the sod;  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers, —  
All rise to the praise of my God.
3. Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call;  
Forbid it, devotion and love.
4. The Lord, who such wonders can raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise;  
My soul shall rejoice in my God.

982.

7s.

NEWTON.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE IS HEARD IN OUR LAND. — Cant. 2 : 12.

*Taken from Olney Hymns.*

1. PLEASING spring again is here;  
Trees and fields in bloom appear;  
Hark! the birds, with artless lays,  
Warble their Creator's praise.

THE YEAR.

2. Lord, afford a spring to me ;  
Let me feel like what I see :  
Ah, my winter has been long —  
Chilled my hopes, suppressed my song.
3. How the soul in winter mourns,  
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns !  
Till the Spirit's gentle rain  
Bids the heart revive again !
4. O belovéd Saviour, haste ;  
Tell me all the storms are past ;  
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice  
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

983.

S. M.

LET US NOW FEAR THE LORD OUR GOD, THAT GIVETH RAIN, BOTH THE  
FORMER AND THE LATTER, IN HIS SEASON. — Jer. 5 : 24.

*From Conn. Coll. which says "Gibbons".*

1. GREAT God, at Thy command  
Seasons in order rise :  
Thy power and love in concert reign  
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
2. How balmy is the air !  
How warm the sun's bright beams !  
While, to refresh the ground, the rains  
Descend in gentle streams.
3. With grateful praise we own  
Thy kind, providing hand,  
While grass, and herbs, and waving corn  
Adorn and bless the land.
4. But greater still the gift  
Of Thine incarnate Son ;  
By Him forgiveness, peace, and joy  
Through endless ages run.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

984. C. M. GIBBONS.  
*Stake from Conn Coll.*

AND SATISFY THY SOUL IN DROUGHT. — Is. 58 : 11.

1. THE sun, that minister of love,  
Who from the naked ground  
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,  
And spreads their beauties round, — *It is alt<sup>o</sup> fr  
Gibbons.*
2. At the dread order of his God,  
Now darts destructive fires ;  
Hills, plains, and vales are parched with drought,  
And blooming life expires.
3. Like burnished brass, the heaven around  
In angry terror burns,  
While earth becomes a joyless waste,  
And into iron turns.
4. Pity us, Lord, in our distress,  
Nor with our land contend ;  
Bid the avenging skies relent,  
And showers of mercy send.

985. 7s. EV. MAG.

THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS. — Ps. 65 : 11.

1. PRAISE on Thee, in Zion's gates, *Stake from Chopin's Coll. It is not in  
Beethoven's Coll.*  
Daily, O Jehovah, waits ;  
Unto Thee, O God, belong  
Grateful words and holy song.
2. Thou the Hope and Refuge art  
Of remotest lands apart,  
Distant isles and tribes unknown,  
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

3. Thou dost visit earth, and rain  
 Blessings on the thirsty plain,  
 From the copious founts on high,  
 From the rivers of the sky.
4. Thus the clouds Thy power confess,  
 And Thy paths drop fruitfulness,  
 And the voice of song and mirth  
 Rises from the tribes of earth.

986.

6s & 4s.

MONTGOMERY.

FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.—Ps. 103: 2.

1. THE God of harvest praise;  
 In loud thanksgiving raise  
 Hand, heart, and voice;  
 The valleys ~~smile~~ and sing; *laugh*  
 Forests and mountains ring;  
 The plains their tribute bring;  
 The streams rejoice.

2. Yea, bless His holy name,  
 And ~~purest~~ thanks proclaim *your souls<sup>t</sup>,*  
 Through all the earth;  
 To glory in your lot  
 Is ~~duty~~; but be not *comely*  
~~God's~~ benefits forgot, *st.*  
 Amid your mirth.

3. The God of harvest praise;  
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
 With sweet accord;  
 From field to garner throng,  
 Bearing your sheaves along,  
 And in your harvest song  
 Bless ye the Lord.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

987.

C. M.

BURDER'S COLL.

AND SENDETH RAIN ON THE JUST AND ON THE UNJUST. — Mar. 5 : 45.

1. Now may the Lord of earth and skies  
 Regard us when we call ;  
 'Tis He who bids the vapors rise,  
 And showers abundant fall.
2. The evil and the just partake  
 These bounties of Thy hand ;  
 Nor will a God of love forsake  
 This long indulgéd land.
3. Let grace come down, like copious rains,  
 On Zion's drooping field ;  
 So shall our souls revive again,  
 And fruit abundant yield.
4. Then smiling Nature shall express  
 Her mighty Maker's praise ;  
 And we, the children of Thy grace,  
 Join her harmonious lays.

*M. S.*

988.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

HE RESERVETH UNTO US THE APPOINTED WEEKS OF THE HARVEST.

Jer. 5 : 26.

1. FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
 How rich Thy bounties are !  
 The rolling seasons, as they move,  
 Proclaim Thy constant care.
2. When in the bosom of the earth  
 The sower hid the grain,  
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
 And sent the early rain.

*It is given . . .  
 Rippon's Coll.*

THE YEAR.

3. The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine ;  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild, refreshing dew.
4. These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
5. We own and bless Thy gracious sway ;  
Thy hand all nature hails ;  
Seed time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

989.

8s & 7s.

HORNE.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF. — Is. 64 : 6.

1. SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered, to the ground,  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound, —
2. " Sons of Adam, once in Eden,  
Blighted when like us he fell,  
Hear the lecture we are reading ;  
'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.
3. " Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay in health and manly grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;  
Summer gives to autumn place.
4. " Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach, this truth concerning,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

5. "On the tree of life eternal,  
Man, let all thy hope be stayed,  
Which alone, forever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade."

990.

L. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

*Taken from Campbell's Coll. when it is "Anon."*

THEY JOY BEFORE THEE ACCORDING TO THE JOY IN HARVEST.—Is. 9: 3.

1. GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling year,  
Thy favor still has crowned our days,  
And we would celebrate Thy praise.
2. Our tables spread, our garner's stored,  
O, give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord;  
Forbid it, Source of light and love,  
That hearts and lives should barren prove.
3. The harvest song would we repeat:  
"Thou givest us the finest wheat;  
The joy of harvest," we have known;  
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

991.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS.—Ps. 65: 11.

1. ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
2. The flowery spring, at Thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

THE YEAR.

3. Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.
4. Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With opening light and evening shade.
5. O, may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

992.

7s.

NEWTON.

REDEEMING THE TIME. — Eph. 5 : 16.

1. TIME by moments steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day ;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.
2. Thus another year is flown ;  
Now it is no more our own,  
If it brought or promised good,  
Than the years before the flood.
3. Favors, from the Lord received,  
Sins, that have His Spirit grieved,  
Marked by an unerring hand,  
In His book recorded stand.
4. ~~If~~ we see another year,  
May Thy blessing meet us here ;  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes.

OPENING, ADVANCING, AND CLOSING.

993.

*By Emily Taylor,*  
10s.

*mits*  
E. TAYLOR.

WE WILL REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE LORD OUR GOD.— Ps. 20 : 7.

*I take from Greenwood's Coll.*

1. GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power  
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,  
Here in Thy temple bow Thy creatures down,  
To bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own.
2. If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wert true ;  
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, Thou wert present there.
3. Yet when our hearts review departed days,  
How vast Thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !  
Well may we dread Thine awful eye to meet,  
Bend at Thy throne, and worship at Thy feet.
4. O, lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee ;  
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be ;  
From year to year, still nearer to Thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly Thine.

