





9

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE BOARDMAN ASSOCIATION.

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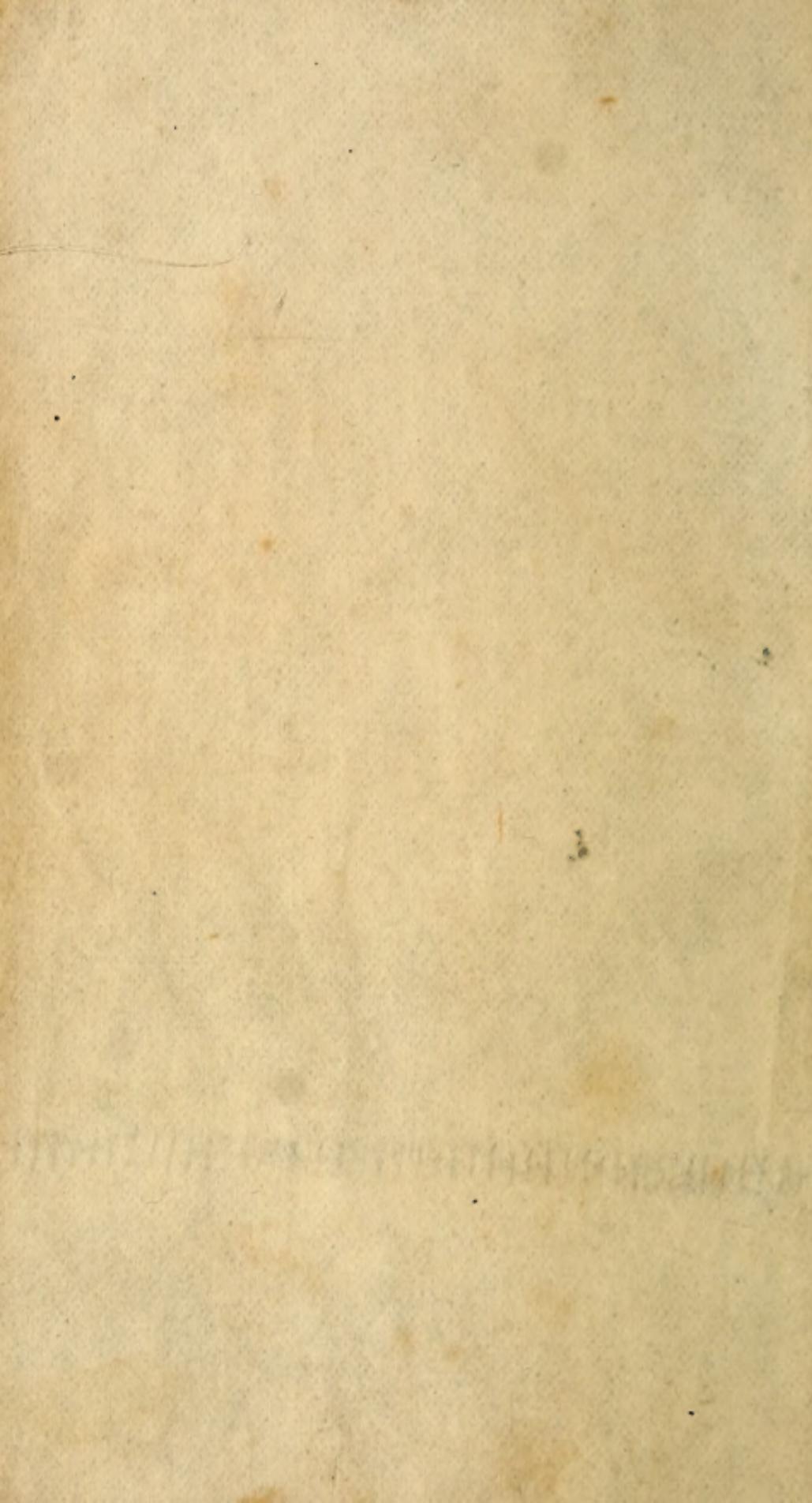
NEW YORK

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.—Ps. 138.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES HARRIS

1887.



- H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF

THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,

AND OTHERS ;

ADAPTED

TO PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

~~~~~  
SIXTH, IMPROVED EDITION.  
~~~~~

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ;
I will sing praise to my God while I
have my being.—Ps. civ, 33.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES HAMMER.

1857.

H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF

THE SYNODICAL ASSOCIATION

AND OTHERS

ADAPTED

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SIXTH EDITION

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live
I will sing praise to my God while I
have my being.—Ps. civ, 23.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the Evangelical Hymn Book, heretofore in use among us, was considered inadequate to the present wants of our Church, the General Conference, at its last session in Lebanon, Pa., thought proper to appoint a Committee to revise and enlarge it; which was accordingly done.

The Committee, in attending to their important charge, found it expedient to omit some of the old Hymns, but left the different headings in their former order, merely adding one new one, viz., "*National Hymns*," on page 490; and a considerable number of additional Hymns have been added, throughout the Book, selected from the best collections now in use, in the various Protestant Churches of this country. And now we would recommend this revised and enlarged edition particularly to the members of our Church as a Standard Hymn Book, worthy of a place in every family; feeling confident that it will be found to contain a choice and appropriate selection of evangelical Hymns for Private Devotion, as well as for Family, Social, and Public Worship.

CHARLES HAMMER,
Publisher.

Cleveland, January, 1857.

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Author.

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H Y M N S.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1 L. M.

God seen in his works.

- 1** **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and
skies ;
• See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2** He lives ! the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the deep ;
The heavens with all their hosts he formed,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3** The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious Name.
- 4** The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art ;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5** Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
Bow down before him, and adore.

Eternity of God.

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist,
 Ere time began its race ;
 Before the ample elements
 Filled up the void of space.
- 2 Before the pondrous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stayed ;
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores displayed.
- 3 Ere men adored or angels knew,
 Or praised thy wondrous Name ;
 Thy bliss, (O sacred spring of life !)
 And glory were the same.
- 4 And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck :
- 5 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonished sun roll back ;
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake :
- 6 For ever permanent and fixed,
 From agitation free,
 Unchanged in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might ;

The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

4 S. M.

Jesus reigns.

1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine ;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his Name !
How glorious his praise !
Justice and truth and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

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

5 C. M.

God is glorious.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand
 signs,
 By thousands through the skies:
 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power:
 Their motions speak thy skill:
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy Name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They show the labor of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet;
 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms:

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace;
 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
 Adorn the heavenly plains:
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

6

C. M.

The Trinity.

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 One God in persons three:
 Of thee we make our joyful boast,
 And homage pay to thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore:
 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Thou dwellest evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
 Thine eye doth all things see;
 And every thought of every heart,
 Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Whate'er thou wilt in earth below,
 Thou dost in heaven above;
 But chiefly we rejoice to know
 Th' Almighty God of love.
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
 Thy goodness we rehearse,
 In shining characters displayed
 Throughout the universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love and endless grace,
 O'er all thy works doth reign ;
 But mostly thou delight'st to bless,
 Thy favorite creature man.

- 7 Wherefore let every creature give
 To thee the praise designed ;
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind.

7 C. M.

Infinite love.

- 1 **A** THOUSAND oracles divine
 Their common beams unite ;
 That sinners may with angels join,
 To worship God aright.
- 2 To praise a Trinity ador'd
 By all the hosts above ;
 And one thrice holy God and Lord,
 Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
 To laud and magnify
 The Triune God of Holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky.
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
 And challenge them to sing
 Jehovah, on his shining seat,
 Our Maker and our King.
- 6 But God, made flesh, is wholly ours,
 And asks our noblest strain ;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The Friend of earth-born man !

- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransomed worms, look down,
 For heaven's superior praise!
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
 For us his crown resigned;
 That fullness of the Deity,
 He died for all mankind!

S *Psalm 145.* C. M.

God's wisdom and goodness.

- 1 **B**LEST be our everlasting Lord,
 Our Father, God, and King!
 Thy sov'reign goodness we record,
 Thy glorious power we sing.
- 2 By thee the victory is given:
 The majesty divine,
 Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
 And all therein, are thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
 Who dost thy right maintain;
 And, high on thine eternal throne,
 O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
 Thou dost, and honor, give;
 And kings their power and dignity
 Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
 Thy greatness to proclaim!
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Thy glorious Name, thy nature's powers,
 Thou dost to us make known;

And all the Deity is ours,
Through thine incarnate Son.

9 *Psalm 113.* L. M.

Solemn reverence.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of our God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath 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 learnt to lisp thy Name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, men are below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
And solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

10 L. M.

God is almighty.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honors to his Name,
And his eternal-might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;

- His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks—and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around ;
The fearful hart and frightened hind
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo ! the stately cedars break ;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits Sov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King ;
But makes his church his bless'd abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

11 *Psalm 104.* L. M.

Power and dominion of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed ;
His rule Omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have
made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above ;
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar ;

Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks—and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine ;
And Lord, thy people shall be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

12

L. M.

The all-seeing God.

1 **L**ORD, 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 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still by God.

3 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.

4 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love ;
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light ;

- Or dive to hell, where vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 6 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 9 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 10 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.

13

C. M.

Omniscience of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 form'd 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,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

14

C. M.

1 **T**HE eye of God is everywhere
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble pray'r,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe, in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart,
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love;
And fit us by thy word of grace,
To worship thee above.

15

L. M.

Holiness of God.

- 1 **H**OLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
 Thy holiness is all thy own ;
 A drop of that unbounded sea
 Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
 Thy only glory we declare ;
 And humbled into nothing, own,
 Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
 By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd ;
 Let all on earth bow down to thee,
 And own thy peerless majesty :
- 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
 Establish'd on the Rock of peace ;
 The Rock that never shall remove,
 The Rock of pure, almighty love.

16

L. M.

The Justice of God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL King! the greatest, best,
 For ever glorious, ever blest ;
 The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
 By seraphim and saints ador'd.
- 2 Justice the firm foundation lays
 Of all thy laws, thy works and ways ;
 Obedient souls will ever find
 A God that's faithful, loving, kind.
- 3 But he who sins becomes accurs'd,
 Or God would be no longer just :
 Curs'd is the man who dares withdraw
 Obedience from thy holy law.

- 4 Where then, great God, or how shall we
Approach thy dreadful majesty !
Thy sacred law we oft have broke,
And stand obnoxious to thy stroke.
- 5 But O thou Holy, Just and True !
Though justice must have all its due,
Thou canst be just, yet justify
The soul that doth on Christ rely.
- 6 O boundless wisdom, love and power !
Thy matchless mercy we adore,
That found out this amazing plan,
To save thy ruin'd creature, man.
- 7 We plead the suff'rings of thy Son ;
We plead his righteousness alone ;
He bore the curse, whence thou art just
In pard'ning those who were accurs'd.

17 *17th Century* C. M.

Goodness of God.

- 1 **Y**E 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.

- 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 raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

18 C. M.

Love of God.

- 1 **C**OME 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 fram'd,
 His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
 Thro' earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news,
 That God, the Lord, is love.

19 C. M.

1 **T**HY 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.

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 that 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.

20

L. M.

Perfections of God united.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so
To visit one so vile as I, [low,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe?
- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join
With truth, with justice, and with grace;
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin with all its guilt erase?
- 3 O love! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet,
To reconcile rebellious man!
- 4 There wisdom shines, in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 7 With grateful songs then let our souls,
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

THE SCRIPTURES.

