The image shows a dark brown, textured book cover with an intricate, embossed floral and scrollwork pattern. The pattern is symmetrical and fills most of the cover. In the center, the name "W. S. Van Riper" is printed in a gold-colored, Gothic-style font.

W. S. Van Riper

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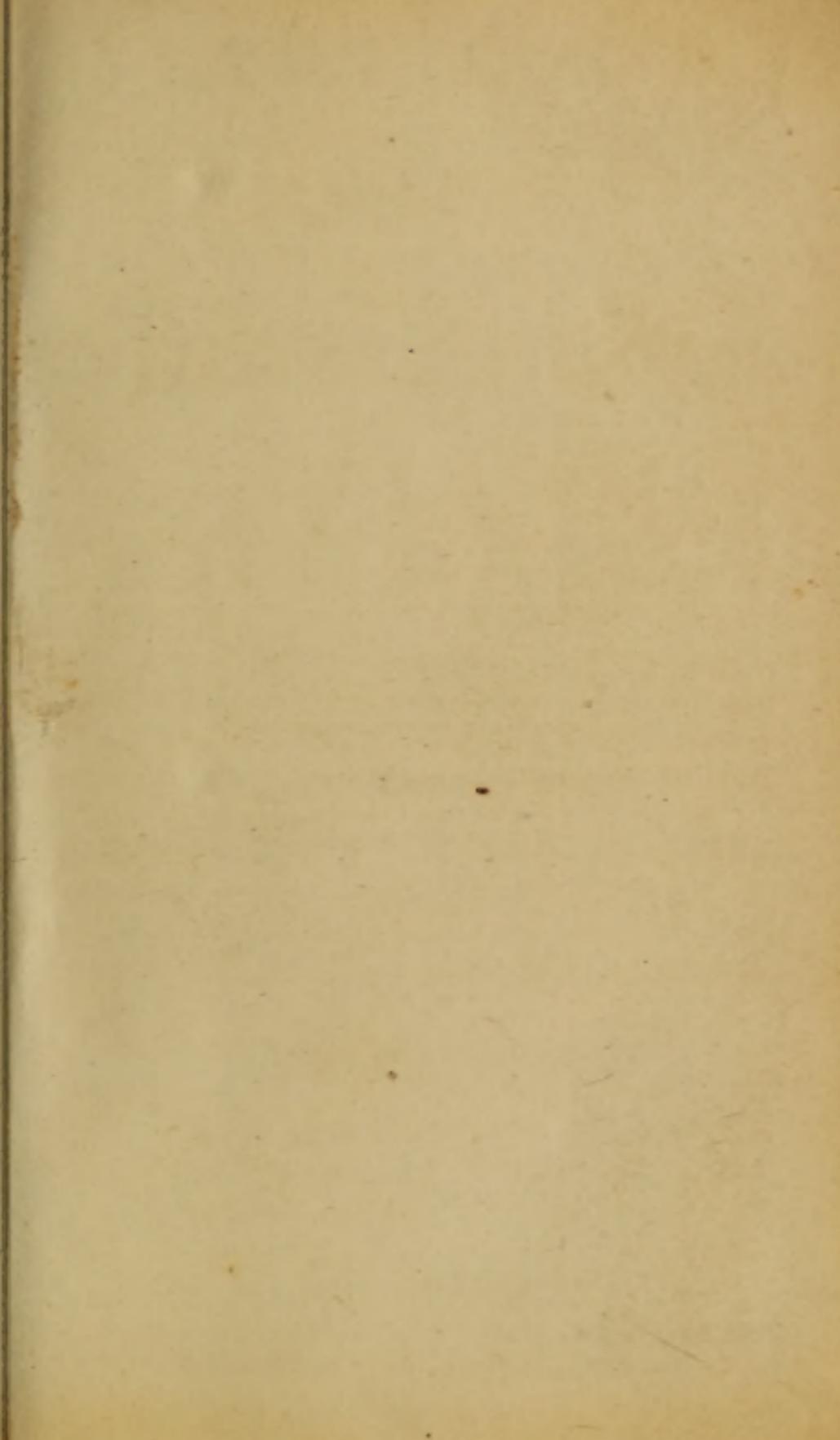
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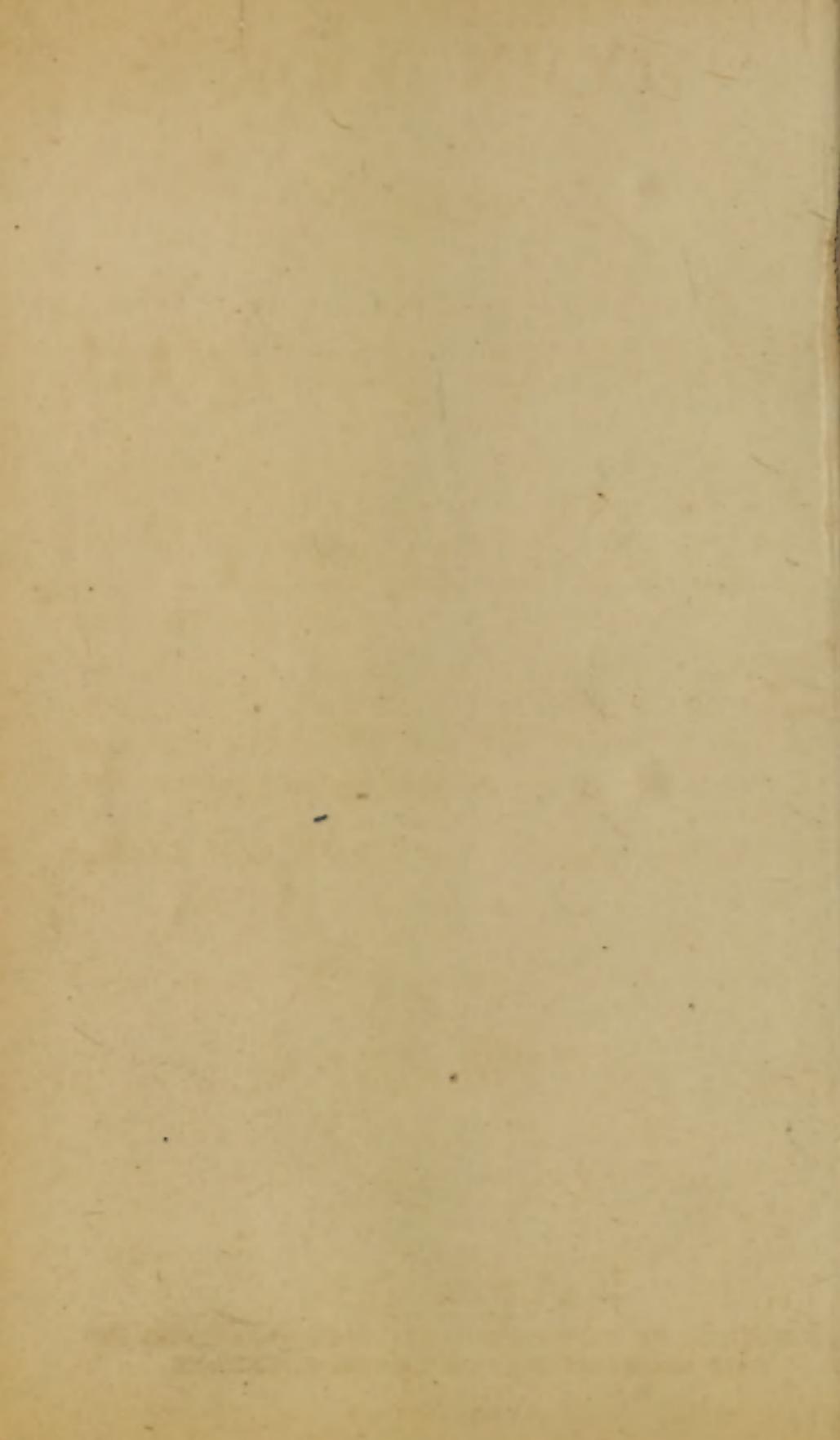
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6





HYMN BOOK

OF THE

Methodist Protestant

CHURCH.

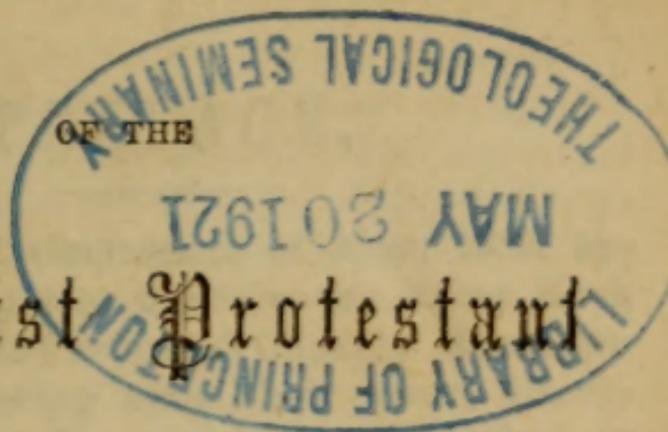
COMPILED BY AUTHORITY OF THE
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1858.

ELEVENTH EDITION.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESIDENT AND DIRECTORS OF
THE BOOK CONCERN OF THE M. P. CHURCH.

1868.



HYMN BOOK



CHURCH

ENTERED, according to act of Congress, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, by the
President and Directors of the Book Concern of the
Methodist Protestant Church.

SHERWOOD & Co., PRINTERS.

Stereotyped by Ryan & Ricketts.

PREFACE.

THE General Conference of May, 1858, appointed a Committee to revise the Hymn Book of the Methodist Protestant Church. The Committee, in entering upon their labor, discovered a field of such extent before them that, in order to answer the expectations of the Conference and membership generally, they found it necessary to make an entirely new arrangement or classification. They determined, therefore, to compile a new book. The result of nearly a year's labor is now offered to the Church, with the hope, not unreasonably entertained, that it may prove acceptable.

The "Arrangement of Subjects" has been simplified and adapted as far as possible to the purposes of such a table. Many long hymns contained in the old book, which on account of their length were never sung, have been omitted in the new, while others have been sufficiently abridged to render them suitable for public worship, and others again, of rare poetic and spiritual excellence, have been retained entire, but, at the same time, they have been broken up into separate hymns of reasonable length.

The Committee take pleasure in calling attention to several new and desirable features in the present book. Each hymn has the name of the author (so far as could be ascertained)

at the top, on the right hand. On the left is the name of the tune to which it may be sung, which will be found of great advantage to leaders of choirs, and to those whose duty it may become to raise the tunes for the congregation, as indicating the class of tunes suitable to the expression of the sentiment contained in the hymn. The hymns are numbered agreeably to their relative positions in the book, and the paging at the top is omitted as being unnecessary. This change is adopted to prevent the confusion likely to ensue when the number of the page and the number of the hymn are both called out.

The number of Doxologies in the present compilation is very much increased. No little inconvenience was experienced formerly from the paucity of these, particularly as it has been of late the custom in various evangelical churches to conclude service with a Doxology agreeing in metre with that of the final hymn sung. The present collection will admit of this without difficulty, inasmuch as the metres of all the hymns in the book have Doxologies suited to them.

A collection of "Spiritual Songs" is added as an appendix. It was deemed desirable to have the best specimens of this class preserved in the book in common use, so that there might be no necessity for a separate collection on revival occasions. The poetic merits of many of them are hardly sufficient to entitle them to positions beside the magnificent effusions of

Watts and Wesley, while their earnest spirituality and the familiarity of all Methodists with them forbid their being altogether omitted. Should it be thought desirable, however, at any future time to separate them from their present relation and to have them bound in a distinct collection, it can be done without marring the unity of the book.

In addition to the usual Index, one has been added consisting of the "First Line" of each stanza except the first. This will be found convenient in enabling the possessor to find readily any hymn when the first line only of a stanza is remembered.

There is also an Index of names of Tunes, arranged alphabetically, which will doubtless prove acceptable to those required to raise them.

The hymns have been selected with a view to their spirituality, their poetic beauty, and their suitability to illustrate the several subjects under which they are located. More than one-half the number contained in this volume have been selected from our former collection. The Committee have drawn largely from the compositions of Watts and the two Wesleys for the remainder, and have generally endeavored to give them as they were originally written. Other pious authors have also contributed their share, among whom it is only necessary to mention the names of Doddridge, Heber, and Montgomery. They have also availed themselves of some exquisitely beautiful

effusions of modern date, which have not appeared hitherto in any similar publication, but which are no less an ornament to our Church Hymn Book than an expression of the profound and fervent piety of their respective authors.

The Committee desire to express their many and great obligations to the following named gentlemen for their valuable assistance in the several departments enumerated:—To David Creamer, Esq., for his assistance in verifying the hymns; to Samuel Burnet, Esq., for his assistance in the musical department, (both of the Meth. Episcopal Church;) and to the Rev. James M. Haines, of the Virginia Annual Conference, for preparing the Index of first lines.

In conclusion, they desire to commend the present work to the favorable acceptance of the Church, with the assurance that no labor or care which it was in their power to bestow has been spared to render it suitable for devotion, and in all particulars what the Church has a right to expect from their hands.

JOSIAH VARDEN,
JOHN J. MURRAY,
E. Y. REESE,
LUTHER MARTIN,
EDMUND G. WATERS.

PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT.

	PAGE
I. GOD IN NATURE.....	9
II. DIVINE ATTRIBUTES	15
III. DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.	31
IV. CHRIST—	
Birth of Christ	48
Life of Christ.....	59
Death of Christ.....	66
Resurrection and Glory of Christ..	81
V. THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	98
VI. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.....	113
VII. INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL—	
The Sabbath.....	121
The Church	132
The Ministry	146
Baptism	150
Lord's Supper	153
VIII. SIN.....	158
IX. WARNINGS.....	164
X. INVITATIONS.....	177

PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT.

I. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—

Penitence.....	197
Justification by Faith.....	236
Communion with God.....	262
Duties and Trials.....	297
Unfaithfulness mourned.....	324

XII. MEANS OF GRACE—

Public Worship.....	337
Social Worship.....	382
Domestic Worship.....	400
Prayer.....	419

XIII. DEATH..... 433

XIV. PROSPECT OF HEAVEN..... 457

XV. RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT..... 478

XVI. SPECIAL OCCASIONS..... 490

Thanksgiving.....	492
Watchnight.....	495
New Year.....	498
Sunday Schools.....	502
Meetings for the Poor.....	507
Missionary.....	509

DOXOLOGIES..... 516

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS..... 521

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
 'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
 Shall not my heart, with answ'ring tone,
 Breathe forth thy holy name?
 All nature's debt is small to mine,
 Nature shall cease to be;
 Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
 Immortal life to me.

3 Watchman. S. M. WATTS.
His name is glorious.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name;
 Thy glories how diffused abroad
 Through the creation's frame.

2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.

4 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true
 Until 'tis formed again.

5 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me, from above;
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.

6 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God my soul ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

4 Winchester. L. M. ADDISON.
The Maker Divine.

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,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid the radiant orbs be found ?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

5 Barby. C. M. SIMON BROWN.
All things created for His glory.

GREAT First of beings! mighty Lord
 Of all this wondrous frame!
 Produced by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.

- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
 'Twas instantly obeyed;
 And through thy goodness all things stand
 Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
 They all reflect thy light:
 For this in course the planets roll,
 And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the sun dispenses heat
 And beams of cheering day;
 And distant stars, in order set,
 By night thy power display.
- 5 For this the earth its produce yields;
 For this the waters flow;
 And blooming plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end—
 That all we think, and all we do,
 Shall to thine honor tend.

6 Woodstock. C. M. MONTGOMERY
The God of Nature and of Grace.

- THE God of nature and of grace
 In all his works appears;
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By him in wisdom planned;
 'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
 Thither his path pursue;
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name
 In all creation's lines;
 Spread through eternity, thy fame
 With rising lustre shines

5 Millions before thy presence stand,
 Who feel, while they adore,
 Fullness of joy at thy right hand,
 And pleasures evermore.

7 St. Martin's. C. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
The heart's attestation.

WE need not soar above the skies,
 Leave suns and stars below,
 And seek Thee, with unclouded eyes,
 In all that angels know;—
 The very breath we now inhale,
 The pulse in every heart,
 Attest with force that cannot fail,
 Thou art, O God! Thou art!

2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
 Of universal joy,—
 The chime of worlds and chant of tongues,—
 The praise that we employ
 May breathe its music in thine ear,
 Its meaning in thy heart,
 Our glad confession deign to hear,—
 Thou art, O God! Thou art!

8 Devises. C. M. LUTH. COL.
Nature invites our Praise.

HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
 To thee our songs we raise;
 Nature, through all her various scenes,
 Invites us to thy praise.

- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
 Fresh wonders strike our view,
 And while we gaze our hearts exult
 With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
 Which gilds the gloom of night,
 And decks the smiling face of morn
 With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
 With countless beauties shine;
 The silent grove, the awful shade,
 Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And while in all thy wondrous works
 Thy varied love we see,
 Still may the contemplation lead
 Our hearts, O God, to thee!

9 Zanesville. C. M. MRS. STEELE.
Creation prompts to Gratitude.

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

- 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,
 Oh, let my lips and life make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise.

- 4 All bounteous Lord! thy grace impart,
 Oh, teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with ever-grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.

II. DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 10 Uxbridge. L. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
Unity of God.

WHEN God—neglected or denied—
 From ancient tribes withdrew his grace,
 How soon the erring myriads strove
 With phantom forms to fill his place!

- 2 On every hill, by every stream,
 All homes within, all waysides near,
 The hallowed idols senseless stood,—
 The helpless suppliants bowed with fear.

- 3 With gods for every foot of land,
 And every pause of passing time,
 In life no soothing peace they found,
 In death no heavenly hope sublime.

- 4 O Thou, the true and living God!
 Maker of all above, below,
 Eternal, self-existent One!
 How blest are we thy name to know!

- 5 One God—enlightened faith adores;
 One God—harmonious nature cries;
 One God—our common Sire and Lord,
 The brotherhood of mind replies.

To Thee, Supreme!—to Thee alone,
 Be hymns of highest glory sung;
 The source of joy to every heart,
 The theme of praise to every tongue.

11 Duke street. L. M. ANON.
God Omnipotent and Everlasting.

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

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

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

4 Nature her order shall reverse,
 Revolving seasons cease their round;
 Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
 Nor autumn be with plenty crowned.

5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
 The sun his destined path forsake,
 And burning desolation mark
 Amid the world his wand'ring track;

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

12 Old Hundred. L. M.

WATTS.

Majesty of God.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God,
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds;

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
 But, oh, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
 Be short our tunes, our words be few;
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

13 Hebron. L. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience.

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.

- 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.
- 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.
- 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.

14 Chimes. C. M. WATTS.
Omniscience.

- LORD, all I am is known to thee;
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side!
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sov'reign love.

15

Mear.

C. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and published there?
 Be all exposed before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie,
 Upward I dare not look;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

16

Howard.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

God Benevolent and Merciful.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
 Thou dost with sinners bear;
 That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;
 A rock which cannot move:
 A thousand promises declare,
 Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure;
 And, while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.

17 Dundee. C. M. WATTS
Creator and Redeemer.

- FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs
 By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ;
 They show the labor of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms,—
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains :
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

18 Edgware. C. M. WATTS.
Power, Wisdom and Goodness.

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

19 Heber. C. M. WATTS.
God Eternal.

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

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

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to thee.

20 Balerna. C. M. THOMPSON.
The divine Omnipresence.

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

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

- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
 And reaches to the skies;
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
 Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
 The hand of God we see!
 And all the blessings we receive,
 Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee our hopes depend;
 In every age, in every clime,
 Our Father and our Friend,

Warwick.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

21

Holiness of God.

HOLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King;
 "Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
 "Thrice holy" let us sing.

- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul, to God;
 Lift, with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A contrite heart shall please him more
 Than noblest 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.

22

Margate. S. M.

WATTS.

Great in Mercy.

MY soul, repeat his praise
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

5 Our days are like the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

23

Fountain. C. M.

WATTS.

Goodness and Mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 When virtue lies distressed
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
 Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
 And, their best wishes to fulfil,
 Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of hearts sincere ;
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is joined with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honors of their God.

24 Orford. L. M. NOEL'S COL.
Omnipresence of God.

WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
 Lord, to escape thy piercing eye ?
 With thee it is not day and night,
 But darkness shineth as the light.

- 2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
 Our ways are open to thy view ;
 Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
 Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.
- 3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
 One lonely wild, where thou art not ?
 The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
 And those of hell know thou art there.
- 4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
 Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
 In every land, on every sea,
 We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, Ó God, and know each heart;
 With every idol bid us part;
 Make us to keep thy holy ways,
 And live to utter forth thy praise.

25 Stockwell. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.
God is love.

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.

26 Alway. L. M. WATTS.
Goodness of God.

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

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

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace!
 Whence all our hope, our comfort springs;
 The sons of Adam, in distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 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.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

27 Mt. Pleasant. C. M. BURDER.
God is Love.

- COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
 And lift 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;
 Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
 To show that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds and smoke and fire,
 Thunders his dreadful name;
 But Zion sings, in melting notes,
 The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,
 His counsels and designs—
 In every work his hands have framed,
 His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men, the news proclaim
 Through earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God, the Lord, is love.

28 Hebron. L. M. J. WESLEY
Canst thou find out the Almighty, &c.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
 Thee to perfection who can know?
 O height immense! what words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
 Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
 When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
 When earth and heaven are fled away.

3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
 Essential life's unbounded sea,
 What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
 It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

4 High is thy power above all height;
 Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
 Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
 Only to thee, O God, is known!

29 Give. C. M. STEE
God's Goodness.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care—
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.

LIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come—
 'Tis here our hope relies :
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
 What honors shall we raise ?
 Not all the raptured songs above
 Can render equal praise.

30 Swanwick. C. M. WATTS.
God the Judge.

- WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 Thou, sovereign judge of right and wrong,
 Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all who are oppressed,
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men who know thy name will trust
 In thine abundant grace ;
 For thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill ;
 Who executes his threatening word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

31 Howard. C. M. DRENNAN.
God present with his people.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord;
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms and worlds unknown;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

32 Sessions. L. M. PRATT'S COL.
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

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,
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend—
 Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

33 Orland. L. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
Truth.

CAN truth divine fulfilment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God—
Part of his own eternity.

2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest crumble on the mount—
The sea corrupt upon the shore;

3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom:

4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.

III. DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

34 Welton. L. M. DYER.
God over all.

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

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And when, oppressed with guilt, he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

- 3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
 Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven,
 And men, whom reason lifts to God,
 Though oft by passion downward driven:
- 4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
 And faint and tremble near the tomb,
 Who, sickening at the present scenes,
 Sigh for that better state to come:
- 5 All, great Creator, all are thine,
 All feel thy providential care;
 And through each varying scene of life,
 Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And whether grief oppress the heart,
 Or whether joy elate the breast,
 Or life still keep its little course,
 Or death invite the heart to rest,—
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all
 Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey:
 And all are training man to dwell
 Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

35 Silver street. S. M.

WATTS

The universal King.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
 The universal King.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord;
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

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

36 Geneva. C. M. ADDISON.
Providential care.

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

- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravished heart!
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
 It gently cleared my way;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice
 More to be feared than they.
- 6 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 7 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

37 Dundee. C. M. COWPER
God's Sovereignty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

38 Portugal. L. M. AR-
Trust in God.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear
 Thy great Provider still is near ;
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still ;
 Be calm, and sink into his will.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesus' name."
- 3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

39 Peterboro'. C. M. CH. PSALMIST.
Safe in God.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee,
Through all this wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way,
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

- 4 For such compassions, O my God,
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

40 Plymouth Dock. 6 8s. ADDISON.
God the Shepherd.

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

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

41 Shirland. S. M. WATT:
God our Shepherd.

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 heav'nly 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;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

42

Boylston. S. M. J. WESLEY.

Confidence in God.

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
 Soor end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care be gone.

- 4 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.
- 5 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To him commend thy cause—his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 6 Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.
- 7 Thou every where hast sway,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.
- 8 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand?
 Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
 And who shall stay thy hand?

43 Woodland. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Our Leader.

- O GOD of Abram, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led,—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
 Thy mercy we'll implore;
 Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

44 Cambridge. C. M. WATTS.
Preserver.

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 steadfast feet shall never fall,
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have its leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

45 Winter. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Trust in the Promises of God.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our fear?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
 Our God for ever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,
 And bears up all the skies,
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
 When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls
 To that delightful scene
 Where rivers of salvation flow,
 Through pastures ever green?

4 On thy support our souls shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
 If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succor prove,
 'Midst all our various ways,
 The darkest shades through which we pass
 Shall echo with his praise.

46 Hermon. C. M. BEDDOME.
Fear not.

YE trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
 Be mercy all your theme;
 Mercy, which like a river flows
 In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
 God will these powers restrain;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

- 3 Fear not the want of outward good :
 He still for his provides,
 Grants them supplies of daily food,
 And gives them heaven besides.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone ;
 He's faithful to his promises,
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
 Nor death's tremendous sting :
 He will from endless wrath preserve,
 To endless glory bring.
- 6 You in his wisdom, power, and grace,
 May confidently trust :
 His wisdom guides, his power protects,
 His grace rewards the just.

47 Forrest. L. M. WATTS.
 Our Refuge.

- HE that has made his refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure abode—
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare--
 Satan, the tempter, who betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 3 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 God is their life, his wings are spread,
 To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 4 If vapors with malignant breath
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe—the poisoned air
 Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

- 5 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amid the graves.
- 6 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

48 Albion. C. M. FAWCETT.
Dark Providence.

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

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wond'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love,
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will:
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

49 Avon. C. M. ANON.
Prosperity from God.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
 With rays of mercy shine:
 O let thy favor crown our days,
 And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain:
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.

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

4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
 With thee each day be spent,
 For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
 Since each by thee is lent.

5 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road
 Till all our labors cease;
 And thus prepare our weary souls
 For everlasting peace.

50 Migdol. L. M. J. WESLEY
Petition for daily food.

FATHER, 'tis thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply:
 Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care, we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need;
 O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread!

51 Arundel. C. M. ADDISON.
God's People Blessed

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 they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore;
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, when death shall be our lot,
 Shall join our souls to thee.

52 Azmon. C. M. C. WESLEY
The Author of every Good Gift.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,—
 My soul on thee depends,—
 Convinced that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And power and wisdom too;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son,
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,
 One holy thought conceive,
 Unless, in answer to our Lord,
 Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
 His blood's availing plea
 Obtained the help for all our race,
 And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
 Our good is all divine:
 The praise of every virtuous thought
 And righteous word is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
 The power on thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live;
 Our God is all in all.

53 St. John's. C. M. WATTS.
God the Supporter.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
 And saves me from despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness;
 Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life were broke
 And flesh and heart should faint?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The Strength of every saint!
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence, die;
 Not all the idol-gods they love
 Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
 And tell the world my joy.

54

Barby.

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Everlasting Help.

- O GOD! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell 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 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood
 And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

7 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guide while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

55 Howard. C. M. HERVEY.
Our Father's Love.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
 God's watchful eye surveys,
 O who so wise to choose our lot
 Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies;
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
 Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
 So constant and so kind?
 To his unerring, gracious will,
 Be every wish resigned.

4 In the fair book of life divine,
 My God inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place
 Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

56 Lanesboro'. C. M. BRADY & TATE.
Taste and see that the Lord is Good.

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

- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast
Till all who are distressed,
From my example, comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh, make but trial of his love—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Come, make his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

 IV. CHRIST.

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

57 Ozrem. S. M. WATTS
Inefficiency of the Types.

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

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

58 Rochester. C. M. WATTS.
Types withdrawn.

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 burnt in vain.

3 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above.

4 "Father," he cries "forgive their sins,
 For I myself have died;"
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side

59 Chopin. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The promised Saviour.

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 his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held:
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eyes, oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The wounded soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 The sacred year has now revolved,
 Accepted of the Lord,
 When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
 And Israel is restored.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

60 Coronation. C. M. MEDLEY
Prince of Life.

- MORTALS, awake—with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew
 And loud the echo rolled;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 The impetuous torrent ran,
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat—
 "Glory to God on high;
 Good will and peace are now complete—
 Jesus was born to die,"

7 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

61 Northfield. C. M. TATE.
The Descent of the Angels.

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."

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God on high,
 And thus addressed their 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."

62 Hendon. 7s. MONTGOMERY.
A Son is given.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born ;
From the highest realms 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.

- 3 Wonderful in council he,
Christ, 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 him the homage meet,
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

63 Laban. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Thanks for the Unspeakable Gift.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

- 2 His infant cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven :
Salvation, through his only name,
'To all mankind is given.

- 3 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.
- 4 May all mankind receive
 The new-born Prince of peace,
 And meekly in his spirit live,
 And in his love increase.
- 5 Till he convey us home
 Cry every soul aloud,—
 Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
 And take us up to God.

64

Cookham. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Incarnation.

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

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Lo, he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die,
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see—
 Hail the incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 See the great Immanuel here.
- 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.

65 Clarendon. C. M. E. H. SEARS
A joyous Event.

CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.

3 The joyous hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Aloud with anthems ring;
 "Peace to the earth, good will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King!"

66 Antioch. C. M. WATTS.
Christ comes to destroy Sin.

JOY to the world! the Lord has 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.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

67 Zion. 8s 7s & 4. MONTGOMERY
Worship Christ.

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 heavenly light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King

- 5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains :
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

68

Sicilian. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Desire of Nations.

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 for ever,—
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

69

Sprague. S. M. ANON.

The Saviour Born.

WE come with joyful song,
 To hail this happy morn :
 Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
 "This day is Jesus born!"

- 2 What transports doth his name
 To sinful men afford!
 His glorious titles we proclaim—
 A Saviour—Christ—the Lord!

3 Glory to God on high,
 All hail the happy morn :
 We join the anthems of the sky,
 And sing—"The Saviour's born!"

70 Howard. C. M. WATTS.
Song of the Angels.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice—lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away ;
 News from the regions of the skies—
 A Saviour's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you ;
 To-day he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 Nor royal shining things ;
 A manger for his cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne ;
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above—
 Let peace surround the earth ;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 When we forget to praise!

71 Coventry. C. M. C. WESLEY
The Promise fulfilled.

THE race that long in darkness pined
 Have seen a glorious light;
 The people now behold the dawn
 Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
 The gathering nations come,
 Joyous as when the reapers bear
 Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed—
 Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
 Thy fiery conflict with the foe
 Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised child is born,
 To us the Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
 For evermore adored—
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power, increasing still, shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

72 Bentley. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.
Peace on Earth—Good will to Men.

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

LIFE OF CHRIST.

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

LIFE OF CHRIST.

7 } St. Thomas. S. M.

WATTS.

The Love of the Father.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined 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.

75 Winter. C. M. BEDDOME.
Our Exemplar.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
 Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
 As thou hast done, so would I do,
 Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
 To do thy Father's will;
 O may that zeal my soul excite,
 Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility and love,
 Through all thy conduct shine;
 O may my whole deportment prove
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

76 Arlington. C. M. HEBER.
Infancy of Christ.

ABASHED be all the boast of age—
 Be hoary learning dumb;
 Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an infant come.

2 Oh, Wisdom, whose unfading power
 Beside the Eternal stood,
 To frame in nature's earliest hour
 The land, the sky, the flood,—

3 Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear—
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy faltered prayer.

4 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders 'round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

5 So may our youth adore thy name—
 And, Saviour, deign to bless
 With fostering grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

77 Rochester. C. M. ENFIELD.
Christ our Pattern.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine!
 The virtues all, in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found;
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life—
 He labored for their good.

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
 And still his task pursued,
 While humble prayer and holy faith
 His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resigned he bowed and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
 His image may we bear:
 O may we tread his holy steps,
 His joy and glory share.

78 Effingham. L. M. STEELE.
Christ our Example.

- AND is the Gospel peace and love?
 So let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
 Bright Pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be his the temper of our mind,
 And his the rule by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love;
 If then we love our Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.

79 Rothwell. L. M. WATTS.
Devotion of Christ.

- 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.
- 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 deserts thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

80 Stonefield. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
Joy in Christ.

- WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
 The various glories of thy face,
 What transport pours o'er all our breast,
 And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
 On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
 Rather than pompous courts behold,
 And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
 I see the King of glory shine,
 And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants viewed
 His lustre, when transformed he stood;
 And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
 Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
 To nobler visions long to rise;
 That grand assembly would we join,
 Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how
 fair!
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there!
 Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
 And bear me to that blest abode.

81 Oldham. C. M. WATTS.
Forgiveness from the Example of Jesus.

GOD of my mercy and my praise!
 Thy glory is my song;
 Though sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.

- 2 When in the form of mortal man
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;
 Their peace he still pursued:
 They render'd hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
 To me a model prove;
 Like his, O God! my heart incline
 My enemies to love.

82 Dikeman. S. M. BEDDOME.
"He beheld the City, and wept over it."

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 The wond'ring angels 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.

83 Windham. L. M. TAPPAN.
Gethsemane.

- 'TIS midnight—and on Olives' brow
 The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
 Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
 E'en the disciple that he lov'd
 Heeds not his Master's griefs 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.

 DEATH OF CHRIST.

84 Olivet. L. M. WATSON
"God forbid that I should glory."

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 cross 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 tribute far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.

85

Holman. C. M. S. WESLEY, SR.

On the Cross.

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 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine!

86

China.

C. M.

WATTS.

Redemption.

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 have 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 Christ, the great Redeemer, died
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 When his dear cross appears—
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine 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.

87

Heber.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Redemption.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and—oh, 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 O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break!
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told!

88

Naomi.

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Christ our Peace.

- I**N vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own:
 Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threat'nings of thy broken law
 Impress the soul with dread:
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
 Hath answered all demands,
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord!
 'Tis on thy cross we rest;
 For ever be thy love adored,
 Thy name for ever blest.

89 Fenwick. 8s, 7s & 4. FRANCIS.
"It is Finished!"

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 Saviour, dying, cry.

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

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished—all that God has promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 It is finished!—
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 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!

90 Sessions. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"Behold the Man."

YE that pass by, behold the man!
 The man of grief, condemned for you,
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood!
 His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
 Or only covered with his blood.

- 3 See there! his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 O thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.
- 5 At thy last gasp, the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!
- 6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

91

Give.

C. M.

NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

- I IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.

92 Lanesville. L. M. C. WESLEY

The precious Saviour.

- OF him who did salvation bring
 I could for ever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 'tis given!
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan:
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this Spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

93 Welton. L. M. WATTS.
The Passion of Christ.

COME, let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he expir'd in shame and blood,
 Like one forsaken of his God.

- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn;
 "He rescued others from the grave,
 Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 4 But gracious God! thy power and love
 Have made his death a blessing prove:
 Though once upon the cross he bled,
 Immortal honors crown his head.
- 5 Through Christ the Son our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live!
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

94 Hebron. L. M. STEELE.
A dying Saviour.

STRETCHED on the cross the Saviour dies!
 Hark! his expiring groans arise;
 See—from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Fast flows the sacred crimson tide!

- 2 But life attends the deathful scound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream,—how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

- 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, blessed Lord! thy grace impart
To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief and ardent love.

95 Ortonville. C. M. COWPER
Efficacy of the Atoning Blood.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

96 Limehouse. L. M. CUNNINGHAM.
The Hidings of the Father's Face.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
 A bitter and heart-rending cry;
 My Saviour! every mournful word
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
 On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
 And all the swarming hosts of hell
 Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
 These thou couldst bear, nor once repine;
 But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
 Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
 Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
 Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
 He died, that we might never die.
- 5 Lord! on thy cross I fix mine eye;
 If e'er I lose its strong control,
 O, let that dying, piercing cry,
 Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

97 Effingham. L. M. WATTS.
Wonders of the Cross.

NATURE with open volume stands
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
 And every labor of his hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood and crimson lines.

- 3 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would for ever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

98

Bether.

6 7s.

TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages.

- R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure—
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring—
 Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

99

Kingsbridge. L. M.

STENNETT.

"It is Finished!"

- 'T**IS finished! so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died:
 'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

- 2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished!—this, my dying groan,
For sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished!—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations 'round;
'Tis finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

100 Windham. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"It is Finished."

'TIS finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

- 4 The types and figures are fulfill'd,
 Exacted is the legal pain;
 The precious promises are seal'd;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 5 Saved from the legal curse I am,
 My Saviour hangs on yonder tree;
 See there the meek, expiring Lamb!
 'Tis finished! He expires for me.
- 6 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
 All grace is now to sinners given;
 And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
 And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

101 Heber. C. M. C. WESLEY.
God manifested in the Flesh.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me?

- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,—
 Himself to worms impart?
 Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
 And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
 Thy wonderful design;
 What meant the suff'ring Son of man,
 The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
 And live and die below,
 That I might now perceive thee near,
 And my Redeemer know?—
- 5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
 Whom angels dimly see,
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity?

102 Brighton. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Love Divine.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
 Th' incarnate God hath died for me!
 The Father's co-eternal Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!
 The Son of God for me hath died:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
 And say, was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God:
 Believe, believe the record true,—
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side:
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him.
 Of nothing think or speak beside,—
 My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

103 Alway. L. M. J. WESLEY.
Expiring on the Cross.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
 Cover'd with dust, and sweat and blood,
 See there, the King of glory see!
 Sinks and expires the Son of God.

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
 Who could thy sacred body wound?
 No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,—
 No guile hath in thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone have done the deed;
 'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
 My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,—
 Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.
- 4 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
 How pay the mighty debt I owe?
 Let all I have, and all I am,
 Ceaseless, to all thy glory show.
- 5 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
 Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
 And ever in thy bosom rest. .

104 Luther's. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
"Father, forgive them."

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die!
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 Sinners, he prays for you and me—
 "Forgive them, Father, O forgive!
 They know not that by me they live."

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee,—by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross and passion on the tree.
 Thy precious death and life,—I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away.
- 3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears,
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears,
 That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
 Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 4 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.
-

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

105 Eltham. 7s. C. WESLEY.
The Risen Saviour.

“CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!”

- Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death 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 hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

- 6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
 Everlasting life is this—
 Thee to know, thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

106 Heard. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
"He is Risen."

- Y**E humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Cast all your fears away;
 Come with adoring faith and see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought--
 Such wonders love can do:
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But raise your eyes and tune your songs,—
 The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once-dishonor'd head;
 And through unnumbered years he reigns
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his shall every saint
 His vacant tomb survey,
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 To realms of endless day.

107 Gerar. S. M. KELLY.
Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

- T**HE Lord is risen indeed;
 The grave hath lost its prey;
 With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.

- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
 He lives to die no more ;
 He lives, his people'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 :
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord ;
 Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

108

Stonefield. L. M.

WATTS

Grief and Joy.

- HE dies—the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies—
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise ;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns,
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.

- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

109 Rothwell. L. M. WATTS.
Ascension of Christ.

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 holy law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 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 his promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

110 Henry. C. M. S. WESLEY, JR.
Paradise Opened.

THE Sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more;
 Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears,—
 Your rising Sun adore.

- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
 Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
 He breaks again the bands of death,—
 Again the dead arise.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

111 Rosefield. 7s. GIBBONS.
Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne,—
Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

112 Aravesta. 7s. COLLYER.
The Resurrection.

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

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

113 Wesley. L. M. WALLIN.
The Resurrection of Christ.

WHEN I the lonely grave survey,
 Where once my Saviour deigned to lie,
 I see fulfilled what prophets say,
 And all the power of death defy.

- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
 How weak the bands of conquered death;
 Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
 Shall rise and draw immortal breath.
- 3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
 Unseals his eyes to sleep no more,
 And ever lives their cause to plead
 For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 Thy risen Lord, my soul! behold;
 See the rich diadem he wears!
 Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
 A crown of joy, when he appears.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God! thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

114 Lanesville. L. M. C. WESLEY.
The King of Glory.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in!
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 Conqu'ror's name.

- 3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

115 Coronation. C. M. PERRONET.
Crown Him Lord of all.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Praise him who shed for you his blood
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

116 Zerah. C. M. KELLY.
King of kings and Lord of lords.

THE head that once was crown'd with
 Is crown'd with glory now; [thorns
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is to our Jesus given;
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 He reigns o'er earth and heaven—
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,—
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.

117 Northfield. C. M. WATTS.
Worthy the Lamb.

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

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

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

118 Oldham. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Intercession of Christ.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned,—
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and cre
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

119 Woodland. C. M. WATTS.
A Sympathizing High Priest.

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

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power :
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

120

Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS.

Christ Adored.

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

- 2 Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down ;
 Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Through every heavenly street,
 And lay their highest honors down,
 Submissive, at his feet.
- 4 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth his honors sing,—
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 6 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

121

Lowell! L. M.

STEELE.

Intercession of Christ.

HE lives—the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, before his Father God,
 He pleads the 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.

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 thee our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

122

Otto. 8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL

Glory to Jesus.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou everlasting 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.

- 2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3 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.

123 Cooper. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY,
Reign of Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purged our stains
 He took his seat above;—&c.
- 3 His kindness cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given;—&c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet;—&c.

- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;—&c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

124 Ames. L. M. MEDLEY.
Because He liveth I shall live also.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
 He lives, my everlasting Head!
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

125 Park street. L. M. STEELE.
Praise to Christ.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame,
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expired—
Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admired
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live—
Died in the wretched traitor's place!
Oh, what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace!
- 5 Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offering poor.
- 6 Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honors raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

116

Shoel.

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 1 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet,
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

127 Piety. C. M. BEDDOME.
"Let all the angels of God worship Him."

HOW great the wisdom, power and grace
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And with ten thousand thousand tongues
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore, —
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

128 Chopin. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The Name above every name.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

RESURRECTION AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim :
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, " Behold the Lamb !"
- 6 Happy if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name ;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 " Behold, behold the Lamb !"

29 Zabulon. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.

Jesus the Joy of heaven and earth.

LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind :
 T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heaven :
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have,
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love ;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 6 O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

V. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

130

Northfield. C. M.

WATTS.

Invocation of the Spirit.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, 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.

131

Litchfield. L. M.

WES. COL.

Pentecost.

- COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
 To reach the wonders of the day
 When, with thy fiery cloven tongues,
 Thou didst those glorious scenes display.
- 2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
 Season of grace and sweet delight,
 When thou didst come with mighty power
 And light of truth divinely bright.
- 3 By this the blest disciples knew
 Their risen Head had entered heaven;
 Had now obtained the promise due,
 Fully by God the Father given.
- 4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
 The apostolic promise given;
 We wait the Pentecostal powers,
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 5 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
 Or long for thy return to pine;
 Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow
 And fix in us the Guest divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,
 Calmly we wait the promised grace,
 The purchase of our dying Lord,—
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,
 If still thou dost on sinners fall,
 Come as a mighty rushing wind,
 Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
 And languish thy descent to meet:
 Kindle in each the living fire,
 And fix in every heart thy seat.

132 Hantz. S. M. CHR. PSALMIST.
"It is God that worketh in you."

'TIS God the Spirit leads
 In paths before unknown;
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

2 Supported 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.

133 Hingham. L. M. STEELE.
The Comforter.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hope for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.

- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 3 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 4 And when my cheerful soul 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
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

134

Alfreton. L. M.

WATTS.

Work of the Spirit.

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;
Our wild, 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.

135 Haddam. 4 6s & 2 8s. PRATT'S COL.
"If ye, being evil," &c.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
 We plead the promise of thy word,
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry,
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their children's wants supply,
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
 We, children of thy grace:
 O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place;
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

136 Dundee. C. M. DODDRIDGE
"By which ye are sealed," &c.

FATHER of peace, and God of love!
 We own thy power to save,
 That power by which our Shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the grave thou brought'st again
 When, by his sacred blood
 Confirmed and sealed, for evermore
 The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may the Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still;

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in thine eyes!

137 Ames. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Power implored.

POWER from on high, O God, impart—
Power in thy Gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.

2 The word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain,
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If thou the Spirit's might restrain.

3 Here be his sacred influence felt,
With searching, cleansing, quick'ning force,
Till souls of mill-stone hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.

4 Convinced and humbled in the dust,
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ, our Saviour, glorify—
While we, as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

138 Underwood. S. M. HART.
The Reviver.

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

- 2 Convince us all of sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The mercies of our God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove,
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

139 Spilsby. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Revealer.

- SPIRIT of truth, come down,
 S Reveal the things of God—
 Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
 Apply his precious blood:
 His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see
 Jesus (who did for sinners die)
 Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God."

140 Boylston. S. M. BEDDOME.

The Renewer.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 C With energy divine,
 And on this poor benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise,
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

141 Golden Hill. S. M. PRATT'S COL.
The Comforter.

BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shire,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each 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.

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

142 Norwich. 7s. REED.
Light, Purity, Joy.

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.

143 Howard. C. M. PRATT'S COL.
Love, Repose, Assurance.

ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
 Our contrite hearts inspire;
 Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
 And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 With guilt and fear opprest;
 'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
 And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
 Whate'er that sin may be,
 That we, in singleness of heart,
 May worship only thee.

- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear
 That we are sons of God,
 Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
 Through Christ's atoning blood.

144 Wareham. C. M. WATTS.
Earnest of the Inheritance.

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

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal them heirs of heaven?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In my 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;
 May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home.

145 Brewer. L. M. BEDDOME.
The Enlightener.

COME, blessed Spirit, Source of light,
 Whose power and grace are unconfin'd;
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The thicker darkness of the mind.

- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
 The glorious truth thy words reveal;
 Cause me to run the heavenly way,
 Make me delight to do thy will.

- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
 The myst'ries of redeeming love,
 The vanity of things below,
 And 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.

146 Rockingham. L. M. BROWNE
The Guardian and Guide.

- 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.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
 And make us know and choose thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness—the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with him for ever blest;
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
 Fullness of joy for ever there.

147 Palestrina. 6 Ss. ANON.
The indwelling God.

O THAT the Comforter would come!
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And take possession of my breast,
 And fix in me his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire—
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
I cannot rest in sins forgiven—
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

3 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad—
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.

148 Hermon. C. M. HUMPHREYS.
Life, Light and Love.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God—
In love eternal dwell.

149 Wilmot. 8s & 7s. NOEL'S COL.
Source of Blessings.

HOLY Source of consolation,
 Light and life thy grace imparts;
 Visit us in thy compassion;
 Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Thou canst bring us from above;
 Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
 Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blessed Spirit;
 Where thou art no ill can come;
 Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
 Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
 While thou dost prolong our days;
 Then, with angel hosts before thee,
 May we worship, love and praise.

150 Azmon. C. M. STEELE.
Renewing Grace implored.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!
 The heart, unchanged, can never rise
 To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit! thine,
 To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes;—

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live;
 A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine;
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord! be thine.

151 Arundel. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Spirit desired.

- GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
 Behold thy servants wait;
 With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,—
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!
 Declare our sins forgiven:
 And bear, with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change the barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field.

152 Bentley. 8s & 7s. TOPLADY.
The Source of Consolation.

- HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
 Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
 Rest upon this congregation,
 With the fullness of thy grace.
- 3 Author of our new creation,
 May we all thine influence prove;
 Make our souls thy habitation,—
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
- 4 Source of sweetest consolation,
 Breathe thy peace on all below;
 Bless, O bless this congregation;
 On each soul thy grace bestow!

153 Barby. C. M. REED.
Light, Fire, Dew, Dove.

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
 And make this house thy home;
 Descend with all thy gracious power,
 Oh! come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light; to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let our whole souls an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
 This consecrated hour;
 May barren minds be taught to own
 Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let the church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.

VI. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

154 Migdol. L. M. WATTS.
"Thou hast magnified thy word."

- 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 night and day 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 all the 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 blest
 That see the light—or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;
 Thy laws are pure—thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
 Lord, cleanse my sins—my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

155 Fountain. C. M. WATTS.
Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
 On all thy works I look;
 But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
 Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
 Here my best comfort lies;
 Here my desires are satisfied;
 And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
 Show what my faults have been;
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 The pardon of my sin.

156 Devises. C. M. STENNETT.
The Counsels of Redeeming Grace.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
 The sacred leaves unfold,
 And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
 Directs our doubtful feet;
 Here promises of heavenly love
 Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
 And all our wants supplied;
 Naught we can ask to make us blest
 Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
 That so enrich the mind,
 O may we search with eager pains,
 Assured that we shall find.

157 Dover. S. M. WATTS.
Safety in keeping God's precepts.

HOW perfect is thy word,
 Thy judgments all are just;
 And ever in thy promise, Lord,
 May man securely trust.

- 2 I hear thy word in love,
 In faith thy word obey;
 O send thy Spirit from above,
 To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,
 Thy precepts all are pure;
 And long as heaven and earth remain,
 Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O may my soul, with joy,
 Trust in thy faithful word;
 Be it through life my glad employ,
 To keep thy precepts, Lord.

158 St. Thomas. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
The Word a sword.

THY word, Almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword
 To slay the man of sin.

- 2 Thy word is power and life,
 It bids confusion cease,
 And changes envy, hatred, strife,
 To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
 The Gospel's glorious sound,
 And all its fruits, from day to day,
 Be in us and abound.

159 Wilmington. C. M. RIPPON.
The Bible precious.

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.

160

Bath Chapel. C. M.

STEELE.

Glory of the Scriptures.

- FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines;
 For ever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find,
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast;
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around,
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

161 Mt. Pleasant. C. M. COWPER.
Glory of the Scriptures.

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 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

162 Newry. L. M. BEDDOME.
A choice Heritage.

GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known;
 'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace and learn his name;
 'Tis shown in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
 His soul-attracting charms displays;
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.

- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

163

Walsal. C. M.

WATTS.

Value of the Scriptures.

- LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
L I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam 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
In almost every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
No 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
 Which leads to thy right hand.

164 Alexandria. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Perfection of the Law and Testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
 Thy testimonies sure;
 The statutes of thy realm are right,
 And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
 And make thy servant wise;
 Let these be gladness to my ears,—
 The day-spring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warn'd betimes;
 Who knows the guile within?
 Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
 Cleanse me from secret sin.

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

165 Quito. L. M. WATTS
Praise to God for the Bible.

LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessing in thy word.

2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon;
 With long despair our spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to thee alone.

- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

166 Ward. L. M. WATTS.
 Thy Word is Good.

- O HOW I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
 It guides me in the peaceful way,
 I think upon it all the day.
- 2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health?
 What are all joys, compared with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows.
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
 In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
 Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
 And straight I turned unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
 I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But saved me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
 Thy precepts I had still despised;
 And still the snare, in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betrayed.
- 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
 And breathe towards thy dear abode,
 Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
 Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

THE SABBATH.

167 Job. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.
The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
 To thee its grateful tribute bring;
 My knee with humble homage bow,
 My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
 In worlds below, and worlds above;
 But in thy blessed word I trace
 Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
 There, I behold the Saviour bleed;
 His name salutes my list'ning ear,
 Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
 And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
 Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song
 Through endless years thy praise prolong;
 Let distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more.

VII. INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE SABBATH.

168 Lisbon. S. M. WATTS.
"A day in thy courts," &c.

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

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

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

3 One day amidst the place
Which Jesus dwells within,
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.

169 New Sabbath. L. M.

ANON.

Sabbath Morning.

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.

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.

170 Chimes. C. M. LYTE.
Public Worship on the Sabbath.

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 vot'ries 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.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
 Her clear and shining light.

171 Bridgewater. L. M. WATTS.
In the Sanctuary.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
 And kindle there a pure desire;
 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

THE SABBATH.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 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.

174 Warwick. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"In the Spirit."

MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
 Be in thy spirit, Lord,
 Spirit of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word;

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
 And fix on things above;
 Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
 Of holiness and love.

175 Melbourne. C. M. BROWNE.
Sabbath Devotion.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames!

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 And Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

176 Mendon. L. M. STENNETT.
Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O may our thoughts and thanks arise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies,
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
 The earnest of that glorious rest
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
 In various scenes, both old and new;
 With praise we think on mercies past,
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 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.

177 Antioch. C. M.

WATTS.

"The Lord's Day."

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

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 th' 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.

178 Brewer. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Heavenly Sabbath.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
 On this thy day, in this thy house,
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy servants rise.

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 sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 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.

179

Islington. L. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath a Delight.

- 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 disturb my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- 4 Some never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

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

180 Hamilton. L. M. WATTS.
"Let all the people praise thee."

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

2 I have been there, and still would go,
 'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
 Not all that careless sinners say
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The truths and precepts of thy word,
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
 That finding pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

181 Alway. L. M. RAFFLES.
The Hour of Prayer.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God;
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
 While, all around, the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.

- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
 To hush the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

182 Ortonville. C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.
The Sabbath of the soul.

- O FATHER, though the anxious fear
 May cloud to-morrow's way,
 Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
 All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
 To worship at thy shrine;
 But each unholy thought departs,
 And leaves the temple thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born;
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate this day,
 The Sabbath of my soul.
- 5 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts;
 Let fires of vengeance die;
 And purged from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity.

183 Broomsgrove. C. M. S. WESLEY JR.
The Lord of Sabbath praised.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
 We blest and pious grow :
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed
 By God, the eternal Word, than when
 This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme :
 'Twas great to speak the world from naught,
 'Twas greater to redeem.

5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod ;
 He dies and suffers as a man—
 He rises as a God.

6 The Sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more ;
 Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
 Your rising Sun adore.

184 Talmar. 8s & 7s. ANON.
The Weekly Jubilee.

HALLELUJAH! Lord, our voices
 Rise in choral strains to thee :
 Son of man, thy church rejoices
 In her weekly jubilee.

- 2 Hallelujah! mercy beaming,
 Lights the path that leads to God:
 Herald lips divinely teeming,
 Publish blessings bought with blood.
- 3 Hallelujah! praise ascending,
 Shall our faith-wing'd breathing stay?
 Lord, before thine altar bending,
 Let the heathen hail the day!
- 4 Hallelujah! Saviour, hear us!
 Downward send thy quickening Dove;
 May his silver pinions bear us
 To the realms of rest and love.

THE CHURCH.

185 Stockwell. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.
Glorious things spoken of Zion.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in thy sight—
 Judah's temple far excelling,
 Beaming with the Gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake her sure repose?
 With salvation's wall surrounded,
 She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Chose thee for his own abode.

Love for the Church.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought
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.
- 3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

187 Alfreton. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
 Dedication.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he from his radiant throne
 Regard our temples as his own?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our house of prayer and peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill the worshipers with dread.
- 4 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.

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.

188 Sabbath Morning. C. M. NEWTON.
 Dedication, or other Public Occasions.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly fire
 In every waiting heart.

- 2 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.

THE CHURCH.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around
To come and fill the place.

189 Fenburn. S. M. MUHLENBERG.
The Church a home.

- 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 blest.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

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.

190 Franklin Square. S. M. WATTS.
God is in the midst of her.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes the churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone!
 How fair his heavenly grace!

3 When kings against her joined,
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind,
 They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God has kept the fold
 Where his own flock has been.

5 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair;
 Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

191 Cranbrook. S. M. WATTS.
"Walk about Jerusalem."

FAR as thy name is known,
 The world declares thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honor raise.

THE CHURCH.

- 2 With joy thy people 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 thy 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.
- 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.

192 Hants. S. M. WATTS.
 "Salvation will God appoint," &c.

HOW honored is the place
 Where we adoring stand—
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land.

- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend
 The city where we dwell,
 While walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
 The doors wide open fling
 Enter, ye nations that obey
 The statutes of your King.

- 4 Here taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace,
 You that have known Jehovah's name,
 And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
 And banish all your fears;
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
 Eternal as his years.

193 Paradise. C. M. WATTS.
"I was glad when they said," &c.

- 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 joy 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 blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 Here God my Saviour reigns.

194 Shoel. L. M. WATTS.
"How amiable are thy Tabernacles."

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

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

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

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

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

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

195 Silver Street. S. M. STENNETT.
The Mercy Seat.

HOW charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the glories of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL

- 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 thee sit,
 And smile on all around.
- 4 To thee our prayers and cries
 Each humble soul presents;
 Oh! listen to our broken sighs,
 And grant us all our wants.
- 5 Give us, O Lord! a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of our God.

196 Lowell. L. M. WATTS.
The Lord a Sun and a Shield.

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,
 Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

197 Park Street. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Put on thy beautiful garments, &c.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

198 Hebron. L. M. PALMER.
Dedication.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have reared for thee,
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 With outstretched hands on thee we call,
Prostrate before thy throne we bow;
O let the cloud of glory fall
On all thy waiting servants now.

- 3 Now by thy presence sanctify
 This earthly sanctuary, Lord,
 And to its courts be ever nigh,
 And here thy hallowed name record.
- 4 When from its altar shall arise
 Joint supplication to thy name,
 Deign to accept the sacrifice,
 Thyself our answering God proclaim.
- 5 And when from hence the voice of praise
 Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
 Show thy acceptance of our lays
 By making all thy glory known.
- 6 When here thy ministers shall stand,
 To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
 Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
 And give thy truth a winning way.
- 7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise,
 In this thy resting-place appear,
 And let thy people's longing eyes
 Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

199

Oldham. C. M.

WATTS.

God resorted to in Trouble.

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 blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
 O, grant me mine abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy glory still;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may thy 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.

200 Asylum. 7s, 6s & 1 8. MRS. BLUMER.
Dedication.

WE, like Jesse's son, would raise
 A temple to the Lord,
 Sound throughout its courts his praise,
 His saving name record—
 Dedicate a house to him
 Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,
 Sorrowed, suffered to redeem,
 To rescue all mankind.

2 Father, Son and Spirit, send
 The consecrating flame;
 Now in majesty descend,
 Inscribe the living name;
 That great name by which we live,
 Now write on this accepted stone;
 Us into thy hands receive,
 Our temple make thy throne.

201 Wilmot. 7s. MONTGOMERY.
The House of Prayer and Praise.

L ORD of hosts! to thee we raise,
 Here, a house of prayer and praise;
 Thou thy people's heart prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread;
 Here in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply;
 Hallelujah!—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise, till time shall end.

202 Rockingham. L. M. N. P. WILLIAMS.
An humble offering to Jehovah.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple built by God;
 His fiat laid the corner-stone;
 He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
 The broad expanse of azure sky;
 He spread its pavement, green and bright,
 And curtain'd it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
 The sea, the sky; and all was good;
 And when its first pure praises rang,
 The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
 And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
 But in thy sight our off'ring stands,
 An humble temple, built with hands.

203 Azmon. C. M. KNOWLES.
A blessing supplicated.

O GOD, though countless worlds of light
 Thy power and glory show,
 Though round thy throne, above all height,
 Immortal seraphs glow,—

- 2 Yet, Lord, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,—
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.
- 3 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.
4. Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.
5. Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

204

Dallas.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Joining the Church.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
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.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 5 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
- 6 "Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

205

Ashford.

L. M.

KEY

Welcome.

- COME in, thou blessed 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.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

THE MINISTRY.

206

Oxford.

S. M.

WATTS.

"How beautiful upon the mountains."

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

THE MINISTRY.

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their 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 blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

207 Orland. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"Comfort ye my people."

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.

- 2 Go, into every nation go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark, in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare,
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

INSTITUTIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come,
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all,
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

208 Always. L. M. WATTS.
The Great Commission.

- GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole world my grace receive,
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damned that won't believe.
- 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 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.

209 Spilsby. S. M. C. WESLEY
"Quit yourselves like men."

HARK, how the watchmen cry,
Attend the trumpet's sound:
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround:
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

THE MINISTRY.

2 See on the mountain top
 The standard of your God ;
 In Jesus' name I lift it up,
 All stained with hallowed blood :
 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh ;
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory :
 All power to him is given,
 He ever reigns the same ;
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven
 Are all in Jesus' name.

210

Migdol. L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Holy Courage.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?
 Or, undismayed in deed and word,
 Be a true witness for my Lord ?

2 Awed by a mortal frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most high ?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thine anger bear ?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
 Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross, endured, my Lord, by thee ?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid ?
 A man, an heir of death, a slave
 To sin, a bubble on the wave !

- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head,
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.

BAPTISM.

211 Ames. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Adult Baptism.

- COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honor the means ordained by thee;
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind;
 Sent to baptize into thy name,
 We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
 In these, for whom we seek thy face;
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
 Effectuate now the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits thou!
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.
- 6 O that the souls baptized herein
 May now thy truth and mercy feel,
 May rise, and wash away their sin!
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

212 Shirland. S. M. FELLOWS
Infant Baptism.

GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless our rising race;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a pure delight
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
 This holy rite divine;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 And make our children thine.

213 Wilmington. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
"Suffer little Children to come."

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms:
 Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

214 Hingham. L. M. STEELE
Infant Baptism.

O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
 We bring our infant to thy throne;
 Give it within thy heart a place,
 Let it be thine, and thine alone.

- 2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
 And let this child be sanctified;
 Lord! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt
 And all its native evils hide.
- 3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
 Or earthly honors, wealth or fame:
 The sum of our request is this—
 That it may love and fear thy name.
- 4 This infant we, by faith, commit
 To thy kind love and guardian care;
 We lay it at the Saviour's feet,
 He will not let it perish there.

215 St. Thomas. S. M. DODDRIDGE
Christ blessing Children.

THE Saviour kindly calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He holds them in his gracious arms,
 Himself declares them blest.

- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these,—
 For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

216 Ozrem. S. M. C. WESLEY
"A Fountain for Sin."

MY Saviour's pierced side
 Poured out a double flood:
 By water we are purified,
 And pardoned by his blood.

LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Called from above, I rise
 And wash away my sin;
 The stream to which my spirit flies
 Can make the foulest clean.

3 It runs divinely clear,
 A fountain deep and wide;
 'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
 In my Redeemer's side.

217 Albion. C. M. ANON.
"Baptized into his death."

BAPTIZED into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew
 With Christ ascend on high.

2 There by his Father's side he sits
 Enthroned, divinely fair,
 Yet owns himself your brother still,
 And your forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.

LORD'S SUPPER.

218 Naomi. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Grateful remembrance.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,—
 I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be :
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
 I must remember thee !
- 5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

219 Dikeman. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ our Passover.

- LET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's name,
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare
 And eat the Paschal Lamb.
- 2 This eucharistic feast
 Our every want supplies,
 And still we by his death are blest,
 And share his sacrifice.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ
 His sufferings to record,
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord.

LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 We too with him are dead,
 And shall with him arise;
 The cross on which he bows his head
 Shall lift us to the skies.

220 Hendon. 7s. C. WESLEY.
Discerning the Lord's body.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
 Magnify thy dying word;
 In thine ordinance appear;
 Come, and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
 Let us now our Saviour find;
 Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
 Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
 Thou thy pardoning grace declare:
 Thou that hast for sinners died,
 Show thyself the Crucified!
- 4 All the power of sin remove;
 Fill us with thy perfect love;
 Stamp us with the stamp divine;
 Seal our souls for ever thine.

221 Gardner. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The Supper of the Lamb.

THEE, King of saints, we praise
 For this our living bread;
 Nourished by thy preserving grace,
 And at thy table fed.

- 2 Yet still a higher seat
 We in thy kingdom claim,
 Who here by faith begin to eat
 The supper of the Lamb.

- 3 That glorious, heavenly prize,
 We surely shall attain,
 And, in the palace of the skies,
 With thee for ever reign.

222 Suffolk. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Sacred Feast.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life, are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heaven.

- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here,
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
 O'erfill the spacious room.

- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

223 Ebor. C. M. NOEL.
Grateful Remembrance.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie,
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—

- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death 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.

224

Walsal.

C. M.

HART.

Its Design.

- THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,—
For me he died, for me!
- 3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings:
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

225 Boylston. S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
"Do this in remembrance of me."

COME, listening spirit, come!
 Good angels guide thy way;
 Our Shepherd bids thee to his fold,
 The gracious call obey.

2 No more the cold grey stone
 His sepulchre doth seal;
 'Tis rolled away—our Lord is risen;
 He stoops our wounds to heal.

3 Come, waiting spirit, come!
 His hallowed board is spread;
 Turn from the false delights of earth,
 And take the living bread;

4 And, in that strength divine,
 Pass on thy pilgrim way;
 Make him thy pole-star through the night,
 Thy sunbeam all the day.

5 And guard with faithful hand
 The promise of his love,
 To share his banquet here below,
 And be his guest above.

VIII. SIN.

226 St. Martin's. C. M. WATTS.
Original Sin.

BLEST with the joys of innocence,
 Adam, our father, stood,
 Till he debased his soul to sense,
 And ate the unlawful food.

- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chain,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore;
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

227

Mear.

C. M.

WATTS.

Moral Disease.

- SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only help 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.

228 Bath Chapel. C. M.

WATTS.

Sin Deceitful.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
 To practice on the mind;
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young,
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretence,
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair-
 Grew the forbidden food;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

229 Windham. L. M.

WATTS.

Sin Hereditary.

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

- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 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.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

230 Shields. C. M. BEDDOME.
Sin Destructive.

WHEN Adam sinned, through ^{all his} ~~his~~ ^{race} ~~race~~
The dire contagion spread;
Sickness and death and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

- 2 Satan in strong and heavy chains
Binds the deluded soul,
And every furious passion reigns
Without the least control.
- 3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined,
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.
- 4 Whene'er the man begins his race
The criminal appears,
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.

SIN.

5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone,
The gold is fled, the dross remains—
O sin, what hast thou done!

6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to thee;
Thou art the only hiding place
Where ruined souls can flee.

231

Horton. 7s.

ANON.

Expostulation.

SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skillful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on ev'ry wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, oh, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom giv'n,
Burst from earth, and soar to heav'n?

232

Aylesbury. S. M.

TOPLADY.

The Evil Heart.

ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear!
- 3 Almighty King of saints!
 These hateful sins subdue;
 Dispel the darkness from my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips pronounce thy praise.

233 Underwood. S. M.

COWPER.

The Sinner arrested.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 My guilty soul, alas! is "dead
 In trespasses and sins."

- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
 Where seek for mercy's door?
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And justice armed with power.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread the impending doom;
 While yet some friendly whisper says—
 "Flee from the wrath to come!"
- 4 Oh! that I now might see
 Some glimmering from afar,
 Some beam of hope to dawn on me,
 And save me from despair.

WARNINGS.

234 Islington. L. M. HARRISON.
Abhorrence of Sin.

O COULD I find some peaceful bower,
 Where sin has neither place nor power ;
 This traitor vile I fain would shun,
 But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
 He stands between my God and me ;
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
 To view the heights of Jesus' love,
 This monster seems to mount the skies,
 And veil his glory from mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
 Which keeps my faith and hope so low ;
 I long to dwell in heaven, my home,
 Where not one sinful thought can come.

IX. WARNINGS.

235 Wilmot. 7s. SCOTT.
Peril of Procrastination.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.

WARNINGS.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

236 Heber. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
God commandeth all men to repent.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Subdued by goodness, Lord, we fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

237 Wells. L. M. WATTS.
 "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do."

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 hath given
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,—
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

3 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.

238 Boston. 7s. NEWTON.
Break or Bow.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hand 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 coming may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapped in flame?

- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace—
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.

239 Norwich. 8 7s. C. WESLEY.
"Why will ye die!"

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?
 He, 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, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God and die?

240 Heber. C. M. FAWCETT
"No peace to the wicked."

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
 'Tis Mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.

WARNINGS.

- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
To reap eternal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

241

Alfreton. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

What shall it profit?

WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And furnish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
 Those objects which you now pursue;
 Not so shall heaven and hell appear
 When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
 To fix convictions on the heart;
 Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
 And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

242 Forrest. L. M. WATTS.
The broad way and the narrow.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.

- 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.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
 Create my heart entirely new,—
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

243 Shields. C. M. BEMAN.
Expostulation with Sinners.

YE! who despise the Saviour's grace,
 And scorn his gospel here,—
 How can you meet his angry face,
 Or at his bar appear?

- 2 When every earthly hope shall fail,
 When storms of wrath are nigh,
 How will your souls affrighted quail,
 Beneath his burning eye!
- 3 Why will you madly rush on death,
 And force your way to woe?
 Why tempt the God, that holds your breath,
 To strike the fatal blow?
- 4 Turn, guilty sinners! quickly turn;
 Oh! come to Jesus now;—
 Ere the fierce flames around you burn,
 To your Redeemer bow.

244

Sessions. L. M.

TOPLADY.

The Sinner exhorted.

- SINNER! Oh! why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such fearful haste to die?
 Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,
 Regardless of thy destiny?
- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
 Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
 Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner! Oh! lift thy thoughts above,
 And hear the Lord of life unfold
 The glories of his dying love,
 For ever telling, yet untold!

245

Fenburn. S. M.

WATTS.

Helpless and guilty.

AH, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We sink beneath his rod.

WARNINGS.

- 2 If he our ways should mark
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could we, for one of thousand faults,
 A just excuse devise?
- 3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,—
 Her rooted pillars shake.
- 4 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None—none can meet him, and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

246 Asbury. C. M. WATTS.
 Sinful Joys delusive.

HOW vain are all things here below,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flattering light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joy, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wavering minds,
 And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 O Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food,
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

247 Goldenhill. S. M.

HYDE.

Grieving the Spirit.

- 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 pard'ning 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 sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

248 Effingham. L. M.

WATTS.

Advice to Youth.

- NOW, in the flush of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold! the months come hastening on,
When you shall say—"My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold! the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God—not there to dwell,—
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

WARNINGS.

- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

249 China. C. M. HART.
Exhortation to Repentance.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear!
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far;
O! think before thou die.

- 2 Reflect! thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven or down to hell.

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

250 St. Olives. C. M. WATTS.
Justification by Faith.

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.

WARNINGS.

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.

251 Eltham. 7 s. EPIS. COL.
"Redeeming the time," &c.

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.

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.

252 Bangor. C. M. ALEXANDER.
While we have light.

THERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

WARNINGS.

- 2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 5 But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
- 6 And yet the doom'd man's path below
May bloom, as Eden bloomed ;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.
- 7 He thinks, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed ;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

253 Bangor. C. M. ALEXANDER.
While it is called to-day repent.

O WHERE is the mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost ?

- 2 How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?

WARNINGS.

3 An answer from the skies is sent:
 "Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called TO-DAY repent,
 And harden not your heart."

254 Hedding. 8,8,6,8,8,6. C. WESLEY
The brink of fate.

- L O! on a narrow neck of land,
 L '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, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress:
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t' 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.

X. INVITATIONS.

255 Osgood. 8s, 7s, & 4. REED.
The Voice of Mercy.

HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails you!
 Now with sweetest voice she calls,
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls:
 Hear, O sinner!
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread!
 Hark! the awful thunder rolling
 Loud and louder o'er your head!
 Turn, O sinner!
 Lest the lightning strike you dead.

3 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
 Seek his mercy while you may;
 Soon the day of grace is over,
 Soon your life will pass away;
 Haste, O sinner!
 You must perish if you stay.

256 Cooper. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.
Jubilee.

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

INVITATIONS.

- 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 through 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 blest in Jesus live
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back, unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 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.

257 Peterboro'. C. M.
Salvation Free.

STEELE

THE Saviour calls--let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

INVITATIONS.

- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain;
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Bless'd Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

258

Pleyel.

7s.

C. WESLEY.

"Come unto me all ye that labor."

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who groan beneath your load,
 Jesus calls his wanderers home,
 Hasten to your pardoning God;
 Come, ye guilty souls, opprest,
 Answer to the Saviour's call,
 "Come, and I will give you rest,
 Come, and I will save you all."

- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We thy kindest word obey;
 Faithful let thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away:
 Fain we would on thee rely,
 Cast on thee our every care,
 To thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
 Burdened with our sinful load,
 Burdened with this unbelief,
 Burdened with the wrath of God,
 Lo! we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

259 Northfield. C. M. WATTS.
"Ho! every one that thirsteth."

- 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 appetite
 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.

Come to Jesus.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power :
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more !

2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief, and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you 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 glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruined 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 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

INVITATIONS.

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

261

Ashford. L. M.

J. WESLEY

Come and Welcome.

- H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh
 'Tis God invites the fallen race,
 Mercy and free salvation buy;
 Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise—
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have and are behind;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

262 Shoel. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"All things are ready."

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

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

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove;
 T' apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host;
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive! the lost is found."

263 Oldham. C. M. DODDRIDGE
The Young Exhorted.

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.

INVITATIONS.

- 3 The soul, that longs to see his face,
Is sure his love to gain ;
And they, who early seek his 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,
For here true bliss I find.

264

Ward. L. M.

STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

- COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

265 Edgware. C. M. C. WESLEY.
He waiteth to be gracious.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 Display thy saving power ;
 Thy mercy let the sinner find,
 And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
 And crucified afresh,
 Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
 And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,—
 Their ears, to hear thy cries :
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee ;
 For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,
 His rebels to receive ;
 And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
 He will with blood efface ;
 E'en now he waits the blood t' apply ;—
 Be saved, be saved by grace.

266 Bath Chapel. C. M. JONES.
The Resolve.

COME, trembling sinner ! in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve,—
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
 And make this last resolve :—

2 "I'll go to Jesus though my sin
 Like mountains round me close ;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

INVITATIONS.

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

267 Virginia. C. M. C. WESLEY.
He justifieth the ungodly.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain,
For you the Saviour spilt his blood;
And shall he bleed in vain?

- 2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And you shall be forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him who died for thee;
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

268 Warwick. C. M. STEELE.
Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast,
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For every humble guest.

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come;
 O stay not back though fear alarms,
 For yet there still is room, —

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.

4 Oh! come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love,
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In songs on earth unknown.

269 Limehouse. L. M. GRIGG.
Knocking at the Door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks—has knocked before;
 Has waited long—is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

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

INVITATIONS.

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will—the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,—
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit him, and thy soul shall prove
 The fullness of thy Saviour's love.

270

Franklin Square. S. M.

DOBELL.

The Accepted Time.

- NOW is th' accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 O, sinners! come, without delay,
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late,
 Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Gospel bids you come,
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
 And melt them by thy love;
 Then will the angels speed their way
 To bear the news above,

271 Bridgewater. L. M. C. WESLEY.
The plenitude of Grace.

- COME, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restored;
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,
 The plenitude of gospel grace:
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
 The favor and the peace of God;
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
 The mystic joys of penitence:
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart;
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
 Th' unutterable tenderness;
 The genuine, meek humility;
 The wonder, "Why such love to me!"
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
 The sight that veils the seraph's face;
 The speechless awe that dares not move,
 And all the silent heaven of love.

272 Rest. L. M. SMITH.
"I will in no wise cast out."

- HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear;
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear!
 He saith, and who his word can doubt?
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,
 And tell you, Christ will cast away?
 It is a truth, why should you doubt;
 He will in no wise cast you out!

INVITATIONS.

- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
If black as hell, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The publican and dying thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

273

Martyrdom. C. M.

COLYER

The Wanderer recalled.

- R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest;
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

INVITATIONS.

274

Winter. C. M.

WATTE.

Salvation offered to all.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

275

Rest.

L. M.

DWIGHT.

The accepted time.

WHILE life 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 blest the day?
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is 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.

INVITATIONS.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound
 Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found.

276

Petersfield. 6 7s.

C. WESLEY

Fly to Jesus.

WEARY souls that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Fly to those dear wounds of his;
 Sink into the purple flood;
 Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown!
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan;
 Rise exalted by his fall,
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given;
 Ye may now be happy too;
 Find on earth the life of heaven:
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd;
 God's primeval promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind.
 Bless'd in Christ this moment be,
 Bless'd to all eternity!

77 Give. C. M. HASTINGS.
Believe, and be at peace.

O WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,
 And darkness fill the mind?
 Why should thy bosom heave with sighs,
 And yet no refuge find?

2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
 The great Physician there,
 Who can thine every fear disarm,
 And save thee from despair?

3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief,
 And fill'd with sore dismay?
 Still looking downward for relief,
 Without one cheering ray?

4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven;
 The great atonement see;
 And all thy sins shall be forgiven:—
 Believe, and thou art free.

5 For thee the Saviour suffer'd shame,
 And shed his precious blood:
 Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
 And be at peace with God.

78 Meet again. 7s. ANON.
Sufficiency of Christ.

BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
 Jesus Christ can make you clean;
 Contrite souls, with guilt oppress'd,
 Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
 Precious hours and years laid waste,
 Turn to God, O turn and live,
 Jesus Christ can still forgive.

INVITATIONS.

- 2 You that oft have wandered far
From the light of Bethleh'm star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Griev'd, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.
- 7 Fainting souls, in peril's hour
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

279 Chopin. C. M. MEDLE
Whosoever will, let him come.

- O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 1 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.

INVITATIONS.

280

11s & 10s.

MOORE.

Come, ye disconsolate.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
 your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
 heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name
 saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot
 cure.

281

Sessions.

L. M.

ANON.

Take up thy Cross.

TAKE up thy cross! the Saviour said,
 If thou wouldst my disciple be;
 Take up thy cross with willing heart,
 And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
 And let thy foolish pride be still;
 Thy Lord did not refuse to die
 Upon a cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
 And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 It points to bliss beyond the grave.

- 5 Take up thy cross! and follow me,
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross,
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

282

Park street. L. M.

C. WESLEY

The Gospel Feast.

- COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:
 Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou;
 All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest,
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive,
 Ye all may come to Christ and live:
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious bleeding sacrifice!
 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.
- 5 This is the time—no more delay,
 Th' accepted time—salvation's day;
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him who died for all.

PENITENCE.

XI. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

PENITENCE.

83 The Sure Retreat. L. M. ELLIOT.
"Just as I am."

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'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—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 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!

284 Golden Hill. S. M. C. WESLEY
Grace implored.

O THAT I could revere
 My much offended God!
 O that I could but stand in fear
 Of thy afflicting rod!
 If mercy cannot draw,
 Thou by thy threatenings move,
 And keep an abject soul in awe,
 That will not yield to love.

2 Show me the naked sword
 Impending o'er my head:
 O let me tremble at thy word,
 And to my ways take heed;
 With sacred horror fly
 From every sinful snare,
 Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
 My Judge's anger dare!

3 Thou great, tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart;
 The grace be now on me bestowed,
 The tender, fleshly heart;
 For Jesus' sake alone
 The stony heart remove,
 And melt, at last, O melt me down
 Into the mould of love!

285 Laban. S. M. H. BONAI
 1 Peter ii, 25.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.

2 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

- 3 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus that Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
- 5 'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 6 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
- 7 I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

286

Aylesbury. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Sinner yielding.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

287 Ozrem. S. M. BEDDOME.
"A broken and a contrite heart."

- NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring,
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment he expired
The law was satisfied,
And now to its severest claims
I answer, "Jesus died!"

288 Petersfield. 6 7s. C. WESLEY.
Heart of flesh.

- S AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
See me from thy lofty throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Softens this obdurate stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look and break my heart.