994.

C. M.

WATTS.

HE FLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW.— Job 14 : 2.

1. THEE we adore, eternal Name,  
And humbly own to Thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we.
2. The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

*Adapted from "Emily Taylor"*

THE YEAR.

3. Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
4. Good God, on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
The eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
5. Infinite joy or endless woe  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death !
6. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

—995.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

GO TO NOW, YE THAT SAY, TO-DAY OR TO-MORROW WE WILL GO INTO SUCH A CITY, AND CONTINUE THERE A YEAR.—Jam. 4 : 13.

1. MY few revolving years,  
How swift they glide away !  
How short the term of life appears !  
When past, 'tis but a day ;—
2. A dark and cloudy day  
Made up of grief and sin ;  
A host of dangerous foes without,  
And guilt and fear within.
3. Lord, through another year,  
If Thou permit my stay,  
With watchful care may I pursue  
The true and living way.

LIFE. — FRAILTY AND BREVIDITY.

996.

L. M.

STEELE.

HOW FRAIL I AM! — Ps. 39 : 4.

1. ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
2. My days are shorter than a span ;  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail at best is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
3. Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;  
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
4. O, be a nobler portion mine ;  
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

997.

S. M.

WATTS.

SO TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS, THAT WE MAY APPLY OUR HEARTS UNTO WISDOM. — Ps. 90 : 12.

1. LORD, what a feeble piece  
Is this our mortal frame !  
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name !

LIFE.

2. Alas ! the brittle clay  
That built our body first !  
And every month and every day  
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
3. Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay ;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
4. Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight ;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea ;  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

998.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

YOUR FATHERS, WHERE ARE THEY ? — Zech. 1 : 5.

1. How swift the torrent rolls  
That bears us to the sea !  
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity !
2. Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own ?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honor, gone.
3. God of our fathers, hear !  
Thou everlasting Friend !  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to Thee commend.

FRAILTY AND BREVIDITY.

4. Of all the pious dead  
    May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
    We dwell before Thy face.

—999.

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

EVERY MAN WALKETH IN A VAIN SHOW.—Ps. 39: 6.

1. How vain is all beneath the skies!  
    How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties  
    That bind us to a world like this!
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
    The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,  
    The glory of a passing hour.
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
    And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
    Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4. Then let the hope of joys to come  
    Dispel our cares and chase our fears;  
If God be ours, we're travelling home,  
    Though passing through a vale of tears.

—1000.

C. M.

WATTS.

MY DAYS ARE LIKE A SHADOW THAT DECLINETH.—Ps. 102: 11.

1. TIME, what an empty vapor 'tis!  
    And days, how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
    Or like a shooting star.

LIFE.

2. Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.
3. Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favors share ;  
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.
4. His goodness runs an endless round ;  
All glory to the Lord ;  
His mercy never knows a bound ;  
And be His name adored.
5. Thus we begin the lasting song ;  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

1001.

L. M.

TAYLOR.

HE FLEETH ALSO AS A SHADOW, AND CONTINUETH NOT. — Job 14 : 2.

1. LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass,  
And while we gaze their forms are gone.
2. "He lived, he died ;" behold the sum,  
The abstract of the historian's page ;  
*Christian* Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
3. O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
*Arise* Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly ; —

FRAILITY AND BREVIDITY.

4. To crowd the narrow span of life  
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds;  
~~And bid us wake from death's dark night,~~  
 To share the glory that succeeds.

"so shall we" by Sewall's Coll

1002.

7s & 6s.

J. BURTON  
 1773-1822

HOW SHORT MY TIME IS! - Ps. 89: 47.

w. 1815.

1. TIME is winging us away  
 To our eternal home;  
 Life is but a winter's day,  
 A journey to the tomb.
2. Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
 Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
 All that's mortal soon shall be  
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.
3. But the Christian shall enjoy  
 Health and beauty soon above,  
 Far beyond the world's alloy,  
 Secure in Jesus' love.

W. J. D.

"Palmist"  
 Sings  
 J. Burton

1003.

L. M.

WATTS.

HE WEAKENED MY STRENGTH IN THE WAY. - Ps. 102: 23.

1. IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
 Weakens our strength amid the race;  
 Disease and death, at His command,  
 Arrest us, and cut short our days.
2. Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,  
 Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
 Thy years are one eternal day,  
 And must Thy children die so soon?

1719

+ Pointed out by Searles to be  
 sung at his funeral, Westboro

LIFE.

3. Yet, in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage :  
"Our Father and our Saviour live ;  
Christ is the same through every age."
4. 'Twas He this earth's foundations laid ;  
Heaven is the building of His hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,  
And all be changed at His command.
5. The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside ;  
But still Thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church forever must abide.

1004.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

WHAT MAN IS HE THAT LIVETH, AND SHALL NOT SEE DEATH? — Ps. 89 : 48.

1. THINK, mighty God, on feeble man ;  
How few his hours, how short his span !  
Short from the cradle to the grave ;  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save ?
2. Lord, shall it be forever said,  
"The race of man was only made  
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?"  
Are not Thy servants, day by day,  
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay ?  
Lord, where's Thy kindness to the just ?
3. Hast Thou not promised to Thy Son  
And all His seed a heavenly crown ?  
But flesh and sense indulge despair ;  
Forever blesséd be the Lord,  
That faith can read His holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.

FRAILITY AND BREVITY.

4. Forever blesséd be the Lord,  
Who gives His saints a long reward  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;  
Let all below and all above  
Join to proclaim Thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat their loud amen.

—1005.

P. M.

WULFFER.

ETERNITY. — Is. 57 : 15.

+

1. ETERNITY! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
And yet to thee time hastes away,  
Like as the war horse to the fray,  
Or swift as couriers homeward go,  
Or ships to port, or shaft from bow;  
Ponder, O man, eternity.
2. Eternity! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
As long as God is God, so long  
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,  
So long the joys of heaven remain;  
O, lasting joy! O, lasting pain!  
Ponder, O man, eternity!
3. Eternity! eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell  
Upon the pains of sin and hell,  
And on the glories of the pure,  
That do beyond all time endure;  
Ponder, O man, eternity!

+ V. A. Littell's Div. Age. p 140. 1856.

DEATH.

DEATH.—SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

1006.

L. M.

BATHURST.

LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS.—Num. 23 : 10.

1. How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,  
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !
2. Such is the Christian's parting hour ;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;  
When faith, endued from heaven with power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
3. Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.
4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.
5. Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

1007.

L. M.

BARBAULD.

THE RIGHTEOUS HATH HOPE IN HIS DEATH.—Prov. 14 : 32.

1. SWEET is the scene when virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

2. So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;  
Where is, O grave, thy victory now,  
And where, insidious death, thy sting?

— 1008.

L. M.

HILL.

HE WILL BE VERY GRACIOUS UNTO THEE AT THE VOICE OF THY CRY.  
Is. 30 : 19.

1. GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down,  
To slumber in the arms of death ;  
I rest my soul on Thee alone,  
E'en till my last, expiring breath.
2. Soon will the storm of life be o'er,  
And I shall enter endless rest ;  
There I shall live to sin no more,  
And bless Thy name, forever blessed.
3. Bid me possess sweet peace within ;  
Let childlike patience keep my heart ;  
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,  
Before my spirit hence depart.
4. Hasten Thy chariot, God of love,  
And take me from this world of woe ;  
I long to reach those joys above,  
And bid farewell to all below.
5. There shall my raptured spirit raise  
Still louder notes than angels sing,  
High glories to Immanuel's grace,  
My God, my Saviour, and my King.