21

C. M.

1 **H**OW 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.

22

L. M.

1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they
wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

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

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;

Here I can fix my hopes secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

23

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspir'd,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.
- 2 Fill'd with thy great almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood,
And to a num'rous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.
- 4 The powers of earth and hell in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through every age,
Securely guards the Book Divine.
- 5 Thee, its great Author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

24

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
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 sweet repast ;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

- 1 **T**HE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold :
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

- 3 Our num'rous 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,
 Assur'd that we shall find.

26

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat:
 His truth upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine,
 With beams of heavenly day.

27

C. M.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my Lord:
 And not a ray of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my griefs assuage;

Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O may thy counsels, mighty God !
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise :
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And will support our age.

29

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The pris'ner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
To read and mark thy holy word ;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

30

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift my eyes ;

Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight,
Help me to love its Author more,
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days ;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

31 *Psalm 119.* C. M.

Perfection of the law and testimony.

1 **T**HY law is perfect, Lord of light !
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The dayspring 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.

32 S. M.

Safety in keeping God's precepts.

- 1 **H**OW 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.

33 L. M.

The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

- 1 **N**OW 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,
 Tilltime and nature are no more.

The power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above ;
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind ;
 This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The Gospel bids the dead revive ;
 Sinners obey the voice and live ;
 Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
 The Gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
 Our lust its wondrous pow'r controls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.

- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb;
 While the wide world esteem it strange,
 Gaze and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
 The word that saves me does engage,
 A sure defence from all their rage.

35

C. M.

The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,
 To form one perfect book:
 Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
 How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiv'n,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave:
 But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 4 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through thy promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
- 5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

THE FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

36

C. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debased his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined ;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin seems the sweetest good :
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruin'd 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.

37

C. M.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD, with humble shame, we
On our original ; [look
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall !
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill ;

What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

4 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power,
That new creates our dust.

38

L. M.

1 **L**ORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin 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 God, 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 pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken heart rejoice.

39

C. M.

- 1 **S**IN, 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.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
 We drink the pois'nous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell ;
 Save grace prevent the fall.
- 6 The man, possess'd among the tombs,
 Cuts his own flesh and cries ;
 He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.

40

L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
 To prophesy upon the slain;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of
 death;
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
 They move—they waken—they rejoice.

41

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,
 That thou shouldst set him and his race
 But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
 And make him lord of all below;
 Make every beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet?
- 3 But O, what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state!
 What honors shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born!
- 4 See him below his angels made!
 See him in dust among the dead!
 To save a ruin'd world from sin;
 But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeemed from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,

New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

42 C. M.

1 **W**HEN Adam sinn'd through all his race
The dire contagion spread;—
Sickness, and death, and deep disgrace,
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined ;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our mis'ry blind.

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

4 Jesus, reveal thy pard'ning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee :
Thou art the only hiding place
Where ruin'd souls can flee.

43 C. M.

1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind ;
With flattering looks it tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue it deceives
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
It makes his fetters strong.

3 It pleads for all the joy it 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.

44 C. M.

1 **T**HE crowd, the poor, unthinking crowd,
 Refuse thy hand to see !
 They will not hear thy loudest rod,
 They will not turn to thee.

2 As with judicial blindness struck,
 They all thy signs despise ;
 Harden their hearts yet more and mock
 The anger of the skies.

3 But blinder still, the rich and great
 In wickedness excel,
 And revel on the brink of fate,
 And sport and dance to hell.

4 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasure they require,
 And sink with gay indifference down
 To everlasting fire !

45 C. M.

Without God in the world.

1 **G**OD is in this and every place ;
 But O, how dark and void
 To me!—'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart,—
 Till he his glorious self reveals,—
 The veil is on my heart.

- 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of 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.

46

L. M.

Christ, the good Physician.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy Name, thy all-restoring Name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have:
The good, the kind Physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

47

L. M.

Balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has
made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?

- In vain, alas! is nature's aid ;
 The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sov'reign balm be found,
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live :
 See, in his heavenly smiles, appear
 Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
 And in that sacrificial flood
 A balm for all thy grief and wo.

48 L. M.

The effects of the fall lamented.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise ;
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
 See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
 The Father wounded through the Son,
 The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night—
 In flames, that no abatement know,
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
 And fain my pity would reclaim,
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves ;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

CHRIST AND THE ATONEMENT.

49 C. M.

Divinity of Christ.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word !
 The Father's equal Son ;
 By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd
 Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd
 Thine energy divine ;
 For not a single thing was made
 By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,
 Sublimier facts survey,—
 The all-creating Word unites
 Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 Creation's Author now assumes
 A creature's humble form :
 A man of grief and wo becomes,
 And trod on like a worm.
- 5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
 To vile transgressors due ;
 Justice the prince of life condemns
 To die in anguish too.—
- 6 God over all, for ever blest,
 The righteous curse endures ;

And thus, to souls with sin distress,
Eternal bliss ensures.

- 7 What wonders in thy person meet,
My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
And would be wholly thine.

50

L. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

- 2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee!

- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

51

C. M.

Incarnation of Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd 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 seiz'd 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 display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus address'd 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."

Birth of Christ.

1 **T**WO us a child is born from heaven;
To us the Son of God is given;
The government of worlds he made,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid.

2 His name, the Wonderful shall be;
His wonders heaven and earth shall see;
The Counselor of truth and grace,
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

- 3 The Mighty God, that glorious name,
His works and word join to proclaim;
The everlasting Father, He,
And the whole church his family.
- 4 The Prince of peace, on David's throne,
And nations yet unborn, shall own
His sov'reign, and his gracious sway;
Glad of the honor to obey.
- 5 Justice and judgment he'll maintain;
To everlasting ages reign;
And his blest empire shall increase,
Till time with all its movements cease.

53

C. M.

Christ comes to destroy sin.

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 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.

The Advent of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
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 Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song!
Good-will, and peace, are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.
- 7 Hail Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

55 P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL the blest morn! when the great
 Mediator
 Down from the mansions of heaven de-
 scends!
 Shepherds go worship the babe in the
 manger,
 Lo! for your guide the bright angel
 attends.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are
 shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 stall,
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
Brightest &c.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from
 the mine?
Brightest &c.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure,
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Brightest &c.

5 Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and
strife,
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
Brightest &c.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot
fail;
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through death's gloomy
vale.
Brightest &c.

7 Star of the morning, thy brightness de-
clining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth
arise,
Beaming refulgent, his glory eternal,
Shines on the children of love in the
skies.
Brightest &c.

56 C. M.

1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners 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, oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

57 L. M.

God sent his Son to save the World.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love:
Behold the finger of his power;
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.
- 2 When man, debas'd and guilty man,
From crime to crime with madness ran,
Well might his arm its thunders launch,
And blast th' ungrateful, root and branch.
- 3 But clemency with justice strove,
To save the people of his love.
"Go, my beloved Son!" he cried,
"Be thou their Saviour, thou their guide."
- 4 The eastern star with glory streams:
It comes with healing on its beams,
Dark mists of error flee away,
And Judah hails the rising day.

5 His sacred memory we bless
 Whose holy Gospel we profess;
 And praise the great almighty Name,
 From whom such light and favor came.

58 *Christ's mission attested.* L. M.

The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
 I read my duty in thy word:
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

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

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

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
 More of thy gracious image here.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

59 *Christ's mission attested.* L. M.

Christ's mission attested.

1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
 Behold, the dead awake and live!
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

- 3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood :
 He rises, and appears as God,
 Behold the Lord ascending high
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
 And to those hands my soul resign,
 Which bear credentials so divine.

60

L. M.

The Messiah has come.

- 1 **G**LORY to God ! who reigns above,
 Who dwells in light, whose name is
 Ye saints and angels, if ye can, [love,
 Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend,
 His dear, his only Son to send !
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
 And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold
 The days by prophets long foretold :
 Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,—
 The time prophetic seals requir'd ;
 Cut off for sins, but not his own,
 Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.
- 5 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
 In Jesus, that most wondrous child :
 His birth, his life, his death, combine
 To prove his character divine.

61 *1870* C. M.*Christ's agony in the garden.*

- 1 **D**ARK was the night, and cold the ground
 On which the Lord was laid;
 His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
 In agony he pray'd—
- 2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
 If such thy sacred will;
 If not, content to drink it up,
 Thy pleasure I fulfill!"
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner! see
 Those precious drops that flow:
 The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee he lies so low!
- 4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey;
 And when temptations press thee near,
 Awake, to watch and pray.

62 *1870* C. M.*Jesus went about doing good.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, 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 wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
 And heal'd each bleeding wound.

- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood,
His foes ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labor'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble pray'r and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd 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 !

63 C. M.

The love of a dying Saviour.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while 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!

64

C. M.

The sufferings of the Saviour.

1 **A**LAS! 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 groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

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

65

L. M.

Christ condemned and crucified.

1 **Y**E that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue!

- 2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage;
His innocence, to death pursu'd
Must fully glut their utmost rage;
Hark! how they clamor for his blood!
- 4 To us our own Barabbas give!
Away with him, (they loudly cry:)
Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify!
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 6 See, there! his temples crown'd with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfixt and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 7 Where is the King of Glory now!
The everlasting Son of God?
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow:
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!
- 8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies;
I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown:
I caus'd those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

66 L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!

Help me to catch thy precious blood ;
Help me to taste thy dying love !

2 Who can conceive thy agonies,
When no one thee could aid afford :
I fain with thee would sympathize;
And share the suff'rings of my Lord.

3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, while her Creator died :
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified !

4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies ;
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !

5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part :
O rend with thine expiring breath,
The harder marble of my heart !

67

P. M. 6 lines 8s.1

1 **W**OULD 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 Jesus descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve ;
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

- 3 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.
- 4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet
 And bathe and wash them with my tears;
 The story of the love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears;
 That all may hear the quick'ning sound;
 Since I, even I, have mercy found.
- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
 Thy love for every sinner free,
 That every fallen son of man,
 May taste the grace that found out me;
 That all mankind with me may prove,
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

68 L. M.

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

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

69 P. M. 8, 7, 4.

1 **H**ARK! 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 finish’d!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

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

3 Finish’d all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish’d all that God had promis’d,
Death and hell no more shall awe,
It is finish’d!—
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!

70 L. M.

The Friend of sinners dies.

1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem’s daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

- Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise:
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him "Welcome to the skies!"
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains!
 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 vict'ry, boasting
 grave?"

71

C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay;
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break !
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told !

72

P. M.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away !
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey !
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; Gabriel, raise,
 Fame's eternal trump of praise !
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 See the Conqu'ror mount the skies ;
 Troops of angels on the road
 Hail, and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
 Glorious Hero, thro' them ride ;
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;

Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand, thousand tongues.

- 6 Every note to rapture swell:
Sing the powers of death and hell
Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels,
Each the wreck eternal feels.
- 7 Let Immanuel be ador'd,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord ;
To creation's utmost bound
Let th' immortal praise resound.

73 C. M.

The same.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to 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 A moment give a loose to grief ;
Let grateful sorrows rise ;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his, shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 And rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all his shining way.