- 2 By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All my inmost sins reveal;
 Sins against thy light and love
 Let me see and let me feel,
 Sins that crucified my Lord,
 Spilt again thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
 Make me restless to return;
 Bid me look on thee and weep,
 Bitterly as Peter mourn,
 Till I say, by grace restored,
 "Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord."
- 4 Might I in thy sight appear
 As the publican, distrest,
 Stand, not daring to draw near;
 Smite on my unworthy breast,
 Groan the sinner's only plea,
 "God, be merciful to me!"
- 5 O remember me for good,
 Passing through the mortal vale;
 Show me the atoning blood,
 When my strength and spirit fail:
 Give my gasping soul to see
 Jesus crucified for me!

189 Dikeman. S. M., C. WESLEY.
Penitence desired.

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble, contrite heart;
 A heart with grief oppressed
 For having grieved my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire;
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone,

290 Fenburn. S. M. C. WESLEY
Prayer for Penitence.

O THAT I could repent!
 O that I could believe!
 O Thou whose voice the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave!
 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
 My soul and spirit part;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow,
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go;
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove;
 Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
 The hindrance now remove,
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love;
 In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee:
 O might I now embrace
 Thine all-sufficient power,
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

291 Penitence. 7s 6s 1 8. C. WESLEY.
The stony heart deplored.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep:
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow;
 If thy goodness now is stirred,
 If now I would myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 4 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die,
 Life and happiness and love
 Drop from thy gracious eye;
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Look as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,
 Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
 And bade him rise again;
 Speak my Paradise restored,
 Redeem me by thy grace alone;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 6 Look as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live;
 "Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasped,) "forgive:"
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns and looks, and cries, "'tis done:"
 O my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone.

292

Naomi.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Contrition desired.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
 Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledging how just thou art,
 And trembling at thy word!

- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow,
 That consciousness of guilt which fears
 The long-suspended blow!

- 3 Save me, to me in pity give
 That sensible distress;
 The judgment thou wilt, at last, receive,
 And bid me die in peace;
- 4 Wilt thou from the dreadful day remove,
 Before the evil come;
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

293

Martyrdom. C. M.

STEELE.

Comfort sought.

- O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye,—
- 2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said, return?
- 3 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine,
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

294

Dundee. C. M.

WATTS.

God dwells with the contrite.

THUS speaks the high and lofty One:
 My throne is fixed on high—
 There, through eternity I hear
 The praises of the sky.

- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell,
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers:
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

295 Ortonville. C. M.

STENNETZ.

Confession.

- WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine hath been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

296 Kingsbridge. L. M. H. K. WHITE.
Mournful recollections—Hope.

O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
 In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
 To thee I call, to thee I cry,
 O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 I would not yield when thou didst draw,
 I spurned thy grace, I mocked thy law;
 The hour is past—the day's gone by,
 And I am left alone to die.

3 O pleasures past, what are ye now
 But thorns about my bleeding brow!
 Spectres that hover round my brain,
 And aggravate and mock my pain.

4 For pleasure I have given my soul;
 Now, justice, let thy thunders roll!
 Now, vengeance, smite, and with a blow
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low!

5 Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
 I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
 I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
 E'en me, O bliss! his wrath may spare.

297 Hendon. 7s. J. TAYLOR.
Confessions.

GOD of mercy! God of grace!
 G Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs!

1 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted—time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent;

- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets, for things as vain,
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain,—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne!
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs.

298

Howard. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

"Like sheep have gone astray."

ALMIGHTY Father! God of grace!
 We all, like sheep astray,
 In folly from thy paths have turned,
 Each to his sinful way.

- 2 Sins of omission and of act
 Through all our lives abound;
 Alas! in thought, and word, and deed,
 No health in us is found.
- 3 O spare us, Lord! in mercy spare!
 Our contrite souls restore,
 Through him who suffered on the cross,
 And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
 That we, through all our days,
 A just and godly life may lead,
 To thine eternal praise.

299

Chimes. C. M.

HEBER.

Repeated Calls.

- H**OW long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me!
 Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.
- 2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill;
 I passed from folly on to crime,
 And yet he called me still.
- 3 He called me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view:
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet could I hear him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks he should not call in vain
 His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O thou that every thought dost know,
 And answerest every prayer,
 Try me with sickness, want, or woe,
 But snatch me from despair.
- 6 My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew my broken vow:—
 What blessed light breaks on my soul!
 My God, I hear thee now.

300

Limehouse. L. M.

CRITTENDEN.

Sins Confessed.

I OWN my guilt, my sins confess,
 Can men or devils make them more?
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.

- 2 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

301 Windham. L. M. MONTGOMERY
The Backslider.

- I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head ;
But serpents hissed among the flowers ;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.
- 4 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.
- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal justice, from thine eye ?
- 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace ;
The Sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

7 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
 In sore distress I turn to thee;
 I claim acceptance on thy word;
 My God, my God, forsake not me!

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

32 Lischer. 4 6s & 2 8s. JANE TAYLOR.
Parting with the World.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free;
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be;
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
 Ye dearest idols, fall;
 My love you must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all;
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But ah, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
 Ye golden dreams, farewell;
 Earth has prevailed too long,
 And now I break the spell;
 Ye cherished joys of early years—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?
 My heart still fondly pleads;
 Yes, Dagon's self must fall—
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds;
 Is there no balm in Gilead found
 To soothe and heal the smarting

5 O yes, there is a balm,
 A kind Physician there,
 My fevered mind to calm,
 To bid me not despair;
 Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
 And I will all resign to thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
 And let no idol dare,
 No vanity of earth,
 With thee, my Lord, compare;
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart.

303 Bangor. C. M. C. WESLEY
Where shall I appear?

TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved, shall I,
 Of all, alas, whom I have known,
 Through sin for ever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive,—

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
 Dragged to the judgment seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet?

4 Ah, no—I still may turn and live,
 For still his wrath delays;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.

PENITENCE.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given,
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

304 Balerna. C. M. RIPPON.
Leaving all to follow Jesus.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

305 Ashford. L. M. WATTS.
The world renounced.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.

2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
Their Paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

- 3 All earthly joys are overweighed
 With mountains of vexatious care;
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare?
- 4 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sovereign good;
 She was all made of heavenly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

306 Boylston. S. M. MONTGOMERY

Rest for the Soul.

- O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul!
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 Oh! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love—the rest
 Of immortality.

307 Orford. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Self-despair—hope in Christ.

LORD, I despair myself to heal,
 I see my sin, but cannot feel;
 I cannot till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid the obedient waters flow,

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
 Thy gifts I only can receive;
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;
 To draw, redeem, and seal—is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
 I wait the moving of the pool,
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure;
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thy love into my heart!

308 Paradise. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Longing for Relief.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath,
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death?

- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst relieve
In this the accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die—
O speak, and I shall live;
For here I will unwearied lie
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

309 Henry. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Mourner's Cry.

- GOD is in this and every place,
But O, how dark and void
To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
This world, without my God.
- 2 Empty of him, who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveal,
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give,
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 The middle wall of sin remove,
 And let me in to God.

310

Clark.

6 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Living Faith desired.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In him who lived and died for me;
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thy alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thine all-redeeming Son display,
 And turn my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart,
 Command the light of faith to shine,
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine;
 Now bid the new creation be,
 O God, let there be faith in me!

311

Arlington. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Faith besought.

THOU hidden God, for whom I grieve,
 Till thou thyself declare,
 God, inaccessible, unknown,
 Regard a sinner's prayer—
 A sinner well'ring in his blood,
 Unpurged and unforgiven,
 Far distant from the living God,
 As far as hell from heaven.

- 2 An unregenerate child of man,
 To thee for faith I call;
 Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
 And raise me from my fall:
 The darkness, which through thee I feel,
 Thou only canst remove;
 Thy own eternal power reveal,
 Thy Deity of love.
- 3 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
 That grace may let me go;
 In hope believing against hope,
 I wait the truth to know.
 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
 Thou wilt thy light afford;
 Bound and oppressed, yet thine I am,
 The prisoner of the Lord.
- 4 I would not to thy foe submit,
 I hate the tyrant's chain;
 Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
 Nor let me cry in vain
 Show me the blood that bought my peace
 The covenant blood apply,
 And all my grief at once shall cease,
 And all my sins shall die.
- 5 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend,
 The mountain sin remove;
 My unbelief and troubles end,
 If thou art truth and love.
 Speak, Jesus, speak unto my heart,
 What thou for me hast done;
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own!

312 Albion. C. M. Moore.
God a refuge in time of sorrow.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
 We could not fly to thee!

- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 Our peace-branch from above.
- 4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray,—
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

313

Shirland. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Exercise of Faith.

- AH! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay!
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part,
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within,
 Some idol which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see,
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
 The trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

314 Coventry. C. M. C. WESLEY
Forgiveness sought.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem,
 Who gave his life, that I might live
 A life concealed in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire,
 Live happy in my Saviour's love,
 And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
 That, kept by mercy's power,
 I may from every evil cease,
 And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
 E'en now my sins remove,
 And set my soul at liberty
 By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
 Thou pardoning God, descend ;
 Number me with salvation's heirs,
 My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
 Of all in earth or heaven,
 But let me feel thy blood applied,
 And live and die forgiven.

315 Welton. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Load of Guilt bewailed.

- THOU Man of griefs, remember me,
 Who never canst thyself forget
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat ;
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy Spirit sunk beneath its load,
 Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
 The wrath of an almighty God.
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire ;
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire.
- 4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my sinful soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
 Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring ;
 The heightened fear of death I find :
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee ;
 O save, and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

316 Rockingham. L. M. WATTS.
"Cast me not away from thy presence."

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me 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;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, 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.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 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.

317

Limehouse. L. M.

WATTS.

Earnest Supplications.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
S 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 don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

PENITENCE.

- 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 my eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

318 Stirling. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Lift thou up the light of thy countenance.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thy eternal love?

- 2 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark, dark, dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel-day.
- 3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive,
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.
- 5 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

- 6 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;
 I want—do thou enrich the poor;
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop—
 O lift the abject sinner up.
- 7 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight;
 Lord, I am weak—by thou my might;
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

319 Windham. L. M. J. WESLEY.
"A thirst for God."

- I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
 To dwell within thy wounds—then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever closed to all but thee;
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close-sheltered in thy bleeding side,
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
 Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move
 O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
 That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know
 Nor will we think of aught beside—
 "My Lord, my Love, is crucified,"

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

8 First-born of many brethren, thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

320 Brighton. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Returning to the Ark.

JESUS, in whom the weary find
Their late, but permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes,
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below;
Back to my God at last I fly,
For, oh, the waters still are high.

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee, I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

321 Ferrburn. S. M.

BEMAN.

The Refuge.

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

322 Hebron. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thy everlasting flight.

PENITENCE.

- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears,
 And vexed and urged thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years;
- 3 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:
- 4 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest,
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
 This only plague I pray remove;
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

323

Sincerity. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Depth of Mercy.

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 Kindled his relentings are,
 Me he now delights to spare,
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love—I know, I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget,
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

324 Holman. C. M. STEELE.
Sense of Ingratitude.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

- 6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
 Is thy forgiving grace.

325 Wilmot. 7s. RAFFLES.
Confession and Entreaty.

SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, oh! hear my earnest cry,
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.

- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,—
 Chief of sinners I have been;
 Oft abused thee to thy face,
 Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy righteous dart
 Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
 Justly might thine angry breath
 Blast me in eternal death.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound:
 Soothe, oh! soothe the troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.

326 Heard. C. M. STENNETT.
Entreaty.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upward, to thy mercy-seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 Let not thy justice frown me hence;
 Oh! stay the vengeful storm;
 Forbid it, that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
 In ceaseless currents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt ;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !
 And all my sins forgive ;
 Then justice will approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

327

Accomac. L. M.

HART.

Hardness of Heart lamented.

- O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take this stubborn heart 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,
 O Lord, an adamant might melt ;
 But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear,
 Amazing thought ! unmov'd I hear :
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! mighty God !
 Apply to me the Saviour's blood ;
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

328 Coventry. C. M.

COWPER.

The Contrite Heart.

THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow ;
 Then tell me, gracious God ! is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And, if it be not broken, break—
 And heal it, if it be.

329 Shirland. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Plea.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
 Thy feeble creature's cry,
 And show thyself the sinner's friend,
 And set me up on high.

- 2 From hell's oppressive power
 My struggling soul release,
 And to thy Father's grace restore,
 And to thy perfect peace.
- 3 Rivers of life divine
 From thee, their fountain, flow;
 And all who know that love of thine,
 The joy of angels know.
- 4 That thou canst here forgive
 Grant me to testify;
 And, justified by faith, to live,
 And in that faith to die.

330 Accomac. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Mourning on account of Sin.

- 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 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?
 The God of my salvation see?
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labor of thy dying love.

PENITENCE.

6 I would, but thou must give the power,
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace!

7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear, in my poor heart, appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

331 Heber. C. M. MONTGOMERY,
Pleading the promises.

MERCY alone can meet my case;
 For mercy, Lord, I cry:
 Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
 In mercy, or I die:—

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
 But wilt thou leave me?—No:
 I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust,
 I will not let thee go.

3 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
 And ever must abide;
 Behold it written on thy hands,
 And graven in thy side.

4 To this, this only will I cleave;
 Thy word is all my plea:
 That word is truth, and I believe;
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

332 Zerah. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Prisoner of hope.

LET the redeemed give thanks and praise
 To a forgiving God;
 My feeble voice I cannot raise,
 'Till washed in Jesus' blood:—

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 2 Till, at thy coming from above,
 My mountain sin depart,
 And fear give place to filial love,
 And peace o'erflow my heart.
- 3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
 The appearance of my Lord,
 These endless doubts and fears to end,
 And speak my soul restored,—
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace,
 With present pardon blest ;
 And fitted by true holiness
 For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
 The love and joy unknown,
 Now, Father, to thy servant give,
 And claim me for thine own.
- 6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
 My God, thyself declare ;
 And draw me to his open side,
 And plunge the sinner there.

333 Holman. C. M. NEWTON.
The Soul casting itself on Christ.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

PENITENCE.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Jesus died.

5 Oh! wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty rebels, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

334 Effingham. L. M. C. WESLEY
The only Plea.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin:
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but thou hast died.

335 Boylston. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Lying at the Cross.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

- 2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
 And bid my heart be clean,
 An end of all my troubles make,
 An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
 But by believing thee,
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart
 The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, the grace bestow;
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And I am white as snow.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

336 Rowley: P. M. C. WESLEY.
Happy!

- HOW happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know;
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song :
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain :
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon—it was under my feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

337

Silver Street. S. M.

BEDDOMB.

Faith, a precious grace.

FAITH, 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed ;
It boasts a high celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
 When filled with deep distress ;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free,
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
 To work this faith in me.

338 Arlington. C. M. TURNER.
 “ *The evidence of things not seen.* ”

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares ;

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live :

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign,
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain ;

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest
 Till this vile body dies,
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 At once to glory rise.

339 Howard. C. M. WATTS.
 "The substance of things hoped for."

FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight;
 It pierces through the veil of sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.

- 2 It sets time past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home,
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousands yet to come.
- 3 By faith we know the world was made
 By God's almighty word;
 We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
 And be again restored.
- 4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
 From his own country driven;
 By faith he sought a promised land,
 But found his rest in heaven.
- 5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
 The promise in our eye;
 By faith we walk the narrow way
 That leads to joy on high.

340 Balerma. C. M. WATTS.
Faith must be operative.

MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living Head.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love,
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
 By a celestial power;
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace;
 A pard'ning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our nature clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God;
 Jesus, and his salvation, came
 By water and by blood.

341 Shoel. L. M. WAITS
Faith inspires joy and courage.

- 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

342 Rockington. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Prayer for increase of faith.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
(Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same.)

- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindred fire.
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save:
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.
- 4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light—
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

343 Asylum. 7s 6s & 18. C. WESLEY.
Determined to know nothing but Jesus.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood!
 All thy pleasure I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonement victim died!
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

344 Mendom. 7s, 6s & 18. C. WESLEY.
Christ died to save the chief of sinners.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness;
 I, a wretch, undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace:
 Other title I disclaim;
 This, only this, is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
 Who their heaven in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him!
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

345 Heard. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Peace in believing.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
 On whom my help is laid;
 Oppressed by sin, I lift my eye,
 And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
 A sure and present aid;
 On thee alone my constant mind
 Is every moment stayed.

3 Whate'er in me seems wise or good,
 Or strong, I here disclaim;
 I wash my garments in the blood
 Of the atoning Lamb.

- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
 On thee will I depend,
 Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
 When faith in sight shall end.

346 Dundee. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Drawing near in faith.

- FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 My Saviour and my Head,
 I trust in thee, whose powerful word
 Hath raised him from the dead.
- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
 And rose again for me,
 Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given;
 And all who seek, in him shall find
 The happiness of heaven.
- 4 In hope, against all human hope,
 Self-desperate, I believe;
 Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
 Thou shalt thy Spirit give.
- 5 The thing surpasses all my thought,
 But faithful is my Lord;
 Through unbelief I stagger not,
 For God hath spoke the word.
- 6 Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
 And looks to that alone,
 Laughs at impossibilities,
 And cries, "It shall be done!"
- 7 To thee the glory of thy power
 And faithfulness I give;
 I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
 And Christ in me, shall live.

8 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove;
 But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.

347 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Wrestling Jacob—I will not let thee go.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee:
 With thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
 My sin and misery declare;
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
 I never will unloose my hold:
 Art thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

348 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
When I am weak, then am I strong.

WILT thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
 To know it now resolved I am:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long?
 I rise superior to my pain:
 When I am weak, then I am strong!
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

349 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Victorious Prayer.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

- 2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
 Pure, universal Love thou art;
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

- 2 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive;
 Through faith I see thee face to face;
 I see thee face to face, and live:
 In vain I have not wept and strove;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

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

350 Liberty. 6 8s. C. WESLEY
Thy name is Love.

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

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend:
 Nor have I power from thee to move;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

351 Henry. C. M. NEEDHAM.
"Joy in heaven over one sinner," &c.

OHOW divine, how sweet the joy
 When but one sinner turns,
 And, with an humble, broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
 In songs their tongues employ;
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees, and hears
 The conscious sinner's moan;
 Jesus receives him in his arms,
 And claims him for his own.

- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
 But kindle with new fire ;
 "The sinner lost is found!" they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

352 Lanesville. L. M. WATTS.
The Prodigal made welcome.

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.

353 Gerar. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Holy Desires.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer :
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

354 Martyrdom. C. M. WATTS.
Flying to Jesus.

ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 3 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born soul to sin.
- 4 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 5 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong ;
Then shall I say, " My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

355 Oxford. S. M. WATTS
"We shall see Him as he is."

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father has 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 well-beloved 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 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath thy throne;
 Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

356 Shirland. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Entire Consecration.

MOST gracious God, reveal
 Thy will concerning me;
 Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
 Be sanctified to thee.

- 2 The counsels of thy love
 Be on my heart impressed ;
 It then shall at thy bidding move,
 And at thy bidding rest.
- 3 While thou my Leader art,
 And mak'st me thine abode,
 I find the witness in my heart
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Father, thy will be done,
 To thee I all resign ;
 The sole Disposer of thy own,
 Dispose of me and mine.
- 5 At thy command I go,
 Or quietly attend,
 Till all my care and toil below
 In rest eternal end.

357 Magdala. S. M. LUTH COL.
 Confidence in God.

MY Father! cheering name!
 O may I call thee mine!
 Give me with humble hope to claim
 A portion so divine.

- 2 This can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What real harm can reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
 O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear ;
 Still let me know a Father reigns,
 And trust a Father's care.

- 5 If anguish rend this frame,
 And life almost depart,
 Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy ways are little known
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own
 That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father! blissful name!
 Beyond expression dear,
 If thou admit my humble claim,
 I bid adieu to fear.

358

Gerar.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Witness of the Spirit.

- H**OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe,
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburthened of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.

- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove;
 And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

359

Wilmington. C. M.

NEWTON.

Old things passed away.

- LET carnal minds the world pursue;
 L It hath no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its fading charms no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all concealed,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me!
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I am worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will,
 For if thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused thee still:

360 Portugal. L. M. CENNICK.
The way to Heaven.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fixed 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 road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go—for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt 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, whose I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to 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."

361 Bentley. 8s & 7s. WINGROVE.
Jesus precious.

HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only thee I wish to sing:
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

- 2 Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
 Oh, what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour pass'd that way
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
 My Redeemer's tenderness!
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n,
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
 While, astonish'd, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That bless'd moment I receiv'd him
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

362

Lanesville. L. M.

MEDLEY.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

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 by the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,—
 His loving-kindness, O how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose;
 He safely leads my soul along,—
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,—
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.

363

Sessions. L. M.

ANON.

Dependence on Christ.

- M**Y hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
 To thee my soul I humbly bow,
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
 I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
 Protect me through my life's short day:
 In all my acts by wisdom guide,
 And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me!
 As I have need, my Saviour be;
 And, if I would from thee depart,
 Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

364 Heber. C. M. NEWTON,
Amazing grace.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

365 Uxbridge. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Prayer for the Spirit's influences.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire and then accept my prayer.

- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings;—
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
- 5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach to me thy gracious hand:
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

366 New Sabbath. L. M. WATTS.
Happiness of the Saints.

- LORD, how secure and blest 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 sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evening's ray.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

367 Shoel. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Wise Choice.

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.

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 the 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;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possess'd.

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.

368 Heard. C. M. NEWTON.
The name of Jesus sweet.

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

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, till'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 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 praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath:
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

369 Siloam. C. M. DODDRIDGE

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust!
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee most 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, lab'ring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

370 Zebulon. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY.
Christ our Sacrifice and Intercessor.

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 the ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 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.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

371 Woodland. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Rest from sin.

- LORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above,
 Where pride and unbelief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe and enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all my own;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
 I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant—
 This, only this be given;
 Nothing beside my God I want,
 Nothing in earth or heaven.

372 Hermon. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Entire Sanctification.

- MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire
 And make the mountains flow.
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume;
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.

- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

373 Martyrdom. C. M. C. WESLEY
Prayer for Perfect Love.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait,
 Till thou shalt bid us rise,
 Restored to our unsinning state,
 To love's sweet Paradise.

- 2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive;
 From all indwelling sin
 Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
 Shall make us throughly clean.
- 3 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
 And pure as those above,
 Make haste to bring thy nature in,
 And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of thy love fulfil,
 Come quickly, gracious Lord!
 Be it according to thy will,
 According to thy word.
- 5 O that the perfect grace were given,
 The love diffused abroad!
 O that our hearts were all a heaven,
 For ever filled with God!

374 Naomi. C. M. C. WESLEY
The only plea.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 "For me the Saviour died."

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me and make me thus thine own
 Wash me, and mine thou art!
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart!
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve,
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

375 Devises. •C. M. C. WESLEY.
Inward Purity.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
 The Holy Spirit breathe;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Conform me to thy death.

- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
 Still with the rebel strive;
 Enter my soul, and work within,
 And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more, I have,
 As the old Adam dies;
 Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
 That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control;
 Who would not own thy sway?
 Diffuse thine image through my soul,
 Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 O make me glorious all within,
 A temple, built by God!

376

Wareham. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A pledge of liberty.

- 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 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of Paradise possessed,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

377

Piety.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Longing for Purity.

- JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone,
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable,
 And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself! from every boast,
From every wish set free,
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

378 Balerna. • C. M. C. WESLEY.

For full salvation.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe;
 So arm me with thy power,
 That I to sin shall never cleave,
 Shall never feel it more.

379

Antioch. C. M.

C. WESLEY

Joy in the prospect of Holiness.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
 Christ shall in me appear;
 I, even I shall see his face,
 I shall be holy here.

- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reached out I view;
 Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
 And wear it as my due.

- 3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
 I now exult to see:
 My hope is full, O glorious hope!
 Of immortality.

- 4 He visits now the house of clay,
 He shakes his future home;
 O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
 Into thy temple come!

- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
 But this cannot suffice,
 Unless thou plantest in my heart
 A constant Paradise.

- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void;
 Thou only canst my spirit fill—
 Come, O my God, my God.

380 Gorham. 4 8s & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.

Hope of Perfect Love.

- O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
 It lifts me up to things above,
 It bears on eagles' wings;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest :
 There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess ;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Scrrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

381 Albion. C. M. ANON.

Nearness to God.

- O COULD I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God,
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day;
 In joys the world can never give,
 And never take away.
- 3 Oh, Jesus, come and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

382

Give.

C. M.

ANON.

"To whom shall we go?"

TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 If I depart from thee?
 My guide through all this vale of woe,
 And more than all to me.

- 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
 And pay thy death with scorn;
 Oh, they could pluck thy crown again,
 And sharpen every thorn.
- 3 But I have felt thy dying love
 Breathe gently through my heart,
 To whisper hope of joys above,—
 And can we ever part?
- 4 Ah, no, with thee I'll walk below,
 My journey to the grave;
 To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
 When only thou canst save?

383 Portland. 8 8s. C. WESLEY
Longing for still closer communion.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine;
 I long to reside where thou art:
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
 And screened from the heat of the day.

? 'Tis there, with the Lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,—
 Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

384 Coronation. C. M. WATTS.
God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

? In darkest shades, if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

? The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers—I am his!

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

385 Lanesville. L. M. J. WESLEY.
Entire Consecration.

- COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it, thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

386 Alway. L. M. C. WESLEY.
The unspeakable love of Christ.

- J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
 O may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
- 3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire.
- 4 Still let thy love point out my way;
 How wondrous things thy love has wrought!
 Still lead me, lest I go astray;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought.
- 5 In suffering, be thy love my peace,
 In weakness, be thy love my power,
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Receive me in the trying hour.

387 Ames. L. M. FRANCIS.
Happiness in the salvation of God.

- I**NDULGENT God! to thee I raise
 My spirit fraught with joy and praise:
 Grateful I bow before thy throne,
 My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord! from thee,
 Perpetual glide to solace me:
 Their varied virtues to rehearse,
 Demands an everlasting verse.

- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there.
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know,
The fullness sought in vain below;—
The fullness of that boundless sea
Whence flowed the river down to me.
- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

388 Chester. C. M. TOPLADY.
"The chiefest among ten thousand."

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
My comfort to restore:
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

389 Holman. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

"Lovest thou me?"

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 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?

5 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?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

390 Laban. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Groaning for deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

- 2 Ah! what avail my strife,—
 My wand'ring to and fro?
 Thou hast the words of endless life,
 Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
 To me did freely move;
 It calls me still to seek thy face,
 And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
 I groan to be set free;
 I fain would now obey the call,
 And give up all for thee.

391 Stonefield. L. M. WATTS.
Longings of a pious soul.

- GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God;
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With fainting heart and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travelers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
 Life could no lasting bliss afford;
 My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
 My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- 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 fill the circle of my days.

392 McKendree. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.
Praise for Redeeming Grace.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for ceaseless songs of 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'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come;
 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.

3 Oh! 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.

393 Ortonville. C. M. ANON.
Self-dedication.

WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
 Possess thine humble throne;
 Bid every rival hence depart,
 And claim me for thine own.

- 2 The world and Satan I forsake,
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.
- 3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide,—
I give it all to thee.

394 Rest. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.
Asking Divine Consolation.

- SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast,
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope! and joy sincere!
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine!
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine;
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then should mine eyes, without a tear,
See death with all its terrors near,
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

395 Ariel. 4 8s & 2 6s. J. WESLEY.
A Pilgrim and Sojourner here.

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

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low design,
 From every creature love!
 Biest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lightened of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen;
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come!

396

Fountain. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Perfect Heart.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free,
 A heart that always feels the blood
 So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean!
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

397 Olmutz. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Self-consecration.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of days,
 I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
 Restore to thee thine own;
 And from this moment live or die,
 To serve my God alone.

398 Woodstock. C. M. WATTS.

Love the chief.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects 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 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know, and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

- 4 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.

- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our gracious God.

399 Ames. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Ezekiel xxxvi, 31, 32.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height,
Now let me into nothing fall;
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all in all!*

400 Heber. C. M. SWAIN.
Confidence.

FIRMLY I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pull me down.

- 2 The lofty hills and stately towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled in the dust—
Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heavens shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

401 Hebron. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

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

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast,
 Secure within thy arms to fly,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room,
 Enter and in me ever stay;
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

402 Hingham. L. M. BEDDOMH
Conformity to Christ.

JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
 More perfectly conformed to thee;
 Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
 And form my temper like thine own.

- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast
But such as Jesus once expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive,
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the Gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

403 Sessions. L. M. J. WESLEY.
Longing to be like Christ.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace,
O make me in thy likeness shine!

- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
How'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;
 In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
 O may I conquer through thy blood.

6 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's host adore their King,
 Shall I be found at thy right hand,
 And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

404 Martyrdom. C. M. C. WESLEY
The hope of our high calling.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
 But inward holiness?
 For this to Jesus I look up;
 I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,—
 Shall life and power impart;
 Give me the faith that casts out sin,
 And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
 For every sinner free;
 Surely it shall on me take place,
 The chief of sinners,—me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
 He shall my soul redeem:
 In Jesus I believe, and shall
 Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
 My sin shall all depart;
 And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
 To fill and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word;
 Redeem me from all sin;
 My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
 Come in, my Lord, come in!

405 Welton. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Claiming the Promise.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
 Which shall from age to age endure;
 Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
 pass,

Remains, and stands for ever sure:

- 2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
 That all mankind thy truth may see,
 Hallow thy great and glorious name,
 And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
 From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
 The mind which was in Christ impart,
 And let my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 O that I now, from sin released,
 Thy word may to the utmost prove;
 Enter into the promised rest,—
 The Canaan of thy perfect love.

406 Love Divine. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.
Perfect Love.

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 Come, almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory, in thy perfect love.

- 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.

407 Ozrem. S. M. KENZ.
It shall be well with the righteous.

WHAT cheering words are these!
 Their sweetness who can tell?
 In time and to eternity,
 'Tis with the righteous well.

- 2 In every state secure,
 Kept by Jehovah's eye;
 'Tis well with them while life endures,
 And well when called to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise;
 'Tis well when sorrows flow;
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when at his throne
 They wrestle, weep, and pray,
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
 Though grieved at his delay.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
 "From earth and sin arise,
 Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
 Made to salvation wise."

408 Olivet. L. M. J. F. OBERLIN.
Christian Stability.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be
 To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
 That silent, secret thought shall be,
 That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
 Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
 And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
 Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
 And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
 My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
 That all I want I find in thee.

409 Melbourn. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

[ET Him to whom we now belong,
 His sov'reign right assert;
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price:
 The Christian lives to Christ alone;
 To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
 Fulfil our hearts' desire;
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
 To all eternity.

410 Aravesta. 7s. C. WESLEY.
God's care for his people desired.

GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care;
 Who on thee alone depend,
 Love us, save us to the end.

- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering tempter's power,
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

- 3 Cut off our dependence vain
 On the help of feeble man;
 Every arm of flesh remove,
 Stay us on thy only love.

- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
 Let not these thy people join,
 Poison our simplicity,
 Drag us from our trust in thee.

- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
 Till they sink in their own eyes,
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,
 Lay their honor at thy feet.

- 6 Never let the world break in,
 Fix a mighty gulf between:
 Keep us little and unknown,
 Prized and loved by God alone.

- 7 Let us still to thee look up,
 Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
 Nothing know or seek beside
 Jesus, and him crucified.

8 Far above all earthly things,
 Look we down on earthly kings,
 Taste our glorious liberty,
 Find our happiness in thee.

411

Hendon. 7s.

WINDHAM.

Christ our all.

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 Let thy love my heart inflame;
 Keep thy fear before my sight;
 Be thy praise my highest aim;
 Be thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
 Freely from thy fullness give:
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it "Christ for me to live!"
- 4 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound,
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 5 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.
- 6 Thus, oh! thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky;
 Having known it "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it "gain to die."

412 Auburn. 8 8s. NEWTON.
The presence of Jesus the joy of saints.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet powers
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay:
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal more happy than I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind
 While blessed with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more!

413 Azmon. C. M. WAITS.
God my all-sufficient portion.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

3 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.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore;
 Grant me the visits of thy grace,
 And I desire no more.

414 Benevento. 87s. TOPLADY.
Bliss to know Jesus.

OBJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire
 Only to be found in thee;
 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die;
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are thine,
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy;
 Here O may I walk with thee,
 Then into thy presence die:
 Let me but thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness,
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and heaven above.

415 Meribah. P. M. C. WESLEY
Spiritual wisdom.

BE it my only wisdom here
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude:
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given!
 And let me through thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

416 Oxford. S. M. C. WESLEY
"The violent take it by force."

OMAY thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven!

417 Retreat. L. M. ANON.
Religion.

O COME, thou great and gracious Power,
 Accept a home within my breast;
 My spirit cheer in every hour,
 In every season give me rest.

2 O teach me well to know my heart,
 My folly and my sin to see;
 On earth to bear a lowly part,
 And give myself, my all to thee.

3 Teach me to trust a Saviour's name,
 To feel a Saviour's dying love;
 To be redeemed—be that my fame,—
 My honors let me seek above.

4 When pleasure cheers and friendship smiles,
 And smoothly sweeps my bark along,
 Then save me from the tempter's wiles,
 Be thou my joy, be thou my song.

5 And when affliction's gloomy power
 Shall shroud my soul in sad dismay;
 Rise thou, a star to cheer that hour,
 And lead me through the darkened way.

6 Yea, at the last, when ghastly death
 This life's short brittle thread shall break,
 Do thou attend my latest breath,
 Thy Spirit clothe me when I wake.

7 And when around the judgment throne
 The myriads of the earth shall meet,
 O wilt thou then my spirit own,
 And fill me with thy bliss complete!

418 Oxford. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The great concern.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky:
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live,
 And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give:
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

419 Underwood. S. M. WATTS.
God all in all.

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

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell;
 'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

- 5 Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth nor all the sky
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
 With infinite desire;
 And yet how far from thee I lie!
 Oh, Jesus, raise me higher.

420

Broomsgrove. C. M.

WATTS.

Almighty Friend.

- M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
 That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in thy strength,
 To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
 With this delightful song,
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

421 St. Thomas. S. M. C. WESLEY.
A clean heart and a right spirit.

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do :
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew ;
 My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesus, to me impart,
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it on my heart ;
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee :
 Soul of my soul, remain !
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

422 Boylston. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The abiding Witness.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be passed away,
 And all things new become.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
- 4 I ask no higher state—
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

DUTIES AND TRIALS.

423 Alfreton. L. M. J. WESLEY.
Following the Saviour.

- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I foilow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

424

Hotham. 8 7s.

C. WESLEY.

The only Refuge.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 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.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

425 Welton. L. M. KELLY.
"Hath God not chosen the poor?"

POOR and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
 Among the great unfit to shine;
 But though the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.

2 Poor and afflicted—'tis their lot,
 They know it, and they murmur not;
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deigned to choose.

2 Poor and afflicted—yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King;
 Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

4 Poor and afflicted—but ere long
 They join the bright celestial throng;
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And heaven afford them sweet repose.

426 Effingham. L. M. FAWCETT.
Comfort in affliction.

AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For "as thy day thy strength shall be."

- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 4 When called by him to bear the cross,
 Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress and poverty,
 Still "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death at length appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,—
 He comes to set thy spirit free;
 And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

427 Tenham. 10s, 5s & 11s. C. WESLEY.
The Pilgrimage.

- COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 With vigor arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies,
 Of heav'nly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
 This is not our place,
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 2 At Jesus's call we gave up our all;
 And still we forego,
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
 No longing we find for the country behind;
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above—
- 3 A country of joy without any alloy,
 We thither repair:
 Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

- 4 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past:
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

428 Oliphant. 8s, 7s & 14. OLIVERS.

Divine Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak—but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

429 Wilmot. 7s. ANON.

Grace proportioned to Trials.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
 To his gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon this word,
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace—
 “As thy days thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still my sweet relief—
 “As thy days thy strength shall be.”
- 4 Rock of ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise, full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure;
 “As thy days thy strength shall be.”

430

Hinton.

11s.

KIRKHAM.

Fear not.

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath
 said,
 Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?
- 2 “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 dismay'd,
 For 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 the deep waters I call thee
 to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 6 "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, thy gold to refine.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean 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."

431

Park street. L. M.

WATTS.

Cheerful courage.

- A** WAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 7 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the ever-flowing 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 the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

432

Rothwell. L. M.

WATTS.

The Rock and Refuge.

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 Courage, my soul! while God is near,
 What enemy hast thou to fear?
 How canst thou want a sure defence,
 Whose refuge is Omnipotence?
- 3 Though thickest dangers crowd my way,
 My God can chase my fears away:
 My steadfast heart on him relies,
 And all those dangers still defies.
- 4 Though billows after billows roll,
 To overwhelm my sinking soul,
 Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
 Upheld by his almighty hand.
- 5 In life, his presence is my aid;
 In death, 'twill guide me through the shade;
 Chase all my rising fears away,
 And turn my darkness into day.

433

Wesley. L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christian Integrity.

BLEST men, who stretch their willing hands
 Submissive to their Lord's commands,
 And yield their liberty and breath
 To him that loved their souls in death.

- 2 Lead me to suffer and to die;
 If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh,
 One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
 And teach me, smiling, to expire.

It nature at the trial shake,
 And from the cross or flames draw back,
 Grace can its feeble courage raise,
 And turn its trembling into praise.

- 4 While scarce I dare, with Peter, say,
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding way,"
 Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
 With humble hope and silent love.

434 Russia. L. M. WATTS.
God is our Refuge and Strength.

GOD is the Refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade,
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
 Down to the deep, and buried there,
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God,
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through
 And watering our divine abode.
- 5 This sacred stream, thy vital word,
 Thus all our raging fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against the threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on his faithfulness and power.

435 Gardner. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The whole armor of God.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his beloved Son;
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endued;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:
 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,—
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole:
 Indissolubly joined,
 To battle all proceed;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your Head.

436 Franklin Square. S. M. B. BATH.
Perseverance.

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.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death,
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

437 Sure Retreat. L. M. STOWELL.
The Mercy-seat.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

438 Fenburn. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Evening: Commending the soul to God.

THOU seest my feebleness,
 Jesus, be thou my power,—
 My help and refuge in distress,
 My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
 Be thou my sure abode:
 My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
 My Saviour and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,—
 Myself I cannot keep,—
 But strength in thee I surely have,
 Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone
 Now therefore I commend:
 Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
 And love me to the end.

439 Swanwick. C. M. COWPER.
Prayer for Resignation.

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears,
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

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

- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way—
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth?
- 6 But, ah, my inmost spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

440

Arundel. C. M.

GREEN.

"It is the Lord."

- I**T 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—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will,
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And of his bounties may recall
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load,
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Blessings, eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.

- 6 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
 Be sullen, or repine?
 No, gracious God—take what thou wilt,
 To thee I all resign.

441 Northfield. C. M. ANON
"Our life is hid with Christ in God."

REJOICE, believer in the Lord,
 Who makes your cause his own;
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
 Or fainting, shall not die!
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
 Faith sees him always near,
 A guide, a glory, a defence;
 Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
 And triumphed once for you;
 So surely you that love his name
 Shall triumph in him too.

442 Peace. S. M. ANON.
"My times are in thy hand."

MY times are in thy hand,—
 O God, I wish them there;
 My life, my soul, my friends, I leave
 Entirely to thy care.