DEATH.

1009.

S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

THAT WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE.—John 14: 3.

1. FRIEND after friend departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end :  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blessed.
2. Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
3. There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.
4. Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day ;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1010.

C. M.

WATTS.

WILLING RATHER TO BE ABSENT FROM THE BODY.—2 Cor. 5: 8.

1. THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high ;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall :  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
3. 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven,  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has His own Spirit given.
4. We walk by faith of joys to come ;  
Faith lives upon His word ;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
5. 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,  
But we had rather see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with Thee.

1011.

L. P. M.

BROWNING.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP. — Ps. 127 : 2.

1. OF all the thoughts of God, that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this —  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
2. His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap ;  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

DEATH.

3. And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be,  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
When round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;  
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

1012.

8s.

SHE WAS SICK AND DIED. — Acts 9 : 37.

- m*  
*terrible*  
*H. there*  
*weep.*  
*div's*  
*oh.*
1. 'Tis finished; the conflict is past;  
The heaven-born spirit is fled;  
Her wish is accomplished at last,  
And now she's intombed with the dead.
2. Her soul has now taken its flight  
To mansions of glory above,  
To mingle with angels of light,  
And dwell in the kingdom of love.
3. The victory now is obtained;  
She's gone her Redeemer to see;  
Her wishes she fully has gained;  
She's now where she panted to be.
4. Then let us forbear to complain  
That she has now gone from our sight;  
We soon shall behold her again,  
With new and redoubled delight.

1013.

C. M.

WATTS.

WHAT MAN IS HE THAT LIVETH AND SHALL NOT SEE DEATH? — Ps. 89 : 48.

- 753.*
1. STOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise;  
Converse a while with death;  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

2. His quivering lip hangs feebly down;  
His pulse is faint and few;  
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world adieu.

3. But O, the soul, that never dies!  
At once it leaves the clay;  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell  
It mounts, triumphant there;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.

5. And must my body faint and die?  
And must this soul remove?  
O for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above!

*Just verse rep  
ed by Jane*

6. Jesus, to Thy dear, faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust;  
And my flesh waits for Thy command  
To drop into my dust.

*Taylor's  
her death  
bed.  
See Mem.*

*a*

*137.*

X 1014.

L. M.

BRYANT.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN. — Matt. 5 : 4.

1. O, DEEM not they are blessed alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
— For God, who pities man, has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

*days  
less on him*

2. The light of smiles shall ~~fill~~ again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

*(circled)  
1000*

*This appeared original in Sewall's  
copy. This is a copy of the original  
made by...*

DEATH.

3. And ye who ~~at~~ a friend's low bier  
Now shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to your arms again.
4. Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny,  
Though with a pierced and broken heart,  
And spurned of men, ~~he goes to die.~~
5. For God has marked each ~~sorrowing~~ day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer here.

1015.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

MOSES, MY SERVANT, IS DEAD.—Josh. 1: 2.

1. Now let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
2. What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade ?  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead ?
3. Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young, —  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute the instructive tongue, —
4. The eternal Shepherd still survives  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and His voice  
Still animates our heart.

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

5. "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord ;  
" My church shall safe abide ;  
For I will ne'er forsake My own,  
Whose souls in Me confide."

1016.

S. M.

LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS. — Num. 23: 10

- Rev. S. J. Smith [1808 — ]*  
*n. 1831.*
1. O FOR the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward.
2. Their bodies in the ground,  
In silent hope, may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar,  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with Him above.
4. O for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward.

1017.

8s & 7s.

S. F. SMITH.

I AM NOW READY TO BE OFFERED. — 2 Tim. 4: 6.

1. READY now to spread my pinions,  
Glad to wing my flight away  
From the gloom that hovers round me,  
To the realms of endless day.
- Happy in my mind, I thought I should  
speak and count my words as  
- what the Lord said -*

2. Ready to be freed from sorrow,  
Tears and partings, toil and pain ;  
Ready for the heavenly mansion ;  
Life is dear, but death is gain.
3. Ready with the just made perfect,  
Clothed in robes of light to be ;  
Swelling the enraptured chorus,  
Singing joy and victory.
4. As the bird with warbling music  
Soars above our feeble sight,  
Singing still, and still ascending,  
Melting in the glorious light, —
5. So the dying saint, departing,  
Joyful takes his heavenward way ;  
Life, and time, and gladness blending  
In the light of perfect day.

1018.

11s & 12s.

MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. — Job 7 : 16.

1. I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —  
Temptation without and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
3. I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

+ V. Dr Belcher p 204.  
Laysman's Ye. vol II p.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
 plains,  
 And the tide of glory eternally reigns? —
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

1019.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY. — 1 Cor. 15 : 54.

1. Lo, the prisoner is released,  
 Lightened of his fleshly load;  
 Where the weary are at rest,  
 He is gathered unto God :  
 Lo, the pain of life is passed,  
 All his warfare now is o'er ;  
 Death and hell behind are cast,  
 Grief and suffering are no more.
2. Yes, the Christian's course is run ;  
 Ended is the glorious strife ;  
 Fought the fight, the work is done ;  
 Death is swallowed up of life ;  
 Borne by angels on their wings,  
 Far from earth his spirit flies,  
 Finds his God, and sits, and sings  
 Triumphant in paradise.
3. Join we then with one accord  
 In the new, the joyful song ;  
 Absent from our loving Lord  
 We shall not continue long :

DEATH.

We shall quit the house of clay,  
We a better lot shall share ;  
We shall see the realms of day,  
Meet our happy brother there.

—1020. 8s, 7s, & 4.

THE SPIRIT SHALL RETURN UNTO GOD, WHO GAVE IT.—Eecl. 12 : 7.

1. TOSSED no more on life's rough billow,  
All the storms of sorrow fled,  
Death hath found a quiet pillow  
For the aged Christian's head,  
Peaceful slumbers  
Guarding now his lowly bed.

2. O, may we be reunited  
To the spirits of the just,  
Leaving all that sin hath blighted  
With corruption, in the dust :  
Hear us, Jesus,  
Thou our Lord, our Life, our Trust.

1021. L. M. WATTS.

TO DIE IS GAIN.—Phil. 1 : 21.

1. WHY should we start and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are !

Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife  
Fright our approaching souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

*This was a great favorite of Mrs Horne's*  
*newly*  
*53*  
*She repeated parts of it while dying*  
*at the Isle of France Nov 30. 1812.*  
*See her life*  
*p. 249*  
*Phil. Ed.*

*curator ...  
the peacha ...  
her dying bed*

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate, +  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

*praeclaraque janua huius.*  
*ovid p 110.*

1022.

P. M.

POPE.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?—1 Cor. 15: 55.

*Ropes*  
*etras*  
*.184;*  
*les spat.*  
*or Drs 532.*

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

*Adrian's ad*  
*deas thi*  
*soul.*

2. Hark, they whisper; angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away!"  
What is his sorb, the quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

*Byron*  
*his works*  
*see p. 398.*

*the special music to this sea.*

3. The world recedes! it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes!  
With sounds seraphic ring  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

*"Bread of life" (Cicero's)*  
*p. 216.*

*Amos Lawton 703 wrote off the 1st*  
*stanza - "vital spark, etc", the day*  
*before he died; his wife repeated*  
*the same on her death before*  
*33 years before. See safe*

## DEATH.

1023.

8s &amp; 4s.

DALE.

THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL  
FEAR NO EVIL. — Ps. 23: 4.