74

S. M.

"The Lord is risen indeed." Luke xxiv, 34.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed."
 And are the tidings true ?
 Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Then Justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Then is his work perform'd ;
 The captive surely now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Attending angels hear ;
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord,
 Join all the bright celestial choirs
 To sing our risen Lord.

75

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
 On heaven's exalted throne,
 Forgets not those, for whom on earth
 He heav'd his dying groan.

- 2 His greatness now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell ;
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled ;
For this his life was given ;
For this he fought, and vanquish'd death ;
For this he reigns in heaven.
- 4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give ;
Sing loud Hosannas to his name,
With whom you too shall live.

76

L. M.

Christ our Intercessor.

- 1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the bless'd assurance gives !
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd 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 Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

77

L. M.

- 1 **O**F 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 blush'd in blood;
He clos'd 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?

78

C. M.

Christ adored by the heavenly host.

- 1 **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 redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

79 C. M.

The Redeemer praised by Angels.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels round his throne
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace," they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms,
And royalties above."

- 4 Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend;
 Oft wond'ring, how, or where, at last,
 This mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
 And view'd the crimson gore;
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought his chariot from above,
 To bear him to his throne;
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
 "The glorious work is done."

80

C. M.

Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 Who comes with truth and grace;
 Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted King,
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his blessed name,
 Who saves by glorious ways;
 Th' anointed Saviour has a claim
 To our immortal praise.

81

C. M.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdu'd, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!
- 3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be ador'd!
And earth with all her millions shout,
Hosanna to the Lord.

82

L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode—
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forbodings cease;
 And through the storms, & danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

83 P. M.

On the passion.

- 1 **S**AW ye my Saviour! saw ye my Saviour!
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Ah! he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross:
 Oh! he bowed his head and died!
 Thus my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
 Three dreadful hours in pain:
 Oh! the sun refus'd to shine,
 When his majesty divine,
 Was derided, insulted and slain.

- 4 Darkness prevailed! Darkness prevailed!
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land:
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
 And the atonement was made;
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalm'd in spices sweet,
 And into a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty
 Saviour!
 Prince—and the author of peace!
 O! he burst the bands of death,
 And triumphant through the east,
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 Now interceding! Now interceding!
 Pleading that sinners may live;
 Crying, Father I have died!
 O behold my hands and side,
 To redeem them:—I pray thee forgive.
- 8 I will forgive them! I will forgive them!
 If they'll repent and believe:
 Let them now return to me,
 And be reconcil'd to thee,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

S4 *Small* C. M.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight! I see
 The incarnate Son of God,
 Expiring on the accursed tree,
 And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run,
 Down from his hands and head:

- The crimson tide puts out the sun!
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry
"This is the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hopes revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.
- 5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine;
Thine it shall ever be!

S5

L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 And didst thou bleed,—for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his shining ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, unfeeling heart;
 Till all its powers and passions move,
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

86

C. M.

His humiliation.

1 **A**ND did the Holy and the Just,—
 The Sov'reign of the skies,—
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high—
 Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
 The Saviour left the skies,
 And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
 That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
 For sinful man he bled.

5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thine atoning blood!
 By this are sinners saved from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

87

S. M.

Our ransom paid.

1 **O**UR sins on Christ were laid;
 He bore the mighty load;
 Our ransom-price he fully paid
 In groans, and tears, and blood.

- 2 To save a world, he dies;
 Sinners, behold the Lamb!
 To him lift up your longing eyes;
 Seek mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound;
 He will your sins forgive;
 Salvation in his name is found,—
 He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
 Where else can sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set us free
 From wretchedness and wo.

SS L. M.

The hidings of the Father's face.

- 1 **F**ROM 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 where 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.

89

L. M.

The atonement completed.

- 1 'TIS finish'd! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.
- 2 'Tis finish'd! 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 him 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 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 my heaven.

90

C. M.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God.
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;

74 CHRIST AND THE ATONEMENT.

'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

91 C. M.

Efficacy of the atoning blood.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd 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.

 HOLY SPIRIT.

92

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down,
 From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know,
 Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice:
 Thy cheering words awake our joys;
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

93

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every sin and hurtful snare;

Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and love thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to righteousness, the road
That we must take, to dwell with God:
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

94 C. M.

1 **H**E'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way,
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

95 L. M.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with the 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 enter'd heaven;
Had now obtain'd the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.
- 4 Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We want 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 promis'd grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 7 If ev'ry 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.

96

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine,

And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy, dispense ;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning 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 I will devote
The remnant of my days.

97

C. M.

The earnest and pledge of joy to come.

1 **W**HYY 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 the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

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

98

C. M.

The Godhead reconciled.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after Thee renew,
And keep me evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheer'd, and blest by thee
The God of pard'ning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

99

S. M.

The revealing and witnessing Spirit.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood:

'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 That He who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then we feel
 Our int'rest in his blood ;
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
 Thou art my Lord, my God!

3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his Name :
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

100 1st P. M. 6 lines 8s.

The signature of divine love.

1 **W**HEN shall I hear the inward voice,
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
 Attend the promised Comforter :
 O come, and righteousness divine,
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest ;
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast

And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

3 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?

4 Where is that sure and promised seal,
Which 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!

101

C. M.

Fear of grieving the Spirit.

1 **A**ND shall I still the Spirit grieve,
And still reject his call?
Oh, will he not the rebel leave
In sin's dark way to fall?

2 Shall I the heavenly Friend refuse,
And drive him from my heart?
His warnings and his love abuse,
And bid him hence depart?

3 Will he not justly give me o'er,
Though ready now to save?
Will he not bar the heavenly door,
When I his pity crave?

4 "Depart"—will he at last reply?
Oh, may I now attend;
Now to the cross for mercy fly,
And make my God my friend.

102 L. M.

- 1 **A** MIDST a world of hopes and fears,
 A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
 Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
 And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Send down, O Lord ! a heav'nly ray,
 To guide me in the doubtful way ;
 And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
 To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,
 In which the thoughtless many run,
 Who for a shade the substance miss,
 And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
 Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;
 But through this maze of mortal ill,
 Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
 That charm, delight, transport the soul,
 And every panting wish shall be
 Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

103 C. M.*The spirit of adoption.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I wait before thy throne :
 Call me a child of thine :
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
 To form my heart divine.
- 2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
 And make my comfort strong :
 Then shall I say,—My Father, God !
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

104

L. M.

The effusion of the Spirit.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous
 words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
 From east to west, from south to north;
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
 "Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

105

S. M.

- 1 BEST Comforter divine!
 Whose rays of heav'nly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And point our souls above.

- 2 Thou—who with “still small voice,”
 Dost stop the sinner’s way,
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay:
- 3 Thou—whose inspiring breath
 Can make the cloud of care,
 And e’en the gloomy vale of death
 A smile of glory wear.
- 4 Thou—who dost fill the heart
 With love to all our race,
 Blest Comforter!—to us impart
 The blessings of thy grace.
-

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

106

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion’s hill;
 That bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,
 So sweet the tidings are;
 “Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
 He reigns and triumphs here!”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the 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 desir’d 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.

107 S. M.

1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
 His sov'reign voice obey;
 Arise! and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.

2 The master whom you serve,
 Will needful strength bestow;
 Depending on his promis'd aid,
 With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose:
 The cause is God's and must prevail,
 In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
 And tell his matchless grace,
 To the most guilty and deprav'd
 Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name,
 Great courage and success;
 Assur'd that he who sends you forth,
 Will your endeavors bless.

108 L. M.

1 **G**O, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
 Bid the whole world my grace receive,

He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
He shall be damn'd 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."

109 C. M.

1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,
And arm'd with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has call'd you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes,
Shall bow before his cross.

110 L. M.

- 1 **C**OMFORT, 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 !
- 4 The Lord your God will 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 display'd
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

111 L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS 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.
- 2 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.

3 To him shall endless pray'r 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.

112

S. M.

1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found:
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that fav'rite servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

113 L. M.

1 **T**WAS Jesus' last and great command,
 "Go, preach my word in every land,
 To all be my salvation shown,
 To every creature make it known.

2 While thus employ'd, expect my grace,
 Attending you from place to place ;
 Where'er you meet, expect me there,
 In church, or house, or open air."

3 Commission'd thus, we come abroad,
 To preach the Gospel of our God ;
 The love of God in Christ to tell,
 The love that saves from sin and hell.

4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfill,
 Thy Spirit's power be with us still ;
 May all our souls thy blessings share,
 Accept our praise and hear our pray'r.

114 C. M.

1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "My Son shall
 To earth's remotest bound: [reign
 I will his holy throne maintain,
 And all his foes confound."

2 Arise, O God, thy strength display,
 Stretch forth thy conqu'ring sword ;
 O'er every land thy sceptre sway,
 And shed thy grace abroad.

3 Soon may the Gentile and the Jew
 With one consent submit ;
 And men of every name and hue,
 Bow at Immanuel's feet.

4 Send forth thy Spirit with thy word,
 To every tribe and tongue ;

Let all the nations praise the Lord,
In one delightful song.

115

6. 4 6s & 2 8s.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 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 ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd 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 ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

116 C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run ;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
- 2 Cloth'd with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of Gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun,
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go ;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might ;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display ;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

117

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head ;
 Power into strengthless souls it 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 !"

118

L. M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Thine own immortal strength put on !
 With terror cloth'd, 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 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;
Shouting their heav'nly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant
home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care ;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall
raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

119

C. M.

1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake
And take th' alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands :
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego !
For souls, which must forever live,
In raptures, or in woe.

4 And to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;

And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear.

- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

120

7s & 6s.

1 **F**ROM 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 o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 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 ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

121

4 7s.

1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are:
 Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—
 Promis'd 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'rings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

122

8 lines 8s & 7s.

1 **W**HOO will go to rear the standard
 Of the cross in heathen lands,

- Where the people sit in darkness,
 Bound by superstition's bands?
 Who will leave their friends and country,
 Bid adieu to earthly bliss,
 Yield their lives a willing off'ring,
 To so great a work as this?
- 2 Who will go to Afric's center,
 Tell the Æthiop there's a God,
 Point him to the crimson fountain
 Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
 Who will climb the Rocky Mountains,
 Through the western forests stray,
 Where thick gloom and pagan darkness
 Long have held unrival'd sway?
- 3 O! for Paul's denying spirit,
 For his missionary zeal;
 And the perfect love of Jesus,
 Every Christian heart to fill:
 Then the earth would soon be cover'd
 With the knowledge of the Lord,
 And the far-off isles of ocean
 Soon would all receive his word.

123

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
 The thousands of our Israel see:
 To thee in their behalf we cry,
 Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
 And neither food nor feeder have;
 Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
 For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
 The Christian savages remain:

Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

- 4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh :
They perish whom thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey :
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast died ?
Hast died to bear their sins away !
- 6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize !
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans ;
The meed of all thy suff'rings these ;
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones.
- 7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace :
To these be thy salvation show'd :
O add them to thy chosen race !
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 8 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heaven ;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear !
And witness all their sins forgiven.

124

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee ;
All thy scenes, I love them well ;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell ?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell ;

Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I, *can* I say farewell ?

Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell ?

Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows bear me ;
Lovely native land, farewell !

Pleas'd I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell !

Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell ;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell ;

Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell ! farewell !