- 2 My times are in thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand,
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the crucified;
 The hand our many sins have pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 My times are in thy hand,—
 I'll always trust in thee;
 Till I have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

443 Martyrdom. C. M. STEELE.
Watchfulness and Prayer.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, Oh! let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 I strive against my foes in vain,—
 I sink amid my fears.
- 3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And never, never let me stray
 From happiness and thee.

444 Hingham. L. M. GRIGG.
Not ashamed of Jesus.

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!—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.

3 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.

4 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.

445 Bancoke. S. M. WATTS.
Security and comfort in God.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

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,
 For ever 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.

446

Disciple. 8s & 7s.

GRANT.

Taking up the Cross.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

- 2 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 disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

O! 'tis not in grief to harm me
 While thy love is left to me;
 O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee!

5 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?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd 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.

447 Naomi. C. M. STEELE.

A refuge from the storm.

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.

448 Henry. C. M. BATHURST.
For victorious faith.

- O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though press'd by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown
 Nor heeds its scornful smile;
 That seas of trouble cannot drown,
 Or Satan's arts beguile;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
 Of an eternal home.

449 Unam. 8s, 7s & 4. FAWCETT.
Hope encouraged.

O MY soul! what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy grief be turned to gladness;
 Bid thy restless fear begone;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 Though thy heart is stained with sin,
 Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 He will make thee pure within;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
 Thou shalt praise him,—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

4 O that I could now adore him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who for ever bow before him,
 And unceasing sing his love!
 Happy spirits!
 When shall I your chorus join?

450 Alma. 8s & 7s. MRS. E. C. JUDSON.
Resignation.

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
 Saviour, to thy cross I cling;
 Thou hast every blow directed,
 Thou alone canst healing bring.

- 2 Try me till no dross remaineth;
And whate'er the trial be,
While thy gentle arm sustaineth,
Closer will I cling to thee.
- 3 Cheerfully the stern rod kissing,
I will hush each murmuring cry;
Every doubt and fear dismissing,
Passive in thine arms will lie.
- 4 And when through deep seas of sorrow,
I have gained the heavenly shore,
Bliss from every wave I'll borrow,
And for each will love thee more.

451 Lanesboro'. C. M. MRS. COOPER.
Contentment.

- MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
- 2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs!
- 3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above.
But shall not enter there.
- 4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.
- 5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
'This anxious breast ensnare.

- 6 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come;
 A thousand ways has Providence
 To bring believers home.

452 Wilmington. C. M.

WATTS.

Courage.

- A M 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 sail'd 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,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

453 Heard. C. M. ANON.
The Cross and the Crown.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
 Who once went sorrowing here!
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a fear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear;
 For there's a crown for me.

454 Gorham. 4 8s & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.
Comfort one another.

COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saint's secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss-inspiring Lope!
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,
 It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

455 Always. L. M. C. WESLEY,
"Although the fig tree shall not blossom."

- AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more have place;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig trees droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin and only sin is here;—

Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off, I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he died for me.

- 4 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesus' name;
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

456 Lyons. P. M. NEWTON.
 "I have put my trust in the Lord God."

BEGONE, unbelief!
 My Saviour is near;
 And for my relief
 Will surely appear:
 By prayer let me wrestle,
 And he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel,
 I smile at the storm.

- 2 Determin'd to save,
 He watch'd o'er my path,
 When, Satan's blind slave,
 I sported with death:
 And can he have taught me
 To trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me
 To put me to shame?

- 3 Why should I complain
 Of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain?
 He told me no less:

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide:
His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

5 His love in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

457

St. Martin's. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The race set before us.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immorta' crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way.

- 4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

458 Tice. S. M. ANON.
"Be thou faithful unto death.

OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith:
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

- 4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

459 Lanesville. L. M. ANON.
The Christian Soldier.

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

- 3 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.
-

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED.

460 Balerma. C. M. COWPER.
A closer walk.

- 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 sought the Lord?
 Where is that soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

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

461 Orford. L. M. KELLY.
The loss of first love mourned.

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.

462 Rothwell. L. M. KELLY.
A call to arms.

O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair—
 Why thus secure on hostile ground?
 Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain,
 O Israel, gird thee for the fight;
 Arise, the combat to maintain,
 Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

- 3 O sleep not thou, as others do—
 Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
 The coward and the sluggard too
 Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
 A crown awaits thee in the skies;
 With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
 And yield, through weariness, the prize?
- 5 No—let a careless world repose
 And slumber on through life's short day,
 While Israel to the conflict goes,
 And bears the glorious prize away.

463

Sessions. L. M.

ANGN.

Declension mourned.

LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
 We mourn the hidings of thy face;
 Proud enemies our path surround,
 To level Zion with the ground.

- 2 Her sons, her worship, they deride,
 And hiss thy word with tongues of pride,
 And cry, to mock our humble prayer,
 "Where is your God, ye Christians, where?"
- 3 Errors, and sins, and follies grow,
 Thy saints bow down in deepest woe;
 Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
 And thousands walk with Christ no more.
- 4 To happier days our bosoms turn,
 Those days but teach us how to mourn;
 The God who bade his mercy flow,
 In wrath withdraws his blessings now.
- 5 The blessings from thy truth withdrawn,
 Its quickening, saving influence gone,
 Unwarned, unawakened, sinners hear,
 Nor see their awful danger near.

- 6 Yet still thy name is ever blest,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see,
Arrayed to set her Israel free.
- 7 Then shall thy saints exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King,
Nations before his altar bend,
And peace from realm to realm extend.

464

Heber.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The backslider restored.

- O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove?
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?
- 2 I forced thee first to disappear,
I turned thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace!
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea
Of unexhausted love!
- 5 My humble soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

465 Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS.

Lamenting spiritual sloth.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul:
 Nothing hath half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive;
 Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!—

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We, for whose guard the angel bands
 Come flying from above:—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labored for our good;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vigorous souls to rise;
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

466 Howard. C. M.

ANON.

Prayer for renewal by the Holy Spirit.

MY hope, my portion, and my God,
 How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne!

- 2 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 3 Great God! thy gracious aid impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 That I may learn thy grace.
- 4 Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

467 Give. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The vanity of mere formality.

LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain;
 Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
 And heard it preached in vain.

- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near thy altar drew;
 A form of godliness was mine,—
 The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design;
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please thee, thus at length I see,
 Vainly I hoped and strove;
 For what are outward things to thee,
 Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts;
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.

- 6 But I of means have made my boast;
 Of means an idol made;
 The spirit in the letter lost,—
 The substance in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
 What can my weakness do?
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up;
 'Tis thou must make it new.

468 Edinboro'. S. M. C. WESLEY
The warning voice of Jesus.

- GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul!
 Say to me now,—Awake, awake!
 And Christ shall make thee whole.
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
 Alarm me in this hour;
 And make me fully understand
 The thunder of thy power.
- 3 Give me on thee to call,
 Always to watch and pray,
 Lest I into temptation fall,
 And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepared,
 And ready may I be;
 For ever standing on my guard,
 And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn
 My soul of evil near;
 When to the right or left I turn
 Thy voice still let me hear,—
- 6 Come back! this is the way;
 Come back, and walk therein;
 O may I hearken and obey,
 And shun the paths of sin.

469

Albion. C. M.

NEWTON.

Mourning departed joys.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pardoning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
 His praises tuned my tongue;
 And when the evening shades prevailed,
 His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns,
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
 O make my soul thy care;
 I know thy mercy cannot fail;
 Let me that mercy share.

470

Barby. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Mourning under darkness.

O THAT I were as heretofore,
 When warm in my first love:
 I only lived my God to adore,
 And seek the things above!

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
 And, lavish of his grace,
 With cords of love he drew me on,
 And half unveiled his face.

- 3 Far, far above all earthiy things,
Triumphantly I rode;
I soared to heaven on eagles' wings,
And found and talked with God.
- 4 Where am I now, from what a height
Of happiness cast down!
The glory swallowed up in night,
And faded is the crown.
- 5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain!
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden, how regain!

471 Margate. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Steadfast reliance upon the promises.

- AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.
- 3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
- 4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.
- 5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

472 Arlington. C. M. SWAIN.
The complaint under darkness.

REJOICE in God, the word commands,
 And fain would I obey ;
 Yet still my spirit, lingering, stands,
 While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,
 Which feels this load of sin ?
 And how can praise my tongue employ,
 While darkness reigns within ?

3 If falling tears and rising sighs
 In triumph share a part,
 Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
 And search this bleeding heart !

4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice,
 Alone my heart can move ;
 Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
 And melt my soul to love.

473 Wilmington. C. M. STEELR.
Pardoning love.

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.

474 Oxford. S. M. NEWTON.
Rejoicing in Christ's restoring love.

- O SPEAK that word again;
It cheers my drooping heart;
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart!
- 2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?
- 3 My Saviour, by his word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored
Which I had sinned away.
- 4 I wonder and adore;
The grace is all divine:
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

475 Vesper. C. M. WATTS.
Grateful acknowledgment.

- 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 grief 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.

476

Duke street. L. M.

COWPER.

Return of joy.

- WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee !
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,—
 Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O, my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will ;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

477 Ames. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
God, my glory and my shield.

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

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
 He heard me from his holy hill ;
 At his command the waves rolled by ;
 He beckoned,—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke ;
 Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain ;
 Bright from the east the morning broke,—
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
 Surround my steps in all their wrath ;
 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 His presence guards his people's path.

478 Edgware. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Longing to be filled with the life of love.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
 My fallen spirit's hope,
 After thy loving likeness, Lord,
 Ah, when shall I wake up ?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way ;
 Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
 My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
 In heaven above, to give,
 Give me thy only love to know,
 In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
 In mystic union join
 Me to thyself, and let me prove
 The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
 My longing soul and thee,
 Never to be broke off again
 To all eternity.

XII. MEANS OF GRACE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

479 Old Hundred. L. M. WATTS.
God the Sovereign.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create—and he destroy,

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay—and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

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

480 Antioch. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Praise for Redemption.

- 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 canceled 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.
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations—own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone—
 Be justified by grace.

- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid—
 The Lamb of God was slain;
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.

481 Sprague. S. M. MONTGOMERY
Magnify the Lord.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 O 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 There, with benign regard,
 Our hymns he deigns to hear;
 Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels him near.

- 5 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

482

Laban. S. M.

HAMMOND.

Praise to Christ.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

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

483

Dundee. C. M.

HOSKIN

Assembling.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all who now shall meet.

- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word,
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, O Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.
- 6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

484 Devises. C. M. C. WESLEY-
An "open door" to preach the word.

JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

- 4 Appear as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God,
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

485 Orland. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Blessings desired.

- COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace.
- 4 O then, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed,
Whom thou hast joined may none divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast blessed.
- 5 With thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

486 Paradise. L. M. FAWCETT.
God's presence invoked.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

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

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

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

487 Boston. 7s. BARBAULD.
Providential favors.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use;

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source from whence all blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

488 Sicilian. 7s. MONTGOMERY.
Songs of Praise.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
S Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born,
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

489 Bath Chapel. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Heaven begun on earth.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone;
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace—
 The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise,
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

490 Warwick. C. M. C. WESLEY
"I stand at the door and knock."

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
 Our common Saviour praise,
 To him with joyful voices give
 The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
 Of every sinner's heart;
 The worst need keep him out no more,
 Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice.
 Yield to be saved from sin,
 In sure and certain hope rejoice
 That thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
 Nor ever hence remove,
 But sup with us, and let the feast
 Be everlasting love.

491 Talmar. 8s & 7s. ANON.
Praise the Lord.

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 night.

- 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.

- 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 Lord of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.

492 Alfreton. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
"Praise ye the Lord."

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays
 Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
 His glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.

- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
 From the sun's rising to its rest;
 Above the heavens his power is known,
 Through all the earth his goodness shown.

- 3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

493

Sicilian. 7s.

LANGFORD.

Redeeming Love.

- NOW begin the heavenly theme:
Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your gloomy fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above—
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

494 Ames. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
Praise to God for redemption.

ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
 Shall our transported voices raise;
 What ardent love and zeal are due,
 While heaven stands open to our view.

- 2 Once we were fallen, O how low!
 Just on the brink of endless woe,
 When Jesus, (from the realms above,
 Borne on the wings of boundless love,)
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
 And spread around his heavenly light;
 By him what wondrous grace is shown
 To souls impoverish'd and undone.
- 4 He shows beyond these mortal shores,
 A bright inheritance as ours;
 Where saints in light our coming wait,
 To share their holy, happy state.

495 Welton. L. M. STEELE.
Christ, the only Refuge.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty Friend!
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
 While thou art near, in vain they call;
 One smile—one blissful smile of thine—
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,—
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life—eternal life—is thine.

496

Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS.

Works of nature and grace.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true.

- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heaven and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature, and of grace,
 Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
 Those heavenly arches spread,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the heavens pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
 To their appointed deep—
 Bade raging seas their limits know,
 And still their station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
 And breaks their vain designs;
 His counsel stands through every age,
 And in full glory shines.

497 Azmon. C. M. NEWTON.
 "The fruit of the Spirit is joy."

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil;
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
 Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
 A sense of pard'ning love—
 A hope that triumphs over death—
 Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine—
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

498 Ariel. C. P. M. MEDLEY.
The Excellency of Christ.

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 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.
- 3 Soon the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face ;
 Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend—
 Triumphant in his grace.

499 Dundee. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
The song of the sanctuary.

SING we the song of those who stand
 Around the eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and his flock appear,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng ;
 Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,—
 Cry the redeemed above,—
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb!—on earth we sing—
 Who died our souls to save ;
 Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting ?
 Thy victory, O grave ?

- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
 May all who now this anthem raise
 Renew the strain in heaven.

500 New Sabbath. L. M. WATTS.
Universal praise.

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

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
 In songs of praise divinely sing,
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song;
 To every land the strains belong:
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

501 Park street. L. M. WATTS.
Praise Creator, Preserver & Redeemer.

PRAISE ye the Lord—'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
 He counts their number, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 3 Sing to the Lord—exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 His saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

502

Parvus. L. M.

WATTS.

Spiritual worship.

- JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy 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 blest hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, 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.

503 Coronation. C. M. WATTS.
The joyful sound.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

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

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

504 Newcourt. 6 Ss. WATTS.
I will sing unto the Lord.

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

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

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind,
 He sends the laboring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 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.

505

Boston. 7s.

HAMMOND.

Opening worship.

- LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh, do not our suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 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.
- 2 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 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those that are cast down, lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 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.

506

Auburn. 8 8s.

HARR.

Past and Future.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end:

'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.

507 Warwick. C. M. PRATT'S COL
Opening worship.

BEHOLD us, Lord, with humble fear
 Approach thy temple gate,
 Though most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait.

2 But trusting in thy boundless grace,
 To all so freely given,
 We worship in thy holy place,
 And lift our souls to heaven.

3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor let our footsteps slide;
 Make straight thy path before our face,
 Our guardian still, and guide.

4 No more to sin, Lord, let us yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept, and covered with the shield
 Of thy almighty love.

508 Hebron. L. M. C. WESLE
Opening worship.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
 We now with all thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 The king of nations we proclaim,
 Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
 We long to experience all thy name,
 And now we come to meet thee here.

- 3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving kindness wait;
And, oh, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate
- 4 Tremble our hearts to feel thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And, lo, we see descend from high,
The pillar and the flame of fire.
- 5 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill,
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord—our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

509 Rothwell. L. M. C. WESLEY.
"Awake, arm of the Lord."

- ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them thro' life's departed wave.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
 Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
 And pass thro' death, triumphant, home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care;
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeemed their heads shall
 With everlasting gladness crown'd, [raise,
 And filled with love, and lost in praise.

510 Effingham. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Blessings implored.

- O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Behold a cloud of incense rise;
 The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace,
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
 Thy gifts abundantly increase,
 Enlarge and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
 And guide into thy perfect will;
 Cause us thy hallowed name to know,
 The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure;
 O let us all be saints indeed,
 And pure as thou thyself art pure,
 Conformed in all things to our Head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood—
 Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
 Present us sanctified to God,
 And perfected in love below.

- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply,
And wash and make us wholly clean,
And change and throughly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem,
Cleanse by the water and the word,
And free from every spot of blame,
And make the servant as his Lord.

511 Rockingham. L. M. WATTS.
Opening worship.

- A WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat,
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high,
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father, my soul would here abide,
Or, if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

512 Clarke. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
"Here we have no continuing city."

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our spirits stay
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place,
 But hasten through this vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find:
 Our labor this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven,
 That palace of our glorious King—
 We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd;
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads, arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

513 Plymouth Dock. 6 Ss. MONTGOMERY.
Divine guidance, protection and supplies.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
 Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,

Unharm'd, tho' floods hung o'er our head;
 Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
 Here then we pause, look back, adore.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way;
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 Safety thy presence is, and rest,
 While—as the eagle o'er her brood
 Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
 Covers, defends, provides them food,
 Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
 Thy love prepares us for the sky.
- 4 Protect us through the wilderness,
 From fiery serpent, plague, and foe;
 With bread from heaven thy people bless,
 And living streams where'er we go;
 Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
 Or follow any voice but thine.
- 5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
 But not from Sinai's top alone;
 Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
 Thy power, and all thy goodness shown;
 And may we never bow the knee,
 Or worship any god but thee.
- 6 When we have numbered all our years,
 And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
 Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
 O let not then the spirit sink,
 But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
 Plunge through the stream to rise above.

514 Arundel. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Lift up your hearts.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
 Ye followers of the Lamb,
 And join with us to praise his love,
 And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
 Whose mercies never end;
 Rejoice, rejoice! the Lord is King,
 The King is now our friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
 On earthly good look down,
 And joyfully sustain the cross,
 Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
 Our faith by works t' approve,
 By holy, vivifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
 The Holy Ghost receive,
 And, raised to our unsinning state,
 With God in Eden live,—

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait his heaven to share;
 He now is fitting up your home—
 Go on, we'll meet you there.

515 Peterboro'. C. M. ANGOS.
Praise for mercy in trouble.

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 offering shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 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.

516 Edgewart. C. M. C. WESLEY.
God's blessing implored.

- THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the grateful sacrifice
 Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshiper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise;
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, "What must be done
 To save a wretch like me?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery?"

- 7 "I must this instant now begin
 Out of my sleep to wake,
 And turn to God, and every sin
 Continually forsake.
- 8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
 And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
 I must be born again, or die
 To all eternity."

517

Otto.

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Sweet the moments.

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend!
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy flowing in his blood;
 Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before the cross to lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 In my Saviour's dying eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.
- 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;
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all needs to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more fully know.

518 Howard. C. M. NEEDHAM.
Faith encouraged by ancient Examples.

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.

519 Migdol. L. M. WATTS.
The Beatitudes.

BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty:
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart:
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
 They shall be well supplied, and fed,
 With living streams, and living bread.

- 4 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin :
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 The God of spotless purity.
- 5 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.
- 6 These are the men, the holy race,
 Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

520 Albany. 6 8s. C. WESLEY.
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise,
 Our hearts in solemn songs of praise ;
 By all thy works on earth adored,
 We worship thee, the common Lord ;
 The everlasting Father own,
 And bow our souls before thy throne.

- 2 Thee all the choir of angels sing,
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings ;
 Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
 And seraphs shout the triune God,
 And Holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Thy glory fills both earth and sky.
- 3 Father of endless majesty,
 All might and love we render thee ;
 Thy true and only Son adore,
 The same in dignity and power ;
 And God the Holy Ghost declare,
 The saints' eternal Comforter.

521 Barby. C. M. WATTS.
Mount Zion.

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 th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest!
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

522 Coronation. C. M. WATTS.
"Worthy of ceaseless praise," &c.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs
That fill the worlds above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
Before your brighter God.

- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
 The troops of his command,
 Appear in all your dreadful forms,
 And speak his awful hand.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar ;
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals, catch the sound ;
 Echo the glories of your King
 Through all the nations round.

523

Martyrdom. C. M.

ANON.

Celestial Wisdom.

- O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Religion's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 More precious are her bright rewards
 Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days ;
 Her left imperishable wealth
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase :
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

524 Shoel. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Wisdom better than riches.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

525 Wilmington. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The water of life.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Every believing soul.

- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take;
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thine own mercy's sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide
 And we shall flow to thee,
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood;
 Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
 We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
 Into thy fullness fall;
 Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
 Our God, our all in all.

526

Henry. C. M.

GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

- 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 declare
 In every golden ray;
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields,
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
 Is in the gospel seen;
 There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
 Through Jesus' name are given;
 He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

527

Portugal. L. M.

WATTS.

The Lord our keeper.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.

- 2 He lives—the everlasting God
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heavens, with all their host, he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles adorn the day:
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
 Shall but fulfil their best desire—
 From sins and sorrows set them free
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

528 Ashwell. L. M. PRATT'S COL.
The Church encouraged.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
 Israel, still sleep thy tuneful strings,
 Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
 And Zion's song denies to sing!

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise,
 Let harp and voice unite their strains;
 Thy promised King his sceptre sways,
 Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require,
 No strangers mock thy captive chain;
 But friends provoke the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands thy triumph share;
 A heavenly city claims thy song,
 A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam,
 Nor weeping think of Jordan's flood;
 In every clime behold a home,
 In every temple see thy God.

529 Silver Street. S. M. DODDRIDGE.
Divine Grace.

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

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

3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road,
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

530 Alfreton. L. M. WATTS:
 God praised for his wonders.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise;
 Let not the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom—and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess,
 Let all the earth adore his grace:
 My heart and tongue with rapture join
 In work and worship so divine.

531 Lanesboro'. C. M. STEELE.
 Invocation.

COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
 Our humble tribute own,
 While with our praises and complaints
 We bow before thy throne.

- 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 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
 How languid our desire!
 How cold the sacred passion glows,
 Till thou the heart inspire!
- 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.

532 Welton. L. M. C. WESLEY.
Praise for Redemption.

FATHER, whose everlasting love
 Thy only Son for sinners gave,
 Whose grace to all did freely move,
 And sent him down the world to save,

- 2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
 Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
 To praise the Lamb who died for all,
 The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
 Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
 For all thou hast in Christ prepared
 Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
- 4 The world he suffered to redeem:
 For all he hath atonement made;
 For those that will not come to him,
 The ransom of his life was paid.

- 5 Why then, thou universal love,
Should any of thy grace despair?
To all, to all thy bowels move;
But straitened in our own we are.
- 6 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!
The fullness of the gentiles cail:
Lift up the standard of the cross,
And all shall own Christ died for all.

533 Bangor. C. M. LYTE.
God, the only object of worship.

- O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly heark'ning to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.
- 4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.
- 5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

534 Holman. C. M. C. WESLEY
Infinite love.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love,
 (Jesus and love are one,)
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrained to none :
 What shall I do my God to love,
 My loving God to praise,
 The length and breadth and height to prove,
 And depth of sovereign grace ?

- 2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfined ;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind :
 Throughout the world its breadth is known
 Wide as infinity—
 So wide it never passed by one,
 Or it had passed by me.
- 3 My trespass was grown up to heaven ;
 But far above the skies,
 Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
 I see thy mercies rise :
 The depth of all-redeeming love
 What angel tongue can tell ?
 O may I to the utmost prove
 The gift unspeakable !

535 Always. L. M. J. WESLEY.
The Lord our Righteousness.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved, through these, I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
 Which at the mercy-seat of God
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then this shall be all my plea—
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

536

Stonefield. L. M.

Rowe.

“What is man?”

- LORD, what is man, that he should prove
 The object of thy boundless love?
 Say, why should he so largely share
 Thy favor and thy tender care?
- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
 Or till I close my eyes in death,
 I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
 Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence
 I'll place my only confidence;
 In every danger and distress,
 To thee will I my prayer address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
 In thee I'll make my constant boast;
 I'll spread the glories of thy name,
 And thy unbounded love proclaim.

537 Nehemiah. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return"

SING, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
 How peaceful and how plain;
 The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
 Nor seek the road in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound;
 Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
 Through all the way are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Along the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And city of your God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head;
 While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.

6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still,
 And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
 While you ascend the hill.

538 Newry. L. M. STEELE.
Confidence in the living God.

THE God of my salvation lives,
 My nobler life he will sustain;
 His word immortal vigor gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joy divine;
 The barren desert shall rejoice;
 'Tis Paradise if thou art mine.

539 China. C. M. STEELE.
Unsearchable riches of Christ.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life and joy divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
 I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

540 Bath Chapel. C. M. WATTS.
God our Preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone;
 Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first;
 Salvation to the Almighty name
 That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

541 Mear. C. M. FAWCETT.
 "What shall it profit a man," &c.

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below;
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be joined with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

542 Islington. L. M. WATTS.
Glory and Grace in Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim!

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 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.

4 O! may I reach that happy place,
 Where he unveils his lovely face;
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

543 Unam. Ss, 1 4 & 7s. RIPPON.
Dismissal.

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,
 Traveling 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.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

544 Alma. 8s & 7s. WES. COL.
Dismissal.

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 yon blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise:

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

545 Chester. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Opening the exercises.

- ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up;
 And, gathered into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove,
 The grace through every vessel flows
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
 And cordially agree,
 United all through Jesus' name,
 In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
 The common peace we feel,—
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,
 A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
 In Jesus be so sweet,
 What height of rapture shall we know
 When round his throne we meet?

546 Forrest. L. M. C. WESLEY.
For the lambs of the flock.

AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
 For all who feel thy work begun:
 Confirm, and strengthen them in grace,
 And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their
 names,
 Be mindful of thy youngest care;
 Be tender of the new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
 With ravening wolves on every side,
 Watch over them to tear and slay,
 If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead thy little flock!
 From hell, the world, and sin secure;
 And set their feet upon the rock,
 And make in thee their goings sure.

547 Rochester. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Safety in the fold.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For, oh, the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay;
 He seizes every straggling soul
 As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side;
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree,
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

548 Swanwick. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"See how these Christians love."

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
 Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
 Bid our unruly passions cease,
 By thy atoning blood.

- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control;
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm each troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy;
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And, in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wondering foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

549

Piety. C. M. C. WESLEY.

For grace to edify one another.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

- 2 When we are right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride,
 Give us in heaven a happy lot
 With all the sanctified.

550

Baid.

S. M.

FAWCETT

Closing the exercises.

- BLESS'D be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers :
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,-
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we 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.

551

Gerar. S. M.

WATTS.

Rejoicing in God.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
 And all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas,—
- 4 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He will send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

- 8 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 9 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

552 Pleyel. 7s. CENNICK.
The happy pilgrimage.

- CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing,
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made,
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

553 Boylston. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 For the manifestation of the Saviour.

JESUS, we look to thee,
 Thy promised presence claim;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in thy name:
 Thy name salvation is,
 Which here we come to prove;
 Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
 And everlasting love.

- 2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's path we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget:
 We meet, the grace to take
 Which thou hast freely given;
 We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know thou art,
 But, oh, thyself reveal;
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel:
 O may thy quickening voice
 The death of sin remove,
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice
 In hope of perfect love.

554 Coventry. C. M. C. WESLEY
 The blessing claimed.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promised blessing give;
 Met in thy name, we look to thee,
 Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in thy name are joined;
 We wait, according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
But, oh, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear,
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
“The Holy Ghost receive.”
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucified;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak and the tokens show:
“O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you.”

555 Lyons. 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY.
Meeting in His name.

APPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

- 2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.
- 3 O Jesus, appear—no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

556 Olney. S. M. WATTS.
Delights of Christian fellowship.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.

2 Blest 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 blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

557 Golden Hill. S. M. C. WESLEY.
"Thank God and take courage."

AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give
 For his redeeming grace:
 Preserved by power divine
 To full salvation, here
 Again in Jesus' praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we passed,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Since we assembled last!
 But out of all the Lord
 Has brought us by his love,
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

- 3 Then let us make our boast
 Of his redeeming power,
 Which saves us to the uttermost,
 Till we can sin no more;
 Let us take up the cross,
 Till we the crown obtain,
 And gladly reckon all things loss,
 So we may Jesus gain.

558 Chimes. C. M. C. WESLEY.
United to Christ and each other.

- JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endeared,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke,
 A band of love, a three-fold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
 Baptize into thy name,
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 To thee, inseparably joined,
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee receive.
- 5 This is the bond of perfectness,
 The spotless charity;
 O let us, still we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee.
- 6 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove;
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know
 Made perfect first in love.

559 Cambridge. C. M. C. WEELEY.
"Speak to our hearts."

TALK with us, Lord—thyself reveal,
 While here o'er earth we rove;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindling of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
 All time, and toil, and care;
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
 'Tis all I wish to seek,
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see,
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in thee.

560 Give. C. M. SWAIN.
Brotherly love.

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 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above ;
 May each his brother's failing hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow,
 And union sweet, and fond 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.

561 Mendon. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Pardon and Sanctification.

- JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
 Jesus, in love to us descend,
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be ;
 Pardon and sanctify us all,
 Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands ;
 O take our hearts, our hearts are thine,—
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 May we thy blessed will obey,
 Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare :
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

Love Feast.

COME. and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine;
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
 Sing as in the ancient days;
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Strive we, in affection strive,
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the martyrs glowed,
 Dying champions for their God;
 We, like them, may live and love,
 Called we are their joys to prove,
 Saved with them from future wrath,
 Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
 Now as yesterday the same,
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all, of truth and grace:
 We for Christ, our Master, stand
 Lights in a benighted land;
 We our dying Lord confess,
 We are Jesus' witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
 We with him are crucified;
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,
 We his quickening Spirit breathe;
 Christ is now gone up on high,
 Thither all our wishes fly;
 Sits at God's right hand above,
 There with him we reign in love.

563 Iddo. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The solemn covenant.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual covenant join
 Ourselves to Christ, the Lord,--

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify,
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
 Be ever kept in mind;
 We will no more our God forsake,
 Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
 Who hears our solemn vow;
 And if thou art well pleased to hear,
 Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive;
 Present with the celestial host,
 The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply
 Which takes our sins away,
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

564 Brewer. L. M. NEWTON.
Christian welcome.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which he alone 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 meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

565

Hope. S. M.

ANON.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

HOW sweet the melting lay
That 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 bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

566 Kentucky. S. M. C. WESLEY
Opening the exercises.

THE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart;
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart;
 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts opprest;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize;
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace:
 Suffered no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

567 Islington. L. M. ANON
Love Feast.

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 the Spirit of all grace,
 Love to the Scriptures of all truth;
 Love to our whole apostate race,
 Love to the aged, love to youth.
- 3 Love to each other;—soul and mind,
 And heart and hand with full accord,
 In one sweet covenant combined
 To live and die unto the Lord.

- 4 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.

568 Uxbridge. L. M. ANON.
Speaking and singing of Christ.

WHY should believers when they meet,
 Not speak of Christ, the King they
 own ?

Who gives them hope that they shall sit
 With him for ever on his throne.

- 2 Is any other name so great
 As his who bore the sinner's load ?
 Is any subject half so sweet,
 So various, as the love of God ?

- 3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
 That makes his opposition cease ;
 Beholding love's amazing plan,
 He drops his arms and sues for peace.

- 4 'Twas so with us ; we once were foes,
 Were foes to him who gave us breath ;
 But he whose mercy freely flows,
 Has saved us from eternal death.

- 5 We look with hope to that great day
 When Jesus will with clouds appear ;
 A sight of him will well repay
 Our labors and our sorrows here.

- 6 Of him then let us speak and sing,
 Whose glory we expect to share ;
 In heaven we shall behold our King,
 And yield a nobler tribute there.

569 Quito. L. M. ANON.
Parting.

COME, Christian brethren! ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore;
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

570 Newry. L. M. ANON.
Morning.

BLESS'D are our eyes that see the light
 Of this another new-born day,
 Bless'd are our ears that hear thy word,
 Our lips, to read and praise and pray.

- 2 Thou Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Dispel the darkness from our sky,
 Illuminate the path of life,
 That leads to thine abode on high.
- 3 To thee, supremely good and wise
 Our sacrifice we humbly bring,
 O may thy spirit be our guide
 And with it may we pray and sing.
- 4 Thy glory be our constant aim
 When we go out, when we come in,
 Whate'er we say, whate'er we do
 May we be ever kept from sin.

571 Orland. L. M. BISHOP KEN.
Morning.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

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.

572 Margate. S. M. J. WESLEY.
Morning.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
 O Day-Star from on high!
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse,
 The mists of error and of vice
 Which shade the universe!

MEANS OF GRACE

- 3 How beauteous nature now ;
 How dark and sad before !
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day ;
 Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
 Wash all its stains away !
- 5 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past,
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit,—One in Three,—
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

573

Irish.

C. M.

WATTS.

Morning.

- 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 heavens on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
 But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
 While I enjoy the light !
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

574 Warwick. C. M.

WATTS.

Sabbata morning.

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 thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

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

575 New Sabbath. L. M.

WATTS.

Morning or Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield myself to thy command;
 . To thee devote my nights and days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

576 Newry. L. M. WATTS.
A Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at thy voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice,
 To run his journey through the skies.

- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day;
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.

- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

577 Winter. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Morning: Thankfulness and trust.

GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,
 To praise thy name we wake:
 Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,
 For thine own mercy's sake.

- 2 The blessings of another day
 We thankfully receive;
 O may we only thee obey,
 And to thy glory live.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

3 Upon us lay thy mighty hand;
 Our words and thoughts restrain;
 And bow our souls to thy command,
 Nor let our faith be vain.

4 Pris'ners of hope, we wait the hour
 Which shall salvation bring,
 When all we are shall own thy power,
 And call our Jesus, King.

578 Woodland. C. M. KIPPIS
Morning and Evening Praise.

ON thee, each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend,
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys,
 And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
 The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
 Fears no approaching ill;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
 Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
 Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
 And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
 The pleasing work pursue,
 And thee alone will praise, to whom
 All praise is ever due.

579

Heber. C. M.

WATTS

Private Devotion.

- 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 He knows what arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God—
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 I'd plead my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
 And drive my foes away;
 He knows the meaning of his saints,
 When they in sorrow pray.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
 And banish every fear;
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,
 To spread thy sorrows there.

580

Gainsboro'. C. M.

KELLY.

Morning Hymn.

- T**HROUGH all the dangers of the night
 Preserved, O Lord! by thee,
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.
- 2 Preserve us, Lord! throughout the day,
 And guide us by thy arm;
 For they are safe, and only they,
 Whom thou dost keep from harm.

- 3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
 Declare that we are thine,
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.
- 4 Let us ne'er turn away from thee;
 Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till, with immortal eyes, we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

581 Cookham. 7s. ANON.
"In the Spirit on the Lord's day."

NOW the shades of night are gone,
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, may we be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt and clear our sight;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we labor, watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
 Save us from our foes around;
 Going out, and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last;
 Night and sin will be no more
 When we reach the heavenly shore.

582 Sark. 7s. TATE AND BRADY..
Morning Thanks.

THOU that dost my life prolong!
 Kindly aid my morning song;
 Thankful, from my couch I rise,
 To the God that rules the skies.

- 2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.
- 3 Thou hast kept me through the night,--
'T was thy hand restored the light;
Lord! thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Still my feet are prone to stray,—
Oh! preserve me through the day;
Dangers every where abound,
Sins and snares beset me round.
- 5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul, thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

583

Oldham. C. M.

ANON.

Morning Hymn.

THE morning breaks; my voice I raise
To thee, great God, above;
Accept my prayer, my feeble praise,
In kindness and in love.

- 2 Forgive the crimes that I have done;
My follies I deplore;
And since another day's begun,
O may I love thee more.
- 3 Preserve me from all ill, I pray,
And guide me with thine eye,
And grant through every hour I may
On grace divine rely.
- 4 Keep me from sinful thoughts, O Lord,
And make my heart sincere;
Make me to read thy holy word
With reverence and fear.

- 5 Then shall I be prepared below
 For my eternal home;
 Where pleasures like a river flow,
 And sorrows never come.

584

Watchman. S. M.

ANON.

Morning Mercies.

- A** WAKE! my heart, awake!
 Thy gracious God to praise;
 Who condescends such care to take,
 And lengthen out my days.
- 2 While some have passed the night
 In restlessness and pain;
 I rise in health, to see the light,
 And seek the Lord again.
- 3 This day will many die!
 This hour what numbers go!
 What if my soul be called to fly,
 And I that change should know?
- 4 Lord, come, and be my guide
 Through this uncertain space;
 Keep me for ever near thy side,
 And grant a child thy grace.

585

Devises. C. M.

ANON.

A Daily Prayer.

- O** LORD, my God, to thee I cry,
 To thee I lift my heart;
 O hear me from thy throne on high,
 To me thy grace impart.
- 2 When early morning lights the sky,
 Let me before thee fall:
 O, may I find thy presence nigh,
 My Priest, my King, my All.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 3 When mid-day's beams descend on me,
 O guide my footsteps then,
 Lest I be drawn from truth and thee
 By worldly-minded men.
- 4 And when the shadows of the night
 Are darkening all the land,
 Securely trusting in thy might,
 Let me lie on thy hand.
- 5 O Lord, my God, while here I live,
 Till I am called away,
 Let day by day my actions prove
 My love to thee, I pray.

586

Arundel. C. M.

STEELE.

Morning.

- LORD of my life. O may thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
 I passed the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
 And undisturbed repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me
 And I unconscious lay, [spread
 Thy watchful care was round my bed
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend,
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

587

Shirland. S. M. PROT. EPIS. COL.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near!

- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us, while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love!

588

Mear.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
 Who made both day and night;
 Whose throne is darkness in th' abyss
 Of uncreated light.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
 With strictest search survey;
 The deepest shades no more disguise
 Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
 No evil shall molest:
 Under the shadow of thy wings
 Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
 Their constant stations keep:
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads
 For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we, with calm and sweet repose,
 And heavenly thoughts, refresh'd,
 Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
 And bless thee, ever bless'd.

589

Rockingham. L. M.

WATTS

Evening.

- THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home:
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 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.

590

Ebor.

C. M.

J. MASON.

Evening.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield,
 Our keeper and our guide;
 His care was on our weakness shown,
 His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies, multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
 Do a new song require:
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.

591

Windham. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Evening.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
 For ever be thy name adored;
 I blush in all things to abound;
 The servant is above his Lord!

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
 A suff'ring life my Master led;
 The Son of God, the Son of man,
 He had not where to lay his head.

- 3 But, lo! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
 What can the Rock of ages move!
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love!

592 Bath Chapel. C. M.

WATTS.

Evening.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
 I am for ever thine:
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope, relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

593

Mear. C. M.

WATTS

God's Goodness acknowledged.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offering of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

594 Kozeluck. 7s. PROT. EPIS. COL.
Communion with God.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

595 Sicilian. 8s & 7s. EDMESTON.
Closing.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 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.

596 Guardian. L. M. BISHOP KEN,
Evening.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own almighty wings.

- 2 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 judgment day.
- 3 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep my eyelids close,
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

597 St. George. C. M. LON. MAG.
An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT Father, by whose care
 I've passed another day,
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Speak to my conscience, speak my peace
Through his atoning blood;
And grant me, Lord, a full release
From sin's oppressive load.
- 4 Show me my wants, and let me crave
Nothing but what is right;
Help me by faith on thee to live,
Then change my faith to sight.
- 5 Guide me through life's uncertain path,
Nor let me from thee stray;
Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
Through each revolving day.
- 6 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 7 And when on earth I close my eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To enjoy thy smiling face.