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

1024. †

L. M.

HUIE. †

BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE FOREVER — John 14: 19.

1. O YE who with the silent tear  
And saddened steps assemble here.  
To bear these cold, these loved, remains  
Where dark and cheerless silence reigns, —  
Your sorrows hush, your griefs dispel ;  
The Saviour lives, and all is well.
  
2. That eye, indeed, is rayless now,  
And pale that cheek, and chill that brow ;  
Yet, could the lifeless form declare  
The joys its soul is called to share,  
How would our souls rejoice to tell,  
The Saviour lives, and all is well !

These were at Edinburgh

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

1025.

8s & 7s.

THY WILL BE DONE. — Matt. 26 : 42.

*Hastings*

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would, at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken;  
Though afflicted, not alone;  
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;  
Blesséd Lord, "Thy will be done."

3. Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne;  
With Thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

*V. Letter  
from H  
Aug 185*

4. By Thy hands the boon was given;  
Thou hast taken but Thine own.  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore "Thy will be done."

1026.

6s & 4s.

HEMANS.

HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE. — Ps. 55 : 22.

1. LOWLY and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to Thee,  
Father divine;  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owing that life and death  
Alike are Thine.

2. By Him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod, —

*A glorious voice hath ceased:  
Mournfully, reverently, the funeral chant,  
Breathe reverently, etc.*

*See No 11 and another*

*This is exact from a poem I  
at three pages entitled "The funeral  
at day of his father's death."*

DEATH.

From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away, —  
Aid us, O God.

3. Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father divine ;  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only Thine.

1027.

L. M.

STEELE.

THE WIND PASSETH OVER IT, AND IT IS GONE. — Ps. 103 : 16.

1. So fades the lovely blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
2. Is there no kind, no lenient art  
To heal the anguish of the heart ?  
O, let Religion then be nigh ;  
Her comforts were not made to die.
3. Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain,  
And dying Hope revives again ;  
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,  
And Faith points upward to the sky.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

*Rung when the little infant de-  
scended from the cross I will cross  
into the dust on her way from*

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

—1028.

C. M.

STEELE.

OF FEW DAYS. — Job 14 : 1.

1. WHEN blooming youth is snatched away  
By Death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O, may this truth, impressed  
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"  
Sink deep in every breast.
3. The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain  
Which calls to watch and pray.
4. O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

—1029.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A PLACE AND A NAME BETTER THAN OF SONS AND OF DAUGHTERS. — Is. 56 : 5.

1. YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
Flow o'er your children dead,  
Say not, in transports of despair,  
That all your hopes are fled.
2. While, cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and with joy and reverence view  
A heavenly Parent nigh.

DEATH.

3. "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,  
"In My own house a place ;  
No name of daughters and of sons  
Could yield so high a grace.
4. "Transient and vain is every hope  
A rising race can give ;  
In endless honor and delight  
My children all shall live."
5. We welcome, Lord, those rising tears  
Through which Thy face we see,  
And bless those wounds which through our hearts  
Prepare a way to Thee.

1030.

C. M.

SIGOURNEY.

THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN. — John 11 : 23.

1. As, bowed by sudden storms, the rose  
Sinks on the garden's breast,  
Down to the grave our brother goes,  
In silence there to rest.
2. No more with us his tuneful voice  
The hymn of praise shall swell ;  
No more his cheerful heart rejoice  
When peals the Sabbath bell.
3. Yet if, in yonder cloudless sphere,  
Amid a sinless throng,  
He utters in his Saviour's ear  
The everlasting song, —
4. No more we'll mourn the absent friend,  
But lift our earnest prayer,  
And daily every effort bend  
To rise and join him there.

1031.

L. M.

EPIS. COLL.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD. — Mark 10: 14.

1. As the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day,  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
2. It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
3. It died to sin; it died to cares;  
But for a moment felt the rod.  
O mourner, such, the Lord declares, —  
Such are the children of our God.

1032.

8s &amp; 7s.

WATERBURY.

HE COMETH FORTH LIKE A FLOWER, AND IS CUT DOWN. — Job 14: 2.

1. ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded;  
One sweet infant voice has fled;  
One fair brow the grave has shaded;  
One dear schoolmate now is dead.
2. But we feel no thought of sadness,  
For our friend is happy now;  
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness  
Where the blessed angels bow.
3. May our footsteps never falter  
In the path that she has trod;  
May we worship at the altar  
Of the great and living God.

1 Thess 4:14. Sleep in Jesus.

DEATH.

Margaret

1033.

L. M. ~~alms~~ MACKAY.

He fell asleep. — Acts 7:60. <sup>1</sup> w. ab 1832.   
 She appeared first in the anymist

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! Bless'd sleep!   
 From which none ever wakes to weep;   
 A calm and undisturbed repose,   
 Unbroken by the dread of foes.

1832   
 See "Christ   
 à song!"

2. Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!   
 Whose waking is supremely blessed;   
 No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour   
 Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3. Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space   
 Debars this precious hiding place;   
 On Indian plains or Lapland's snows   
 Believers find the same repose.

Printed   
 in Sab. H   
 Book,

4. Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet   
 To be for such a slumber meet!   
 With holy confidence to sing   
 That Death has lost his venom'd sting!

Let the   
 Same.

5. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me   
 May such a blissful Refuge be;   
 Securely shall my ashes lie,   
 And wait the summons from on high.

Sung at Mrs A R Hathaway's funeral   
 Sep 18, 1860 - Myrtle Church   
 1034. C. M. WATTS   
 Also at Mrs Mrs Everett's - v Allen's Bury Dict. (over)

IF WE BE DEAD WITH CHRIST, WE BELIEVE THAT WE SHALL ALSO LIVE WITH HIM. — Rom. 6:8.

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends,   
 Or shake at death's alarms?   
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends   
 To call them to His arms.

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

2. Are we not tending upward, too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our Love.
3. The graves of all the saints He blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest  
But with the dying Head?
4. Thence He arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.
5. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise;  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1035.

C. M.

WATTS.

IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE.—Heb. 9: 27.

1. HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
My ears, attend the cry:  
“Ye living men, come, view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
2. “Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head  
Must lie as low as ours.”
3. Great God, is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more?

*Pallida mors aequo etc*

DEATH.

4. Grant us the powers of quickening grace,  
To fit our souls to fly;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

1036.

C. M.

STEELE.

MY FLESH SHALL REST IN HOPE.— Acts 2: 26.

1. LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;  
How soon the vapor flies!  
Man is a tender, transient flower,  
That e'en in blooming dies.
2. The once-loved form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs;  
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And withered all her joys.
3. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.
4. Then cease, fond Nature, cease thy tears;  
Religion points on high;  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys that cannot die.

1037.

8s & 7s.

COLLYER.

IT SHALL BE WELL WITH HIM.— Is. 3: 10.

1. CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish  
O'er the grave of those you love;  
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

*shian*  
*mans*  
*him*  
*Sung at Mrs. H. Ch. way for*  
*ever Sept 18 1860*  
*at in (C. M. C. H.)*

SUPPORT AND CONSOLATION.

2. While our silent steps are straying,  
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round the happy Christian's head.
3. Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high,  
In His glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.
4. Endless pleasure, pain excluding,  
Sickness there no more can come ;  
There, no fear of woe, intruding,  
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1038.

L. M.

WATTS.

AND LAID IT IN HIS OWN NEW TOMB. — Matt. 27 : 60.

1. UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
And give these sacred relics room  
To seek a slumber in the dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
And angels watch the soft repose.
3. So Jesus slept : God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;  
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4. Break from His throne, illustrious morn ;  
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;  
Restore thy trust ; a glorious form  
Shall then ascend and meet the Lord.

IMMORTALITY.

IMMORTALITY.—THE RESURRECTION.

1039.

8s & 4.

MONTGOMERY.

I WILL REDEEM THEM FROM DEATH.—Hos. 13 : 14.

1. THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.
2. The storm that racks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil ;  
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,  
From all my toil.
4. The soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day.
5. The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky :  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die.

1040.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

SHALL THE DEAD ARISE AND PRAISE THEE ? — Ps. 88 : 10.

1. SHALL man, O God of light and life,  
Forever moulder in the grave ?  
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and Thy power to save ?

THE RESURRECTION.

2. But in those silent realms of night  
    Shall peace and hope no more arise,  
No future morning light the tomb,  
    Nor daystar gild the darksome skies?
3. Shall spring the faded world revive?  
    Shall waning moons their light return?  
Again shall setting suns ascend,  
    And the lost day anew be born?
4. Shall life revisit dying worms,  
    And spread the joyful insect's wing?  
And, O, shall man awake no more,  
    To see Thy face, Thy name to sing?
5. Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:  
    When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
    And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
6. Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
    Unfold to make His children way;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
    And shine in everlasting day.
7. The trump shall sound, the dust awake,  
    From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;  
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,  
    And hail their Saviour and their King.

1041.

S. M.

WATTS.

IN MY FLESH SHALL I SEE GOD.—Job 19: 26.

1. AND must this body die,  
    This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
    Lie mouldering in the clay?

IMMORTALITY.

2. Corruption, earth, and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.
3. God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till He shall bid it rise.
4. Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love ;  
We would adore His grace below,  
And sing His power above.
6. Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

1042.

L. M. *Rev. Bro.* CENNICK.

BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE ALSO. — John 14 : 19.

[1717-1755]

*wa. al. 1143.*

1. JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till Him I view ;—
2. The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness ;  
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

THE RESURRECTION.

3. This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long had been,  
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
4. The more I strove against their power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;  
Till, late, I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul ; I am the Way."
5. Lo, glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to Thee as I am :  
Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the Way to God."

1043.

C. M.

WHITE.

WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELLEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE. — John 11 : 26.

1. THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, ~~followers of our suffering Lord,~~  
Are marching to the tomb.
2. There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.
3. Our labors done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of ~~earth~~ shall beat.

*soldiers of an injured King*

*From  
Beecher's  
Call*

*life*

*Lipton, My name*

4. Yet not thus ~~barred, or extinct,~~  
The vital spark shall lie;  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.
5. These ashes, too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep.
6. Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long-silent ~~voice awake~~ *burst*  
With shouts of endless praise.

*er by W. Scher,*

IMMORTALITY. — THE JUDGMENT.

1044.

8s, 7s, & 4.

GOODE.

OUR GOD SHALL COME, AND SHALL NOT KEEP SILENCE. — Ps. 50 : 3.

1. Lo, the mighty God appearing,  
From on high Jehovah speaks :  
Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
O'er the west His thunder breaks ;  
Earth beholds Him ;  
Universal nature shakes.
2. Zion, all its light unfolding,  
God in glory shall display :  
Lo, He comes, nor silence holding ;  
Fire and clouds prepare His way ;  
Tempests round Him  
Hasten on the dreadful day.

*on  
reaches  
ou*

THE JUDGMENT.

3. To the heavens His voice ascending,  
To the earth beneath He cries,  
"Souls immortal, now descending,  
Let the sleeping dust arise ;  
Rise to judgment ;  
Let My throne adorn the skies.
4. "Gather first My saints around Me,  
Those who to My covenant stood ;  
Those who humbly sought and found Me  
Through the dying Saviour's blood ;  
Blest Redeemer !  
Dearest sacrifice to God."
5. Now the heavens on high adore Him,  
And His righteousness declare ;  
Sinners perish from before Him,  
But His saints His mercies share :  
Just His judgment ;  
God, Himself the Judge, is there.

1045.

10s & 11s.

WATTS.

HE SHALL CALL TO THE HEAVENS FROM ABOVE, AND TO THE EARTH, THAT  
HE MAY JUDGE HIS PEOPLE. — Ps. 50 : 4.

1. THE God of glory sends His summons forth,  
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;  
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead :  
The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
2. No more shall atheists mock His long delay ;  
His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day ;  
Behold, the Judge descends : His guards are nigh ;  
Tempest and fire attend Him down the sky :  
When God appears, all nature shall adore Him ;  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.

3. Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;  
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;  
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works  
 amend ;  
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend ;  
 Then join the saints ; wake every cheerful passion ;  
 When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.

1046.

L. M.

HEBER.

WHEN THE LORD JESUS SHALL BE REVEALED FROM HEAVEN, WITH HIS  
 MIGHTY ANGELS. — 2 Thess. 1 : 7.

1. THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their ancient seats forsake,  
 And, withering, from the vault of night  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.
2. The Lord will come, but not the same  
 As once in lowly form He came, —  
 A quiet Lamb to slaughter led, —  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
3. The Lord will come, a dreadful Form,  
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human kind.
4. Can this be He who went to stray  
 A Pilgrim on the world's highway,  
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?  
 O God, is this the Crucified ?
5. Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;  
 Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
 Shall sing for joy, " The Lord is come."

*In Spectator No 513. Ver.*

THE JUDGMENT.

1047.

C. M.

ADDISON.

WHEN HE VISITETH, WHAT SHALL I ANSWER HIM?—Job 31: 14.

1. WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O, how shall I appear?
2. If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought,—
3. When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O, how shall I appear?

*Spectator  
No. 513  
Ver.  
Cur. Lib.  
Vol 2  
90.*

1048.

L. M.

*Sir W* SCOTT.

*1815*

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR?—1 Pet. 4: 18.

1. THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—
2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
3. O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Ver. by  
Lay R  
the  
minist  
"Dies  
Christ  
in*

*Heber & Rosk  
Co*

IMMORTALITY.

1049.

L. M.

WATTS.

THE EARTH SAW, AND TREMBLED.—Ps. 97 : 4.

1. HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour, reigns ;  
Praise Him in evangelic strains ;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;  
And distant islands join their voice.
2. Deep are His counsels, and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support His throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
3. In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
Before Him burns devouring fire ;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
4. His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

1050.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, REMEMBER ME WHEN THOU COMEST INTO THY KINGDOM.  
Luke 23 : 42.

1. JESUS, to Thy dear wounds we flee ;  
We shelter in Thy side ;  
Assured that all who trust in Thee  
Shall evermore abide.
2. Then let the thundering trumpet sound,  
The latest lightnings glare,  
The mountains melt, the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air ; —

THE JUDGMENT.

3. The huge celestial bodies roll  
Amid the general fire,  
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,  
And all in smoke expire; —
4. Yet still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,  
When nature is destroyed,  
And no created thing remains  
Throughout the flaming void.
5. Sublime on His eternal throne,  
He speaks the almighty word;  
His fiat is obeyed; 'tis done;  
And paradise restored.
6. Thy power omnipotent assume,  
Thy brightest majesty;  
And when Thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me.

—1051.

8s, 7s, & 4.

RIPPON'S COLL.

BEHOLD, THE LORD COMETH. — Jude 14.

1. Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets  
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;  
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,  
See their great, exalted Head!  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
2. Now His merit, by the harpers,  
Through the eternal deep resounds;  
Now resplendent shine His nail-prints,  
Every eye shall see His wounds:  
They who pierced Him  
Shall at His appearance wail.

*Ver. by  
old. Rip*

IMMORTALITY.

3. Full of joyful expectation,  
 Saints, behold the Judge appear;  
 Truth and justice go before Him;  
 Now the joyful sentence hear;  
 Hallelujah!  
 Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!
4. "Come, ye blesséd of my Father,  
 Enter into life and joy;  
 Banish all your fears and sorrows;  
 Endless praise be your employ!"  
 Hallelujah!  
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.
5. Now at once they rise to glory;  
 Jesus brings them to the King;  
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,  
 They eternal anthems sing;  
 Hallelujah!  
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

1052.

C. M.

BYLES.

AT THE COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, WITH ALL HIS SAINTS.  
1 Thess. 3 : 13.

1. WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,  
 And tempests rend the skies;  
 While blended ruin, clouds, and fire  
 In harsh disorder rise;—
2. Amid the hurricane I'll stand,  
 And strike a tuneful song,  
 My harp all trembling in my hand,  
 And all inspired my tongue.
3. I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,  
 And shake the sullen sky;  
 Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
 In angry murmurs try.

*Buttoned chances this line to  
 abe in my Saviour's love I'll stand*

weekly Journal for which its author was  
is from a poem of 14 stanzas and  
first appears as a hymn in Dr. Bolton's  
collection. See "Specimens of Newspaper  
Literature" vol.

THE JUDGMENT.

4. "Let the earth totter on her base,  
Clouds heaven's wide arch deform; p. 102.  
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,  
And breathe the final storm!"
  
5. Come quickly, blesséd Hope — appear;  
Bid Thy swift chariot fly;  
Let angels warn Thy coming near, tell +  
And snatch me to the sky.
  
6. Around Thy wheels, in the glad throng,  
I'd bear a joyful part;  
All hallelujah on my tongue,  
All rapture in my heart.

see above work by  
the whole.

1053.

11s & 12s.

MILMAN.

THE LORD WILL COME WITH FIRE, AND WITH HIS CHARIOTS, LIKE A WHIRL-  
WIND.—Is. 66: 15.

+

1. THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;  
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with thę burden of Godhead are  
bowed.
  
2. The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured  
All the hosts of the angels to wait on the Lord;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
And there all who the palm wreath of victory wear.
  
3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;  
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnels are  
stirred!  
From the sea, from the land, from the south, from  
the north,  
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

ver  
ent

+ Pub in Heber's coll. for 2nd Jun  
in advent

IMMORTALITY.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
met;  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.
5. O, Mercy! O, Mercy! look down from above,  
Creator, on us, Thy sad children, with love;  
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are  
driven,  
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven.

1054.

P. M.



THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME. — Rev. 14 : 7.

*ab. H*  
*t. t.*  
*artur*  
*ither*

1. GREAT God! what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated!  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
2. The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.
3. Great God! what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created!  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated!  
Low at His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

*From Conn. Coll. [initials]*

1055.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

WHO MAY ABIDE THE DAY OF HIS COMING? — Mal. 3 : 2.

1. AND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
2. How will our hearts endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven before His face  
Astonished shrink away?
3. But ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread!
4. Ye sinners, seek His grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Flee to the shelter of His cross,  
And find salvation there.

1056.

7s.

*Jhos.*

KELLY.

FOR THE LORD HIMSELF SHALL DESCEND FROM HEAVEN WITH A SHOUT.  
1 Thess. 4 : 16.

*vers. by his H. B. K.*

1. HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,  
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!  
Jesus comes; and through the sky  
Angels tell their joy aloud.
2. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice  
Sounds abroad, through sea and land;  
Let His people now rejoice;  
Their redemption is at hand.

IMMORTALITY.

3. See, the Lord appears in view ;  
Heaven and earth before Him fly ;  
Rise, ye saints ; He comes for you ;  
Rise to meet Him in the sky.
4. Go and dwell with Him above,  
Where no foe can e'er molest,  
Happy in the Saviour's love,  
Blessing and forever blessed.

—1057.

S. M.

KELLY.

AND TO WAIT FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN.—1 Thess. 1 : 10.

1. IN expectation sweet  
We wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
2. He comes ! the Conqueror comes !  
Death falls beneath His sword ;  
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
3. The trumpet sounds ! awake !  
Ye dead, to judgment come !  
The pillars of creation shake,  
While hell receives her doom.
4. Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace ;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

HEAVEN.

IMMORTALITY. — HEAVEN.

1058.

L. M. *Elizabeth* TUCK.  
*Frome, Somersetshire*

GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM THEIR EYES. — Rev. 21 : 4.

#1. THERE is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing, —  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.

*+ into full year  
she took a  
book 1823.*

2. It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose ;  
No cloud obscures the radiant scene ;  
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

*This is not  
changed*

3. In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtained sky ;  
It is the dwelling place of God.

1059.

C. M.

GOD HATH REVEALED THEM UNTO US BY HIS SPIRIT. — 1 Cor. 2 : 10.

1. BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,  
And charm my wondering eyes —  
The regions of immortal light,  
The beauties of the skies.

2. All hail, ye fair, celestial shores,  
Ye lands of endless day ;  
A rich delight your prospect pours,  
And drives my griefs away.

*Reader page 70 - in B stanza + said to  
be anonymous - this -*

*Chorus  
C. M. T. 6 ed. 1/2 x*

IMMORTALITY.

3. There's a delightful clearness now ;  
My clouds of doubt are gone ;  
Fled is my former darkness, too ;  
My fears are all withdrawn.
4. Short is the passage, short the space,  
Between my home and me ;  
There, there behold the radiant place ;  
How near the mansions be !
5. Immortal wonders, boundless things,  
In those dear worlds appear ;  
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,  
And in those glories share.

1060.

C. M.

STEELE.

THEY SHALL BEHOLD THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF.—Is. 33 : 17.

1. FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. No clouds those blissful regions know,  
Forever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
3. O, may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above.
4. Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For Thy bright courts on high ;  
Then bid our spirits rise and join  
The chorus of the sky.

1061.

C. M. *R.* TURNBULL.

THERE REMAINETH, THEREFORE, A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD. — Heb. 4 : 9.

1. THERE is a place of sacred rest,  
 Far, far beyond the skies,  
 Where beauty smiles eternally,  
 And pleasure never dies —  
 My Father's house, my heavenly home,  
 Where "many mansions" stand,  
 Prepared by hands divine for all  
 Who seek the better land.
2. When tossed upon the waves of life,  
 With fear on every side, —  
 When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
 And foams the angry tide, —  
 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
 Breaks forth the light of morn,  
 Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
 To cheer the soul forlorn.
3. In that pure home of tearless joy  
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
 With smiles of love that never fade,  
 And blessedness complete.  
 There, there, adieus are sounds unknown ;  
 Death frowns not on that scene ;  
 But life and glorious beauty shine  
 Untroubled and serene.

1062.

L. M.

THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION. — Rev. 7 : 14.

1. Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand,  
 The saints in countless myriads stand,  
 Of every tongue, redeemed to God,  
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

IMMORTALITY.

2. Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
From all their labors now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blessed.
3. They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him their loud hosannas raise : —
4. “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign ;  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God.”

1063.

C. M.

WATTS.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GIVE TO EAT OF THE TREE OF LIFE.  
Rev. 2 : 7.