125

C. M.

1 **G**REAT God ! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy Gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe, and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound!
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heavenly word,
 And vassals long enslav'd become
 The freemen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love;
 Soften the tiger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the Gospel's rays;
 And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
 The temples of thy praise.

126 L. M.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS there are on heathen ground,
 Who never heard the Gospel's sound;
 Lord send it forth, and let it run,
 Swift and reviving as the sun.
- 2 Guide thou our lips, who stand to tell
 Sinners the way that leads from hell;
 To those who give, do thou impart
 A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.

3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share:
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

127

L. M.

The ministry instituted.

1 **T**HE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostles' honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame :
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

128

L. M.

Laborers together with God.

1 **T**HUS saith the Lord—'tis God com-
mands,
Workers with God, the charge obey:

Remove whate'er his work withstands,—
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

- 2 Lift up, for all mankind to see,
The standard of their Saviour God,
And point them to the shameful tree,—
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 3 Himself prepares his people's hearts,—
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and
A mystic death and life imparts; [heals;
Empties the full, the emptied fills :
- 4 He fills whom first he hath prepared;
With him the perfect grace is given :
Himself is here our great reward,—
Our future and our present heaven.

129

S. M.

Sow besides all waters.

- 1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown :
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

130

S. M.

For a blessing on ministers.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy servants bless,
Who, sent by thee, proclaim
The peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Experienced in thy name :
The kingdom of our God,—
With grace divine imparts ;
The power of thy victorious blood,—
Which reigns in faithful hearts.
- 2 Their souls with faith supply,—
With life and liberty ;
And then they'll preach and testify
The things concerning thee :
And live for this alone,—
Thy grace to minister ;
And all thou hast for sinners done,
In life and death declare.

131

C. M.

God's blessing ensures success.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, fulfill thy faithful word,—
Thy servants' labors bless ;
Now let the prayer of faith be heard,
And grant them full success.
- 2 Long have they in thy vineyard wrought,
And with unwearied toil ;
Alas! they spend their strength for naught,
Upon a sterile soil.

- 3 Arise, O God, exert thy power ;
 Thy people's hopes sustain ;
 And richly on thy vineyard shower
 The first and latter rain.
- 4 Lord, we commend the work to thee ;
 Thy servants guide and bless ;
 Thy guidance gives security,—
 Thy blessing,—full success.

132

L. M.

The glorious prediction.

- 1 **T**HE Law and Prophets all foretold
 That Christ should die, and leave the
 Gather the world into his fold, [grave;
 The Church of Jews and Gentiles save.
- 2 Yet, by the prince of darkness bound,
 The nations still are wrapt in night :
 They never heard the joyful sound ;
 They never saw the Gospel light.
- 3 Light of the world, again appear,
 In mildest majesty of grace,
 And bring the great salvation near,
 And claim our whole apostate race.

133

L. M.

The restoration of Israel.

- 1 **A**RISE, great God! and let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race ;
 Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
 And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal :
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;

O God of Israel! hear our prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?

Lord, shall thy wrath forever burn?
And will thy mercy ne'er return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

134

S. M.

I will gather all nations.

1 **F**ATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfill'd
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God incarnate seal'd.

A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame.

2 Yet, still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord;
The full accomplishment attend
Of thy prophetic word.

Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discover'd worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By him redeem'd of old,

All nations must come in, and make
 One undivided fold:
 While gather'd in by thee,
 And perfected in one,
 They all at once thy glory see
 In thy beloved Son.

135

C. M.

The earth renewed in righteousness.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Spirit, now behold
 A world by sin destroy'd:
 Creating Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the world; that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife;
 And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
 Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the mourning stars for joy,
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel-harps employ,
 When thou shalt all renew!
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
 To whom the Saviour came!
- 5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 The new creation shall ascribe
 To sov'reign love alone.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

136

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, 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 purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

137

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

- 3 Blest is the man, whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

138 S. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace :
 The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race.
- 2 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
 And phials full of wrath divine,
 Are bursting on your head.
- 3 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in.
- 4 To shelter the distress'd,
 He did the cross endure ;
 Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 5 Jesus, to thee we fly,
 From the devouring sword ;
 Our city of defence is nigh ;
 Our help is in the Lord.
- 6 Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
 And laugh at innocence,
 Thine everlasting arms we know,
 Shall be our souls' defence.

139 C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease our every pain :
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

140 L. M.

- 1 **T**WO-DAY, if you will hear God's voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have his Christ, or no ?
- 2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blest—
Will you be sav'd from sin and hell—
Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?
- 3 Come now dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound :

Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

141 C. M.

- 1 **L**ET 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,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of Gospel grace,
Stand open all the day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

142 L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 wand'ers after rest;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, 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 His love is mighty to compel;
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel:
 Yield to his love's almighty power,
 And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace!
- 7 This is the time, no more delay!
 This is the acceptable day;
 Come in this moment at his call,
 And live for him who died for all.

143 L. M.

- 1 **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 wand'ers, 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 lab'ring, burden'd, 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.
- 5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Harken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free:
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive;

Quicken'd your souls, by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

144 ————— C. M.

1 **Y**E unconverted, careless souls,
Wake up and turn to God;
Or else you surely will be damn'd,
According to his word.

2 For in the Bible it is said,
By him that cannot lie,
"Repent, believe, be born again"—
"The soul that sins shall die."

3 Now sinners lay this well to heart,
And turn without delay;
O hasten to the Saviour's arms,
Whilst it is call'd to-day.

4 It is your wisdom so to do,
'Twill be your int'rest too!
Then be entreated *now* to come
To *Christ*, who died for you.

145 8 lines 7s.

1 **S**INNERS, 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?
Christ, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.

Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransom'd 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,
 Urged you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin:
 Dead to God, while here you breathe;
 Pant you after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye forever die?

146 P. M.

1 **C**OME, 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 Now, ye needy, 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 glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 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 join'd 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.

147

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!
- 3 (Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.)
- 4 (In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.)
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!

148

C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING sight, the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands
To satisfy the poor.

- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest :—
Hear sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.
- 3 Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell ?
- 4 Not to condemn your wretched race
Have I in judgment come ;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain ?
Or in the glorious realms of light
With me forever reign ?
- 6 Say—will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven ?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven ?"

149

L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the Gospel word !
Haste to the supper of your Lord,
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
To fill the broken heart with love,

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!"

150

C. M.

1 **L**IKE Bartimeus, we are blind,
Inwrapt in nature's night ;
The grossest darkness veils our mind,
For sin prevents the sight.

2 But lo! the Lord from heaven is come
To open sinners' eyes ;
To make his wondrous mercy known,
And heal their maladies.

3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,
And in the Lord believe ;
For who can tell? perhaps to-day
You may your sight receive.

4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by—
He is the sinners' friend ;
Call on his name, and wait, and cry,
He will your suit attend.

5 Should sinners say, "Hold ye your peace,
Nor dare to make so free,"
Then cry the more, and never cease,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

6 Your worthless garments leave behind ;
 Go to the Lord of light ;
 Trust in his name, however blind,
 And he will give you sight.

151 P. M.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, and look yonder,
 See your sins like mountains rise,
 O astonishing the number,
 Higher mounting than the skies ;
 Cry for mercy,
 Dread the death that never dies.

2 On the crumbling banks of ruin,
 How can you securely dwell ?
 Sinners, vengeance is pursuing,
 And will sweep you down to hell,
 Then to heaven
 Finally you'll bid farewell.

3 Doom'd where sorrows after sorrows
 Follow on without control,
 Floods of vengeance big with horror
 Without intermission roll ;
 Wrath vindictive
 Overwhelms the guilty soul.

4 Wrapt in sheets of black damnation,
 There the curling flames surround,
 Torments endless, no cessation,
 Mercy there cannot be found ;
 Dismal yellings
 In those lower realms abound.

5 See yon sun how swift he hasteth
 Through the circuit of the skies :
 How your golden moment wasteth ;

Sinners pray, at length be wise;
 O he's sitting,
 And may sit no more to rise.

6 See how fast your time is flying,
 Will ye sinners yet delay?
 One is gone, another's dying,
 O! to God for mercy pray:
 Time is precious:
 God may next call you away.

7 Now's the time for preparation!
 While the vital air you breathe:
 God is off'ring you salvation,
 Calls you yet to turn and live;
 Boundless mercy;
 All who come he will receive.

8 See the precious blood of Jesus,
 Streaming from the cursed tree!
 Will not this suffice to grieve us?
 Jesus spilt his blood for me!
 Come then sinners,
 And his great salvation see.

152

L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude!—he stands,
 With melting heart and outstretch'd hands!
 O matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him—for the human breast
 Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;

Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
When at his door deni'd you'll stand.

- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay every foe, and conquer sin;
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

153 L. M.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown,
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams:
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the Gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

154 C. M.

- 1 **R**EPENT, 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 dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

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

155 C. M.

- 1 **C**OME sinners, you whose harden'd
 No fears of hell can move, [hearts
 Come, hear the Gospel's mildest voice,
 That tells you, "God is love."
 2 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
 Surround the throne above;
 The grace that chang'd has turn'd their
 To sing that "God is love." [hearts,
 3 O may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove;
 Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
 Proclaim that "God is love."

156 C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls you by his sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.
 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live, devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.
 3 Your way is dark, and leads to death;
 Why will you persevere?
 Can you in endless torments breathe,
 Shut up in black despair?
 4 Why will you in the naked ways
 Of sin and folly go!

In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal wo.

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 sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

157

L. M.

1 **K** NOW, sinner, every one is free
To choose his course and what he'll
For this eternal truth is given,] [be;
That God will *force no man to heaven.*

2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
Bless us with wisdom, love and light;
In nameless ways be good and kind,
But never *force the human mind.*

3 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
E'en brutes might think of heaven or hell.

4 O then no more your powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose!
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek the worlds above.

5 But if you take the downward road,
And make in hell your last abode;
Our God is clear, and you shall know,
You plung'd *yourself in endless woe.*

158

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 sav'd 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.

159

C. M.

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent—thy end is nigh !
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh, 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 dread 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.

- 5 To-day the Gospel calls, to-day,
Sinner, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

160

S. M.

1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, 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 feast them with thy love,
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

161 *4 lines 7s.*

1 **C**OME, and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone?
All are better far than some;
Th' more come in with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

- 3 Now I go to heaven's door
 Asking for a little more :
 Jesus gives a double share,
 Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Goodness flowing everywhere,
 This I boldly can attest,
 That my soul has got a taste.

162

C. M.

- 1 **O**H, what amazing words of grace,
 Are in the Gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants & 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.

163

L. M.

- 1 **O**NE thing is needful, one alone ;
 If this be our's, all is our own :

'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death, and through eternity.

- 2 Without it we are all undone,
Though we may call the world our own ;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.
- 3 Great God ! that powerful grace of thine,
Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,
The one thing needful to pursue.

164

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary souls opprest,
Find in Christ the promis'd rest :
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.
- 2 Ye that dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.
- 3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find ;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.
- 4 Debtors, who have nought to pay,
Come to Jesus, haste away ;
All your sins on him were laid,
All your debts the Surety paid.
- 5 "It is finish'd," lo ! he cries,
There on yonder cross he dies ;
O believe the record true,
Jesus died for such as you.