598

Rothwell. L. M.

STEEL.

Evening reflections.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus: His dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

599 Rochester. C. M. H. K. WHITE

Evening.

O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And are we less than they?

4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace.

PRAYER.

PRAYER.

600 Luton. L. M. HART.
"Man should pray always."

PRAYER is appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him—thou canst not fail,
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;
 Fear not, his merits must prevail,
 Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

601 Arlington. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
What is Prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 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.

602 Peterboro'. C. M. MONTGOMERY
For grace to pray aright.

- L ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?

PRAYER.

- 4 God of all grace, we come to thee
 With broken, contrite hearts;
 Give what thine eye delights to see—
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 5 Give deep humility, the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live;
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone,
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ, on Christ alone;
- 7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay.
- 8 Give these, and then thy will be done;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

603

Winter. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

**For various blessings.*

WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
 Whatever good we want,
 Whatever man may seek to share,
 Or God in wisdom grant.

- 2 Father of all our mercies, thou
 In whom we move and live,
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer and forgive.
- 3 When bound with sin and trespasses,
 From wrath we fain would flee;
 Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
 And set the captives free.

MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel,
 O give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in thee be found
 A refuge strong and sure.
- 6 When age advances, may we grow
 In faith, and hope, and love,
 And walk in holiness below
 To holiness above.
- 7 When earthly joys and cares depart,
 Desire and envy cease,
 Be thou the portion of our heart,
 In thee may we have peace.
- 8 When flames these elements destroy,
 And worlds in judgment stand,
 May we lift up our heads with joy,
 And meet at thy right hand.

604 Swanwick. C. M. MONTGOMERY
For wisdom.

- ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
 To thee our souls we lift;
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare
 For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow;
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.

PRAYER.

- 4 We ask for wisdom—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.
- 5 For we, like children, born in sin,
Know not, till thou hast taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.
- 6 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old be guided by thy truth,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

305

Woodland. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Opening the exercises.

- SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go:—
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

606 Portugal. L. M. COWPER.
Opening the exercises.

WHAT various hindrances 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 your 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 has done for me."

607 Hope. S. M. C. WESLEY.
The well-fought day.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word:
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord;

To God your every want
 In instant prayer display;
 Pray always; pray, and never faint;
 Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 In fellowship—alone—
 To God with faith draw near;
 Approach his courts, besiege his throne
 With all the power of prayer:
 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth his praise;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.

3 From strength to strength go on;
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day:
 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all his soldiers,—Come,
 Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
 And take the conqu'rors home.

608

Alexandria. C. M.

JUDSON.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
 All hallowed be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
 In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
 And as we those forgive
 Who sin against us, so may we
 Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
 From evil set us free;
 And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
 And glory, ever be.

609 Ebor. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Heavenly Aspirations.

BEING of beings, God of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise,
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
 Our sacrifice receive;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires
 For all thy mercy's store;
 The sole return thy love requires,
 Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask—we open then
 Our hearts to embrace thy will;
 Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
 With all thy fullness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad;
 So shall we ever live and move,
 And be with Christ in God.

610 Brattle street. C. M. MRS. WILLIAMS
Habitual Devotion.

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.

PRAYER.

- 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.

611 Bancoke. S. M. NEWTON.
Coming boldly to the throne of grace.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round we see,
 Provides, for those who come to God,
 An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and thy love;
 We ask to serve thee here below,
 And reign with thee above.
- 4 Teach us to live by faith,
 Conform our will to thine;
 Let us victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
 And wilt our portion be,
 All worldly joys we'll cheerful leave,
 And find our heaven in thee.

612 Peace. S. M. C. WESLEY.
For perfect Submission.

I WANT a heart to pray,
 To pray, and never cease;
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
 This blessing, above all,—
 Always to pray,—I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,—
 The promise is for me;
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee:
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

613 Azmon. C. M. C. WESLEY.
For a Tender Conscience.

I WANT a principle within,
 Of jealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin,—
 A pain to feel it near;

I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove;
 And let me weep my life away
 For having grieved thy love.
 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again
 Which makes the wounded whole.

614 Asylum. 5 7 & 3. 6s. C. WESLEY.

Psalm cxxi.

TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels:
 Will he not his help afford?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given:
 God comes down—the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
 And still in God confide;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide;

Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;
 Rest in him, securely rest;
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Thy Keeper can surprise:
 Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes;
 He is Israel's sure defence;
 Israel all his care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful Providence,
 And ever-waking Love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near;
 Lo! he holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear;
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms:
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin;
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Filled with wisdom, love, and power;
 Holy, pure, and perfect,—now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

615 Paradise. C. M. C. WESLEY.
"Purge me, and I shall be clean."

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
 Thee only would I know;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.

PRAYER.

- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

616 Woodland. C. M. BROWN.
Evening.

- I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 6 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

617 Eve. 7s. NEWTON.
"In full assurance of faith."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Rise and ask without delay.
 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring,
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

2 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast,
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

XIII. DEATH.

618 Give. C. M. YOUNG.
Bereavement.

OUR hearts are fastened to this world
 By strong and endless ties,
 And every sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.

DEATH.

- 2 When God would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end,
 He takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Since vain all here, all future vast,
 Embrace the lot assigned; [friends,
 Heaven wounds to heal—its frowns are
 Its strokes severe, most kind.
- 4 To final good the worst events
 Through secret channels run,
 Finish for saints their destined course,
 As 'twas for saints begun.
- 5 O for that summit of my wish
 Whilst here I draw my breath,
 That promise of eternal life,
 A glorious smile in death.

619

Aylesbury. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

What comes after death?

AND am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown—
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierced by human thought,
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot?

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be;
 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crowned,
 And see the flaming skies.

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing, meet?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who diedst thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery,
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

620

Coles Hill. C. M.

WATTS

Human Frailty.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
 As days and months increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

DEATH.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're traveling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
 To push us to the tomb,
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things—
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

621 China. C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Death of a faithful Minister.

FAR from affliction, toil and care,
 The happy soul is fled;
 The breathless clay shall slumber here,
 Among the silent dead.

- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
 E'en to his latest breath;
 The truth he had proclaimed so long
 Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
 Above this dusky sphere;
 His soul was ripened for that bliss
 While yet he sojourned here.

DEATH.

4 'The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb,
O may we ready stand;
Then, blessed Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

622 Islington. L. M. S. WESLEY, JR.
The grass withereth—the flower fadeth.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

623 Hedding. 4 8s & 2 6s. C. WESLEY.
"No room for mirth or trifling here."

AND am I only born to die?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree?
 What after death for me remains?
 Celestial joys or hellish pains,
 To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay!
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch and tremble and prepare
 Against that fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone,
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 The inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
 But how I may escape the death
 That never, never dies!
 How make mine own election sure,
 And when I fail on earth, secure
 A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way
 To glorious happiness!
 Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
 And whensoever I hence depart,
 Let me depart in peace!

624

Savannah. 8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

A Brother happy.

REJOICE for a brother deceased;
 Our loss is his infinite gain;
 His soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily pain,—
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,—
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
 Outflying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind,
 Still tossed on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past:
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

625

Defleury. 8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

A Sister in heaven.

HOSANNAH to Jesus on high!
 Another has entered his rest;
 Another has 'scaped to the sky,
 And lodged in Immanuel's breast.
 The soul of our sister is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasped in the arms of his love.

- 2 What fullness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odors of grace!
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessings ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelmed at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name:
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprisoned in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summoned away?
 My merciful Lord, is it I?
- 4 O, Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call in my heart;
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

626

Peirce.

8 8s.

C. WESLEY,

At rest, and happy.

HOW blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind!
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind!
 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

2 No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay :
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanished away.
 This languishing head is at rest ;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet, immovable breast,
 Is heaved by affliction no more.

3 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Now sealed in their mortal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep ;
 The fountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes
 And evil they never shall see.

627 Sessions. L. M. C. WESLEY.
A peaceful death expected and prayed for.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet ;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die,—my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
 Expect with joy thy face to see ;
 Because thou didst for sinners die,
 Jesus, in death remember me !

3 O that, without a lingering groan,
 I may the welcome word receive ;
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And, certified that thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into thy hands resign.

DEATH.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp when Jesus' presence cheers:
 My Light, my Life, my God is come,
 And glory in his face appears.

628 Bangor. C. M. WATTS.
A voice from the grave.

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,
 Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepared no more.

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

629 Windham. L. M. WATTS.
Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
 My soul would 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.

630

Alexandria. C. M.

STENNETT

Death of Children.

- THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 I take these little lambs, said he,
 And lay them in my breast;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But not dissolve my love;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.
- 5 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joys divine,—
 O Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

631 Retreat. L. M. BATHURST.
The Christian's parting hour.

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?

632 Boylston. S. M. MONTGOMERY.
Friends separated for a season.

FRIEND after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath.

- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day.

633 Fernhill. 8 7s. C. WESLEY.
Blessedness of those who die in the Lord.

HARK! a voice divides the sky :
 Happy are the faithful dead!
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed ;
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest ;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Followed by their works they go,
 Where their Head is gone before ;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath opened mercy's door ;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven ;
 Here they lay their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

634 Fenburn. S. M. CHUR. PSAL.
Let me die the death of the righteous.

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.

635 Naomi. C. M. CONDER'S COL.
Death gain to the faithful.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
 When God recalls his own,
 And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest;
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
 God has recalled his own;
 But let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say, Thy will be done.

636 Accomac. L. M. BARBAULD.
The end of that man is peace.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

637 China. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
The death of a Pastor.

TO thee, O God, when creatures fail,
 Thy flock, deserted, flies;
 And on the eternal Shepherd's care
 Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er thy faithful servant's dust
 Thy saints assembled mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Zion's God, return!

- 3 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace ;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through each succeeding race.
- 4 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy suppliants bless ;
And change to strains of cheerful praise
Our accents of distress.

638

Gardner. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The crowning hour.

- SERVANT of God, well done !
S Thy glorious warfare's past ;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last ;—
- 2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed ;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.
- 4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb !
- 5 O happy, happy soul !
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
- 6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah ! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend ?

639 Alma. 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.
The days of thy mourning are ended.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

640 Hebron. L. M. WATTS.
The grave shall restore its trust.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son
 Passed thro' the grave, and bless'd 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,—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

641 Pleyel. 8 7s. C. WESLEY.
Present with the Lord.

LO! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load,
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast;
Grief and suffering are no more.

- 2 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new and joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord,
We shall not continue long;
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.

642 Judah. L. M. DWIGHT.
Day dawns on the night of the grave.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?

- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

- 3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
 sprang,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
 Unfold, to make his children way;
 They shall be clothed with endless life,
 And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
 From the cold tomb the slumberers spring;
 Through heaven, with joy their myriads rise,
 And hail their Saviour and their King.

643

Chester. C. M.

WATTS.

Funeral of a Christian.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our Love.
- 3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their 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.

DEATH.

- 7 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies !

644 Hermon. C. M. H. K. WHITE.
Journeying through death to life.

THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
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 life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
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,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise !

645 Dikeman. S. M. WATTS.
Sown a natural, raised a spiritual body.

AND must this body die—
 This well-wrought frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay?

- 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 ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face,
 Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love:
 O may we bless thy grace below,
 And sing thy grace above!
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

646 Anthem. P. M. POPE.
The dying Christian.

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.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

647 Oldham. C. M. C. WESLEY.
Present suffering future glory.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three score years,
'Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see!
And trees of Paradise!

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
 "Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day."

649 Henry. C. M. WATTS.
"Blessed are the dead," &c.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their dying bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How calm their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from woes released,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, decked in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies:
- 4 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
 With their recovered breath,
 And all th' immortal host ascribe
 Their victory to thy death.

650 Rest. L. M. MACKAY.
Asleep in Jesus.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep—
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That Death has lost his venom'd sting?

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

651

Hermon. C. M.

HEBER.

Dwelling among the tombs.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay:
And ere another day is gone
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given :
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven !
-

XIV. PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

652

Coronation. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Foretaste of Heaven.

- HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay !
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow?
 And when the vessels break,
 Then shall our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek;
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity.

653 Gerar. S. M. C. WESLEY.
 "A house not made with hands."

- WE know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay,
 We have a house above,
 Not made with mortal hands,
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 That heavenly fabric stands;
- 2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure;
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure:
 O were we entered there,
 To perfect heaven restored!
 O were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord!
- 3 For this in faith we call,
 For this we weep and pray:
 O might the tabernacle fall!
 O might we 'scape away!
 Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife,
 And hasten to be swallowed up
 Of everlasting life.

654 Eltham. 8 7s. MONTGOMERY
 "Who are these in white raiment?"

WHO are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels their fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

655 Woodland. C. M. WATTS.
The better land.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers;—
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured 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.

656 Henry. C. M. STENNETT.
The heavenly Canaan.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns
And scatters night away.

- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 There, on those high and flowery plains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
 But in perpetual, joyful strains
 Redeeming love admire.

657 Wilmington. C. M. ANON.
"Jerusalem my happy home."

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 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I the courts ascend
 Whose congregation ne'er breaks up,
 Whose Sabbath has no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Bless'd seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

- 5 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.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand,
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joy shall see.

658

Albany. 6 8s.

ANON.

Magnificence of heaven.

- SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
 Such beauteous gems are thrown,
 O what magnificence must glow,
 My God, around thy throne!
 So brilliant here these drops of light,
 There the full ocean rolls—how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
 With thousand stars inwrought,—
 Hung like some royal canopy,
 With glittering diamonds fraught,—
 Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
 What glory round the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,
 Till vale and mountain blaze,
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine—
 What then the day where thou dost shine!

- 4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays?
 Or how my spirit, so impure,
 Upon thy brightness gaze?
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light.

659

Portland. 8 8s.

C. WESLEY.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

- A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall recover our home,
 The city of saints shall appear,
 'The day of eternity come;
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord,
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air;
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there!
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear,
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever has stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light;

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

'The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

- 5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward—
In Jesus, in heaven they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face,
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

660 Ortonville. C. M. C. WESLEY.
The living and the dead one family.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let saints below his praises sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

661

Chopin. C. M.

ANON.

Celestial Prospects.

SWEET 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 !
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
- 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.

662

Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

ANON.

The Further Shore.

PARTING soul ! the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar ;
Yet rejoice,—the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

These the living waters glide;
 There the just, in shining raiment,
 Stand by our Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not,—the stream is narrow,
 Though its cold dark waters rise;
 He who passed the flood before thee,
 Guides thy path to yonder skies.

663

Arundel. C. M.

STEELE

Glories of Heaven.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land!—could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

664 Lanesboro'. C. M. WATTS.
The Saints in glory.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
 Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess 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.

665 Give. C. M. ANON.
The goodly Prospect.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
 Lie just before mine eye,
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly.
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind,
 Would cross cold Jordan's stony main,
 And leave the world behind.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

2 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
By faith I see the radiant throne,
The crown of life for me,
By faith I claim it as my own,
And wait my Lord to see.

3 In a few toilsome years, at most,
My sorrows will be o'er,
Then shall I join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore,
My raptured soul, with joy shall drink
Of love's unbounded sea,
And only live to speak and think
Of Him who died for me.

666

Peaceful Rest. 86, 886, TAPPAN.

The Land of Rest.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

PROSPECT OF 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.

667

Park street. L. M.

STEELE.

The Worship of Heaven.

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 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
Oh! may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

668 Orland. L. M. PIERSON'S COL.
The Redeemed in heaven.

LO! round the throne a glorious band,
 The saints in countless myriads stand;
 Of every tongue redeemed to God,
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;
 But now from all their labors rest,
 In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
 They sing the triumph of his grace;
 And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
 To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
 That holy saints and martyrs trod;
 Wage to the end the glorious strife,
 And win, like them, a crown of life.

669 John's street. P. M. OLIVERA
Heavenward bound.

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.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command.

The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

3 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crowned.

4 Before the great Three One
 They all exulting stand;
 And tell the wonders he hath done
 Through all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

5 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow;
 O'erwhelmed with his almighty grace,
 For ever new:
 He shows his prints of love—
 They kindle to a flame;
 And sound through all the worlds above
 The slaughtered Lamb.

670

Laban.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The bliss of Heaven.

(O) WHAT a mighty change
 Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
 While o'er the happy plains they range,
 Incapable of woe!

No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound;
 No base ingratitude above,
 No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent,
 There all our sorrows end;
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend,
 A brother dead to God,
 By sin, alas, undone;
 No father there, in passion loud,
 Cries, "O my son, my son!"

3 No slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy,
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy:
 In that eternal day
 No clouds or tempests rise;
 There gushing tears are wiped away
 For ever from our eyes.

671 St. Martin's. C. M. STEELE.
Heaven anticipated.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue,
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

2 Then, to the shining realms of bliss,
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honors to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

Lord! tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire,
 Till, in the blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

372

Wilmot.

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

The Victory of the Saints.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns which 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 amidst 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."
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
 With their robes made white as snow,
 'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
 And his blood, which made them so.
- 5 Who were 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;
 And when we, like them, shall die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

673 Cambridge. C. M.

WATTS

Heavenly Rest.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

674

Albion. C. M.

DR. NELSON.

A better world in prospect.

'T WAS told me, in my early day,
 That pleasant waters flow
 Gently beside life's peaceful way:
 I have not found it so.

2 I thought there grew on earthly ground
 Some buds without decay;
 But not a single flower I've found
 That does not fade away.

3 I wish to see a fairer world;
 I've heard of one on high,
 Where every tear, by one kind hand,
 Is wiped from every eye.

- 4 'Tis said the King of that bright place
 Still welcomes travelers there;
 Oh, come and let us seek his grace,
 And in his glory share.

675 Auburn. 8s. COWPER.
Longing to be with Christ.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 Oh! bear me, ye cherubim! up,
 And waft me away to his throne.

- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love;
 Whom, not having seen, I adore;
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power;—

- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee;
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.

- 4 When that happy era begins,
 Arrayed in thy glories I'll shine,
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline.

676 Wesley. L. M. ANON.
The Better Land.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
 In visions of enraptured thought,
 So bright that all which spreads between
 Is with its radiant glory fraught;—

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

677 Boylston. S. M. MONTGOMERY
With the Lord.

- “FOR ever with the Lord!”
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in the word:
’Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the 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 fore-seeing 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 But clouds still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah’s dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon at his control,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o’er my raptured soul
Expands the bow of peace.

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

7 Oh! when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

8 "Knowing as I am known!"
 How shall I love that word—
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord."

678

Give.

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Sweet Anticipations.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of thy love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee!

679 Amsterdam. 5 7s & 3 6s. SEAGRAVE
Pressing onward to the skies.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source.
 So the soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize:
 Soon thy Saviour will return
 To take thee to the skies:
 There is everlasting peace,
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven:
 There will sorrows ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be given.

XV. RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

680 Walsal. C. M. ADDISON
The Judgment anticipated.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 Oh! how shall I appear?

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 2 If now, 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,—
 Oh! how shall I appear?
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord!
 Let mercy set me free;
 While, in the confidence of prayer,
 My heart takes hold of thee.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
 Thy mercy to procure,
 Since thy beloved Son has died
 To make that mercy sure.

681

Underwood. S. M.

DODDRIDGE

The Judgment.

- AND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise,
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 *And* from his righteous lips
 Shall this dread sentence sound,
 And through the numerous guilty throng
 Spread black despair around:
- 3 “Depart from me, accursed,
 To everlasting flame,
 For rebel-angels first prepared,
 Where mercy never came.”
- 4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away?

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove
 By which the Saviour bled,
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

682 Aylesbury. S. M. C. WESLEY.
Preparation for Judgment.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear,
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray;

- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for the Lord!
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment—to secure
An everlasting rest!

Mendm. 7 6s & 1 8.

C. WESLEY

3 *Triumph in Immortality.*

STAND, the omnipotent decree,
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just,
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

- 2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly Spirit towers
Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT

Sees the universe renewed,
 The grand millennial reign begun;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around the eternal throne!

- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword;
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

684 Hamden. 8s, 7s & 14. C. WESLI
The day of your redemption draweth ne

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus
 Partners in his suffering here;
 Christ, to all believers precious,
 Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
 Mark the tokens
 Of his heavenly kingdom near.

- 2 Close behind the tribulation
 Of the last tremendous days,
 See the flaming revelation,
 See the universal blaze!
 Earth and heaven
 Melt before the Judge's face!
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
 Darkened into endless night,
 When, with angel hosts surrounded,
 In his Father's glory bright
 Beams the Saviour,
 Shines the everlasting Light.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"
- 5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis He!"
- 6 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings, through all eternity.

685

Lanesville. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Judge descending.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

686 Unam. 8s, 7s & 1 4. OLIVERS.
“Behold, he cometh with clouds.”

LO, he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !

God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears—
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers,
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

- 4 Yea, amen—let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down !

687 Islington. L. M. HEBER.
The Lord coming to Judgment.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in loneliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

688

Winchester. L. M.

W. SCOTT.

The dreadful day.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

689

Bangor. C. M.

WATTS

The dreadful sentence.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly?
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

690

Judah. L. M.

WATTS

"I shall behold thy face in righteousness."

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 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?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
 With what religious fear,
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here.
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful power bestow;
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near;
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

693

Brest.

8s, 7s & 14.

NEWTON

Judgment.

- D**AY of Judgment! day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than ten 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?

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know.

694 Meribah. 4 8s & 2 6s. RIPPON.
The Saint at Christ's right hand.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To take 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 Blest Saviour! grant it by thy grace;
 Be thou my only hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,—
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 3 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then, filled with rapture, shall I sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.
- 4 Now to the great and sacred 'Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praises given,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in heaven.

XVI. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

FAST DAY.

695 Dundee. C. M. STEELK.
Fast Day.

SEE, gracious Lord, 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 powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy redeeming grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear,
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God is near.

696 Clarendon. C. M. ANON.
Judgments and Blessings.

IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide:
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.

FAST DAY.

- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet,
 He gives the dread command,
 And war its desolation spreads
 Through every trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
 And desolations cease;
 War's loud alarms are heard no more,
 And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals, adore his sovereign power,
 Nor dare provoke his rod:
 Through all your various tribes be still,
 And know that he is God.

597 Bavaria. 8s & 7s. ANON
Pardon implored for national sins.

- D**READ Jehovah! God of nations!
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications;
 Now for their deliv'rance rise.
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 In thy holy place we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
 Let that blood our guilt efface:
 Save thy people from oppression;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

598 Holman. C. M. STEELE.
Impending Judgments.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
 Whose judgments yet delay;
 Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
 And gives us time to pray.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
 But let us not despair;
 Still open is the mercy-seat
 To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
 This blessed hope we owe:
 O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.
- 4 Though justice near thy awful throne
 Attends thy dread command,
 Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
 And save a guilty land.
-

THANKSGIVING.

699 Devises. C. M. WREFORD
For the Fourth of July.

- 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 prosp'rous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Here may religion shed her light
 On days of rest and toil;
 And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native soil.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting Friend!

THANKSGIVING.

700 Mear. C. M. BRADY AND TATE.
For the Fourth of July.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
 In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And elder times than theirs.

2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
 To them salvation gave;
 Nor strength, that from unequal force,
 Their fainting troops could save;

3 But thy right hand and powerful arm,
 Whose succor they implored;
 Thy presence with the favor'd race,
 Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
 Thou art our sovereign King;
 O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
 To us deliv'rance bring.

701 Dort. 6s & 4s. SMITH.
National Hymn.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 * My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

702 Old Hundred. L. M.

National Blessings.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
 With humble heart, and bending knee,
 We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy Name we bless, almighty God,
 For all the kindness thou hast shown
 To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
 This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
 And casts her soft and hallow'd ray ;
 Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
 In safety through their dang'rous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
 Through all our land its radiance sheds :
 Dispels the shades of error's night,
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads

WATCH NIGHT.

- 5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here
Let all the people worship thee.

WATCH-NIGHT.

703 Margate. S. M. DODDRIDGE
Watch Night.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before 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.

704 Park Street. L. M. C. WESLEY
A Midnight Song.

JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might
 Be to our Jesus given,
 Who turns our darkness into light,
 Who turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls he leads,
 Thither he bids us rise,
 With crowns of joy upon our heads,
 To meet him in the skies.

705

Luther's. 6 8s.

C. WESLEY

The Solemn Vigil.

HOW many pass the guilty night
 In reveling and frantic mirth;
 The creature is their sole delight,
 Their happiness the things of earth:
 For us suffice the season past!
 We choose the better part at last.

- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
 We will not let our eyelids sleep;
 But humbly lift them to the skies,
 And all a solemn vigil keep:
 So many nights on sin bestowed,
 Can we not watch an hour for God?
- 3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to thee:
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake
 And sing with cheerful melody;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.
- 4 Blest object of our faith and love,
 We listen for thy welcome voice;
 Our persons and our works approve,
 And bid us in thy strength rejoice;
 Now let us hear the mighty cry,
 And shout to find the Bridegroom nigh.

706

Burnham. 4 6s & 2 8s.

C. WESLEY.

The Wise Virgins.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake
 Unto salvation wise:
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 "Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh."

2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are:
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend:
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face!

4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived,
 Obedient to his love,
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
 Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above yon angel powers
 In glorious joy to live,
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found,
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found as, Lord, thou find'st us now !
-

NEW YEAR.

707 Lowell. L. M. DODDRIDGE
"Thou crownest the year with goodness."

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.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and day
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

NEW YEAR.

6 O may our more harmonious tongue
 In worlds unknown pursue the song ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more !

708

Hermon.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

New Year.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence has brought us through
 Another varied year ;
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesus' steps we go
 To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
 Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to thee,

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

709 Tenham. 10s, 5s & 11. C. WESLEY
"Time flies—Man dies."

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience & hope and the labor of love

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glide swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone!
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 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!"
 O that each from his Lord may receive the
 "Well and faithfully done!" [glad word
 Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.]

710 Portsmouth. 4 6s & 2 8s. C. WESLEY
The barren fig tree.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise,
 Who reigns enthroned on high,
 Ancient of endless days,—
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
 To cut the fig tree down,
 The pity of the Lord
 Cried, Let it still alone :
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtained the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestowed
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo ! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root ;
 Break up our fallow ground ;
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound ;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

711

Holman. C. M.

BROWNE.

New Year.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul ! with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
 What is thy great concern ?

3 Behold, another year begins !
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.
-

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

- 712 Lisbon. S. M. MONTGOMERY
"Peace be within thy walls."

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.

- 713 Portugal. L. M. MONTGOMERY.
Time rolls on.

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.

- 3 Death, ere another spring, may strike
 Some in our union, marked to fall;
 Be young and old prepared alike,
 The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew;
 Send children, teachers in our place,
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

714 Cooper. 4 6s & 2 8s.

BUDDEN

Invitation to praise.

- COME, let our voices join
 In joyful songs of praise;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our thankful hearts we'll raise;
 To God alone all praise belongs—
 Our earliest and our latest songs.
- 2 Now we are taught to read
 The book of life divine,
 Where our Redeemer's love
 And brightest glories shine:
 To God alone all praise is due,
 Who sends his word to us and you.
- 3 Within these hallowed walls
 Our wandering feet are brought,
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught:
 To God alone your offerings bring;
 Let young and old his praises sing.

4 Lord, let this work of love
 Be crowned with full success!
 Let thousands, yet unborn,
 Thy sacred name here bless!
 To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
 We'll give throughout eternity.

715 Conway. C. M. STRAPHAN.
Blessedness of instructing the young.

DELIGHTFUL work! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
 And God will well approve
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
 To guide untutored youth,
 And show the mind which went astray
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thy influence shed,
 To aid his blest design:
 The honors of thy Name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

716 Parma. C. M. MONTGOMERY.
Anniversary—the Children's Jubilee.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
 To Christ, the children's King,
 His praise, to whom our souls belong,
 Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
 Hosanna now be heard;
 Let little infants now be taught
 To lisp that lovely word.

- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

717 Siloam. C. M. HEBER.
The Christian child.

- 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 passions rage.
- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

718 Mendebbras. 7s & 6s. PHILLIPS.
Grateful praise.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
 No gems from earth's deep mine;
 We come, with simple measures,
 To chant thy love divine.
 Children, thy favors sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise;
 Father, accept our offering,
 Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth:
 We hear the wondrous story,
 The tale of Calvary;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
 Oh! teach us how to pray,
 That each, thy fear possessing,
 May tread life's onward way;
 Then where the pure are dwelling,
 We hope to meet again,
 And sweeter numbers swelling,
 For ever praise thy name.

719 Woodland. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.
Children in Heaven

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.

MEETINGS FOR THE POOR.

- 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;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.
- 5 Great God, impress this serious thought
To-day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.
-

MEETINGS FOR THE POOR.

720 Fountain. C. M. WATTS.
More blessed to give than to receive.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

- 5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honor on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

721 Fountain. C. M. DODDRIDGE.
Giving to the Poor, lending to the Lord.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can my poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered ;
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see :
 O let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee.

722 Missionary. 7s & 6s.

HEBER.

Missionary Meetings.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft on 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 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

723 Harmony Grove. L. M.

VOICE.

The latter day glory.

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 off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

724 Somervale. 7s & 6s.

Departing Missionaries

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy 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.

- 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!

Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
 Wherever they may be;
 Though far from us who love them,
 Still let them be with thee.

725 Portugal. L. M. C. WESLEY.
For the Jews and the fullness, &c.

HEAD of the Church, whose Spirit fills
 And flows through every faithful soul,
 Unites in mystic love, and seals
 Them one, and sanctifies the whole:—

- 2 Come, Lord,—thy glorious Spirit cries,
 And souls beneath the altar groan;
 Come, Lord,—the Bride on earth replies,
 And perfect all our souls in one.
- 3 Pour out the promised gift on all;
 Answer the universal—Come!
 The fullness of the Gentiles call,
 And take thine ancient people home.
- 4 To thee let all the nations flow;
 Let all obey the Gospel word;
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.
- 5 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The purchase of thy passion claim;
 Thine heritage, the Gentiles, take,
 And cause the world to know thy name.

726 Hantz. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.
For the World's Conversion.

O GOD of sov'reign grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands, with joy, record
The great Redeemer's praise.

727 Brewer. L. M. BATHURST.
The Saviour's coming expected, &c.

JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O! come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hur'd,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by thy grace, to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

728 Eltham. 7s. LYTE.
Christ's universal reign.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

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 banish'd grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious Name;
All his mighty acts record,—
All his wondrous love proclaim.

729 Watchman tell us. 7s. BOWRING.
The Watchman's report.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

730 Zion. 8s, 7s & 14. KELLY.
The Glad Tidings.

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 shall loose thy bands.

2 Lo, thy sun is risen in glory,
 God himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasted triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 Days of peace are come at last:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

731 Missionary. 7s & 6s. ANON
The final Victory of Christ.

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,
 Again to earth 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 chorus round;
 All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

732

Sabbath. 8 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Christ is all in all.

HARK the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore:
 "Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;"
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword—he speaks, 'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world [done,
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the **Son**,
And bless the Spirit too.

II.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

III.

C. M.

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.

IV.

L. M.

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.

V.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

VI.

C. M

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

VII.

C. M. Double.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath;
 To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all-divine,—
 The One in Three, and Three in One,—
 Let saints and angels join.

VIII.

6 8s.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
 Attend th' almighty Father's Name;
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee!

IX.

8s.

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.

X. S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

XI. 4 6s & 2 8s.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 And to the Spirit praise:
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy everlasting praise we sing.

XII. 8s & 6s.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphs
 And saints on earth adore; [ho:
 Be glory as in ages past,
 And now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more.

XIII. 6 7s.

PRAISE the Name of God most high;
 Praise him all below the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host--
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

XIV. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,—
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, three in One..

XV.

8s 7s.

PRAISE the God of our salvation;
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above,—
 Author of the new creation,—
 Him by whom our spirits live;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

XVI.

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

XVII.

P. M.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy Godhead we adore,—
 Join with the celestial host,
 Who praise thee evermore!
 Live by earth and heaven adored,
 The Three in One, the One in Three;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee!

XVIII.

P. M.

TO God—the Father, Son,
 And Spirit—Three in One—
 All praise be given;
 Crown him, in every song;
 To him your hearts belong:
 Let all his praise prolong,
 On earth—in heaven.

XIX.

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address'd;
 From age to age, ye saints, his Name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no more

XX.

P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Ascribe we equal glory;
 One Deity, in Persons Three,
 Let all thy works adore thee:
 As was from the beginning,
 Glory to God be given,
 By all who know thy Name below,
 And all thy hosts in heaven.

XXI.

P. M.

TO thee be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings:
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransom'd spirit sings:
 We celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

XXII.

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

MISCELLANEOUS
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

1 P. M. THORNBY.
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain.
For sin and pollution
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who has purchased our pardon;
We will praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye thirsty ones, hear it
With high exultation;
Behold, says the Spirit,
The well of salvation:
Approach, cries the Bride;
Lo! the multitudes going!
The soul-saving tide
To the nations is flowing.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on;
Thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.

Thy name shall be praised
 In the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight
 In ascribing salvation.

- 4 When on Zion we stand,
 Having gained the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands,
 We will praise evermore ;
 We'll range the blest fields,
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs
 For ever and ever.

2

P. M.

Come to-day.

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

8s, 3s & 6s.

Salvation free.

HARK ! those happy voices saying,
 " Yet there's room :
 Sinner, come,
 Heaven's call obeying."

- 2 Now the feast is spread before thee,
 Wait no more,
 Grace implore,
 Peace shall then come o'er thee.
- 3 Bless the Lord of life for ever,
 O my soul,
 Bountiful,
 Infinite His favor!
- 4 Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
 Who in love
 From above,
 Heard thy supplication.
- 5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven:
 Through His blood,
 That freely flowed,
 Are thy sins forgiven.

4

5 7s & 3 6s.

NEWTON.

The alarm.

STOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
 Before you further go;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe?
 On the verge of ruin stop,
 Now the friendly warning take,
 Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair!
 All your sins will round you crowd;
 You shall mark their crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud;
 And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass;
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

5

12s & 8s.

The harvest is past, &c.

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 sweet
 Sabbath morn,
 And Jesus invites thee no more;
 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall
 blow,
 The Gospel no message declare;
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings
 of woe!
 How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of
 peace,
 To dwell in the mansions above:
 When their harmony wakes in the fullness of
 bliss
 Their song to the Saviour they love;

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!

6

P. M.

Mourning Penitents.

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious:
 If to him you now return,
 Heaven will be propitious.
 Jesus now is passing by,
 Calling wanderers near him;
 Drooping souls, you need not die:
 Go to him and hear him.

2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Tho' your sins like mountains high
 Rise, and reach to heaven!
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 All his saints adore him;
 He to save the dying came,—
 Prostrate bow before him:
 Wandering sinners, now return;
 Contrite souls, believe him!
 Jesus calls you; cease to mourn;
 Worship him; receive him.

8s & 7s.

7 "A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

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.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

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.

L. M.

8 *"All that the Father giveth me shall," &c.*

JUST as thou art,—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner! come to Christ.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
 The stripes thy due were laid on me,
 That peace and pardon might be free—
 O wretched sinner! come to Christ.

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
 Count all thy gains but empty dross;
 My grace repays all earthly loss—
 O needy sinner! come to Christ.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
 O trembling sinner! come to Christ.

5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come.
 Thy Saviour bids thee come to Christ.

6s & 8s.

Will you go?

9
WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God;
 And millions more are on the road.
 Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise his name,
 Will you go? will you go?
 A crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear;
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share.
 Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go? will you go?
 There saints and angels gladly sing,
 Hosanna to their God and King,
 And make the heavenly arches ring.
 Will you go? will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,
 Will you go? will you go?
 In the blest house there still is room,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve.
 Come, believe, come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go? will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see.
 Come to me, come to me."

10

11s.

Invitation to come to Christ.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die
 When God in great mercy is coming so
 nigh,
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home

2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay
 Your hearts may grow better by staying
 away;
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive
 O how can you question if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come
 'Tis he bids welcome; he bids you come
 home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour
 your heart,
 And trusting in heaven, we never shall part
 O how can we leave you? why will you not
 come?
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home

11

Ganges. 4 8s & 2 6s.

"Ye must be born again."

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One simple truth increased my pain,
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain,—
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

12

4 8s & 2 6s.

Time flies.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through shoreless deeps
Where endless ages roil.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen ;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly,—
 “Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 That you must groan and die.”
- 3 But will my soul be thus extinct,
 And cease to live, and cease to think?
 It cannot, cannot be;
 No, my immortal cannot die;
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free?
- 4 My soul, attend the solemn call ;
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

13

8s & 7s.

For Pardon.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain,
 Poured thy precious blood for me,
 Wash me in its flowing fountain,
 That my soul may spotless be.

- 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 thee rest;
 And, the gracious call obeying,
 Lord, 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.

L. M.

14

The inner life.

O THAT I could for ever dwell,
Delighted, at the Saviour's feet;
Beho'd the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh, is there aught from pole to pole
One moment to compare with this?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame,
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake:
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

15

5 7s & 3 6s.

C. WESLEY.

For Pardon.

LAMB of God! whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Think on us, who think on thee;
 Every burdened soul release;
 Oh, remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

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

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

16

P. M.

MEDLEY

Gospel Trumpet.

HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!
 Through all the world the echo bound.
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God,
 And guides them safely by his word
 To endless day.

7 Hail, all-victorious, conquering Lord!
 Be thou by all thy works adored,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear
 In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
 With saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be our theme above
 In endless day.

17

10s & 11s.

NEWTON

The Lord will provide.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tossed
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost:
 Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old;
 We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
 For though we are strangers, we have a sure
 guide,
 And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

- 5 No strength of our own nor goodness we claim,
 Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
 In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
 The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
 Not fearing nor doubting, with Christ on our
 side,
 We hope to die shouting, the Lord will pro-
 vide.

18

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Triumph.

H EAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear, thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory:
 We lift our hearts and voices,
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which knows no days
 And ever brings us nigher;
 We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favor:
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation:
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes:
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us;
 The cross despise for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us:
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

19

P. M.

Come with us.

SINNER go, will you go,
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given:
 Where the bright blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting;
 And the leaves of the bowers
 In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 Shall inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for to-day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon,
 And for ever, cease pleading.

P. M.

20 *We rejoice in hope of the glory of God.*

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our heavenly home discerning;
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow
 Each chord on earth to sever;
 Our King says come, and there's our home
 For ever, oh! for ever!

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

P. M.

21 *"This day is a day of good things."*

WHERE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 Pray what's the order of the day?

What's the news? what's the news?
 Oh! I have glorious news to tell:
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell,
 That's the news! that's the news!

- 2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news! that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free;
That's the news! that's the news!
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head;
But now he's risen from the dead;
That's the news! that's the news!
- 1 To heaven above the Conqueror's gone;
That's the news! that's the news!
He's passed triumphant to his throne;
That's the news! that's the news!
And on that throne he will remain,
Until, as Judge, he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train;
That's the news! that's the news!
- 4 His work's reviving all around,
That's the news! that's the news!
And many have redemption found,
That's the news! that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame
They shout hosanna to his name,
And all around they spread his fame,
That's the news! that's the news!
- 6 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That's the news! that's the news!
I feel the witness now within,
That's the news! that's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,—
That's the news! that's the news!
- 6 And Christ the Lord can save you now,
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew,
That's the news! that's the news!