1. “ THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day ? ”
2. From torturing pains to endless joys  
On fiery wheels they rode,  
And strangely washed their raiment white  
In Jesus' dying blood.
3. Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before His throne ;  
Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.
4. The unveiled glories of His face  
Among His saints reside,  
While the rich treasure of His grace  
Sees all their wants supplied.

HEAVEN.

- 5. Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
And hunger flee as fast;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6. The Lamb shall lead His heavenly flock  
Where living fountains rise,  
And Love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

1064.

*Woodland* P. M. TAPPAN.

THE HOPE WHICH IS LAID UP FOR YOU IN HEAVEN. — Col. 1: 5.

- 1. THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast;  
'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2. There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.
- 3. There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye  
To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
- 4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

*See 1073*

*W. B. T. Died at Granville  
1849 at 54. Said in dying -  
"My going; my sight is gone;  
wife, dear children, farewell!"*

*my at the close of my first Sabbath services as  
pastor at Episto Nov. 25 1860 - full house*

*Written in Phil. 1818 & pub. in  
the Franklin Gazette under the  
sig. D. W. ...*

whole of this is in the ...  
9.3. 1844 ...  
MEMORIAL ...  
... ..

1065.

8s & 7s.

NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN.—Rev. 21: 4.

1. Lo, the seal of death is breaking ;  
Those who slept its sleep are waking ;  
Heaven opes its portals fair.  
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,  
Hark ! the seraphs' hymn is flinging  
Music on immortal air.

2. There, no more at eve declining,  
Suns without a cloud are shining  
O'er the land of life and love ;  
There the founts of life are flowing,  
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,  
In that radiant scene above.

*Of flowers that blow -*

3. There no sigh of memory swelleth ;  
There no tear of misery wellet ;  
Hearts will bleed or break no more ;  
Past is all the cold world's scorning,  
Gone the night and broke the morning  
Over all the golden shore.

*human horror blows" Thompson's "Spring ...*

1066.

C. M.

WATT'S

*Flowing "Eden fair." Summer 1836.*  
*also "Bride of Baby Doe."*

THE LAND OF YOUR HABITATIONS.—Num. 15: 2.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

734

*Independent objects -*

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
5. O, could we make our doubts remove, —  
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes, —
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, —  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

1067.

L. P. M. COLESWORTHY.

AND HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS.—Is. II : 10.

1. THERE is a glorious land afar,  
Beyond the brightest burning star,  
Where peace interminably reigns, —  
Where soft and balmy breezes blow,  
And golden rivers gently flow,  
And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.
2. No grovelling thought, no treacherous smile,  
No word unkind, no act of guile,  
Will e'er disturb the sacred rest ;  
On every peaceful brow will shine  
A living beauty, all divine,  
And love pervade the sinless breast.

1068.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

WHAT ARE THESE WHICH ARE ARRAYED IN WHITE ROBES?—Rev. 7: 13.

1. WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song? —  
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.”
2. These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came.  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer’s might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead.  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fear;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.

—1069.

L. M.

STEELE.

THE GLORY OF GOD DID LIGHTEN IT.—Rev. 21: 23.

1. THERE is a glorious world on high,  
Resplendent with eternal day;  
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
While God’s own word reveals the way.

HEAVEN.

2. There shall the favorites of the Lord  
With never-fading lustre shine;  
Surprising honor! vast reward!  
Conferred on man by Love divine.
3. The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light;  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
Forever fair, forever bright.
4. And shall not these cold hearts of ours  
Be kindled at the glorious view?  
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,  
Our feeble, dying strength renew.
5. On wings of faith and strong desire,  
O, may our spirits daily rise,  
And reach at last the shining choir  
In the bright mansions of the skies.

—1070.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS. — Rev. 7 : 9.

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light;  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.
2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amid the throne,  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through His cross alone.
3. Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom; it is Thine,  
King of kings and Lord of lords."

IMMORTALITY.

4. Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And His blood, that made them so.
5. Who are these? On earth they dwelt;  
Sinners, once, of Adam's race;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,  
But were saved by sovereign grace.
6. They were mortal, too, like us;  
Ah, when we, like them, must die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

1071.

L. M.

STEELE.

THAT THEY MAY BEHOLD MY GLORY. — John 17 : 24.

1. O FOR a sweet, inspiring ray  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
2. There, low before His glorious throne,  
Adoring saints and angels fall,  
And with delightful worship own  
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
3. Immortal glories crown His head,  
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,  
And love, and joy, and triumph spread  
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
4. He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
To boundless rapture while they gaze;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues  
Resound His everlasting praise.

5. Then all the favorites of the Lamb  
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;  
 O, may the joy-inspiring theme  
 Awake our faith and warm desire !

1072.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD. — 1 Thess. 4 : 17.

1. "FOREVER with the Lord!"  
 Amen ! so let it be ;  
 Life from the dead is in that word ;  
 'Tis immortality.
2. Here in this body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.
3. My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's discerning eye  
 Thy golden gates appear!
4. Ah, then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.
5. "Forever with the Lord!"  
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
 E'en here to me fulfil.
6. Be Thou at my right hand ;  
 Then can I never fail ;  
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;  
 Fight, and I must prevail.

GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN. — Matt. 5 : 12.

1. THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;  
 There's nothing true but heaven.
2. And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even;  
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
 There's nothing bright but heaven.
3. Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven;  
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
 Serve but to light the troubled way;  
 There's nothing calm but heaven.

THE LORD SHALL BE THINE EVERLASTING LIGHT. — Is. 60 : 20.

1. YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
 With all your feeble light;  
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
 Pale empress of the night.
2. And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
 In brighter flames arrayed,  
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
 No more demands thine aid.
3. Ye stars are but the shining dust  
 Of my divine abode,  
 The pavement of those heavenly courts  
 Where I shall reign with God.

HEAVEN.

4. The Father of eternal light  
Shall there His beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.
5. No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes,  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amid those brighter skies.
6. There all the millions of His saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight.

1075.

7s.

NEVIN.

COME UP HITHER. — Rev. 4: 1.

1. "COME up hither ; come away ;"  
Thus the ransomed spirits sing ;  
Here is cloudless, endless day ;  
Here is everlasting spring.
2. Come up hither ; come and dwell  
With the living hosts above ;  
Come, and let your bosoms swell  
With their burning songs of love.
3. Come up hither ; come and share  
In the sacred joys that rise,  
Like an ocean, every where  
Through the myriads of the skies.
4. Come up hither ; come and shine  
In the robes of spotless white ;  
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine ;  
Hither, hither wing your flight.

IMMORTALITY.

- 5. Come up hither; hither speed;  
Rest is found in heaven alone;  
Here is all the wealth you need;  
Come and make this wealth your own.

1076.

78 Rev Thos. RAFFLES.  
[1788-1863]

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS. — John 14: 2.

- 1. HIGH in yonder realms of light,  
Far above these lower skies,  
Fair and exquisitely bright,  
Heaven's unfading mansions rise.  
Glad within these blest abodes  
Dwell the raptured saints above,  
Where no anxious care corrodes,  
Happy in Immanuel's love.

w. 1812.

- 2. Once indeed, like us below,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Torturing pain and heavy woe,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, —  
These, alas! full well they knew,  
Sad companions of their way;  
Oft on them the tempest blew,  
Through the long and cheerless day.

- 3. Oft their vileness they deplored,  
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,  
Grieved they had not loved the Lord —  
Loved as they had wished to do;  
But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never, never weep again.

a

+ sung about the time of the pub. after my first  
lecture at the school

Phillips's

1077.