165

C. M.

- 1 **T**HO' parents may in cov'nant be,
 And have their heaven in view ;
 They are unhappy till they see
 Their children happy too.
- 2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed,
 When all attempts prove vain,
 And they pursue those paths that lead
 To everlasting pain.
- 3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
 While tears in torrents flow :
 And 'tis beyond the power of speech
 To tell the griefs they know.
- 4 Till they can see victorious grace
 Their children's souls possess ;
 The sparkling wit, the smiling face,
 But adds to their distress.
- 5 See the fond father clasp his child ;
 Hark ! how his bowels move—
 Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
 From God, my father's love ?
- 6 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
 To darkness and despair,
 Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
 To dwell forever there !
- 7 Kind heaven, the dreadful scene forbid !
 Look down, dear Lord, and bless ;
 I'll wrestle hard as Abrah'm did,
 May I obtain success !

166

11, 10.

- 1 **C**OME ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-
 guish,
 Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel ;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
 your anguish,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
 heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the
 straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter in mercy
 saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
 cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
 flowing
 Forth from the throne of God pure from
 above; [knowing,
 Come to the feast prepared, come, ever
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-
 move.

167

4 lines 12s.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, "Escape
 to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a
 fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness and every trans-
 gression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of
 salvation."

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath bought us
 our pardon;
 We'll praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.*

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy—and can you for-
bear?

Though your sins have arisen as high as a
mountain,

His blood can remove them—it flows from
the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Bless'd Jesus, thou reignest exalted and
glorious;

O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art ever vic-
torious;

Thy name will we praise in the great con-
gregation,

And triumph, ascribing to thee our salva-
tion.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escap'd to
the shore;

With harps in our hands, we'll praise thee
the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the bank
of the river,

And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

168

S. M.

1 **R**ETURN and come to God;

Cast all your sins away;

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;

Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come;

For Jesus bled and died,

That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

- 3 Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.
- 4 Come then, whoever will,
Come while 'tis call'd to-day;
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

169

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with sin, and painful load,
Oh 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.

170

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Can such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul 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 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

171 4 lines 8s.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation ;
Publish'd now to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Lo ! he reigns, he reigns victorious ;
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
Jesus reigns.*

- 2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Lo ! he reigns, &c.
- 3 Ho ! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here are life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Lo ! he reigns, &c.

4 Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money ;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

Lo ! he reigns, &c.

5 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Lo ! he reigns, &c.

172

P. M.

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above ?

Every sentence—O how tender !

Every line is full of love :

Listen to it,

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name."

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name !

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears :

Tender heralds,

Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford :

We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

- 5 Who hath our report believed,
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
'Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord!
Can you slight it,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

- 6 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits speed your way,
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

173

L. M.

The accepted time.

- 1 **W**HILE 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 times most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
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.

174 C. M.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

- 1 **W**HY should we boast of time to come,
 Though but a single day ?
 This hour may fix our final doom,
 Though strong, and young, and gay.
- 2 The present we should now redeem ;
 This only is our own ;
 The past, alas ! is all a dream ;
 The future is unknown.
- 3 O, think what vast concerns depend
 Upon a moment's space,
 When life and all its cares shall end
 In vengeance or in grace !
- 4 O for that power which melts the heart,
 And lifts the soul on high,
 Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
 And pleasures never die.
- 5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
 Before Immanuel's feet :
 And hail him as our All in all,
 In happiness complete.

175 S. M.

The horrors of the second death.

- 1 **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 :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun :
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone.

176

C. M.

Warnings from the grave.

- 1 **B**ENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,—
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower :
Each season has its own disease,—
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb ;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given :
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

177

C. M.

Fear of hell.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
Through sin forever 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,
Dragg'd 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.
- 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.

178 C. M.

He waiteth to be gracious.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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
 And bids you turn and live. [hands,
- 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.

He justifies the ungodly.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd 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 all your sin's 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.

The joys of penitence.

- 1 **C**OME, O ye sinners, to the 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.

181

C. M.

The wanderer recalled.

1 **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.

182 C. M.

Believe, and be at peace.

- 1 **O** WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind ?
Why should that 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.

183 L. M.

- 1 **I** ADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice ;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood,
Hereby stern justice is pleas'd :
Sinners look up and be releas'd.

- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face,
Here look, till love dissolves your heart,
And bids your slavish fears depart.
- 4 O quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesus' arms;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

184

L. M.

The care of souls the one thing needful.

- 1 **W**HY 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 famish an immortal mind?
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown.
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd 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 heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,
To fix conviction on the heart,
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

PENITENTIAL.

185

S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part;
 And to thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart!
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,
 For having griev'd my God;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
 And melt my hardness down;
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone!

186

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry:
 Thee only would I know;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.
- 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 broken heart.

- 4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide ;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

187

L. M.

- 1 **O**H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn ;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight,
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die !
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy ! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son ;
And with my broken heart comply :
O give me Jesus, or I die !
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt ;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell ;
O might I enter, now I'm come,
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

188

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,

- At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 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.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
Appear, in my poor heart appear !
My God, my Saviour, come away.

189

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem ;
Who gave his life that I might live,
A life conceal'd 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 pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning 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.

190 S. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could revere
My much-offended God!
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod!
- 2 If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threat'ning move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.
- 3 Show me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head:
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed!
- 4 With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare:

Nor ever in my Judge's eye
My Judge's anger dare.

5 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart ;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshy heart.

6 For Jesus' sake alone,
The stony heart remove ;
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love.

191 *1770* C. M.

1 **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 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress ;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace :

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come ;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

192 *1770* L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, 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 ;
 Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am till thou art mine.
- 3 Awake, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Awake, and bruise the serpent's head !
 Tread down thy foes, with power control
 The beast and devil in my soul.
- 4 The mansion for thyself prepare,
 Dispose my heart by ent'ring there !
 'Tis this alone can make me clean ;
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 5 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.
- 6 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."

193

S. M.

First Part.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,
 And force me to thy breast ?
 When shall my soul return again
 To her eternal rest ?
- 2 Ah ! what avails 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 thy call,
And give up all for thee.
- 5 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part ;
Didst lead a suff'ring life below,
To gain my worthless heart.
- 6 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

194

S. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **A**ND 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 compell'd,
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 wav'ring 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.

195

6 lines. 8s.

First Part.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 misery and sin 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.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolv'd I am :

Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 5 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.

196

6 lines 8s.

Second Part.

- 1 **Y**IELD 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 pray'r:
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.
- 3 My pray'r 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.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in his wings;
 Wither'd by nature's strength; from thee
 My soul its life and succour brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 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.

7 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.

197

C. M.

1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve:
 Come with your guilt and soul opprest,
 And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Hath like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.

- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess :
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 "I'll to my gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 Perhaps he may command a touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
 Perhaps he'll hear my pray'r :
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolv'd to try ;
 For if I stay away, I know,
 I must forever die."

- 1 **D**ROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious—
 If you do in Christ believe,
 You will find him precious ;
 Jesus now is passing by,
 And he calls you to him,
 He has died for you and me,
 O, then come and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows the healing fountain ;
 See the purple swelling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean—
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying ;

- Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Gospel grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Hence he says, "Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden."
Though your sins like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Yet, if you on him believe,
All shall be forgiven.
- 4 Now methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.
Come, my Saviour, come and smile,
Smiling moves my burden ;
I am guilty, poor, and vile,
Yet thou canst me pardon.
- 5 Streams of mercy, how they flow !
Surely now I feel it :
Half has never yet been told—
O could I reveal it !
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O, the wondrous story !
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory, glory, glory !
- 6 If no greater joys were known
In the starry region,
I would try to travel on,
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory here and yonder !
Brightest angels join with me,
To adore and wonder.

199

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y 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 labor'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood.
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise ;
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

200

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH aching heart and weeping eyes,
 My guilty soul for mercy cries,
 What shall I do, or whither flee,
 T' escape the vengeance due to me ?
- 2 Till now I saw no danger nigh,
 I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;

Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
 "I shall have peace at last," I cried.

- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
 Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
 Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
 The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
 In childhood, youth, and growing years;
 Before thy pure discerning eye,
 Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
 Death and destruction are my due;
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
 And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
 Salvation free in Jesus' name?
 To him I look and anxious cry,
 "O save a wretch condemn'd to die?"

201

L. M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy laws, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

202

C. M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopt 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 plung'd 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 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd;

That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

203

L. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Opprest with fears, to thee I call,
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace ;
I'll seek thy face, thy Spirit give!
O! let me see thy face and live.
- 3 I'll seek thy face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;
And if not heard I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 4 But canst thou, Lord, behold my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain!
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

204

C. M.

- 1 **A** FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear ?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here."

- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 Fall down before his face ;
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw and ran and smil'd ;
 Then threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O! forgive"—
 "Enough," the father said,
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain ;
 Go, spread the news around,
 My son was dead but lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinner's home ;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

205 C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his captive chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
 Sounds from the sacred word ;
 Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to his relief ;

- I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall,
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.
- 206** L. M.
- 1 **M**Y suff'rings all to thee are known,
Tempted in every point like me;
Regard my grief, regard thy own:
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind thy earnest pray'rs!
Thy agony and sweat of blood!
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!
- 4 Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things,
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labor faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

207

L. M.

- 1 **O**H! for a glance of heavenly 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 would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

208

7s, 6s, & 1 8.

- 1 **L**AMB of God for sinners slain,
 To thee I humbly pray;
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away.
 From this bondage, Lord, release;
 No longer let me be opprest;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!
- 2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me:
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise pèssèst:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!
- 3 Worldly good I do not want:
 Be that to others given:
 Only for thy love I pant;
 My all in earth or heaven;
 This is the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest:
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!
- 4 This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath!
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death!
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be thy guest!
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to thy breast!

209

S. M.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint!
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know,
What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 7 I now believe in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
- 8 In me is all the bår
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

210 C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
 But since the precept came
 With a convicting power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Is thy eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
 My sins revived again;
 I had provoked a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God, I cry with every breath
 For some kind power to save;
 To break the bonds of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

211 S. M.

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;

But sure a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

212

S. M.

1 **O** LORD, how vile am I,
 Unholy and unclean!
 How can I dare to venture nigh
 With such a load of sin?

2 Is this polluted heart
 A dwelling fit for thee?
 Swarming, alas, in every part,
 What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
 And lisp thy holy name,
 My thoughts are hurried soon away,
 My soul is put to shame.

4 If in thy word I look,
 Such darkness fills my mind,
 I only read a sealed book,
 But no relief can find.

5 And must I then indeed
 Sink in despair and die?
 Lord, I believe that thou didst bleed
 For such a wretch as I.

6 Low at thy feet I bow;
 Oh pity and forgive;
 Here will I lie and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

213

4 lines 7 s.

1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, oh hear the sinner's cry,
 Frown not lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
 Worst of rebels I have been;
 Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
 Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
 Pierce this bleeding broken heart;
 Justly might thy kindled ire
 Blast me in eternal fire.

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.

214

C. M.

1 **W**ITH 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 has been;
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These struggles in my breast?

When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

- 4 Break, sovereign grace, oh break the
charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thy arm,
And haste to rescue me.

215

C. M.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of the sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 I would disclose my whole complaint;
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper—sin.
- 3 Pity the anguish I endure,
And save by power divine;
For never can I find a cure
From any hand but thine.
- 4 Thou great Physician, hear my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Thou wilt not let the sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee.