This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you do believe,
 Pardon and peace you shall receive—
 That's the news! that's the news!

- 7 And now, if any one should say,
 What's the news? what's the news?
 O tell them you've begun to pray—
 That's the news! that's the news!
 That you have joined the conquering band,
 And now with joy, at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! that's the news!

22

10s & 11s.

GAMBOLD.

"Come thou with us."

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 o'er;

A country I've found where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

- 2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive:
 My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
 day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after
 him, go;
 Lo, onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will
 prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and
 sin,
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
 within;
 And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

- 5 But this I do find, we too are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
 So this is the race I'm running, thro' grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now I'm in care, my neighbors may share
 These blessings: to seek them will none of you
 dare?
 In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,
 When one here assures you free grace is so
 nigh?

8s & 9s.

23

Religion a treasure.

- R**ELIGION is a glorious treasure,
 Diffusion of the Saviour's love;
 The spirit's comfort without measure,
 It joins our souls to those above;
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
 It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 2 While journeying here thro' tribulations,
 In phalaux firm we'll march along:
 Contentions may divide the nations,
 But Christ shall be our common song:
 For pure religion knits together—
 It binds in love and makes us free:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.
- 3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!
 This world, with all its pomp and show,
 Its mighty names, renowned in story,
 We'll gladly leave them all below.
 A brighter object now enraptures—
 In Christ alone we beauties see:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

- 4 Our earthly house is now dissolving,
 And mortal life will soon be o'er;
 The cares within us now revolving,
 Will soon afflict our hearts no more;
 But pure religion lasts for ever;
 In death our souls shall strengthened be:
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

24

11s, 8s & 7s.

The Rock of thy Salvation.

IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
 thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to
 part;
 His favor seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation:
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appall thee; to thy Saviour flee;
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation;
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not
 distress;
 Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely
 bless:
 To Jesus flee; thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation:
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 4 Dangers may approach thee; let them not
 alarm,
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
 harm;

He near thee stands with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation ;
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his
 blow,
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory be-
 stow ;
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation :
 'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

25 8s & 6s.
"Set your affection on things above."

TELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I loved before ;
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.

- 2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
 Of careless ease and blooming health,
 For they have all their snares ;
 Let me but know my sins forgiven,
 And see my name enrolled in heaven,
 And I am free from cares.

26 7s & 6s. BONAR.
Christ was offered to bear the sins of many.

ILAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God :
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in his blood most precious
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline;
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

4 8s & 1 7.

Heavenly Union.

ATTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 Who saved me from a burning hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And gave me heavenly union.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And kindly said, as he passed by,
 “With God you have no union.”
- 3 Then I began to weep and sigh,
And looked this way and that to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation then to buy;
 But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
 Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I praised the Lord by night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
 About this heavenly union.
- 6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
 Who brought our souls to union.
- 7 Come, oh backslider, come away,
And learn to do as well as say;
Come learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day;
 And then you'll feel this union.
- 8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and woe;
We then shall all to glory go,
And ever see, and hear, and know,
 And feel a perfect union.

28

11s & 8s.

"The sheep hear my voice."

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,—

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd,
 Resort with thy sheep,
 To feed them in pastures of love?
 Say, why in the valley
 Of death should I weep,
 Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander
 An alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread?
 Thy foes will rejoice when
 My sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and
 Will follow thy call;
 I know the sweet sound of thy voice
 Restore and defend me,
 For thou art my all,
 And in thee I will ever rejoice.

29

C. M.

Hinder me not.

I N all my Lord's appointed ways
 My journey I'll pursue;
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

24

544

- 2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
 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!

30 C. M. BONAR

"By the grace of God I am what I am."

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
 My death, was all my own;
 All that I am, I owe to thee,
 My gracious God alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage, all was mine:
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
 And taught me to believe;
 Then, in believing, peace I found,
 And now I live, I live.

- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to thee.

31

P. M.

Hither, ye faithful.

- H**ITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of
 triumph;
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour.
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 2 O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension,
 Our praise and our reverence are an offering
 meet;
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among
 O come, and let us worship at his feet. [us
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

32

6 7s. From the German

How much owest thou?

- W**HEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ above,
 There to sing redeeming love,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall;
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

- 3 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.
- 4 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.

33

7s & 6s.

Good night.

I JOURNEY forth rejoicing,
 From this dark vale of tears,
 To heavenly joy and freedom,
 From earthly bonds and fears:
 Where Christ our Lord shall gather
 All his redeemed again,
 His kingdom to inherit.
 Good night, good night, till then!

- 2 Go to thy quiet resting,
 Poor tenement of clay!
 From all thy pain and weakness
 I gladly haste away;
 But still in faith confiding
 To find thee yet again,
 All glorious and immortal.
 Good night, good night, till then!

- 3 Why thus so sadly weeping,
 Belov'd ones of my heart?
 The Lord is good and gracious,
 Though now He bids us part.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Oft have we met in gladness,
And we shall meet again,
All sorrow left behind us.
Good night, good night, till then

4 I go to see His glory,
Whom we have loved below ;
I go, the blessed angels,
The holy saints, to know.
Our lovely ones departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
Good night, good night, till then !

5 I hear the Saviour calling—
The joyful hour has come ;
The angel-guards are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, good night, till then !

34

C. M.

The returning Prodigal.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wand'rings with surprise ;
His heart begins to break.
I'll want no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands.
My father's house hath large supplies
And bounteous are his hands.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.
I'll want no more, &c.

- 3 With deep repentance I'll return,
 And seek my father's face ;
 Unworthy to be call'd a son,
 I'll ask a servant's place.
 I'll want no more, &c.
- 4 Far off the father saw him move,
 In pensive silence mourn,
 And quickly ran, with arms of love,
 To welcome his return.
 I'll want no more, &c.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
 And spread the joy around ;
 The angels tuned their harps anew—
 The long-lost son is found !
 I'll want no more, &c.

7s & 6s.

Looking to Jesus

35

- O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in ?
- 2 But now I am a soldier ;
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me not give o'er ;
 And if I prove but faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give ;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die ;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love;
And when the combat's ended
You'll reign with Him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And, if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though ofttimes you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

36

6s & 4s.

Thy Saviour is Life.

PASS away, earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting place;
Jesus alone can bless:
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away :
Jesus is mine !

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine !
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine !
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void ;
Jesus has satisfied :
Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine !
Welcome, a Saviour's breast,
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest :
Jesus is mine !

P. M.

The Good Child's Song.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand ;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear :

But, blessed, pure and holy,
 I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
 And with ten thousand thousands
 Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
 But Jesus will forgive,
 For many little children
 Have gone to heav'n to live.
 Dear Saviour, when I languish,
 And lay me down to die,
 O, send a shining angel,
 And bear me to the sky!

4 O, there I'll be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 A crown upon my forehead,
 A harp within my hand;
 And there, before my Saviour,
 So glorious and so bright,
 I'll join the heavenly music,
 And praise him day and night!

38

Ss.

C. WESLEY

"My heart is fixed."

WHAT now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire:
 My hope is all centred in thee;
 I trust to recover thy love,
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 The Lamb that on Calvary died;
 The fountain of water and blood
 That gush'd from Immanuel's side!

I gasp for the streams of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to redrink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

39

11s.

Submission.

O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit;
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at
 thy feet;

The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
 To thee my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
 I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost
 know,

But how much I love thee I never can show.

I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With angels my kindred and Jesus my dear!

40

7s.

Come Home.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
 One that loves us to the end.
 Forward, then, with courage go;
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part;

But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, Come home!"

41

8s & 7s.

Look beyond.

DARK and thorny is the desert
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
 Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
 Lie the fields of endless day;
 Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go;
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.

- 2 O, young pilgrims, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way?
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigor to decay?
 Jesus, Jesus will go with you:
 He will lead you to his throne;
 He who dyed his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone;

- 3 He whose thunders shake creation,
 He who bids the planets roll,
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole!

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command;
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flowery hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest;
 Love, and joy, and peace for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
 Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransomed dwell on high;
 They on golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky!

5 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarchs never wore;
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

8s & 7s.

42

"Thou art with me."

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
 Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;
 Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
 To escort my spirit home.
 Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me
 While my Saviour's by my side;
 Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
 Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the bank beyond the stream;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme;

See! they whisper; hark! they call me,
 Sister spirit, come away!
 Lo! I come; earth can't detain me!
 Hail! ye realms of endless day!

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky,
 Though by faith I now explore ye,
 I'll enjoy you soon on high:
 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
 Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
 Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours;
 Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;
 Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
 Heavenly sound around me rings;
 Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
 Now methinks appears in view;
 Sinners, could you see my Jesus,
 You would love and serve him too.

43 6 8s.
Consider the Apostle and High Priest, &c.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are
 On him I lean, who, not in vain, [few,
 Experienced every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I should pursue,
 Or do the sin I should not do;
 Still he, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 And oh, when I have safely passed
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My bed of death, for thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

44

P. S. M.

LLOYD DAY.

Boundless Love.

- WHAT boundless love is shown
 In God's redeeming grace!
 'Twas love that led to leave his crown,
 And brought the Prince of glory down,
 To save our fallen race!
- 2 'Tis love that long delays
 The rebel sinner's doom;
 'Tis love the hand of justice stays,
 And when returning from his ways,
 Welcomes the wanderer home.
- 3 In love the Saviour bends
 To hear the soul's complaint;
 Compassionate, his aid he lends
 To all—the humble poor befriends—
 Sustains the soul that's faint.
- 4 And when the fallen seek
 In him a saving hope.
 The drooping head—the spirit meek,
 Beneath its burden growing weak,
 He hastens to lift up.
- 5 Descending like a dove
 Upon the broken heart,
 In whispers low he breathes his love,
 And lifts the soul its griefs above,
 And bids its woes depart.

- 6 Where flows the silent tear,
 And heaves the throbbing breast,
 He kindly then will hover near,
 And dissipate each rising fear,
 And give the mourner rest.
- 7 At his transporting smile
 Are loosed the chains that bind,
 And raptures thrill the soul the while—
 The world forgotten lies as vile,
 Beneath the soaring mind.

45

8s & 7s.

Great Redeemer.

- G**REAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
 Thou hast wondrous power to save;
 Grant me grace, and still protect me
 Over life's tempestuous wave.
- 2 May my soul, with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar;
 And until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the morning star.
- 3 O what madness! O what folly!
 That my heart should go astray
 After vain and foolish trifles—
 Trifles only of a day.
- 4 This vain world, with all its pleasures,
 Very soon will be no more;
 There's no object worth admiring
 But the God whom we adore.
- 5 See the happy spirits waiting
 On the bank beyond the stream;
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

46

P. M.

The Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on those joys that
await me

In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall
greet me,

And lead me to mansions prepared for the
blest :

Encircled in light and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky un-
clouded,

I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden
of Love.

2 While angelic legions, with accents celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions ter-
restrial,

In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise ;
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
heaven,

My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden
of Love.

Then hail, blessed state ! hail, ye songsters of
glory ;

Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above !
And join your full choir in rehearsing the
story,

"Salvation from sorrow, thro' Jesus's love ;"
Tho' prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet preiibation
Of joys that await me when freed from pro-
bation :

My heart's now in heav'n, the Eden of Love.

47

P. M.

Vain world, adieu.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 And seas are calm and skies are clear,
 And faith in lively exercise,
 And distant hills of Canaan rise,
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand,
 With steady helm and free-bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the veil:
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 Glory to God!

48

P. M.

"I have been a stranger in a strange land.

I AM a pilgrim, I am a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.
 I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that temple to which I am going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 Within a country, unknown and dreary,
 I've been wandering forlorn and weary.
 I am a pilgrim, &c.

- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining—
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
 I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 4 There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary, and the weary are at rest;
 There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
 Nor any weeping, as when we part here.
 I am a pilgrim, &c.
- 5 If we are holy, we shall meet there,
 And we never, and we never more shall part;
 But with angels and spirits holy,
 We will join with the meek and lowly.
 Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
 Now an angel and a blessed child of light.

49

11s & 12s.

I would not live alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
 bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to
 greet :
 While th' anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
 soul !

50

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A poor wayfaring Man of Grief.

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay.
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went, or whence he came ;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.

- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered ; not a word he spake ;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again.
 Mine was an angel's portion then ;
 And while I fed, with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was
 gone ;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst ;
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the sufferer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup ;
 Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

- 4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
 A winter hurricane aloof ;
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof ;
 I warm'd, I cloth'd, and cheer'd my guest,
 Laid him on my own couch to rest,
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment ;—he was healed :
 I had myself a wound, concealed,
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn :
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die ;
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, " I will !"
- 7 Then in a moment, to my view,
 The stranger darted from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew ;
 My Saviour stood before my eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name he named—
 " Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be,
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

51

P. M.

L. J. Cox.

Sweet Home.

- A**N alien from God and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas, that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.
- 2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.
- 4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,—
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home.
- 5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

- 6 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er ;
 The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;
 There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

52 8s.
Desiring to depart and be with Christ.

- YE angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known,
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise :
 He form'd you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good ;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 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 :
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
 He ransom'd from death and despair,
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong !
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay ;
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see !
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;

I want—oh, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
 Your joy and your friendship to share—
 To wonder and worship with you!

53

6 7s. JOSIAH VARDEN

Happy in Eternity.

HAIL, my partners in distress,
 I pilgrims through this wilderness;
 Though in sorrow here you roam,
 Destitute and far from home,
 Yet, poor pilgrims, you shall be
 Happy in eternity.

2 Do not then your fate deplore,
 Though despised, cast out, and poor;
 Soon the joyful news will come,—
 “Child, your father calls,—come home;
 Then, in glory, you shall be
 Happy in eternity.

3 Cruel death, with rudest hands,
 May divide the Christian bands;
 But, in brighter worlds above,
 Friends shall meet the friends they love
 Where, united, you shall be
 Happy in eternity,

4 Just beyond this vale of tears,
 Lo, a fruitful land appears;
 Pilgrim, lift your eyes and see—
 There’s the home prepared for thee,
 Where, with Jesus, you shall be
 Happy in eternity.

54

6s & 4s.

Nearer to Thee.

I’M but a stranger here—
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear—
 Heaven is my home;

Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand—
 Heaven is my Father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home;
 And time's wild, wintery blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore, I murmur not—
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand—
 Heaven is my Father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

55

11s & 12s.

The Rock that is higher than I.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
 When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor-
 row and care;

From the ends of the earth, unto thee will I
 cry,—

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

Higher than I, higher than I,

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a
 flood,
 To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
 good,

I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage
here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall
appear,

In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I.

And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro'
the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall
arise,

Transported I'll join with the ransomed on
high,

To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I, higher than I,

To praise the dear rock that is higher than I.

C. P. M.

56 *The days of thy mourning shall be ended.*

OH! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away—

For hopes that, like the stars decay'd,
Have left thy mortal day;

For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given;

And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart

Amid the bowers of heaven.

- 2 Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
 Into the lonesome grave,
 As breezes sweep the withered grass
 Along the restless wave;
 For though thy pleasures may depart,
 And darksome days be given—
 And lonely though on earth thou art,
 Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
 When friends rejoin in heaven.

57

8s.

The Realms of the Blest.

- WE speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of 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,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Of 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,
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
 Of the church of the first-born above:
 But what must it be to be there?
- 5 Do thou, Lord! 'midst gladness or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there!
- 6 Then anthems of praise we will sing,
 When safe in that heavenly rest,
 To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
 Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

58

7s & 9s.

The Gospel Trumpet.

BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
 The gospel trumpet now is blowing:
 Men in order 'listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing!
 Bounty's offered—joy and peace,—
 To every soldier this is given;
 When from toil and war they cease,
 A mansion bright prepared in heaven.

- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,
 And feel the hand of sore oppression,
 Have their debts all freely paid,
 And share at once a rich possession:
 Lo! the sick, the blind, the dumb!
 Leave all their maladies behind them!
 Rebel outlaws, when they come,
 Feel love's sweet bonds completely bind
 them.
- 3 Victory is not to the strong;
 The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
 None so aged, none so young,
 But he may 'list and be a soldier:
 Those who cannot fight or fly,
 Beneath this banner find protection;
 None who on his name rely
 Shall be reduced to base subjection.
- 4 Fear ye not, the cause is good:
 Come, who will to the crown aspire?
 In this cause the martyrs stood,
 And shouted victory in the fire.
 In this cause we'll follow on;
 And soon we'll tell the wondrous story,
 How, by faith, we won the crown,
 And fought our way to life and glory.

59

6, 6, 4.

Faith.

- 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 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.

50

8s & 7s.

"Unto you which believe he is precious."

- P**RECIOUS Saviour, draw me nearer,
 Press me closer to thy breast:
 Every day and hour thou 'rt dearer;
 In thy love alone I rest.
- 2 While I linger in the desert,
 Keep, oh, keep me by thy side;
 Let me find in thee a covert
 And defence when ills betide.
- 3 When with sorrows I am stricken,
 To thy guardian arm I'll flee;
 When affliction's clouds shall thicken,
 Sunbeams will be shed by thee.
- 4 If my dearest friends are taken,
 And disease my frame invade;
 If by fortune I'm forsaken,
 And the hopes of earth all fade;

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 5 Still, my courage shall not falter,
 On thy arm I'll fondly lean;
 Confident thou canst not alter,
 Thou wilt cheer the darkest scene.
- 6 When the shades of death shall lower,
 And the waves of Jordan roll,
 Saviour, whisper in that hour,
 "I have saved thy precious soul."
- 7 In thine arms thou'lt bear me over
 That deep, dark, and swelling flood,
 Washed and justified for ever,
 Evermore to dwell with God.

61

10s.

HUNTER.

"Joyfully, joyfully."

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic cheristers sing as I come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to that land of delight will I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
 Waiting, they watch me approaching that
 shore;
 Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
 gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

7s.

32 "All things possible to him that believeth."

GRACIOUS Saviour, can it be
There awaits a crown for me?
Set with gems divinely bright,
Sparkling each with heavenly light?

2 Can it be, a harp of gold,
Glittering bright, my hands shall hold?
That my voice shall join the song
Chanted by the blood-washed throng?

3 Can it be, in glorious dress,
Purchased by thy righteousness,
I shall dwell with thee on high,
Never more to sin, nor die?

4 Though the "chief of sinners," Lord,
Since within thy holy word
Thou hast promised thus to bless,
Faith must sweetly whisper, Yes.

11s & 12s.

The dying Child.

WHAT seraph-like music steals over the sea,
Entrancing the senses with charmed
melody! [air;
'Tis the song of the angels borne soft on the
'Tis for me they are singing; my welcome I
hear.

- 2 At Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
 And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful
 land;
 Send a convoy of angels, dear Saviour, I pray!
 Let me join their sweet music; away, O away!
- 3 Tho' cold are the billows and dark is the wave,
 With Jesus beside me, the surges I'll brave;
 For the heavenly music has ravished me so,
 I must join the loud chorus; I'll go, yes, I'll
 go!

64 P. M. KELLY,
Termination of the Christian warfare.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the farther shore,
 There's an end of war for ever;
 We shall see our foes no more:
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
 Oh, how sweet the prospect is
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this:
 Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch the heavenly shore,—
 Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more;
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 Oh, that hope! how bright! how glorious
 'Tis his people's blest reward;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord;
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

65

S. M.

Request of the beatified Christian.

- () H sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die!
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy
 To wait my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
 Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
 Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
 O watch my dying face,
 And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
 Which o'er each feature plays.
- 4 Then to my ravished ears
 Let one sweet song be given:
 Let music charm me last on earth,
 And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest;
 And clasp my pale and icy hands
 Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

66

P. M.

All is well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon
 my frame?
 Is it death?
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital
 flame?
 Is it death?

MISCELLANEOUS SPIRITUAL SONGS.

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends, weep not for me;
All is well.
My sins are pardoned, I am free.
All is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies.
All is well.

3 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well.
I will rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well.
Bright angels have from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.

4 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well.
I soon shall see his face in glory.
All is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view.
All is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail! ye blood-washed throng,
Saved by grace.
I've come to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well.

67

9s & 10s.

HUNTER.

A home in Heaven.

- A** HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought!
 As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
 His heart oppressed and with anguish riven,
 Oh, how sweet to think of his home in heaven.
- 2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
 On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
 To that bright home, what a joy is given
 With the blessed tho't of his home in heaven.
- 3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.
- 4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds
 By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds:
 Oh, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
 Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!
- 5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled,
 To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,
 We wait in hope on the promise given;
 We will meet up there in our home in heaven.
- 6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
 And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
 When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark
 even,
 We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
- 7 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home,
 Lo! the Spirit, joined with the bride, says,
 "Come;"
 Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

68

P. M.

The Happy Land.

THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King;
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away:
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh, then, to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And, bright above the sun,
 We'll reign for aye!

69

11s.

Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will
 not deplore thee;
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the
 tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portals
 before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro'
 the gloom.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by
 thy side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour has
 died.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
 long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
 thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the
 seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong
 to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
 thy guide;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
 restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting since the Saviour
 hath died.

70

L. M.

HUNTER.

The Heavenly Mansion.

THE heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor death nor sighing enter there;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Above the arched and starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion, still I sing.
- 5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

71

8s & 7s.

HUNTER.

Where I found Christ.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

- 2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

- 3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
 I knew not help was near me;
 And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death,
 Immortal Jesus, hear me."
 Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
 My Saviour stood before me;
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, "Glory! glory!"
- 4 O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee:
 And when from earth I rise, to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more
 Where I was first forgiven.

72

P. M.

A Pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?
 No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!

- 2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
 Traveling through this lonely void;
 But no ill shall e'er befall me,
 While I'm blessed with such a Guide.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 Some guardian power defends thee,
 Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
 O! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

- 4 Yes, unseen ; but still, believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attend ;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He will guide me to the end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
 Darkly rolling through the vale ;
 Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail ?
 No ! I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 6 No : that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I'll bend ;
 Thence to plunge will be delightful ;
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.
- 7 While I gazed, with speed surprising
 Down the vale she plunged from sight ;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising
 Like an angel clothed in light !
 Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,
 Will you follow her to glory ?
 Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord !

73

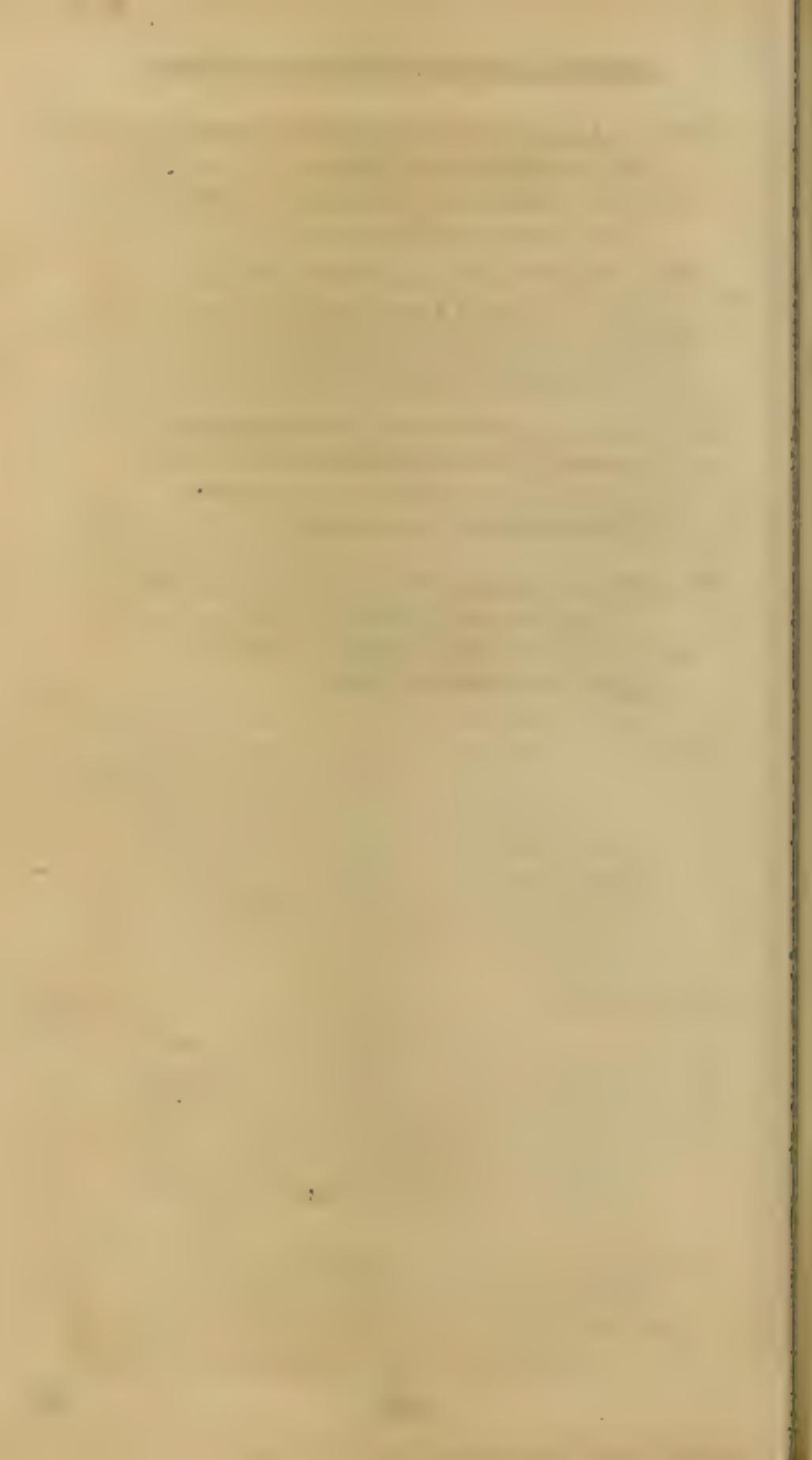
C. M. MONTGOMERY

Worth of the soul.

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-beloved Son;
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all in one.
- The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,
 And pledged the blood divine,
 To ransom every soul of man;—
 That price was paid for mine.
- 5 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 6 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.



INDEX

OF

FIRST LINES OF THE HYMNS.

The Figures refer to the No. of the Hymns.

Abashed be all the boast of age.....	76
According to thy gracious word.....	218
A charge to keep I have.....	418
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near.....	426
Ah! how shall fallen man.....	245
Ah! whither should I go.....	313
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	86
Alas! what hourly dangers rise.....	443
All glorious God, what hymns of praise....	494
All glory to the dying Lamb.....	354
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	115
All-powerful, self-existent God.....	11
All praise to our redeeming Lord.....	545
All praise to him who dwells in bliss.....	588
Almighty Father! God of grace... ..	298
Almighty God! in humble prayer.	604
Almighty God! thy piercing eye.....	15
Almighty Maker, God.....	3
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.....	364
Am I a soldier of the cross?.....	452
And am I born to die?.....	619
And am I only born to die?.....	623
And are we yet alive?.....	557
And art thou with us, gracious Lord?.....	45
And can I yet delay?	286
And canst thou, sinner, slight?.....	247
And didst thou, Jesus, condescend.....	74

INDEX.

And is the Gospel peace and love?.....	78
And let this feeble body fail.....	647
And must I be to judgment brought?.....	692
And must I part with all I have?.....	304
And must this body die?.....	645
And now my soul another year.....	711
And will the great eternal God.....	187
And will the Judge descend?.....	681
Angels from the realms of glory.....	67
Angels, roll the rock away.....	111
Another six days' work is done.....	176
Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name...	555
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....	333
Arise, my soul, arise.....	370
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.....	509
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	650
Astonished and distressed.....	232
Author of Faith, eternal Word.....	342
Author of Faith, we seek thy face.....	546
Awake and sing the song.....	482
Awake, Jerusalem, awake.....	197
Awake, my heart, awake.....	584
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	571
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	332
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	457
Awake, our souls, away, our fears.....	431
Away from every mortal care.....	511
Away, my needless fears.....	471
Away, my unbelieving fear.....	455
Away with our sorrow and fear.....	659
Baptized into your Saviour's death.....	217
Be it my only wisdom here.....	415
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	479
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near.....	456
Behold a stranger at the door.....	269
Behold, the heathen waits to know.....	723
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	85
Behold thy temple, God of grace.....	198

INDEX.

Behold the throne of grace.....	611
Behold us, Lord, in humble fear.....	507
Behold what wondrous grace.....	355
Behold where in a mortal form.....	77
Being of beings, God of love.....	609
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	651
Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin.....	278
Bless O my soul, the living God.....	530
Blest are the humble souls that see.....	519
Blest are our eyes that see the light.....	570
Blest are the sons of peace.....	556
Blest be the tie that binds.....	550
Blest Comforter, divine.....	141
Blest hour when mortal man retires.....	181
Blest men who stretch their willing hands..	433
Blest with the joys of innocence.....	226
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	256
Bright and joyful is the morn.....	62
Broad is the road that leads to death.....	242
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	717
Calm on the listening ear of night... ..	65
Can Truth Divine fulfilment fail?... ..	33
Children of the heavenly King.....	552
Christ, of all my hopes the ground... ..	411
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	105
Come and let us sweetly join.....	562
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part.....	569
Come, blessed Spirit, Source of light.....	145
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....	211
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	146
Come, Holy Spirit, come, let.....	138
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	140
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	130
Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs	131
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.....	205
Come, let our mournful songs record.....	93
Come, let our souls adore the Lord.....	698
Come, let our voices join.....	714

INDEX.

Come, let us anew our journey pursue, with	427
Come, let us anew our journey, &c.....	709
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	117
Come, let us join our friends above.....	660
Come, let us use the grace divine.....	563
Come, let us who in Christ believe.....	490
Come, listening spirit, come.....	225
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart	671
Come, my fond fluttering heart.....	302
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	617
Come on, my partners in distress.....	454
Come, O thou King of all thy saints.....	531
Come, O thou Traveler unknown.....	347
Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord.....	271
Come, Saviour, Jesus from above.....	385
Come, sinners. to the gospel feast,.....	282
Come, sound his praise abroad.....	35
Come, weary souls with sin distressed.....	264
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast....	266
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye langu'h	280
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	260
Come ye that know and fear the Lord.....	27
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	551
Come, ye weary sinners, come.....	258
Comfort, ye ministers of grace.....	207
Command thy blessing from above.....	485
Compared with Christ, in all beside.....	388
Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders!.....	693
Dead be my heart to all below.....	305
Dear Refuge of my weary soul.....	447
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall....	324
Delightful work young souls to win.....	715
Depth of mercy, can there be.....	323
Did Christ o'er sinners weep?.....	82
Do not I love thee, O my Lord?.....	389
Dread Jehovah, God of nations.....	697
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song.....	593

INDEX.

Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord.....	148
Eternal Power, whose high abode.....	12
Eternal source of every joy.....	707
Eternal Spirit, God of truth.....	143
Eternal Spirit, we confess.....	134
Extended on a cursed tree.....	103
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss.....	338
Faith is the brightest evidence.....	339
Faith, 'tis a precious grace.....	337
Far as thy name is known.....	191
Far from affliction, toil and care.....	621
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	171
Far from these narrow scenes of night.....	663
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....	17
Father, I dare believe.....	335
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....	308
Father of all, whose love profound.....	32
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord.....	346
Father of Jesus Christ, the Just.....	310
Father of mercies, in thy word.....	160
Father of peace and God of Love.....	136
Father, our hearts we lift.....	63
Father, 'tis thine each day to yield.....	50
Father, to thee my soul I lift.....	52
Father, whose everlasting love.....	532
Firmly I stand on Zion's hill.....	400
For ever here my rest shall be.....	374
For ever with the Lord.....	677
Fountain of Life to all below.....	525
Frequent the day of God returns.....	175
Friend after friend departs.....	632
From all that dwell below the skies	500
From Calvary a cry was heard.....	96
From every stormy wind that blows.....	437
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	722
From year to year in love we meet.....	713
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	664

INDEX.

Give to the winds thy fears.....	49
Giver and Guardian of our sleep.....	57
Giver of concord, Prince of peace.....	54
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	18
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	59
Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord.....	20
God in the Gospel of his Son.....	16
God is in this and every place... ..	30
God is love, his mercy brightens.....	2
God is the refuge of his saints.....	43
God moves in a mysterious way.....	3
God my supporter and my hope.....	5
God of all power and truth and grace.....	40
God of love, that hear'st the prayer.....	41
God of mercy, God of grace.....	29
God of my life, whose gracious power.....	40
God of my mercy and my praise.....	81
God of the morning, at thy voice.....	57
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	52
Gracious Redeemer, shake.....	46
Great Father of each perfect gift.....	151
Great First of beings, mighty Lord.....	5
Great God, attend while Zion sings.....	19
Great God! how infinite art thou.....	19
Great God, indulge my humble claim.....	391
Great God, now condescend.....	21
Great God of nations, now to thee.....	70
Great God, to thee my evening song.....	59
Great God, with wonder and with praise... ..	15
Great is the Lord our God.....	19
Greatest of beings, source of life.....	34
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	42
Hail, great Creator, wise and good.....	8
Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus.....	361
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus.....	68
Hail, thou once-despised Jesus.....	12
Hallelujah, Lord, our voices.... ..	18

INDEX.

Happy is he that fears the Lord.....	720
Happy soul, thy days are ended.....	639
Happy the heart where graces reign.....	398
Happy the man that finds the grace.....	524
Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....	489
Hark, a voice divides the sky.....	633
Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound.....	628
Hark, how the watchmen cry.....	209
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes..	59
Hark, the herald angels sing.....	64
Hark, the song of jubilee.....	732
Hark, 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear.....	272
Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....	89
Hark, what mean those holy voices.....	72
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....	728
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	235
He comes, he comes, the Judge severe.....	685
He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....	108
He lives, the great Redeemer lives.....	121
He that has made his refuge God.....	47
Head of the church, whose spirit fills.....	725
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you.....	255
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	649
High in the heavens, eternal God.....	26
Ho, every one that thirsts draw nigh.....	261
Holy and reverend is the name.....	21
Holy, and true, and righteous Lord.....	399
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness.....	152
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	142
Holy source of consolation.....	149
Hosannah be the children's song.....	716
Hosannah to Jesus on high.....	625
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !.....	51
How beauteous are their feet.....	206
How blest is our brother, bereft.....	626
How blest the righteous when he dies.....	636
How can a sinner know.....	358
How charming is the place.....	195
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	193

INDEX.

How do thy mercies close me round.....	591
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the.....	430
How great the wisdom, power and grace...	127
How happy are they.....	336
How happy every child of grace.....	652
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....	395
How helpless guilty nature lies.....	150
How honored is the place.....	192
How long the time since Christ began.....	299
How many pass the guilty night.....	705
How oft, alas! this wretched heart.....	473
How perfect is thy word?.....	157
How pleasant, how divinely fair.....	194
How precious is the Book Divine.....	159
How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight.....	560
How sweet the hour of closing day.....	631
How sweet the melting lay.....	565
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	368
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	412
How vain are all things here below.....	246
I ask the gift of righteousness.....	378
I know that my Redeemer lives, and.....	376
I know that my Redeemer lives, what.....	124
I left the God of truth and light.....	301
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.....	504
I'll sing the almighty power of God.....	18
I love the Lord, he heard my cries.....	475
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	186
I love to steal awhile away.....	616
I own my guilt, my sins confess.....	300
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.....	319
I want a heart to pray.....	612
I want a principle within.....	613
I was a wandering sheep.....	285
If human kindness meets return.....	223
In duties and in sufferings too.....	75
In evil long I took delight.....	91
In thy great name, O Lord we come.....	483

INDEX.

In vain opposing nations rage.....	696
In vain we seek for peace with God.....	88
Indulgent Father, by whose care.. ..	597
Indulgent God, to thee I raise.....	387
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....	520
Infinite, unexhausted love.....	534
It is the Lord enthroned in light.....	440
Jehovah, God, thy gracious power.....	20
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	657
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord.....	220
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	444
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep.....	547
Jesus hath died that I might live.....	377
Jesus, I come to thee.....	321
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....	369
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	446
Jesus, in whom the weary find.....	320
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	291
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	424
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	360
Jesus, my life, thyself apply.....	375
Jesus, my Lord, attend.....	329
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace.....	721
Jesus, my Saviour, brother, friend.....	365
Jesus, my Saviour, let me be.....	402
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	353
Jesus, our best-beloved friend.....	561
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind.....	265
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....!	126
Jesus, the all-restoring word.....	478
Jesus, the name high over all.....	128
Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee.....	334
Jesus, thou dear redeeming Lord.....	484
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....	502
Jesus, thy blessings are not few.....	274
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.....	535
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	386
Jesus, thy church, with longing eyes.....	727

INDEX.

Jesus, to thee I now can fly.....	345
Jesus, united by thy grace.....	558
Jesus, we look to thee.....	553
Join all ye ransomed sons of grace.....	704
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....	497
Joy to the world, the Lord has come.....	66
Just as I am, without one plea.....	283
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....	564
Laden with guilt and full of fears.....	163
Leader of faithful souls, and guide.....	512
Let all who truly bear.....	219
Let carnal minds the world pursue.....	359
Let earth and heaven agree.....	129
Let everlasting glories crown.....	165
Let every mortal ear attend.....	259
Let every tongue thy goodness speak.....	23
Let him to whom we now belong.....	409
Let others boast how strong they be.....	540
Let the redeemed give thanks and praise...	332
Let the world their virtue boast.....	344
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....	237
Lift up your hearts to things above.....	514
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus.....	684
Like Noah's weary dove.....	189
Lo, he comes with clouds descending.....	686
Lo, on a narrow neck of land.....	254
Lo, round the throne a glorious band.....	668
Lo, the prisoner is released.....	641
Long have I seemed to serve the Lord.....	467
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....	14
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..	543
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	544
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.....	180
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....	366
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	371
Lord, I despair myself to heal.....	307
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....	574

INDEX.

Lord, in the strength of grace.....	397
Lord, in these dark and dismal days.....	463
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise.....	201
Lord of my life, O may thy praise.....	586
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows.....	178
Lord, teach us how to pray aright.....	602
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro'	13
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.....	592
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin.....	229
Lord, we come before thee now.....	505
Lord, what is man that he should prove....	536
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys..	9
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high.....	109
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....	699
Love divine, all love excelling.....	406
Love is the theme of saints above.....	567
Lovers of pleasure more than God.....	267
May I, throughout this day of thine.....	174
Mercy alone can meet my case.....	331
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.....	340
Morning breaks upon the tomb.....	112
Mortals awake, with angels join.....	60
Most gracious God, reveal.....	356
Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....	453
My country, 'tis of thee.....	701
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	79
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so.....	465
My Father, cheering name.....	357
My former hopes are fled.....	233
My God, how endless is thy love.....	575
My God, I know, I feel thee mine.....	372
My God, my God, to thee I cry.....	615
My God, my life, my love.....	419
My God, my portion and my love.....	413
My God, the spring of all my joys.....	384
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou.....	363
My hope, my portion, and my God.....	466
My opening eyes with rapture see.....	169

INDEX.