7s &amp; 6s.

OPEN YE THE GATES. — Is. 26 : 2.

1. BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
 To my raptured vision  
 All the ecstatic joys that spring  
 Round the bright elysian :  
 Lo, we lift our longing eyes ;  
 Break, ye intervening skies ;  
 Sons of righteousness, arise,  
 Ope the gates of paradise.
2. Floods of everlasting light  
Freely flash before Him ;  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore Him ;  
 Angelic trumps resound His fame ;  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of His name,  
 Heaven echoing the theme.
3. Four and twenty elders rise  
 From their princely station ;  
 Shout His glorious victories,  
 Sing the great salvation ;  
 Cast their crowns before His throne ;  
 Cry, in reverential tone,  
 "Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy, holy, holy One."
4. Hark ! the thrilling symphonies  
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;  
 Join we, too, the holy lays —  
 "Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !"  
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,  
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung —  
 "Jesus, Jesus." flow along.

*Meas.*  
*Sub. to music by Joweth*  
*See "Choir" pub. 1836.*

+ See Hymns pub. at Spr  
 field 1833. Also the Choir

IMMORTALITY.

1078.

C. M.

S. STENNETT.

HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND. — Deut. 28 : 8.

1. ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
2. O the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
3. All o'er those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
4. No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
5. When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blessed?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?

—1079.

C. M.

WATTS.

THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB SHALL BE IN IT. — Rev. 22 : 3.

1. RAISE thee, my soul; fly up, and run  
Through every heavenly street;  
And say, there's nought below the sun  
That's worthy of thy feet.

HEAVEN.

2. There, on a high, majestic throne,  
The almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds His glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
3. Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon ;  
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,  
To want the feeble moon.
4. Amid those ever-shining skies,  
Behold the sacred Dove ;  
While banished sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.
5. The glorious tenants of the place  
Stand bending round the throne,  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise  
The infinite Three One.
6. Jesus, O, when shall that dear day,  
That joyful hour, appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay  
To dwell among them there ?

1080.

8s.

DE FLEURY.

ALL THE ANGELS STOOD ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE.— Rev. 7 : 11.

1. YE angels, who stand round the throne,  
And view my Immanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make Him known ;  
O, tune your soft harps to His praise.
2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,  
His grace and His glory display.  
And all His rich mercy repeat.

IMMORTALITY.

- 3. O, when will the moment appear  
When I shall unite in your song?  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
For I to your Saviour belong.
- 4. I'm fettered and chained here in clay;  
I struggle and pant to be free;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see.

1081.

8s.

THE STREET OF THE CITY WAS PURE GOLD. — REV. 21 : 21.

- 1. We speak of the realms of the blessed,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 2. We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 3. We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 4. We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first born above;  
But what must it be to be there!
- 5. Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,  
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,  
And shortly I also shall know,  
And feel, what it is to be there.

"Often ascribed to Mrs Wilson"  
See "Christ in Song."

*ills,*  
*by Mrs*  
*directly*  
*ills,*

*uchess*  
*but not visited*

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M. KENN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M. WATTS.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M. WATTS.

LET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

4. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

*The*  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
~~One~~ God, whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Ver by  
JTB*

5. C. M. WATTS.

THE God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by His redeeming word  
And new-creating breath.

DOXOLOGIES.

To praise the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, all divine, —  
 The One in Three, and Three in One, —  
 Let saints and angels join.

6. S. M. WATTS.

YE angels round the throne,  
 And saints who dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

7. S. M. BEDDOME.

To the eternal Three,  
 In will and essence One,  
 Be universal honors paid,  
 Coequal honors done.

8. H. M. WATTS.

To our eternal God,  
 The Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, all divine,  
 Three mysteries in One,  
 Salvation, power, | By all on earth,  
 And praise be given, | And all in heaven.

9. L. P. M. WATTS.

Now to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
 Eternal praise and glory given,  
 Through all the worlds where God is known,  
 By all the angels near the throne,  
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

10.

C. P. M. TATE &amp; BRADY.

*all*

*uffring*  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God, whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And saints on earth adore,  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time ~~shall~~ be no more.

*itself must*

11.

7s.

MEAD'S COLL.

SING we to our God above  
 Praise eternal as His love :  
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host —  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12.

7s.

WHITE.

*ye*  
 Now to God, the Three in One,  
 Be eternal glory done ;  
 Raise, ye saints, the sound again ;  
 Nations, join the loud Amen.

*not by  
 White's books.  
 Phillips & Sampson*

13.

7s.

CONDER.

- Sons 2d +*
1. Now, with angels round the throne,  
 Cherubim and seraphim,  
 And the church, which still is one,  
 Let us swell the solemn hymn ;  
 Glory to the great I AM !  
 Glory to the Victim Lamb.
  2. Blessing, honor, glory, might,  
 And dominion infinite,  
 To the Father of our Lord,  
 To the Spirit and the Word,  
 As it was all worlds before,  
 Is, and shall be evermore.

14.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,  
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,  
 The eternal, supreme, Three in One,  
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

15.

8s &amp; 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven ;  
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise ;  
 As it was, and is, be given  
 Glory through eternal days.

16.

8s &amp; 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation ;  
 Praise the Father's boundless love ;  
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation ;  
 Praise the Spirit from above :  
 Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
 Him by whom our spirits live ;  
 Undivided adoration  
 To the one Jehovah give.

17.

8s, 7s, &amp; 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne ;  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

DOXOLOGIES.

18.

7s & 6s.

To Thee be praise forever,  
 Thou glorious King of kings :  
 Thy wondrous love and favor  
 Each ransomed spirit sings ;  
 We'll celebrate Thy glory,  
 With all Thy saints above,  
 And shout the joyful story  
 Of Thy redeeming love.

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19.

6s & 4s.

To the great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore ;  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

V. H. 308

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20.

4s & 6s.

To Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, — One, —  
 The God who reigns in heaven,  
 As done above,  
 May praise and love  
 By all on earth be given.

*Prosa Germanica*

21.

10s & 11s. RIPPON'S COLL.

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,  
 And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One ;  
 Let highest ascriptions forever be given  
 By all the creation on earth and in heaven.

In Sab. H. B. K. not  
 owned. V. in my hands.

22.

8s, 6s, & 4s. *Hyman Perkinson*

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 On earth be praises given,  
 While angels raise  
 Their higher praise  
 With the redeemed in heaven.

23.

5s &amp; 6s.

By angels in heaven  
 Of every degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be addressed,  
 To God in Three Persons,  
 One God ever blessed;  
 As ~~both~~ *had* been, ~~and~~ now is,  
 And always shall be.

*John Brady*  
 ver. by  
*J. V. B.*

24.

P. M.

ALL glory to God  
 In His highest abode,  
 Who sits on His throne!  
 All glory to Jesus, His crucified Son!  
 All glory and praise  
 To the Spirit of grace!  
 The eternal I AM:  
 Let His saints and His angels forever proclaim.

Churches which have adopted  
Book -

1. Watlet -
2. Stoneham -
3. Chelsea - Dr O'Brien -
4. W. Woodstock -
5. Mr White, Cleveland -
6. Rev. Sidney Turner, Edou.,  
had 140 copies -
7. Mr Grosvenor's, Conn. -
8. Athol -
9. Templeton -
10. Ware Village -
11. Dr Withington - vestry -
12. South Woodstock - Garrison
13. Abington in Pomfret  
Minister H. B. Smith
14. Eastford. Rev. Campbell
15. Sturbridge - (L. P. +)

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