216

S. M.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the Gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.
- 2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,

Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seem'd to say:

- 3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?
Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie.
- 4 The Saviour, passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Saviour is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."
- 5 That voice dispell'd the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.
- 6 Unable to endure,
He call'd for aid divine—
The great Physician wrought the cure;
That guilty soul was mine.

217

C. M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, 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 burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

218

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound,
Of a poor sinner's pray'r.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to thee is known:
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 Oh, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;

I know thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.

- 6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

219

L. M.

The sinner's only hope.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.
- 6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;

'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just,—but O, thy Son hath died !

220

P. M. 4 lines 8s.

The Rock that is higher than I.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
And ready all hope to resign,
I long for thy light and thy grace :
O God, will they never be mine ?
- 2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
- 3 Appear, and my sorrow shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.
- 4 O enter this desolate heart,—
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won ;
Nor again in thine anger depart,
But make it forever thy throne.

221

C. M.

Timely penitence.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,—
O how shall I appear ?
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :

- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,—
 O how shall I appear ?
- 4 O may my brokên, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament;
 And early, with repentant tears,
 Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows thine only Son hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

222

L. M.

Shut up in unbelief.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the Gentile world, appear;
 Command the blind thy rays to see:
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive pris'ner free.
- 2 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief,
 Deliver from this gloomy pit,—
 This dungeon of despairing grief.
- 3 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the gen'ral sin away;
 And to my ransom'd spirit show
 The glories of eternal day.

223 L. M.

Seeking deliverance and rest.

- 1 **A** WAKED from sin's delusive sleep,
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep :
Beneath a weight of woes oppress'd,
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.
- 2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,
Look down upon my soul in love ;—
That smiles shall sweeten all my pain,
And make my soul rejoice again.
- 3 By thy divine, transforming power,
My ruin'd nature now restore ;
And let my life and temper shine,
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

224 C. M.

Prisoner of hope.

- 1 **L** ET the Redeem'd give thanks & praise
To a forgiving God ;
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood :
- 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 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' 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.

225

C. M.

The Sun of righteousness.

- 1 **O** SUN of righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam:
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive:
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,—
On thee all faith, all hope be placed;
All love be paid to thee.

Humble and earnest entreaties.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble prayer;
 To thee I breathe my sighs;
 When will the cheering morn appear?
 And when my joys arise?
- 2 My God! O could I make the claim—
 My Father, and my Friend;
 And call thee mine, by every name
 On which thy saints depend;—
- 3 By every name of power and love,
 I would thy grace entreat;
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy mercy-seat.
- 4 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay;
 Here would I rest till light returns:
 Thy presence makes my day.
- 5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart;
 O make my heavy sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.
- 5 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays;
 And change these deep, complaining sighs,
 For songs of sacred praise.

Knocking at the door of mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
 And knock at mercy's door;
 With heavy heart, and downcast eye,
 Thy favor we implore.

- 2 Without thy grace, we sink oppress'd,
Down to the gates of hell ;
O give our troubled spirits rest,—
Our gloomy fears dispel.
- 3 'Tis mercy, mercy, now we plead ;
Let thy compassion move ,
Mercy, that led thee once to bleed,
In tenderness and love.
- 4 In mercy, now, for Jesus' sake,
O God, our sins forgive ;
Thy grace our stubborn hearts can break,
And, breaking, bid us live.

228 L. M.

The sacrifice of a broken heart.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit,
Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
Thou God of grace, wilt thou despise
A broken heart for sacrifice ?
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.

229 S. M.

Waiting at the cross.

- 1 **F**ATHER, 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.

- 1 **A**UTHOR 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 kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.
- 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 glimm'ring 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.

231

8 lines 8s.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified Lord,
His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.
The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy, or name—
The work of God's Spirit it is.
- 2 It treads on the world and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell—
It overcomes heaven by pray'r;
Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
His promise of mercy to trust,
And look for his love to the end.
- 3 It says to the mountains, "Depart,"
That stand between God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in spirit makes whole;

Bids sins of a crimson-like die,
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And raises the sinner on high,
 To dwell with the angels of light.

232 C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH 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 for sins,
 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.

233 C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight ;
 Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
 sense,
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
 Brings distant prospects home—
 Of things a thousand years ago,
 Or thousand years to come.

- 3 By faith, we know, the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word;
Abram to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

234

C. M.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN 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 fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

235

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to thy high command!
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veil'd before thy presence stand!
- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
With sin, and dim with error's night,

- Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light?
- 3 Restore my sight! let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give!
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
So shall I see: yet seeing live.
- 4 The golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; see my whole heart I bow;
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou?"
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark, how my silence speaks—and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"
- 6 I know thou canst not but be good;
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace re-
strain,
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
To save me from all guilt and pain?
- 7 By faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity:
- 8 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

236

4 6s. & 2 8s.

- 1 **A**RISE, 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 aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary !
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd 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 reconcil'd,
His pard'ning 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.

237 C. M.

1 **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 seal'd,
The liberty from sin,

The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fixt within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Make ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd 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 may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

238

C. M.

1 **T**HE 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 joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd 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 the cross I fall;
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my All.

239

C. M.

1 **G**REAT God! to me the sight afford,
 To him of old allow'd;
 And let my faith behold its Lord,
 Descending in a cloud!

2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
 Thine attributes proclaim,
 And to my inmost soul make known
 The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
 Who gav'st my soul to be!
 Fountain of being and of power,
 And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art,
 But let me rather prove,
 That name inspoken to my heart,
 That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
 In this polluted breast;
 Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
 And suits the sinner best.

6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,
 Our sin implores thy grace;
 And thou art merciful to all
 Our lost, apostate race.

240

L. M.

1 **N**OT by the law of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;

- New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole!
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display!
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain!

241*8 lines 7s. & 6s.*

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
The worst of all diseases,
Is light compar'd with sin,
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.
- 2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain—
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!

Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case—
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous power to save.

- 4 A slain, but risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look—and live.

242

S. M.

- 1 **O**! blessed souls are they,
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
 Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound;
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray;
 Let saints keep near the throne:
 Our help, in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

243

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin;
 But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean.
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 And from the guilty bondage free,
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

244

L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, forever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,

With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
What a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and
shines.

245 L. M.

The Lord our righteousness.

- 1 **L**ET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might;
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of num'rous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man:
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?
- 3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine;
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

246 L. M.

Salvation only by grace through faith.

- 1 **W**E have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

- 2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,—
 A faith thou must thyself impart :
 A faith that would by works be shown,
 A faith that purifies the heart :
- 3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
 A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
 A faith that sweetly works by love,
 And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
 The faith in thy all-cleansing blood ;
 That faith which doth for sinners speak,
 O let it speak us up to God !

247 C. M.

Faith counted for righteousness.

- 1 **F**ATHER 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 O God ! thy record I believe,
 In Abrah'm's footsteps tread ;
 And wait, expecting to receive
 The Christ, the promised Seed.
- 4 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
 For thou this faith hast wrought ;
 Dead souls thou callest from the grave,
 And speakest worlds from naught.
- 5 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given :

And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

248

C. M.

Continued.—Victorious faith.

- 1 **I**N hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up ;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.
- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord :
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done !
- 4 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.
- 5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

249

C. M.

This is life eternal.

- 1 **T**HE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
To me, O God, impart ;
The knowledge of the holy ones,—
The understanding heart.
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe ;

To me thine only Son reveal,—
Thy Holy Spirit give.

- 2 'Tis life eternal to believe
The heavenly Persons mine:
Father, and Son, and Spirit give
That precious faith divine.
A Trinity in Unity
My soul shall then adore ;
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
Jehovah, evermore.

250

L. M.

The riches of His grace.

- 1 **W**HAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercy hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me ?
- 2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded—Live!
- 3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
Received the blessing from above,
And pardon in thy mercy found,
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.
- 4 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God ;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.
- 5 I magnify thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore;
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.

251

L. M.

Vows remembered and renewed.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day that fix'd 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 my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd 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 renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

252

L. M.

The healing and cleansing fountain.

- 1 **B**Y faith I to the fountain fly,
 Open'd for all mankind and me,
 To purge my sins of deepest dye,—
 My life and heart's impurity.
- 2 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
 The purple and the crystal stream ;
 Pardon and holiness bestows,
 And both I gain through faith in him.

253

L. M.

Faith a substitute for vision.

1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as
 night:

Till we arrive at heav'n 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 heav'nly 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 promis'd land,
 And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

254

S. M.

Lamb of God.

1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

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

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine—

While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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

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

255 P. M. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Christ the believer's all.

1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;
'That alone be all our glory,
All things else are only dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good.
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favor
Come to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;
Whispers this transporting sentence,
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
Faith he grants us to believe it,
Grateful hearts his love to prize :
Want we wisdom ? he must give it ;
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires ;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands—inspires.

All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus ;
 He that answers is the same.

256 C. M.

Justification by faith, not by works.

- 1 **V**AIN 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 mouth,
 Without a murm'ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand'
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

257 10s & 11s.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief, will surely appear ;
 By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will per-
 form ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
 storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my
 guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;

Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely pre-
vail.

3 His love in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite through.

4 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.

5 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long ;
And then, O how pleasant the conqu'ror's
song.

 REGENERATION.

258

C. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS! this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain :

Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
 "Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally depriv'd,
 The heart a sink of sin ;
 Without a change we can't be sav'd,
 "Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
 And flesh it will remain ;
 Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
 "Ye must be born again."

5 Spirit of life ! thy grace impart,
 And breathe on sinners slain :
 Bear witness, Lord, with every heart,
 That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
 To trust and love thy word ;
 And, by forsaking every sin,
 Prove we are born of God.

259 P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 **A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 Expos'd to endless woe ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or else to ruin go.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
 Which way to shun the gates of hell ;
 For death and hell drew near.
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain—
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in mine ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load:
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare:
Yet when I found this truth remain:
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,
I felt his pity move.
The sinner by his justice slain
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Will shout thy endless praise.

260

L. M.

1st ASSIST my soul, my heavenly King,
Thine everlasting love to sing;

And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one through grace that's born of God.

- 2 No, it was not the will of man,
My soul's new heavenly birth began,
Nor will, nor power of flesh and blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And heavenly love alone confess'd;
This be my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.
- 4 O may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
And thou wilt call me to my home,
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And sing and say, I'm born of God.

261

C. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
 From the long sleep of death;
 On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
 And praise employs our breath.

262

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!
 The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
 To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught, except the power divine,
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise,
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 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.

263

C. M.

- 1 **G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides and reigns within;
 Immortal principles forbid
 The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave
 Do they perform his will,

- But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.
- 3 They find access, at every hour,
To God within the veil :
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.
- 4 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face !
- 5 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne :
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong ;
Then will I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

264 C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work ;" my neighbors cried,
And own'd the power divine ;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;

Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

265

C. M.

The new creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show ;
"Behold. I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies ;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise !
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make ;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
From my old state of sin ;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mold my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell ;
In the new world that grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

266

S. M.

Vital union to Christ in regeneration.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands ;

- Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our Head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
If he in heav'n hath fix'd his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

ADOPTION AND ASSURANCE.