My Saviour, my almighty friend.....	420
My Saviour's pierced side.....	216
My soul, be on thy guard.....	436
My soul, repeat his praise.....	22
My span of life will soon be done.....	451
My spirit looks to God alone.....	432
My times are in thy hand.....	442
Nature with open volume stands.....	97
Not all the blood of beasts.....	57
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	521
Now begin the heavenly theme.....	493
Now, from the altar of our hearts.....	590
Now, in the flush of youthful blood.....	248
Now is the accepted time.....	270
Now let my soul, eternal King.....	167
Now let our cheerful eyes survey.....	118
Now let us raise our cheerful strains.....	125
Now the shades of night are gone.....	581
Now to thine altar, Lord.....	287
Now to the Lord a noble song.....	542
Object of my first desire.....	414
Of him who did salvation bring.....	92
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	656
On the mountain's top appearing.....	730
On thee, each morning, O my God.....	578
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....	573
O come and dwell in me.....	422
O come, thou great and gracious Power....	417
O could I speak the matchless worth.....	498
O could I find from day to day.....	381
O could I find some peaceful bower.....	234
O Father, though the anxious fear.....	182
O for a closer walk with God.....	460
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	448
O for a glance of heavenly day.....	327
O for a heart to praise my God.....	396
O for a sweet inspiring ray.....	667

INDEX.

O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	480
O for that tenderness of heart.....	292
O for the death of those.....	634
O glorious hope of perfect love.....	380
O God of Abram, by whose hand.....	43
O God of Sovereign grace.....	726
O God, our help in ages past.....	54
O God, our strength, to thee our song.....	533
O God, thou bottomless abyss.....	28
O God, though countless worlds of light....	203
O happy day that fixed my choice.....	367
O happy is the man who hears.....	523
O how divine, how sweet the joy.....	351
O how I love thy holy word.....	166
O Israel, to thy tents repair.....	462
O Jesus, at thy feet we wait.....	373
O joyful sound of Gospel grace.....	379
O Lord, another day is flown.....	599
O Lord, encouraged by thy grace.....	214
O Lord, my best desires fulfil.....	439
O Lord, my God, in mercy turn.....	296
O Lord, my God, to thee I cry.....	585
O Lord, our fathers oft have told.....	700
O Lord, our languid souls inspire.....	188
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart.....	408
O Love Divine, what hast thou done?.....	102
O may thy powerful word.....	416
O my soul, what means this sadness?.....	449
O speak that word again.....	474
O that I could my Lord receive.....	314
O that I could repent, O.....	290
O that I could repent with.....	289
O that I could revere.....	284
O that I knew the secret place.....	579
O that I were as heretofore.....	470
O that my load of sin were gone.....	330
O that the Comforter would come.....	147
O the delights, the heavenly joys.....	120
O thou my light, my life, my joy.....	39
O thou our husband, brother, friend.....	510

INDEX.

O thou that hearest prayer.....	135
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry.....	316
O thou to whose all-searching sight.....	423
O thou who driest the mourner's tear.....	312
O thou whom all thy saints adore.....	508
O thou whose tender mercy hears.....	293
O what a mighty change.....	670
O what amazing words of grace.....	279
O where is now that glowing love.....	461
O where is the mysterious bourn.....	253
O where shall rest be found.....	306
O why did I my Saviour leave.....	464
O why should gloomy thoughts arise.....	277
Our Captain leads us on.....	458
Our Father, God, who art in heaven.....	608
Our hearts are fastened to this world.....	618
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	114
Palms of glory, raiment bright.....	672
Parting soul, the floods await thee.....	662
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear	38
People of the living God.....	204
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	87
Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine.....	425
Power from on high, O God, impart.....	137
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him.....	491
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	487
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise.....	501
Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs.....	522
Pray, without ceasing, pray.....	607
Prayer is appointed to convey.....	600
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	601
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet.....	326
Raise your triumphant songs.....	73
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord.....	441
Rejoice for a brother deceased.....	624
Rejoice in God, the word commands.....	472
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	123

INDEX.

Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord.....	496
Religion is the chief concern.....	541
Repent, the voice celestial cries.....	236
Return, O wanderer, return.....	273
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	679
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path.....	518
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	98
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....	724
Safely through another week.....	173
Salvation, O the joyful sound.....	503
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	595
Saviour, Prince of Israel's race.....	288
Saviour, source of every blessing.....	392
See, gracious Lord, before thy throne.....	695
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....	213
See, Jesus, thy disciples, see.....	554
Servants of God, in joyful lays.....	492
Servant of God, well done.....	638
Shall I for fear of feeble man.....	210
Shall man, O God of light and life.....	642
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve.....	605
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes.....	70
Shine on our souls, eternal God.....	49
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	317
Shrinking from the cold hand of death.....	627
Sin has a thousand treacherous arts.....	228
Sin, like a venomous disease.....	227
Since all the varying scenes of time.....	55
Since o'er thy footstool here below.....	658
Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord.....	537
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise.....	708
Sing we the song of those who stand.....	499
Sinner, art thou still secure.....	238
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown.....	244
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.....	251
Sinner, what has earth to show.....	231
Sinners, obey the gospel word.....	262
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....	240

INDEX.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....	239
Softly now the light of day.....	594
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	435
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	488
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all.....	325
Spirit Divine, attend our prayer.....	153
Spirit, leave thy house of clay.....	648
Spirit of Truth, come down.....	139
Stand the Omnipotent decree.....	683
Stand up and bless the Lord.....	481
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fear.....	459
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	322
Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies.....	94
Stricken, smitten and afflicted.....	450
Sure, the blessed Comforter is nigh.....	133
Sweet glories rush upon my sight.....	661
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	179
Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest	394
Sweet rivers of redeeming love.....	665
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	517
Sweet to rejoice in lively hope.....	691
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....	469
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.....	281
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal.....	559
Terrible thought, shall I alone.....	303
That awful day will surely come.....	689
That doleful night before his death.....	224
The counsels of redeeming grace.....	156
The day is past and gone.....	587
The day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	688
The God of Abram praise.....	669
The God of my salvation lives.....	538
The God of nature and of grace.....	6
The head that once was crowned with thorns	116
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	154
The heaven of heavens cannot contain.....	31
The King of heaven his table spreads.....	222
The Lord is risen indeed.....	107

INDEX.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	40
The Lord my Shepherd is.....	41
The Lord of earth and sky.....	710
The Lord of glory is my light.....	199
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise.....	183
The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake	687
The Lord will happiness divine.....	328
The morning breaks, my voice I raise.....	583
The morning flowers display their sweets...	622
The praying spirit breathe.....	566
The perfect world by Adam trod.....	202
The race that long in darkness pined.....	71
The Saviour calls, let every ear.....	257
The Saviour kindly calls.....	215
The Saviour, O! what endless charms.....	539
The Sun of righteousness on me.....	350
The spacious firmament on high.....	4
The Spirit breathes upon the word.....	161
The Sun of righteousness appears.....	110
The Tempter to my soul hath said.....	477
The thing my God doth hate.....	421
The true Messiah now appears.....	58
Thee, King of saints, we praise.....	221
Thee we adore, eternal name.....	620
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	95
There is a glorious world of light.....	719
There is a God, all nature speaks.....	1
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	666
There is a land mine eye hath seen.....	676
There is a land of pure delight.....	655
There is a time, we know not when.....	252
There is a voice in every gale.....	2
This day the Lord has called his own.....	172
This is the day the Lord hath made.....	177
This, this is the God we adore.....	506
Thou hidden God for whom I groan.....	311
Thou Judge of quick and dead.....	682
Thou only Sovereign of my heart.....	495
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace...	403

INDEX.

Thou Man of griefs, remember me.....	315
Thou seest my feebleness.....	433
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine.....	383
Thou Son of God whose flaming eyes.....	516
Thou that dost my life prolong.....	582
Through all the changing scenes of life.....	56
Through all the dangers of the night.....	580
Through sorrow's night and danger's path,	644
Thus far on life's perplexing path.....	513
Thus far the Lord has led me on.....	589
Thus speaks the high and lofty One.....	294
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.....	16
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess.....	526
Thy law is perfect, Lord of light.....	164
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord.....	630
Thy presence, gracious God, afford.....	486
Thy way, O God, is in the sea.....	48
Thy word, almighty Lord.....	158
'Tis by the faith of joys to come.....	341
'Tis finished, so the Saviour cried....	99
'Tis finished, the Messiah dies.....	100
'Tis God the Spirit leads.....	132
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow....	83
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes.....	44
To Jesus, the crown of my hope.....	675
To the hills I lift mine eyes.....	614
To thee, O God, when creatures fail.....	637
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go.....	382
Try us, O God, and search the ground.....	549
'Twas told me in my early day.....	674
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	540
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.....	527
Vain are the hopes the sons of men.....	250
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	343
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.....	249
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....	646

INDEX.

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.....	429
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	729
We bring no glittering treasure.. ..	718
We come with joyful song.....	69
We know, by faith we know.....	653
We lift our hearts to thee.....	572
We, like Jesse's son, would raise.....	200
We need not soar above the skies.....	7
Weary souls that wander wide.....	276
Welcome, O Saviour, to my heart.....	393
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	168
What cheering words are these.....	407
What is our calling's glorious hope.....	404
What shall I render to my God.....	515
What shall we ask of God in prayer.....	603
What sinners value, I resign.....	690
What various hindrances we meet.....	606
When Adam sinned, through all his race...	230
When all thy mercies, O my God.....	36
When at a distance, Lord, we trace.....	80
When darkness long has veiled my mind...	476
When God, neglected or denied.....	10
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be.....	318
When I can read my title clear.....	673
When I survey the wondrous cross.....	84
When I the lonely grave survey.....	113
When languor and disease invade.....	678
When overwhelmed with grief.....	445
When rising from the bed of death.....	680
When shall the voice of singing.....	731
When shall thy love constrain.....	390
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,	694
Where can we hide, or whither fly.....	24
While life prolongs its precious light.....	275
While shepherds watched their flocks.....	61
While thee I seek, protecting Power.....	610
Who are these in bright array.....	654
Who can describe the joys that rise.....	352
Why do we mourn departing friends.....	643

INDEX.

Why on the bending willows hung.....	528
Why should believers when they meet.....	568
Why should our tears in sorrow flow.....	635
Why should the children of a King.....	144
Why should we start and fear to die.....	629
Why will ye lavish out your years.....	241
Wilt thou not yet to me reveal.....	348
With glorious clouds encompassed round...	101
With joy we hail the sacred day.....	170
With joy we meditate the grace.....	119
With my whole heart I'll raise my song....	30
With tears of anguish I lament.....	295
Within these walls be peace.....	712
Would Jesus have the sinner die.....	104
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm.....	263
Ye humble souls approach your God.....	29
Ye humble souls that seek the Lord.....	106
Ye servants of the Lord.....	703
Ye that pass by, behold the man.....	90
Ye trembling souls dismiss your fears.....	46
Ye virgin souls, arise.....	706
Ye who despise the Saviour's grace.....	243
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor.....	268
Yield to me now, for I am weak.....	349

INDEX OF STANZAS.

THE FIRST LINE OF EVERY STANZA EXCEPT THE
FIRST IN EACH OF THE HYMNS.

The figures refer to the No. of the Hymns.

A bleeding Saviour	497	Admit him ere his	269
A beam from heav.	631	Agonizing in the	260
A cloud of witness.	457	Ah! how shall	245
A country of joy	427	Ah! how shall	658
A faith that shines	448	Ah! Lord enlarge	319
A faith that keeps	448	Ah! leave us not	131
A few more days*	665	Ah! no I still	303
A glory gilds the	161	Ah! no with thee	382
A hand divine	537	Ah! then my soul	677
A heavenly calm	176	Ah! what avails	390
A heart in every	396	Ah! wherefore	318
A heart resigned	396	Ah! whither	437
A hope so much	355	Ah! whither	233
A holy quiet reign	636	All are thy messen.	34
A horror of great	96	All bounteous Lord	9
A land of corn, and	380	All earthly joys	305
A land upon	876	All great Creator	34
A nobler lot	462	All glory be to	61
A pardon written	271	All hail! ye fair	661
A poor blind child	318	All my capacious	369
A rest where all	371	All nature owns	29
A second look	91	All nature sings	167
A thousand ages	54	All needful grace	196
Abra'm obeyed	339	All needful grace	533
Absent from thee	293	All o'er those wide	656
Accept our faint	175	All the day long	265

* Changed to "In a few toilsome."

INDEX OF STANZAS.

All that spring	487	And when around	417
All the power of	220	And when through	450
All things are read	222	And when the	585
Almighty God	715	And when we	587
Almighty God	241	And when our	587
Almighty Son, in	32	And when on	597
Almighty King	232	And while in all	8
Almighty grace	473	And while we	205
Alone the dread	183	And while I rest	592
Alone the dread	110	And wilt thou	45
Although the vine	455	And wilt thou	599
Amazing knowledge	13	And will man	488
Amazing love	236	And yet the door	252
Among the saints	575	And yet there is	387
Among thy saints	694	And yet this	598
An answer from	253	Angels and men	27
An unregenerate	311	Angels assist our	87
And as her holy	523	Anon at his	677
And canst thou	473	Apostles martyrs	657
And didst thou	74	Appear as when	484
And dost thou	474	Approach your God	272
And from his	681	Arise my soul	579
And guard with	225	Arise O God	532
And grant, O Fa.	298	Are there no	452
And hark amid	719	Are we not tend.	643
And if our fel.	545	Arm me with	418
And in the great	187	Array'd in glory	645
And in that stren.	225	Archangels sound	120
And must the cri.	15	As by the light	359
And Jesus thou	599	As in the an.	509
And may the gospel	188	As surely as	441
And soon to	717	As pity dwells	720
And whether grief	34	As thee their God	700
And when my	133	As through a glass	48
And when the	189	Ashamed of Jesus	444
And when from	198	Ashamed of Jesus	444
And when these	218	Ask but his	92
And when this	364	Asleep in Jesus	650
And when affliction	417	Asleep in Jesus	650

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Asleep in Jesus	650	Before the Sav.	669
Asleep in Jesus	650	Before thy sheep	510
Asleep in Jesus	650	Before we quite	398
Assembled here	131	Behold again	461
Assure my con.	144	Behold another	711
At his call	693	Behold for me	615
At his presence	238	Behold him all	102
At Jesus' call	427	Behold I fall	229
At last I own	334	Behold the Ark	189
At morn, at noon	578	Behold the aged	248
At morning, noon	8	Behold the blest	521
At thy command	356	Behold the inner	521
At thy last gasp	90	Behold the sin	53
Author of our	152	Behold to thee	131
Author of faith	308	Behold this fair	6
Awake, asleep	24	Believe in him	267
Awake, awake	420	Believing on my	345
Awake my soul	711	Believing we	57
Awake thy sweet	528	Beneath thy shad.	536
Away ye dreams	80	Beyond my high	186
Away ye false	263	Beyond the bo.	454
Awed by a mor.	210	Beyond the flight	632
		Beyond this va.	306
Barren although	455	Bless'd are the m.	519
Barren and with	710	Bless'd are the s.	519
Be Christ our pat.	77	Bless'd are the p.	519
Be faithful	458	Bless'd are the suf.	519
Be it according	404	Bless'd Saviour	257
Be not blind	251	Bless O my soul	530
Be ours the bliss	715	Bless we them	728
Be this my one	254	Blessing and th.	704
Be thou my pat.	79	Blest are the	194
Be thou my st.	363	Blest are the	194
Be thou my shield	333	Blest be the Lord	177
Before his feet	127	Blest earnest	151
Before me place	254	Blest be that name	492
Before our Father	550	Blest hour for	181
Before the great	669	Blest hour when	181
Before the hills	54	Blest hour when	181

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Blest is the pious	556	But lo! a place	591
Blest object of	705	But must I part	302
Blest Saviour	171	But no such	326
Blest Saviour	457	But now when	469
Blest Saviour	694	But O how soon	464
Blind unbelief	37	But O when	447
Bold shall I stand	535	But raise your	106
Born thy people	68	But on that fore	252
Borne upon the	488	But soon he'll	85
Bow ere the awful	236	But thy atone.	88
Bow to the	240	But thy compass.	22
Bow'd down	333	But thy right	700
Break from his	640	But time rolls	713
Break off the yoke	330	But timorous mor.	655
Break off your	108	But 'tis our God	540
Breathe on us	554	But to draw near	53
Burden'd with	258	But to thy house	574
Burden'd with g.	602	But to those who	693
But ah my in.	439	But thou hast	721
But ah the song	531	But trusting in	507
But art thou	615	But we are come	521
But Christ the	57	But we are hast.	621
But chiefly thy	526	But where the L.	497
But clouds still	677	But when we view	17
But drops of gr.	86	But will he prove	269
But ere that	681	But with thee	325
But grace so	247	Bulwarks of grace	192
But gracious God	93	By cool Siloam's	717
But he, for his	324	By death and hell	509
But he that	240	By faith we know	339
But I have felt	382	By faith we know	342
But I of means	467	By faith we	659
But in thy Father's	76	By foreign streams	528
But if the fire	47	By these may I	164
But I shall share	179	By thine inspired	141
But I my Lord	476	By thine own	68
But long as stand	33	By this the blest	131
But life attends	94	By thy Spirit	288
But Lord! my	321		

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Call'd from	216	Come blessed S.	94
Can aught beneath	150	Come let us	723
Can I survey	94	Come Lord	725
Can I with hopes	440	Come Lord	508
Can mercy reach	321	Come Lord the	330
Can this be he	687	Come O my God	379
Canst thou in	231	Come quickly in	490
Cause us the re.	554	Come saints	108
Cease, cease, ye	642	Come smiling hope	394
Cease my soul	679	Come then for	335
Celestial choirs	65	Come then with	279
Chance and change	25	Come to the liv.	261
Cheerful they	194	Come waiting	225
Cheerful we tread	341	Come worship	35
Cheerfully the	450	Come ye weary	260
Children our kind	715	Comfort those	505
Children whose lit.	34	Command thy bless	485
Christ is born	72	Command thy bless	485
Christ's little flock	567	Confound o'erpow.	399
Christ shall bless	614	Conqu'ror of hell	375
Christians! dry	112	Contented now	350
Christians we	569	Content with be..	412
Close behind the	684	Convinced and	137
Close by thy side	403	Convince him	516
Cold mountains	79	Convince us	138
Come all ye so	274	Correct reprove	363
Come Almighty	406	Corruption, earth	645
Come and possess	286	Could my tears	98
Come and worship	62	Could we but	655
Come as the dew	153	Courage my soul	432
Come as the dove	153	Courage my soul	451
Come as the fire	153	Corruption flows	230
Come as the light	153	Creatures, as nu.	8
Come back	468	Create my nature	316
Come blessed Lord	94	Create my soul	3
Come heaven and	305	Crown him	115
Come Holy Ghost	147	Cut off our des.	410
Come Holy Ghost	609		
Come Holy Spirit	130	Dangers stand	620

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Days of trial	429	Dwell within us	149
Dear name! the	368	Each following	502
Dear Saviour be	660	Each thought	588
Dear Saviour let	667	Earth from afar	12
Dear Saviour	264	Earth may with	11
Dear Saviour	531	Earth's every pulse	33
Death enters	249	E'en now when	227
Death ere another	713	E'en the hour	25
Death, hell and	100	E'er since by	95
Death may the	630	Empty of him	309
Death rides on	651	Enemies no more	730
Deep in unfath.	37	Enlarge my heart	401
Deep regret	297	Enlightened by	134
Depart from me	681	Errors and sins	463
Depend on him	600	Eternal are thy	500
Deny thyself	242	Eternal King	248
Descend celes.	3	Eternal life	346
Descending on	685	Eternal life thy	495
Determined	456	Eternal Spirit	32
Devoutly yield	711	Eternal Spirit	211
Did we not raise	49	Eternal Spirit	226
Didst thou not	101	Eternal Spirit	327
Didst thou regard	74	Eternal wisdom	259
Didst thou thy	74	Eternity with	19
Diffuse O God	151	Every eye shall	686
Direct control	571	Exert thy sacred	637
Dispensing good	78	Extinguish the	338
Distracting th.	486	Extol the Lamb	256
Dissolve thou these	675	Extort the cry	516
Divine Instructor	160	Exults our	358
Do not I love	389		
Dost thou not	144	Fain would I	330
Doth a skillful	231	Fainting souls	278
Doth Satan fill	272	Fair distant land	663
Doth sin appear	272	Faith in the	602
Doth thy right	45	Faith lends its	342
Down from the	87	Faith, mighty	316
Down through	60	Faith must obey	340
Draw with thy	141		

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Faith sees the	642	Fixed and eternal	11
Faithful, O Lord	16	Flocks that whiten	487
Faithful soul	614	Follow me	204
Far above all	410	Followed by their	633
Far, far above	470	Foolish, and im.	404
Farewell conflict.	636	Foolish fears	297
Father and shall	130	For each assault	468
Father, he cries	58	For ever firm	26
Father, I wait	354	For every thirsty	257
Father, if I	315	For her my	186
Father, in these	211	For love like this	167
Father, in us	486	For more we ask	609
Father, my soul	511	For never shall	680
Father of all	603	For pleasure I	296
Father of end.	520	For such compas.	39
Father, Son and	200	For she has treas.	523
Father, thy mer.	708	For the blessings	487
Father, thy will	356	For the joy he	639
Fear him ye	56	For thee the S.	277
Fear not breth.	552	For these inesti.	156
Fear not, I am	430	For thine own com.	291
Fear not, said he	61	For thine own m.	290
Fear not that he	46	For this in faith	653
Fear not the pow.	46	For this the earth	5
Fear not the ter.	46	For this the sun	5
Fear not the want	46	For thou our bur.	71
Fearless of hell	384	For we, like chil.	604
Fight on my soul	433	Forbid it, Lord,	84
Fill me with all	478	Forgive the cri.	583
Fill our souls	581	Forgotten be each	564
Fill with invi.	320	Fountain of being	11
Filled with delight	656	Fountain of	411
Find in Christ	276	Free us from en.	560
Finish then	406	Fresh as the grass	540
Finished all the	89	From all iniquity	510
Firm, faithful	561	From all iniquity	404
Firmly trusting	411	From God	230
First born of	319	From heaven an.	685
Five bleeding	370	From hell's	329

INDEX OF STANZAS.

From Jesus	324	God is our sun	196
From little ones	716	God is our sun	533
From morn till	20	God is our streng.	481
From north to	126	God, my R.	645
From sorrow	550	God of all grace	602
From strength	607	God of mercy	297
From the celestial	140	God scorns not	712
From the provision	26	God will not	22
From thee that I	613	Good when he	55
From thee, the	431	Grace all the w.	529
From thee through	52	Grace first con.	529
		Grace led my	529
Gather the out.	484	Grace, 'tis a	542
Gethsemane	218	Grant that all	505
Gently with the	582	Grant this	558
Give deep hu.	602	Grant us the p.	628
Give me a new	405	Great Advocate	121
Give me on	468	Great God, to	29
Give me thyself	377	Great God! how	19
Give me to trust	438	Great God, re.	226
Give me thy coun.	576	Great God, create	229
Give these, and	602	Great God! thy	466
Give us, O Lord,	195	Great God, on	620
Give us, with ac.	465	Great God! is	628
Give up ourselves	563	Great God pre.	702
Give us this day	608	Great God impress	719
Glory to God	70	Great is our guilt	698
Glory to God	69	Great nature's God	8
Glory to God	565	Great Sun of ri.	154
Glory to God!	65	Greatness unspeak.	28
Glory to Thee	571	Guide me through	597
Glorious things	185		
Go into every	207	Hail great Im.	171
Go meet him	706	Hail Prince of	60
Go shepherds	70	Hail the heaven	64
Go then, earthly	446	Hallelujah!—earth	201
Go to the ants	465	Hallelujah! hark	732
Go up with Christ	209	Hallelujah! mercy	184
God is in heaven	12	Hallelujah! praise	184

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Hallelujah! Sav.	184	He hung its starry	202
Happy beyond	524	He, in the days	119
Happy if with	128	He justly claims	409
Happy the man	504	He knows, he	252
Happy the man	524	He knows what	579
Happy they	344	He leads me	41
Hark the cherub	60	He lives to bless	124
Hark how he	85	He lives, all glory	124
Hark in the w.	207	He lives and grants	124
Hark! the judgm.	648	He lives, the ever.	527
Hark the won.	111	He, Lord of all	263
Hark! they whis.	646	He makes the g.	501
Hast thou a lamb	385	He now stands	490
Hast thou not	277	He rises, who	183
Haste, O sinner,	255	He rules the	66
Haste thee on	446	He saw me	362
Hasten mercy	235	He scorns the	496
Hasten mortals	72	He shall reign	732
Hasten sinner	235	He shows beyond	494
Hasten the	422	He sits at God's	123
Have you no words	696	He smiles and	667
He all his foes	123	He speaks, and,	480
He bids us build	545	He taught the	496
He breaks the p.	480	He took our m.	58
He called me in	299	He visits now	379
He called me when	299	He wept that	82
He comes from	59	He will sustain	44
He comes, he	706	He wills that I	376
He comes of hell.	547	He, with earthly	25
He comes, the	59	Hear him, ye deaf	480
He comes, the	59	Hear, O hear	152
He ever lives	370	Heart-broken	301
He formed the	35	Heaven and earth	488
He formed the s.	501	Heaven unfolds	111
He gave his Son	29	Heavenly bless.	149
He guards thy	44	Heavenward our	609
He guides our feet	527	He'll never quench	119
He hears our p.	193	Hell and thy sins	459
He hears the un.	492	Help us thy m.	532

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Help us to build	549	Here would we	306
Help us to help	549	Here will I set	343
Help us to make	510	Here's love and	108
Hence our hearts	319	High as the h.	22
Hence then ye	121	High Heaven, that	367
Henceforth may	385	High is thy power	28
Her hands are fil.	524	High o'er th' an.	106
Her right hand	523	High on a throne	721
Her sons, her w.	463	Him from the	136
Here are my	155	Him to know	343
Here be his	137	His blood demands	52
Here consecrated	163	His hand no	73
Here freedom	702	His infant cries	63
Here I'll raise	392	His kindness	123
Here in the body	677	His love is	456
Here in thy house	707	His love surpass.	358
Here Jesus in	162	His love within	148
Here Jesus stands	268	His mercy and	496
Here let thy p.	483	His name the	129
Here light	156	His name shall	71
Here may religion	699	His name yields	412
Here may the	160	His only right.	128
Here may thy	203	His power, increa.	71
Here mercy's	264	His power subdues	22
Here on the	195	His presence is	31
Here pardon, life,	539	His providence	708
Here, Saviour,	203	His purposes will	37
Here sinners of	162	His purpose w.	696
Here springs of	257	His sacred limbs	90
Here taste un.	192	His saints are	501
Here the dark	48	His Spirit pur.	340
Here the fair	160	His sovereign p.	479
Here the Redeem.	160	His stores are	38
Here the whole	17	His wisdom sees	696
Here then I doubt	471	His word with	496
Here, then, my G.	559	His words the hap.	630
Here to thee	201	His works of p.	720
Here we come	173	Ho! all ye hum.	259
Here would my	308	Hol ye that	259

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Ho ! ye thirsty	260	I cannot live	316
Holy Ghost, with	142	I cannot wash	335
Holy Spirit, all	142	I chide my un.	476
Hosannah in the	177	I deprecate	315
Hosannah on	716	I dreamed of bliss	301
Hosannah, then,	716	I dwell with all	294
Hosannah to th'	177	I find him lifting	376
Hosannah sound	716	I forced thee	464
How beauteous	572	I hear but seem	328
How blessed	206	I hear thy word	157
How blest are	319	I have been to	180
How bright the	109	I have long	323
How can it be	319	I have no skill	401
How can my soul	472	I hold thee with	372
How careful	692	I, I alone have	103
How changed, alas	695	I know thee, Sav.	349
How charming	206	I laid me down	477
How cold and f.	466	I lay my body d.	589
How decent	191	I loathe myself	464
How excellent	6	I love by faith	616
How far may	253	I love her gates	193
How happy	206	I love in solitude	616
How happy all	515	I love thee	166
How happy are	453	I love to think	616
How happy the	625	I love thy church	186
How long, dear S.	295	I love the Lord	475
How oft my m.	443	I must for faith	516
How oft they look	366	I must this in.	516
How shall I leave	619	I need not tell	347
How should our	531	I pay this even.	592
How then ought	623	I perish, and	331
How well they	165	I rest upon	612
How will my	681	I rested in the	467
Hunger, thirst	654	I rode on	336
		I saw one hanging	91
I ask no higher	422	I see the perfect	467
I ask the blood	378	I sing the good.	18
I ask them whence	664	I sing the wisdom	18
I can but perish	266	I sometimes	328

INDEX OF STANZAS

I take these little	630	If in this darksome	423
I taste—delight	387	If 'midst the	7
I tremble lest	315	If nature at the	433
I thought there	674	If night's blue	658
I view the mon.	665	If now thou stand.	692
I wait till he	404	If now while par.	680
I want a godly	353	If on the wings	20
I want a true	612	If pain afflict	600
I want a sober	353	If rough and	423
I want the willing	422	If such the sweet.	678
I was a wand'ring	285	If such the views	691
I was a way.	285	If tears of sorrow	326
I will accept	303	If the sorrows	429
I will improve	303	If thou these	611
I will not fear	477	If to the right	613
I will not let	605	If vapors with	47
I wish to see	674	If what I wish	471
I wonder	474	I'll go to Jesus	266
I would be thine	271	I'll lift my hands	391
I would but	330	I'll make your	208
I would for ever	97	I'll praise him	504
I would not to	311	I'll sing thy	30
I would not yield	296	I'll speak the h.	369
I yield my heart	169	Immortal glories	667
I yield myself	575	Immortal wonders	661
I'd sing the char.	498	In a few toilsome	665
I'd tell him how	579	In answer to	314
If anguish rend	357	In all the varying	20
If burning beams	47	In all his doctrines	27
If drawn by	310	In all my ways	401
If e'er to bless	186	In condescending	638
If e'er I go	41	In darkest shades	384
If e'er my heart	186	In each event	610
If earthly parents	135	In every condition	430
If every one that	131	In every dark	121
If falling tears	472	In every joy	610
If he our ways	245	In every land	500
If I have tasted	365	In every new	190
If in my Father's	355	In every state	407

INDEX OF STANZAS.

In fellowship	607	Inured to poverty	591
In fierce tempta.	363	Is any other name	568
In foreign realms	51	Is crucified	102
In heaven the	60	Is not e'en death	635
In holy duties	176	Is not thy name	389
In hope against	346	Is here a soul that	516
In hope, believing	455	Is there through	24
In hope of that	647	Israel, a name	527
In life his presence	432	Israel, rejoice	44
In manifested	101	Israel's strength	68
In midst of dangers	51	It is the Lord	440
In prayer my	469	It makes the w.	368
In reason's ear	4	It is finished	89
In riches when	301	It runs divinely	216
In safety lead	546	It sets time past	339
In sight of	41	It stands secure	653
In suffering	386	It sweetly cheers	159
In such society	521	Its fading charms	359
In the fair book	55	Its skies are not	676
In that lone land	275	Jehovah, Father	32
In the last hours	77	Jesus all the day	336
In the rite thou	220	Jesus answer	323
In them thou m.	721	Jesus can make	629
In thine own	505	Jesus, full of	258
In times of danger	720	Jesus, hail! en.	122
In those dark si.	642	Jesus! harmonious	129
In vain we ask	250	Jesus, how glorious	250
In vain our	165	Jesus, I fain	365
In vain the stone	110	Jesus, I hang	376
In vain we tune	130	Jesus is worthy	117
In vain thou	347	Jesus, it owns	337
In Zion God is	190	Jesus, my Lord	229
Increase, O Lord	175	Jesus, my Shep.	368
Infinite joy, or	620	Jesus, my strength	345
Inflame with	75	Jesus, on me	289
Insatiate to this	92	Jesus, once num.	113
Inspired with	5	Jesus, our great	256
Into temptation	608	Jesus protects	591
Into that happy	525		

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Jesus, reveal	230	Lead me to suffer	433
Jesus, seek thy	288	Lead us in all	507
Jesus, that Shep.	285	Lead us to God	146
Jesus, the God	70	Lead us to heaven	146
Jesus, the hin.	313	Leave no unguar.	435
Jesus, the name	128	Leave thy folly	257
Jesus! the name	480	Less than thyself	388
Jesus, the prison.	128	Let all our words	580
Jesus, the Saviour	123	Let all your lamps	703
Jesus, thine all	372	Let all who for	514
Jesus, thine own	409	Let cares like a	673
Jesus, thou Friend	186	Let deep repen.	541
Jesus, thou source	689	Let each retur.	597
Jesus, thy speak.	710	Let earth's allur.	495
Jesus! transpor.	129	Let everlasting	161
Jesus, vouchsafe	623	Let every act	502
Jesus, who died	125	Let every land	530
Jesus, who once	125	Let every kindred	115
Jesus, with us	211	Let Jew and	250
Jerusalem! my	657	Let joy and	3
Join we then	641	Let love in one	560
Joy of the des.	280	Let mountains	434
Joy to the earth!	66	Let music swell	701
Joyful, all ye	64	Let not conscience	260
Judge not the	37	Let not thy justice	326
Just as I am	283	Let others stretch	413
Justly might	325	Let peace within	170
		Let saints below	660
Keep me from sin	583	Let sickness blast	622
Keep our haughty	581	Let sinners, Lord	483
Kind Intercessor	698	Let strangers	191
Kindled his	323	Let that mercy	697
Kings for harps	672	Let the dumb	96
King of glory!	105	Let the envenomed	402
Knowing as I am	677	Let the living	201
Knowledge, alas	398	Let the world	446
		Let them ap.	215
Lame as I am	350	Let these, O God	164
Lay to thy mighty	468	Let this blest hope	598

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Let this my every	559	Lord, free me	234
Let those refuse	551	Lord, give us	448
Let thy kind S.	133	Lord, God of	396
Let thy love	411	Lord, how thy	18
Let us ne'er turn	580	Lord, I am blind	318
Let us still	410	Lord, I am sick	318
Life is the hour	237	Lord, I believe	535
Life, like a foun.	26	Lord, I desire	381
Life's labor done	636	Lord, in the tem.	511
Life's poor dis.	499	Lord, in thy love	172
Lift to the arch	6	Lord, I renounce	305
Lift up th' eter.	192	Lord, it is not	414
Lift up thy	277	Lord, keep us	587
Like the rough sea	240	Lord, let not	242
Linger not—the	662	Lord, let this w.	714
Listen to the	72	Lord, make me	155
Live, till the Lord	514	Lord, may I	518
Lives again our	105	Lord! obediently	552
Lo, glad I come	360	Lord of the nations	699
Lo, he lays his	64	Lord, on thee	505
Lo, his triumphal	114	Lord! on thy cross	96
Lo! such the child	717	Lord, prepare	238
Lo, through the	301	Lord, shall we	465
Lo, thy Sun is	730	Lord, 'tis not	202
Lo! with deep	697	Lord, thy church	185
Lonely I no longer	204	Lord, thy com.	576
Long as our fiery	605	Lord, tune our	671
Long unafflicted	166	Lord, we accept	264
Look, as when	291	Lord, we believe	131
Look how we	130	Lord, we obey	73
Look unto him	480	Lord, what shall	12
Loose all your	114	Loud may the	434
Loosed from my G.	320	Love and grief	517
Lord, and shall	70	Love is the golden	560
Lord, at thy	15	Love to each other	567
Lord, at thy	390	Love to the Sav.	567
Lord, come and	584	Lover of souls	484
Lord, draw	270	Love's redeeming	105
Lord, for thy	5	Low at thy feet	300

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Low at thy feet	495	Must I be carried	452
Lowly in heart	77	My best desires	328
Madness by nature	227	My crimes are	317
Make us into	558	My conscience	91
Man may trouble	446	My days, unclou.	598
Mark but that	631	My dying Saviour	374
May all mankind	63	My Father's house	677
May be by whose	564	My Father!	357
May none who	712	My foe, when hun.	402
May the Gospel's	173	My feet shall trav.	420
May this blest	162	My flesh will slum.	690
May we in faith	188	My flesh would	194
May we this life	572	My God, in Jesus	332
May we with calm	588	My God is recon.	370
Meanwhile our	713	My God will pity	579
Meekness, humility	75	My gracious M.	480
Melt, melt this	140	My heart shall	179
Men of worldly	410	My humble soul	464
Mercy and grace	52	My lifted eye	610
Mercy I ask	314	My life, my	286
Methinks I see	630	My lips with	317
Midst keen	77	My lips shall	23
Might I enjoy	196	My Lord, if indeed	412
Might I enjoy	533	My message as	282
Might I in	288	My native country	701
Might view the L.	101	My one desire	286
Mightiest kings his	728	My prayer hath	349
Millions before	6	My presence heals	294
Millions of sinners	279	My reason tells	295
Millions of souls	222	My Saviour, how	103
Mine the God	204	My Saviour! w.	675
Mine will the	140	My Saviour, by	474
Minutes and mer.	590	My suffering, slain	301
More of thy life	375	My suffering time	363
Mortals, adore	696	My soul breaks	377
Mourning souls	347	My soul lies	316
Mourning souls	493	My soul would rise	3
Much of my time	589	My soul would l.	384
		My soul rejoices	161

INDEX OF STANZAS.

My soul, with such	387	No ravening lion	537
My soul to thee	438	No room for mirth	623
My soul in pleasing	578	No rude alarms	178
My spirit, in thy	578	No slightest touch	670
My struggling	289	No smoking	58
Myself I cannot	438	No sun shall smite	527
My thoughts	13	No taunting foes	528
My thoughts lie	14	Nor angels can	351
My times are in	442	Nor doth it	355
My trespass was	534	Nor earth, nor	419
My vehement soul	378	Nor fear thy s.	528
My willing soul	168	Nor pain, nor grief	640
		Nor prayer is	601
Nature her order	11	Nor scorching sun	44
Nature, in	3	Nor shall thy	154
Nay, but I yield	286	Not all the harps	419
Ne'er think the	436	Not in the name	553
Neither sin, nor	614	Not Sinai's	109
Never let the	419	Not so your dying	241
New time, new	599	Not the fair	195
Night unto night	573	Nothing hath the	683
Nipp'd by the	612	Nothing I ask	314
No anxious doubt	617	Nothing is worth	623
No anger, hence.	618	Nothing on earth	385
No bleeding bird	219	Nothing ye in	261
No cloud those	643	Now bless	212
No chilling winds	636	Now by the pre.	198
No evil tidings	719	Now God invites	275
No gold, nor	79	Now he resides	621
No—let a careless	462	Now is th' ac.	270
No, let me ra.	439	Now, if thy gr.	314
No man can	139	Now incline me	323
No more to sin	597	Now, Jesus, now	399
No more fatigue	178	Now, Lord, if	311
No more the	225	Now, Lord, I	359
No more the sov.	236	Now, Lord, my	322
No more let	66	Now let the world	172
No need of the s.	659	Now let me gain	399
No profit canst	42	Now rest, my	367

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Now shall my h.	199	O happy, happy	638
Now, sinners	73	O happy servant	703
Now to the Lord	120	O how benevolent	78
Now, therefore	198	O how shall words	36
Now to you	204	O Jesus, appear	555
Now the full	17	O Jesus, could	308
Now we are	714	O Jesus, if this	625
Now we are	226	O lead me to	445
Now with the	43	O let me hear	538
Now, ye saints	111	O let me kiss	104
Numbered among	627	O let me then	476
		O let my soul	596
O believe the	276	O let them still	127
O bid this trifling	169	O let the same	586
O cease my wand.	189	O let these earth.	172
O come and reign	727	O let thy grace	599
O could I loose	464	O let thy love	104
O could we make	655	O let us find	548
O do not suffer	547	O let us stir	514
O do thou always	468	O let thy orient	572
O fill thou every	141	O let thy sacred	385
O for a lowly	396	O like the sun	576
O for a trumpet	129	O long expected	178
O for the death	634	O Lord, increase	443
O for the living	481	O Lord, my God	585
O for that summit	618	O make this heart	328
O for those humble	292	O may his	81
O for this love	87	O may I bear	17
O for thy truth	725	O may I reach	542
O God, how excel.	26	O may I feel	302
O God, let all	573	O may I still	415
O God, mine	254	O may my heart	541
O God, our	54	O may my soul	157
O God our King	196	O may no gloom	572
O God, thou art	470	O may our more	707
O glorious hour	690	O may our t.	176
O grant that noth.	386	O may the heav.	663
O guard our shores	699	O may the s.	136
O happy bond	367	O may the uncor.	354

INDEX OF STANZAS.