267

S. M.

Knowledge of forgiveness.

- 1 **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,
Disburden'd 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.

268

S. M.

Continued.—The indwelling Spirit.

- 1 **W**E by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,—
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd.
- 2 His Spirit, which he gave,
Now dwells in us, we know :
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
- 3 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit does impart,
And signs us with his cross.
- 4 Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transformed in all its powers ;

And both the witnesses are join'd,—
Thy Spirit, Lord, with ours.

5 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

6 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

269 L. M.

Rejoicing in forgiving love.

1 **M**Y soul, with humble fervor raise,
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransom'd powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace,
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove,
The joy of his forgiving love;
Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

270 C. M.

Blessedness of adoption.

1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
To say,—My Father, God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let each rebellious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father, God, permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

271

C. M.

Delightful assurance.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God! that gracious word
 Dispels my guilty fear;
 Not all the notes by angels heard,
 Could so delight my ear.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
 On my expanding heart;
 And show that in the Father's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by that witness from on high,
 Unwav'ring I believe;
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
 Nor can the sign deceive.

272

S. M.

The revealing and witnessing Spirit.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood:
 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 That He 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 vail away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our int'rest in his blood;
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,—
 Thou art my Lord, my God!
- 3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his Name:
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

273

C. M.

Desiring evidence of adoption.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor, while a child would raise its cry,
 Disdain a Father's name.

- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound !
 How tender and how dear !
 Not all the melody of heav'n
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my believing heart,
 And show that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 By such a heav'nly signal cheer'd,
 Unwav'ring I believe,
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry ;
 Nor can the sound deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love
 The Comforter has come ;
 All terrors at his voice disperse,
 And endless pleasures bloom.

274

L. M.

The privileges of the sons of God.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
 Who boast the honors of their birth,
 Such real dignity can claim,
 As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
 To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,
 And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 His will he makes them early know,
 And teaches their young feet to go ;
 Whispers instruction to their minds,
 And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply ;
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;

Leads them from earth to heav'n above;
And crowns them with eternal love.

5 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.

6 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness on my face.

275

7s.

1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness!
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

5 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy.

6 They alone are truly blest—
 Heirs with God, joint heirs with Christ;
 They with love and peace are fill'd,
 They are by his Spirit seal'd.

276 C. M.

1 **A** MAZING 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 relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His words my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess within the veil
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

277 C. M.

1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears:

210 ADOPTION AND ASSURANCE.

He has a book for their complaints,
A bottle for their tears.

2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessing home.

278 S. M.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown ;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 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 the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

 FULL REDEMPTION.

279

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS comes with all his grace,
 Comes to save a fallen race;
 Object of our glorious hope,
 Jesus comes to lift us up!
- 2 Let the living stones cry out;
 Let the sons of Abrah'm shout:
 Praise we all our lowly King;
 Give him thanks; rejoice, and sing.
- 3 He hath our salvation wrought;
 He our captive souls hath bought:
 He hath reconcil'd to God:
 He hath wash'd us in his blood.
- 4 We are now his lawful right;
 Walk as children of the light:
 We shall soon obtain the grace,
 Pure in heart, to see his face.
- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize;
 After God we all shall rise,
 Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
 Perfected in holiness.
- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
 Steadily to Christ look up;
 Trust to be redeem'd from sin,
 Wait till he appear within.

- 7 Fools and madmen let us be,
 Yet is our sure trust in thee ;
 Faithful is the promis'd word,
 We shall all be as our Lord.
- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day ;
 Let thy every servant say,
 "I have now obtain'd the power,
 Born of God, to sin no more."

280

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 glitt'ring 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.

281 S. M.

- 1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.
- 2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.
- 3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart.
- 4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.
- 5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
- 6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

282 C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, 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 renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess'd,
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

283

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God!
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travelers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford;
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from thee, 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 spend the remnant of my days.

284 L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 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, untir'd, I follow 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.

285 C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd 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.

- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When enter'd into rest,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God forever blest!
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

286 S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.
- 5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

- 7 Persist to save my soul,
 Throughout the fiery hour,
 Till I am every whit made whole,
 And show forth all thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
 Into the wealthy place;
 And teach me the new song to sing,
 When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
 Before I hence remove!
 Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
 And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
 When sin is all destroy'd;
 And then my spotless soul receive,
 And take me home to God.

287

C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me;
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be!
 What can withstand his will?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.

- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
 To meet thee from above:
 Thy goodness thankfully adores:
 And sure I *taste* thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
 In all its *depth* and *height*:
 To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
 And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possest,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
 Fully in thee believe,
 'Tis more than angel tongues can tell,
 Or angel minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
 And die to make it known:
 The great salvation now explain,
 And perfect us in one.

288 L. M.

- 1 **H**E wills that I should holy be;
 That holiness I long to feel;
 That full divine conformity
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- 2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
 Accomplish'd in the change of mine;
 And plunge me, every whit made whole,
 In all the depths of love divine!
- 3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
 And waits to prove thine utmost will:
 The promise by thy mercy made,
 Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.

- 4 No more I stagger at thy power,
 Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move:
 Hasten the long-expected hour,
 And bless me with thy perfect love.

289 C. M.

- 1 **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 reach'd out, I view;
 Conqu'ror through him I soon shall seize,
 And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd 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 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
 But make it all a pool:
 Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
 Spring up within my soul!
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
 Fill all this mighty void:
 Thou only canst my spirit fill:
 Come, O my God, my God!

290

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.
- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.
- 3 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that every work and word,
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord,"
Still be written on our heart!

291

C. M.

- 1 **L**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,
Fulfill 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.

292 L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.
- 2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 3 Lord, if I b'lieve thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure ;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove !
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

293 C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove!
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in :
I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt !
Remove from hence, to sin I say,
Be cast this mountain out.

- 4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued !
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou !
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now !
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

294

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find !
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God in Jesus pacified !

295 C. M.

The hope of our high calling.

- 1 **W**HAT 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 !

296

C. M.

The believer's rest.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 fix'd on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief 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.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart ;
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

297

C. M.

He is faithful that hath promised.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain ;
While thou art absent from the heart,
We look for rest in vain.
- 2 O when wilt thou my Saviour be ?
O when shall I be clean ?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin ?
- 3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld ;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfill'd.

- 4 I look to my incarnate God
 Till he his work begin ;
 And wait till his redeeming blood
 Shall cleanse me from all sin.
- 5 O that I now the voice might hear
 That speaks my sins forgiven ;
 Thy word is pass'd to give me here
 The inward pledge of heaven.
- 6 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
 And sanctify th' unclean ;
 The grace that saves the soul from hell,
 Will save from present sin.

298

L. M.

The promised rest.

- 1 **G**OD 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 forever 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.

299 S. M.

Purity of heart.

- 1 **B**LEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Selects the pure in heart.

300 L. M.

Christ all in all.

- 1 **H**OLY, 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.

301 C. M.

The garner of God.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Omniscient Son of man,
 Display thy sifting power;

- Come, with thy Spirit's winn' wing fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven ;
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove ;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.
- 4 Then let us all thy fullness know,
From every sin set free ;
Saved to the utmost, saved below,
And perfected in thee.

302 C. M.

Thy commandments are exceeding broad.

- 1 **D**EEPEN the wound thy hands have
made
In this weak, helpless soul:
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descend to make me whole.
- 2 The sharpness of thy two-edged sword
Enable me t' endure ;
Till bold to say,—My hall' wing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3 I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one :
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
- 4 O that, with all thy saints, I might
By sweet experience prove,

What is the length, & breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love.

303 S. M.

Glorious liberty.

- 1 **O** COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within ;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

304 L. M.

Thirsting for the fullness of love.

- 1 **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
Forever closed to all but thee:

Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who thence their life and strength 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,
Deck'd 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.

305 L. M.

Salvation in none other than Jesus.

- 1 **I**N vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
Eternal life ; on these I live ;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide ;
Thou art the true, the living way :
Let thy good Spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.

- 4 The various forms that men devise,
 To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
 I scorn as vanity and lies,
 And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

 REJOICING AND PRAISE.

306

C. M.

First Part.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for *me*.
- 5 He speaks—and list'ning 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 loosen'd tongues employ;

Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

307 ————— C. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **L**OOK unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 2 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an off'ring made
For every soul of man.
- 3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Ethiop white.
- 4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

308 ————— C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

*Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!*

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, &c.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

309

C. M.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

5 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;

6 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

310

C. M.

- 1 **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 seek the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
 With this delightful song,
 And entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

311

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE 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 form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
 He counts their numbers, 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 along 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 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or war-like horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But 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.

312

C. M.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall.
Before his face, who tunes their choir,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall:
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him—Lord of all.

7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

8 Let every tribe and every tongue,
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout a universal song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

313*8 lines 8s.*

1 **T**HOU 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 reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified Lord:
Thy love for a sinner declare;
Thy passion and death on a tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 '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 :
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

314

L. M.

- 1 **J**OIN all who love the Saviour's name,
 To sing his everlasting fame ;
 Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
 In him forever to rejoice.
- 2 With him I daily love to walk,
 Of him my soul delights to talk ;
 On him I cast my every care ;
 Like him one day I shall appear.
- 3 Take him for strength and righteousness,
 Make him thy refuge in distress ;
 Love him above all earthly joy,
 And him in every thing employ.
- 4 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
 To him your highest praise belongs ;
 Bless him who does your heaven prepare,
 And whom you'll praise forever there.

315

4. 8s. & 4 7s.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it :
 Mount of thy redeeming love ;
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;

And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring 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.

316

4 6s. & 2 8.

1 **Y**E ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord:
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near :
Again, I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 5 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise :
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

317 S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his 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,
That 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 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

- 1 **H**APPY 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 compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
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 flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

319

P. M.

1 **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 that 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 affliction shall feel Christ
 within:
 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
 So this is the race
 I'm running through 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?

320

C. M.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,

The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning 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 conqu'ror through.

321 C. M.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd;
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 fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere:
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd 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.

322 L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 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.
- 4 Wide as the world, is thy command;
 Vast as eternity, thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

323 P. M.

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin;
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win,
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee:
 Where shall I thy praise begin?

- 2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests his pard'ning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body, Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 Glory to the Great I AM!
 I with them will still be vying,
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 O how precious, O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Love and praise to Christ belong!
- 5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
 Whence the gracious spring arose;
 Angel minds are lost to ponder,
 Dying love's mysterious cause;
 Yet the blessing, Yet the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows!
- 6 This hath set me all on fire;
 Strongly glows the flame of love;
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
 Struggles for its swift remove;
 Then I'll praise him, Then I'll praise him,
 In a nobler strain above!

324

C. M.

- 1 O 'TIS delight without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name;

My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string,
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

325

P. M.

1 **H**OW 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 believ'd
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd 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 possess,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the name!
Brethren sing, brethren sing,
How precious is the name,
Brethren sing!
How precious is the name
Of Christ, the paschal Lamb,
Who bore our guilt and shame
On the tree, On the tree,
Who bore our guilt and shame
On the tree.
- 2 I've given all for Christ,
He's my all, he's my all,
I've given all for Christ,
He's my all;
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there, Reigning there,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there.
- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear
With delight, with delight,
His easy yoke I'll bear
With delight;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear;
His name I will declare,
Evermore, Evermore,
His name I will declare,
Evermore.
- 4 And when we all get home,
We will sing, we will sing,

And when we all get home,
 We will sing;
 And when we all get home,
 Around our Father's throne,
 And myriads join the theme,
 We'll sing on, We'll sing on
 And myriads join the theme,
 We'll sing on.