O may these	13	O thou that every	299
O may these	160	O thou, the true	10
O may thy con.	163	O thou that w.	619
O may thy love	316	O thou who givest	717
O may thy Son	574	O thou who seest	309
O may we all	416	O tune our	224
O may we feel	560	O turn us	695
O may we thus	682	O 'twas a most	131
O may we tread	668	O unexampled	129
O mighty God	431	O what are all	647
O remember me	288	O what a blessed	652
O Saviour let	246	O what hath Jesus	647
O spare us, Lord	298	O what a pure	212
O spread thy	43	O watch, and	436
O shine on this	293	O wash my soul	317
O sleep not thou	462	O warm my heart	171
O teach me well	417	O when thou city	557
O that I could	314	O while I breathe	324
O that I could	448	O wondrous k.	14
O that I now	405	O would he more	652
O that I now	371	O would my Lord	629
O that each in	709	O wretched state	689
O that in me	372	O write upon	180
O that it now	372	O ye banished	552
O that the per.	373	O yes, there is	302
O that I might	380	Obedient faith	346
O that my heart	451	O'er the blue	65
O that without a	627	Of all thy heart's	637
O that with yonder	115	Of all thou hast	478
O that the souls	211	Of him then let	568
O that the world	128	Of his deliv.	56
O the rapturous	336	Oft did I with	466
O the rich	539	Oft have our fa.	190
O! the sweet	97	Oft I feel	362
O the transporting	656	Oh! change these	150
O then our m.	485	Oh! come and	268
O thou eternal	724	Oh! hadst thou	166
O thou by whom	601	Oh! Jesus, come	381
O thou dear	90	Oh! keep me in	443

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Oh! lovely attitude	269	Our days are	22
Oh! on that day	688	Our dearest joy	246
Oh! shall not	223	Our eyes have	651
Oh! make but	56	Our Father's wat.	187
Oh! may I never	393	Our fathers' God	701
Oh! shed abroad	151	Our glad hosanna	59
Oh! that I	233	Our glorious	664
Oh! to grace	392	Our heavenly F.	135
Oh! what mer.	361	Our hearts exult	723
Oh! when my	677	Our labors done	644
Oh! who could	312	Our life con.	540
Oh! wisdom	76	Our life, while	51
Oh! wondrous	333	Our life, as a d.	709
On every hill	10	Our lives through	19
On him the s.	59	Our lips and	708
On his shoulder	62	Our mourning is	659
On me thy	9	Our numerous	156
On Tabor thus	80	Our raging pas.	162
On thee we cast	50	Our residue of	703
On thee alone	539	Our souls and	409
On the Rock of	185	Our souls and	561
On the wings	336	Our times, our	713
On thy redeeming	561	Our wasting lives	620
On thy support	45	Our vows, our	43
Once more our	205	Or worn by slowly	622
Once they were	664	Other knowledge	343
Once we were	494	Other refuge	424
Once with Adam's	361	Pardon and peace	222
One army of	660	Part of thy	17
One blessing, Lord	199	Patient the ap.	512
One day amidst	168	Patience to watch	602
One family we	660	Peace on earth	72
One God—enlight.	10	Peace be within	193
Open my faith's	399	People and realms	126
Open now the	428	Permit them to	213
Open their eyes	265	Perhaps he will	266
Oppressed with	264	Perpetual blessings	593
Our beauty and	227	Pity and heal	334
Our brother the	624		

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Pleased with the	351	Reflect! thou	249
Plenteous grace	424	Regard me	309
Poor and afflicted	425	Regard our	510
Poor, sinful	279	Reign in me	375
Pour out the	725	Rejoice in glorious	123
Praise God	571	Rejoicing now	380
Praise him, ye	111	Rejoicing in hope	555
Praise the Lord	491	Religion should	541
Prayer is the bur.	601	Remember	223
Prayer is the sim.	601	Remember	218
Prayer is the ch.	601	Remove this	371
Prayer is the con.	601	Repeated cri.	121
Prayer makes	606	Rest for my soul	330
Prepare us, Lord	663	Rests secure	683
Present, we know	553	Resting in this	683
Preserve me	583	Restored by recon.	332
Preserve us	580	Restraining prayer	606
Preserved by	586	Return, O holy	460
Princes to his	120	Return, O wan.	273
Princes, this clay	628	Revive our d.	138
Pris'ner of hope	332	Rise from these	217
Pris'ners of hope	577	Rise, Lord	469
Prisoner, long	648	Rise, touched	269
Proceed in your	537	Rivers of life	329
Protect us	513	Rivers of love	259
Prostrate before	301	Rivers to the	679
		Rock of ages	429
Quick as their	366	Room in the s.	268
		Round the altar	672
Raised by his	109	Safety thy pres.	513
Raised by the	572	Sages! leave	67
Ready the Father	262	Saints and angels	260
Ready the Spirit	262	Saints! before	67
Ready for you	262	Saints below	488
Reason I hear	295	Salvation! let	502
Rebuke our	548	Salvation! O	503
Redeem'd from	638	Satan in strong	230
Redeemer! grant	718	Save us from	410
Refining fire	372		

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Save us in the	410	Shall I, amidst	303
Saved from the	100	Shall I be mute	2
Saviour, accept	645	Shall love like	324
Saviour and	290	Shall I, to soothe	210
Saviour and	291	Shall we, whose	722
Saviour, from sin	373	She pleads for	228
Saviour, I thank	377	Shepherds! in	67
Saviour, lead	149	Shine to his	522
Saviour, look	548	Short is the pass.	661
Saviour of souls	304	Should all the f.	165
Saviour, to me	292	Should all my	536
Saviour, where'er	423	Should earth	527
Say, "Live for ev.	108	Should earth	673
Scatter the last	375	Should I from	391
Scatter'd the sha.	494	Should persecution	426
Searcher of hearts	313	Should swift d.	595
Search us, O God	24	Shout, all the peo.	685
Seasons, and mon.	707	Shout to the Lord	522
Seal my forgive.	598	Shout, ye bright	361
See all your sins	480	Show me my s.	597
See from his head	84	Show me my w.	597
See him set forth	282	Show me the na.	284
See his mighty	238	Show my forget.	466
See from the Rock	261	Show us some	188
See! low before	293	Show me the	338
See me, Saviour	291	Sinai in clouds	27
See on the m.	209	Since 'tis thy	337
See the fair way	537	Since thou wouldst	373
See the Lord	614	Since vain all	618
See the Judge	693	Sing, thou eter.	73
See the storm	255	Sing of his	482
See the stars	684	Sing on your	482
See there! his	90	Sing praises to	30
See where it	542	Sing, till we	482
Selfish pursuits	320	Sing to the Lord	501
Sent by my	282	Sing we then	562
Servants of God	492	Sins of omission	298
Shake off the b.	197	Sinner! Oh! lift	244
Shake off the d.	197	Sinners, his life	267

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Sinners, turn	229	Speak, gracious L.	307
Sinners! wrung	67	Speak to my con.	597
Sleep, sleep, for	182	Speak with that	516
Smile on my	586	Spirit of faith	174
Smile on my	579	Spirit of grace	170
Soar we now	105	Spirit of life	148
So Abra'm by	341	Spread through	726
So blooms the hu.	622	Stand up and	481
So fades a summer	636	Stand then in	435
So, gracious Sav.	118	Still art thou	277
So Jesus rose	565	Still heavy	42
So Jesus slept	640	Still let him	365
So let thy grace	14	Still let it on	508
So may our g.	76	Still let thy love	386
So may the words	164	Still let them	471
Songs of praise	488	Still let thy tears	103
So on a tree	228	Still let us own	558
So shall my	460	Still my feet	582
So shall that	681	Still sure to me	331
So shall thy	533	Strangers and	512
So, when on Z.	403	Strangers and	513
So, whene'er	543	Stronger than d.	358
Some never raise	179	Strive we, in	562
Soon as from	619	Struggle through	639
Soon as the even.	4	Subdue in us	548
Soon as the morn.	469	Subdue the power	143
Soon as we draw	229	Subject to wants	34
Soon, borne on	275	Such are thy	39
Soon for us	594	Such is the chris.	631
Soon shall I pass	362	Such was thy	79
Soon shall our	482	Sun and moon	684
Soon shall we	482	Sun, moon and	526
Soon the delight.	498	Sun, moon and	154
Soon, too, my	691	Supported by	132
Soon will our	719	Sure as thy	186
Soon will the toil.	451	Sure I must fight	452
Soul, then, know	446	Sure never to	91
Souls benighted	278	Sure there was	295
Source of sweetest	152	Surely thou canst	308

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Sweet fields be.	655	The atonement	374
Sweet is the day	179	The blessings	463
Sweet to look back	678	The blessings of	577
Sweet to look in.	678	The bounties	41
Sweet to reflect	678	The breezes waft	565
Sweet truth	476	The brightest	246
Sweet was his ser.	301	The busy tribes	54
Swift as the eagle	431	The church's loss	621
Swift through	60	The church tri.	489
Swift to my	566	The conscience	252
		The consecrated	453
Take my poor h.	319	The counsel of	373
Take the dear	570	The counsels	356
Take up thy cross	281	The covenant we	563
Teach all the	208	The day glides	366
Teach me to live	596	The dazzling sun	658
Teach me to trust	417	The dear tokens	686
Teach us, in w.	727	The dearest gift	718
Teach us to live	611	The dearest idol	460
Teach us to pray	483	The deepest	21
Tell me not of	204	The dust returns	248
Ten thousand w.	304	The dying thief	95
Ten thousand to	660	The everlasting	706
Thanks we give	543	The Father hears	370
That bears unmov.	448	The Father, Son	262
That blessed	421	The Father, Son	563
That bless'd mo.	361	The fearful soul	242
That blood which	510	The feeling heart	188
That comfort	336	The flowery spring	707
That glorious	221	The fondness of	246
That great mys.	454	The friends who	312
That I thy mercy	405	The gift unspeak.	63
That moment	287	The gift unspeak.	310
That mount, how	80	The gift which	545
That path with	385	The gladness	502
That rich aton.	611	The glorious	379
That to perfec.	136	The glory of	207
That thou canst	329	The God that	551
That will not	448	The God we	191

INDEX OF STANZAS.

The godly fear	271	The pains, the g.	629
The goodly	669	The peace which	332
The Gospel trum.	256	The power, the	472
The Gospel was	621	The powers of na.	637
The graves of	643	The promised l.	379
The guiltless	271	The publican	272
The happy gates	259	The ravens claim	38
The hardness of	484	The rising God	108
The heavenly babe	61	The rising sun	1
The highest	116	The rocks can	327
The hill of Zion	551	The rocks could	90
The holy, meek	535	The rolling sun	154
The holy to	489	The rougher our	427
The Jews beheld	93	The sacred year	59
The joy of all	116	The saints in his	659
The joyous hills	65	The saints in	601
The King himself	168	The saints, which	110
The King of na.	508	The scourge	96
The lids he so sel.	626	The sense of thy	388
The lion roar.	546	The shepherd	285
The lofty hills	8	The sighing ones	451
The lofty hills	400	The smilings	419
The Lord beheld	475	The Son of God	82
The Lord is risen	107	The soul that	430
The Lord makes	206	The soul that	263
The Lord pours	504	The Spirit of inter.	605
The Lord shall	207	The Spirit takes	352
The Lord shall	687	The storm is	51
The Lord, who	38	The Sun of ri.	183
The Lord your G.	207	The sword, the	527
The men of g.	551	The thing sur.	346
The men who	30	The things eternal	395
The moon's sup.	33	The things unk.	342
The more I strove	360	The threat'nings	88
The mountains	245	The thunder of	689
The names of all	118	The trouble con.	134
The opening h.	384	The trump shall	642
The order of	191	The trumpet giv.	462
The pain of life	509	The types and	100

INDEX OF STANZAS.

The unwearied sun	4	Then let our hum.	119
The vaulted hea.	400	Then let our hearts	158
The veil is rent	100	Then let our songs	551
The volume of	163	Then let our sor.	635
The want of s.	341	Then let the	643
The watchmen	206	Then let us make	557
The way the holy	360	Then let us sit	192
The well of life	525	Then let us wait	706
The whole cre.	117	Then love's soft	644
The word to us	137	Then, Saviour	254
The world and	393	Then see my	680
The world cannot	306	Then shall I be	583
The world he suf.	532	Then shall I see	179
The world recedes	646	Then shall my	321
The world reject.	382	Then shall our	531
The year rolls	620	Then shall the L.	30
The young remem.	604	Then shall the	324
Thee all the ch.	520	Then shall thy	463
Thee in thy glo.	489	Then shall wars	728
Thee, only thee	318	Then should insul.	695
Thee we expect	554	Then should mine	394
Thee while the	12	Then sorrow	312
Their bodies in	634	Then take your	107
Their malice	81	Then to the shi.	671
Their mis'ries	81	Then to thy court	169
Their names are	651	Then what my	237
Their ransomed	634	Then, when the	549
Their steadfast	44	Then will I daily	578
Their toils are past	635	Then will I teach	316
Their tongues	649	Then will I tell	360
Then do not seek	38	Then with our	143
Then dig about	710	Thence he arose	643
Then for me	323	There all our	670
Then from the	731	There all the fol.	667
Then hallelujah	499	There all the ship's	624
Then in a nobler	95	There are crowns	662
Then let me	362	There by his F.	217
Then let me on	605	There everlasting	655
Then let my s.	459	There faith lifts	666

There fragrant f.	666	These are the men	519
There garlands	537	These ashes, too	644
There generous f.	656	These lively hopes	645
There happier	657	These through fi.	654
There I shall	673	These to thee	487
There is a death	306	These walls we	187
There is a home	666	They die in Jesus	649
There is a line	252	They marked the	664
There is a place	437	They scorn to seek	366
There is a scene	437	They see the Sav.	668
There is a stream	434	They suffer with	116
There is a world	632	They tell the	127
There is my house	395	They were mortal	672
There Jesus bids	167	They wound his	93
There let us all	508	Th' eternal God	241
There, loving all	104	Th' o'erwhelming	271
There, low before	667	Thine earthly sab.	178
There, on those h.	656	Thine eye beholds	29
There pardon	526	Thine image, Lord	611
There safe thou	189	Thine inward	145
There shall I offer	199	Thine, wholly	609
There shall I wear	459	Think of thy	326
There shall my	691	This awful God	551
There shall the	671	This can my	357
There shed thy	354	This day God	590
There sweeps no.	676	This day will	584
There, there, on	437	This done, my	232
There, there, un.	338	This empty tomb	113
There we shall br.	175	This eucharistic	219
There we shall see	551	This glorious	550
There what	167	This happiness	395
There, when the	644	This house with	483
There, with	481	This infant we	214
There, with united	267	This is the pond	558
There's a delight.	661	This is the dear	404
There's not a p.	18	This is the field	163
There's not a sin	15	This is the grace	398
These and every	297	This is the judge	163
These are the joys	437	This is the time	282

INDEX OF STANZAS.

This is the univer.	276	Thou know'st	389
This is the way	360	Thou, Lord, the	403
This is thy will	290	Thou nail'st to	16
This lamp, thr.	159	Thou, O Christ	424
This life's a	690	Thou, O my God	478
This only	322	Thou our faithful	220
This precious	27	Thou restless g.	522
This sacred	434	Thou see'st their	546
This sole occasion	713	Thou spread'st	575
This will proclaim	402	Thou sun of r.	570
Thither our faith	704	Though billows	432
Those are the h.	719	Though dark	456
Those characters	118	Though dead	518
Those joys which	205	Though destruc.	595
Those mighty orbs	17	Though distresses	449
Those, too, who	34	Though high	481
Thou all our works	52	Though I have	316
Thou art a God	574	Though I have m.	322
Thou art as ready	476	Though I have s.	322
Thou art my	420	Though in the dust	113
Thou art the	144	Though in the	40
Thou art the sea	419	Though justice	698
Thou awful Judge	692	Though late	286
Thou call'st me	559	Though many	441
Thou canst, thou	378	Though nature's	669
Thou didst hear	582	Though now un.	441
Thou dying Lamb	95	Though num.	362
Thou every where	42	Though on our	148
Thou givest	445	Though our sins	697
Thou God of hope	394	Though raised to	118
Thou great and g.	391	Though ten thou.	449
Thou great tre.	284	Though the night	595
Thou hast in	311	Though thickest	432
Thou hast kept	582	Thrice blessed	454
Thou hast re.	120	Thrice comfort.	471
Thou hear'st me	378	Thrice happy	47
Thou holy God	21	Through all	36
Thou know'st	23	Through all the	593
Thou know'st for	346	Through Christ	93

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Through grace	490	Thy favor all	439
Through each	43	Thy flesh, perhaps	249
Through hidden	36	Thy gifts, alas	377
Through many	364	Thy glorious eye	408
Through thee	512	Thy glory beams	8
Through tribu.	668	Thy glory be our	570
Through waves	42	Thy goodness	16
Throughout the	16	Thy grace still	369
Thunder and hail	522	Thy hand in au.	707
Thus as the m.	564	Thy holy law	513
Thus cheer us	49	Thy judgments	327
Thus Gabriel sung	70	Thy love the pow.	610
Thus, Lord, while	183	Thy mercy never	23
Thus might I	86	Thy name to me	371
Thus, oh! thus	411	Thy name we bless	702
Thus on the hea.	556	Thy nature	421
Thus spoke the	61	Thy noblest won.	154
Thus star by	632	Thy pardoning	473
Thus through life's	339	Thy power and	134
Thus, till my last	381	Thy power is in	20
Thus to the Lord	477	Thy presence, L.	538
Thus, when life's	616	Thy presence, L.	724
Thus, when the	589	Thy promise is	333
Thus while his	91	Thy ransomed	397
Thus, while the	522	Thy risen Lord	113
Thus, with my	592	Thy saints are	328
Thy all-surround.	14	Thy saints in all	452
Thy angels shall	588	Thy shining grace	419
Thy arm, Lord	509	Thy sovereign g.	534
Thy blood can	321	Thy Spirit wit.	137
Thy body, broken	218	Thy suffering Lord	224
Thy bounty	526	Thy throne eter.	19
Thy chosen tem.	170	Thy undisting.	532
Thy condescend.	390	Thy voice sent	5
Thy counsels	157	Thy ways are	357
Thy counsels, Lord	53	Thy word is	158
Thy everlasting	42	Time, like an	54
Thy face with	721	Till at thy com.	332
Thy faith is	426	Till death shall	387

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Till he convey	63	To-day a pard.	247
Till Jesus in the	708	To-day attend	35
Till that illus.	649	To-day he rose	177
Till then I	368	To do his heav.	78
Till thou thy	605	To each the	563
'Tis but in part	48	To earth the g.	267
'Tis by thy death	88	To final good	618
'Tis done, the	85	To God he left	77
'Tis done, the great	367	To God the Father	572
'Tis faith that	340	To hail thy ri.	71
'Tis faith that c.	340	To happier days	463
'Tis finished	99	To hear the sor.	327
'Tis finished, all	100	To him it leads	337
'Tis God's all	457	To him that in	342
'Tis he, my soul	530	To him shall	126
'Tis he supports	573	To Jesus' name	514
'Tis he that	132	To keep the	224
'Tis Jesus, the	506	To mine illum.	145
'Tis Love! 'tis I.	349	To-morrow will	182
'Tis love that	398	To others let me	402
'Tis midnight	83	To our benighted	148
'Tis no surprising	355	To pass that	252
'Tis ours the	49	To please thee	467
'Tis prayer sup.	600	To pray and wait	682
'Tis said the k.	674	To purest joys	524
'Tis thee I love	92	To shame our	92
'Tis there with	383	To spread the	77
'Tis thine a heart	307	To take a glim.	497
'Tis thine out.	39	To thee and	419
'Tis thine the	150	To thee I owe	413
'Tis thine to	138	To thee I tell	447
'Tis thine to s.	143	To thee, insep.	558
'Tis this that	568	To thee let all	725
'Tis thus the	458	To thee my last	315
'Tis well when	407	To thee, my Sav.	419
To all my weak	36	To thee our hum.	342
To chase the sha.	150	To thee our p.	195
To Christ	287	To thee supreme	10
To damp our earth	682	To thee supremely	570

INDEX OF STANZAS.

To thee the glory	346	Up to the hills	574
To them the c.	116	Uphold me, Sav.	365
To this dear re.	29	Upon my head	470
To this, this only	331	Upon us lay thy	577
To us the light	146	Us into closest	548
To us the prom.	71	Us into thy pro.	547
'To us the sacred	486		
To you, in David's	61	Vain are our fan.	340
Too long, my S.	321	Vain the stone	105
Together in his	236	Veiled in flesh	64
Together let	547	Vessels of mercy	197
Toil, trial, suf.	499	Vilest of the	325
Touched with a	119		
Touch me, and m.	615	Waft, waft, ye	722
Tremble our h.	508	Wake and lift	571
Tremendous jud.	695	Wake from sleep	251
True, 'tis a strai.	431	Waken, O Lord	620
Truly blessed	517	Walk with me	627
Trust in the Lord	192	Waiting to receive	639
Try me till no.	450	Wash it from	214
Tune your harps	89	Wash me, and	274
Turn, and your	265	Wash out its	423
Turn back our	525	Was it for crimes	86
Turn, Christian	651	Watch!--'tis your	703
Turn, guilty sin.	243	Watchman, tell	729
Turn, mortal, turn	651	We all partake	545
'Twas a heaven	336	We are his people	479
'Twas grace that	364	We are traveling	552
'Twas He that	285	We ask not for	214
'Twas mercy fil.	73	We ask for wis.	604
'Twas not their	700	We ask not gol.	604
'Twas so with us	568	We ask not hon.	604
'Twas through	578	We bow before	516
		We bring the trib.	187
Unchangeable	28	We bring them	213
Under the sha.	54	We can, O Jesus	705
Unwearied may	386	We come, great G.	508
Up into thee	549	We come to hear	483
Up to her courts	193	We for his sake	514

INDEX OF STANZAS.

We, for whose s.	465	What less than	133
We, for whom God	465	What object, Lord	263
We lay our gar.	587	What peaceful h.	460
We laugh to scorn	547	What shall I say	334
We look with h.	568	What then is he	210
We never will	563	What though a	47
We now thy p.	211	What though in	4
We perish if	602	What though my	348
We praise thee	702	What though it	166
We share our	550	What though the	722
We soon shall	525	What though thou	42
We too with him	219	What, to be ban.	689
We will not bring	182	What transports	69
We will not close	705	What troubles	537
We who in Christ	358	What we have	358
We would no	355	Whate'er consists	388
Weak as you	441	Whate'er in me	345
Weak is the	368	Whate'er pursuits	408
Welcome all by	493	Whate'er thy	357
We'll crowd thy	479	When age advan.	603
We'll talk of all	564	When bound with	603
Well might the	86	When by the	51
Well pleased the	351	When called by	426
We've no abiding	512	When death at	426
Were half the	606	When dire temp.	603
Were I in heav.	53	When early morn.	585
Were I possessor	413	When earthly joys	603
Were the black	300	When every earth.	243
Were the whole	84	When evening sl.	578
Were universal	125	When flames	603
What are the	166	When from its	198
What are our	319	When from the c.	340
What did thy only	308	When from the	535
What crowds of	232	When gladness	610
What empty	413	When God is mine	376
What fullness of	625	When God would	618
What have I done	593	When harassed	603
What if the sp.	53	When here thy	198
What is it keeps	313	When I attempt	234

INDEX OF STANZAS.

When I review	233	Whene'er the an.	78
When I touch	411	Whene'er the man	230
When I tread	428	Where am I	467
When in the slip.	36	Where am I	470
When in the sultry	40	Where are the h.	461
When in the form	81	Where is the bless.	460
When Jesus m.	404	Where is thy y.	461
When Justice b.	710	Where pure essen.	509
When kings ag.	190	Where the in.	147
When mid-day's	585	Where'er ascends	31
When nature	36	Where'er his hand	723
When o'er thy	637	Where'er I turn	9
When our work	581	Where'er we go	24
When pain o'er	403	While all my old	303
When pleasure	417	While all the	4
When rising floods	423	While angels	120
When shall I	656	While at thy cross	335
When shall m.	330	While flesh and	226
When shall these	657	While God invites	275
When shriv'ling	688	While grace is of.	274
When sleep	586	While guilt dis.	229
When some kind	133	While he affords	41
When sorrows	23	While his gr.	45
When that happy	675	While I draw	98
When that illus.	452	While I am a pil.	617
When the tem.	231	While in this re.	385
When thou ari.	42	While many spen.	586
When thou, O L.	680	While scarce I	433
When through fi.	430	While seraphs	125
When through the	430	While sinners	687
When to the cross	218	While some have	584
When to the r.	549	While these my	536
When to the r.	365	While thou my	356
When to the th.	234	While through	145
When trouble	362	While we have	540
When troubles rise	199	While we seek	173
When we asunder	550	While yet in	223
When we have	513	Whilst here our	511
When wrestling	315	Whilst I feel	414

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Whither, ah!	495	With joy like	106
Whither, O	401	With joy the c.	60
Who can resolve	619	With joy the F.	352
Who conquer	458	With joy thy	191
Who ever will	279	With joy we	215
Who his coming	238	With me I know	379
Who is like God	492	With my burden	617
Who suffer with	454	With names of v.	228
Who thee beneath	265	With outstretched	198
Who thus our	219	With pitying eye	87
Who were these	672	With raptures	48
Who, who, my S.	103	With sacred awe	21
Who would not	631	With saints en.	638
Whom man forsa.	318	With simple faith	307
Whom now we	554	With thee and	485
Whom thou dost	588	With thee conver.	559
Why should I sh.	657	With thee let	49
Why should I sh.	439	With thee, in the	80
Why should I com.	456	With this cold	354
Why should we	55	With us thou art	554
Why then, thou	532	With what dif.	684
Why will you in	240	Within these hal.	714
Why will you m.	243	Within these walls	188
Why will ye ch.	241	Within thy cir.	13
Wide as the world	479	Within thy pres.	445
Wide as the reach	274	Witness, all ye	361
Wide it unveils	338	Witnesses that C.	562
Will he forsake	101	Wonderful in	62
Wilt from the	292	Worship, honor	122
Wilt thou defy	244	Worthy the Lamb	499
Wilt thou not	247	Worthy the Lamb	117
Wisdom and mer.	439	Would not my	389
Wisdom divine	524		
Wisdom its dic.	162	Ye chosen seed	115
With fainting h.	391	Ye curious minds	1
With fraudless	403	Ye fair enchant.	302
With gods for	10	Ye fearful saints	37
With grateful joy	203	Ye gentile sin.	115
With joy, great	176	Ye sinners, come	257

INDEX OF STANZAS.

Ye sinners, seek	681	Yet, Lord, for us	561
Ye slaves of sin	256	Yet, Lord, where.	203
Ye tempting	302	Yet not thus life.	644
Ye tenants	496	Yet oh, the chief	322
Ye that have	706	Yet save a trem.	317
Ye who are	112	Yet sovereign m.	473
Ye who have	256	Yet still a high	221
Ye who see the	493	Yet still our	80
Yea, amen, let	686	Yet still thy name	463
Yea, and before	551	Yet the conquerors	672
Yea, at the last	417	Yet these new	622
Yea, let men	210	Yet though for	125
Yes, every secret	692	Yet with this	593
Yes, let it go	304	Yon shining orbs	11
Yes, the prize	684	You in his wisdom	46
Yes, thou art	369	You that mourn	278
Yes, though of	359	You that oft	278
Yet are his house	222	Your lofty themes	500
Yet could I hear	299	Your sacred hairs	38
Yet didst not	76	Your way is dark	240
Yet, gracious God	447		
Yet Jesus, Jesus	296	Zion enjoys her	434
Yet, looking d.	294		

INDEX TO TUNES, •

INDICATING THE BOOK AND PAGE WHERE FOUND.

TUNE.	NAME OF BOOK.	PAGE.
Accomac.....	David's Harp.....	52
Albany.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	157
Albion.....	Carmina.....	108
Alexandria.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	63
Alfreton.....	New Lute of Zion.....	57
Alma.....	Carmina Sacra.....	379
Alway.....	New Lute.....	37
Ames.....	Carmina.....	80
Amsterdam.....	".....	226
Anthem.....	<i>Vital Spark</i>	
Antioch.....	Carmina.....	116
Aravesta.....	New Lute.....	170
Ariel.....	Carmina.....	176
Arlington.....	".....	97
Arundel.....	".....	112
Asbury.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	68
Ashford.....	Carmina.....	61
Ashwell.....	".....	55
Asylum.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	281
Auburn.....	" ".....	260
Avon.....	New Lute.....	107
Aylesbury.....	" ".....	143
Azmon.....	" ".....	117
Baid.....	Carmina.....	159
Balerna.....	New Lute.....	81
Bancoke.....	" ".....	127
Bangor.....	" ".....	120
Barba.....	" ".....	353
Bavaria.....	" ".....	188

INDEX TO TUNES.

Bath Chapel.....	David's Harp.....	19
Benevento.....	New Lute.....	178
Bently.....	Carmina.....	205
Bether.....	New Lute.....	175
Boston.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	213
Boylston.....	New Lute.....	143
Brattle Street.....	“ “.....	95
Brewer.....	“ “.....	47
Brest.....	Carmina.....	214
Bridgewater.....	New Lute.....	42
Brighton.....	“ “.....	152
Broomsgrove.....	“ “.....	124
Burnham.....	“ “.....	163
Cambridge.....	“ “.....	91
Chester.....	“ “.....	102
Chimes.....	Carmina.....	88
China.....	New Lute.....	83
Chopin.....	“ “.....	124
Clarendon.....	“ “.....	123
Clark.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	149
Coleshill.....	“ “.....	66
Come ye disconsol....	New Lute.....	229
Conway ..	“ “.....	94
Cookham ..	M. E. Harmonist.....	209
Cooper.....	Keystone.....	191
Coronation.....	New Lute.....	112
Coventry.....	“ “.....	85
Cranbrook.....	“ “.....	144
Dallas.....	Carmina.....	194
Devises.....	New Lute.....	97
Defleury.....	“ “.....	198
Dikeman.....	“ “.....	132
Disciple.....	“ “.....	336
Dort.....	Carmina.....	221
Dover.....	New Lute.....	137
Dundee.....	“ “.....	122
Duke Street.....	“ “.....	51
Ebor.....	“ “.....	209
Edinboro.....	“ “.....	135

INDEX TO TUNES.

Edgeware	M. E. Harmonist.....	43
Effingham	Carmina	47
Elon	“	131
Eltham	“	196
Eve	New Lute.....	171
Fenburn.....	“ “	147
Fenwick.....	Carmina	212
Fernhill	New Lute.....	178
Forrest	“ “	47
Fountain.....	“ “	79
Franklin Square.....	“ “	141
Gainsboro'	M. E. Harmonist.....	7
Gardner.....	New Lute.....	141
Geneva	“ “	101
Girar.....	Carmina	167
Give	New Lute.....	97
Goldenhill.....	Carmina	167
Gorham	M. E. Harmonist.....	193
Guardian	Dyer's Selection.....	157
Haddam.....	Carmina	182
Hamden	“	217
Hamilton	M. E. Harmonist.....	80
Hantz	New Lute.....	148
Harmony Grove.....	Carmina	63
Heard	Keystone	130
Heber	New Lute.....	89
Hebron	“ “	53
Hedding.....	“ “	330
Hendon.....	“ “	170
Henry.....	Boston Academy.....	116
Hermon	Carmina	139
Hingham	“	75
Hinton.....	New Lute.....	220
Hollman	Keystone	106
Hotham	M. E. Harmonist.....	223
Hope	“ “	139
Horton	Carmina	198
Howard	“	102
Iddo	“	110

INDEX TO TUNES.

Irish.....	David's Harp.....	16
Islington.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	78
Job	“ “	103
John's Street.....	“ “	310
Judah.....	New Lute.....	34
Kentucky.....	“ “	127
Kingsbridge.....	“ “	43
Kozeluck	Carmina	197
Laban.....	New Lute.....	130
Lanesboro'	“ “	233
Lanesville	Keystone	98
Liberty	M. E. Harmonist.....	146
Lime House.....	“ “	116
Lisbon	Carmina	170
Lischer	“	186
Litchfield.....	“	136
Love Divine	M. E. Harmonist.....	249
Lowell	Carmina	58
Luton	New Lute.....	61
Luther's.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	147
Lyons	“ “	289
Magdala.....	New Lute.....	128
Margate.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	132
Martyrdom	New Lute.....	107
McKendree.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	246
Mear.....	New Lute.....	123
Meet again	“ “	329
Melbourn	“ “	112
Mendebrass	Carmina	224
Mendom.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	279
Mendon	Carmina	39
Meribah.....	“	173
Migdol.....	“	63
Missionary	“	222
Mount Pleasant.....	New Lute.....	108
Naomi	Carmina	89
Nehemiah	Nehemiah	22
New Court.....	Carmina	172
Newry.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	88

INDEX TO TUNES.

New Sabbath.....	New Lute.....	53
Northfield	“ “	104
Norwich.....	“ “	168
Old Hundred.....	“ “	23
Oldham.....	David's Harp.....	9
Oliphant.....	Carmina	219
Olivet	New Lute.....	30
Olmutz	“ “	131
Olney	Carmina	163
Orford.....	“	56
Orland.....	New Lute.....	37
Ortonville	“ “	78
Osgood	Carmina	217
Otto	“	212
Oxford.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	123
Ozrem	New Lute.....	133
Palestine.....	New Lute.....	154
Palustrina.....	“ “	154
Paradise, L. M.....	“ “	35
Paradise, C. M.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	40
Park Street.....	New Lute.....	44
Parma	“ “	354
Parvus.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	74
Peace.....	New Lute.....	134
Peaceful Rest	Carmina	225
Penitence.....	New Lute.....	204
Peterboro'	“ “	106
Petersfield.....	“ “	176
Piety	M. E. Harmonist.....	56
Pierce.....	New Lute.....	198
Pleyel.....	“ “	168
Plymouth Dock.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	148
Portsmouth.....	“ “	185
Portugal	New Lute.....	39
Portland.....	“ “	199
Quito.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	49
Rest	New Lute.....	52
Rétreat	“ “	24
Rochester.....	“ “	101

INDEX TO TUNES.

Rockingham.....	Carmina	43
Rosefield	“	195
Rothwell.....	“	69
Rowley	“	207
Russia.....	“	359
Saboath.....	David's Harp	177
Sabbath Morning.....	New Lute.....	108
Sark.....	David's Harp	83
Savannah	New Lute.....	356
Sessions	“ “	60
Shields	“ “	360
Shirland	“ “	147
Shoel.....	“ “	52
Sicilian.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	210
Siloam.....	New Lute.....	99
Silver Street.....	“ “	142
Sincerity	David's Harp.....	82
Somervale.....	New Lute.....	223
Spilsby	M. E. Harmonist.....	125
Sprague.....	Keystone	143
Stonefield.....	New Lute.....	63
Sterling	“ “	35
Stockwell.....	Carmina	377
St. George.....	David's Harp	24
St. John's.....	Carmina	122
St. Martin's	“	98
St. Olives.....	New Lute.....	76
St. Thomas	“ “	145
Suffolk	Meth. Harmonist	24
Sure Retreat.....	(Music Sheet)	
Swanwick	New Lute.....	113
Talmar	“ “	195
Tenham	Meth. Harmonist	301
Tice.....	New Lute.....	128
Unam	Carmina	216
Underwood	“	373
Uxbridge	“	82
Vesper.....	“	118
Virginia.....	M. E. Harmonist.	69

INDEX TO TUNES.

Walsal.....	New Lute.....	74
Warwick	“ “	95
Wareham.....	Carmina	125
Ward	New Lute.....	58
Watchman	“ “	135
Watchman, tell us...	Carmina	287
Wells	“	60
Welton	“	47
Wesley	“	23
Wilmington	“	90
Wilmot, 7s.....	M. E. Harmonist.....	210
Wilmot, 8s & 7s.....	Carmina	205
Winter	“	132
Winchester	“	38
Woodstock.....	New Lute.....	78
Woodland	M. E. Harmonist.....	13
Zanesville	Carmina	94
Zebulon	“	189
Zerah	“	90
Zion	“	214

INDEX

TO

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The Figures refer to the No. of the Hymns.

A home in heaven! what a joyful thought...	67
A poor wayfaring man of grief	50
All that I was, my sin, my guilt.....	30
An alien from God and a stranger to grace.	51
Attend, ye saints, and hear me tell.....	27
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound.....	11
Brethren, hear the martial sound.....	58
Brethren, while we sojourn here	40
Child of sin and sorrow.....	2
Dark and thorny is the desert.....	41
Death shall not destroy my comfort.....	42
Drooping souls, no longer mourn	6
Gracious Saviour, can it be	62
Great Redeemer, friend of sinners	45
Hail, my partners in distress.....	53
Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds.....	16
Hark! those happy voices saying	3
Head of the church triumphant.....	18
Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of.....	31
How sweet to reflect on those joys that.....	46
I am a pilgrim, I am a stranger	48
I journey forth rejoicing	33

INDEX TO SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I lay my sins on Jesus.....	26
I'm but a stranger here.....	54
I want to be an angel.....	37
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay ...	49
If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not	24
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	29
In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair	55
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain	13
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....	61
Just as thou art—without one trace	8
Lamb of God, whose dying love.....	15
My days are gliding swiftly by	20
My days, my weeks, my months, my years..	12
My faith looks up to thee	59
One there is above all others.....	7
O Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit.....	39
O sing to me of heaven.....	65
O tell me no more of this world's vain store.	22
O that I could for ever dwell	14
O thou, in whose presence	28
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die ...	10
Oh! weep not for the joys that fade.....	56
O when shall I see Jesus.....	35
Pass away, earthly joy.....	36
Precious Saviour, draw me nearer	60
Religion is a glorious treasure	23
Sinner go, will you go	19
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think.....	4
Tell me no more of earthly toys	25
The heavenly home is bright and fair	70
The long-lost son, with streaming eyes	34

INDEX TO SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The voice of free grace.....	1
There is a happy land	68
There is a spot to me more dear.....	71
Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright....	17
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not	69
We're traveling home to heaven above.....	9
We speak of the realms of the blest	57
What boundless love is shown.....	44
What is the thing of greatest price.....	73
What now is my object and aim.....	38
What seraph-like music steals over the sea..	63
What's this that steals, that steals upon my.	66
When for eternal worlds we steer.....	47
When gathering clouds around I view.....	43
When the harvest is past, and the summer..	5
When this passing world is done.....	32
When we pass through yonder river	64
Where'er we meet, you always say	21
Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger?.....	72
Ye angels who stand round the throne	52