327

C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honor sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come and with humble souls adore,
 Come kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace.
- 4 Now is the time he lends his ear,
 And waits for your request;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

328

8 lines 8s.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers,
 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 so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd 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 Dear 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 to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

329 P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God:
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail ! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord !
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
 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 conqu'ring souls, fight on !
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of vict'ry 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.

330 L. M.

1 **F**ROM 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.

331 S. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame!
- 2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread
To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I raise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
And sacrifice of love.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

332 L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends:
And, when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless him, all ye who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

333 4 6s, & 2 8s.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, 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 purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, &c.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet ;
 Lift up your hearts, &c.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy :
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy ;
 Lift up your hearts, &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 !

334

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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, forever 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.

335 S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 form'd 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.

336 4 lines 7s.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

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

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

337 C. M.

1 **H**OW 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 treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 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.

7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

338 P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee, my God.

2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin or Satan cannot harm me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

3 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear Name;
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.

4 He that asketh soon receiveth;
He that seeks is sure to find;
Who of comfort is bereaved,
Jesus never casts behind.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.

6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father spare them, I have died:"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justified."

Redeeming love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud to 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 guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign grace,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome, each declining day,
And each revolving year.

- 3 Nor many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal powers, decay !
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

341 L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the 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 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along—
 His loving-kindness, O, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood—
 His loving-kindness, O, how good !
- 5 Although I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
 And though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powr's must fail;
 O ! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To brighter worlds of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

342

C. M.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod :
"Lord, teach us how to pray."

343

S. M.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father, hear
The pray'r we offer now :
Thy name be hallow'd, far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory, and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth, are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say—
All for his sake be done.

344

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAY'R 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 pray'r 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.

345

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there!
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
 Gives exercise to faith and love—
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
 Pray'r 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 supplications sent—

Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

346

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y 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 nowhere 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!
 O Jesus, raise me higher.

347

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
 To thee, lo, now my soul I 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 my 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 suff'ring 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.

348

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, 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 thine 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 retrieve,
Nor let me wait one 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:
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

349 C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope;
After thy lovely 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.

350

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more,
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

351

C. M.

- 1 **H**ERE, in the presence of our God,
 We've met to seek his face:
 O let us feel th' eternal Word,
 And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour
 To every mourning soul;

Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame :
And sacred love our hearts inspire,
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his heavenly love :
And every heart forever be
In praise to thee above.

5 And when our mortal days are o'er,
And we shall hence remove,
Help us to thy right hand to soar,
Thine endless love to prove.

352

L. M.

1 **W**HERE two, or three, with sweet ac-
cord,

Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise ;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
Amid that little company ;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
O send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

353

6 lines 8s.

1 **J**ESUS, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,

Attend thy feeblest follower's call,
 And O, instruct us how to pray!
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,
 We cannot feel a good desire,
 Till thou, who call'dst a world from naught,
 The power into our hearts inspire;
 And then we in the Spirit groan,
 And then we give thee back thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint,
 Of all thy tempted follow'rs here,
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter,
 The Spirit of ceaseless pray'r impart,
 And fix thy Agent in our heart.

4 Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
 To us who for thy coming stay:
 Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray;
 Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

354 S. M. •

1 **J**ESUS, 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 Thy blood and righteousness
 I make my only plea;

My present and eternal peace,
Are both deriv'd from thee.

- 4 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow ;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.
- 5 Come, then, impute, impart
To me thy righteousness ;
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace.
- 6 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify ;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

355

L. M.

- 1 **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 Sov'reign fear ?
We long t' 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 O, how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate !
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find 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 th' 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.

356

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise:
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;

Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

357 P. M. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us, &c.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs ;
Let each one esteem thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c.

358 C. M.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted foll'wers 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 pray'r !

- 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 swallow'd up,
And pray'r in endless praise.

359 C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love!
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons Three;
And glorify the great I Am,
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind;

And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The first dominion find.

- 5 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin ;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.
- 6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

360

C. M.

1 **T**HIS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And every heart with one accord
Ascends in solemn pray'r.

2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,
In heavenly showers descend,
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that knows no end.

3 We taste the precious streams of grace ;
The fountain makes them sing :
We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

4 We pray for grace to hold out well,
The conflict but begun :
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down ;
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqu'ror's crown.

361

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart,
I lift mine eyes to thee ;
Thy name proclaim, thyself impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 In sore temptations, when no way
To shun the ill I see,
My strength proportion to my day,
And then remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death,
And bow at thy decree,
Then Saviour, with my latest breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

362

C. M.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet ;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that 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, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee ;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

363*4 lines 7s.*

- 1 **H**ERALDS of the King of kings,
H Preach the peace the Gospel brings,
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.

- 2 Celebrate with every breath
Jesus' meritorious death :
Speak of Jesus' saving name,
Which forever is the same.

- 3 And may we in chorus join,
Blessing, praising Love divine ;
Never be asham'd to tell,
Christ hath sav'd our souls from hell.

364*4 lines 7s.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
L At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

365

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word ;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt 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 thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

366

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And let each guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoning blood.
- 4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare,
And speak their sins forgiven ;
By daily growth in grace prepare,
Then take them up to heaven.

367

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word ;
Give us hearts to love and fear,
Give us now to find thee near.
- 2 Let us know and praise thee more,
Let us live on mercy's store,
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
Till we join the saints above.
- 3 Then we'll praise thee and adore,
On the happy blissful shore ;
Praise, with all the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

368

L. M.

The mercy-seat.

- 1 **F**ROM 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 sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring 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.

369

S. M.

The throne of grace.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace ;
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and thy love,—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

- 4 If thou these blessings give,
 And thou our portion be,
 All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
 To find our heaven in thee.

370

C. M.

For victorious faith.

- 1 **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.

371

L. M.

For the Spirit's guidance.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 If 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 !

372

L. M.

For the peace of Jerusalem.

- 1 **O** THOU, our Saviour, 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 hallow'd name to know ;
The work of faith in us fulfill.

- 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
 O let us all be saints indeed,
 And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
 Conform'd 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.

373

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR 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 wand'ring soul restores :
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh ! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The humble contrite 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.

WATCHFULNESS.

374

S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

375

S. M.

- 1 **G**IVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
- 2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.

3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.

4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign!

376

C. M.

1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, confirm my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;

And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

377

S. M.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS 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 prepar'd,
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!
If 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!

378

S. M.

- 1 **B**ID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.

- 2 O may I calmly wait
 Thy succors from above!
 And stand against their open hate,
 And well-dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
 When men and devils join:
 'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
 In panoply divine.
- 4 O may I set my face,
 His onsets to repel!
 Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
 The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 But, above all, afraid
 Of my own bosom foe,
 Still let me seek to thee for aid,
 To thee my weakness show;
- 6 Hang on thy arm alone,
 With self-distrusting care,
 And deeply in the spirit groan,
 The never-ceasing pray'r.

379

C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord—
 "Now will I watch my tongue,
 Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 Or do my neighbor wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel;
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be over-aw'd;
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

380

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 **G**O, watch and pray; thou canst not tell
 How near thine hour may be;
 Thou canst not know how soon the bell
 May toll its notes for thee:
 Death's countless snares beset thy way:
 Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.
- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
 Does thy firm pulse beat high?
 Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
 Dilate before thine eye?
 Soon these must change—must pass away,
 Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.
- 3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
 Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
 With trembling limbs and wasting form,
 Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
 And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
 Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.
- 4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
 Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
 Behold! the caverns, dark with death,
 Before you open lie:
 The heavenly warning now obey;
 Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.

381

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
 O bless my coming in!

- Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread ;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 To THEE for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare :
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto pray'r.
- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart ;
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release ;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

382

C. M.

For a tender conscience.

- 1 **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 wand'ring 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.

383

L. M.

For mourners in Zion.

- 1 **O** LET the pris'ner's mournful cries
 As incense in thy sight appear:
 Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
 If haply they may feel thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free:
 Call home, call home thy banish'd ones;
 Lead captive their captivity.
- 3 Show them the blood that bought their
 peace,
 The anchor of their steadfast hope,
 And bid their guilty terrors cease,
 And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.
- 4 Out of the deep, regard their cries;
 The fallen raise, the mourners cheer:
 O Sun of righteousness arise,
 And scatter all their doubt and fear.

- 5 Pity the day of feeble things ;
 O gather every halting soul ;
 And drop salvation from thy wings,
 And make the contrite sinner whole.

384

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood ;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve,
 Thy Comforter divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love ;
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.
- 3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
 My child-like heart to thee :
 Still let me, till my days are pass'd,
 At Jesus' feet abide :
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

385

P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance, nor time can remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,
In yonder blest mansion above.
- 4 O! why then so loth for to part!
Since there we shall all meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from the prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, amen;
Amen! even so let it be.

386

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd;
With confidence we seek thy face;
And know our pray'r 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 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree:
 And ever t'wards each other move,
 And ever move t'wards Thee.

387

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word!
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part;
 May sorrows 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 failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow:
 And union sweet and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above:

And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

388

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice ;
'Tis heaven on earth begun !
- 2 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire ;
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a mighty flood ;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own :
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
Be fully sav'd by grace ;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face !

389

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace;
 Expect his fullness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore;
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.

390

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly:
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For, O! 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.

391

S. M.

1 **A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face !
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace !

2 Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last.

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming grace,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Who here his footsteps trace.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

392

C. M.

1 **A**LL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us, by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
And, gather'd 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 !

393 S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST 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 pray'rs ;
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 join'd 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.

394 P. M.

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints ;

To find at the banquet of mercy there's
 room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
 peace!

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
 cannot cease,

Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,

I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

3 I long from this body of clay to be free,
 Which hinders my joy and communion
 with thee:

Though now my temptations like billows
 may foam,

All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
 at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O give me submission and strength as my
 day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy
 grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of
 thy face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
 throne,

And find even now a sweet foretaste of
 home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
 shine,
 No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image arise from the
 tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at
 home.

395

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promis'd 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 join'd;
 We wait according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
 But, O! 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!"

396

L. M.

- 1 **ONCE** more a pleasant interview
 The Lord doth grant us, to renew
 Our social friendship, kind and dear;
 Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.
- 2 While we were absent far abroad,
 We saw the kindness of our God;
 Therefore his love let us adore,
 That we are here alive once more.
- 3 How many souls have launch'd away
 To everlasting night or day!
 In sickness many more remain,
 Whilst we our life and health retain.
- 4 Into his presence let us haste,
 And thank him for his favors past;
 Down on your knees devoutly all,
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

397

C. M.

- 1 **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 If to the 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.
- 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.

398

C. M.

1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find,
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong ;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light ;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay,
Through what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease ;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear!
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

399

P. M. 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **C**OME, my friend, and let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down,
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me;
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.
- 4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagu'd with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?
- 5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;

- Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.
- 7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.
- 8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven;
There we'll join the saints above,
And forever praise him.

400

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST 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 distills,
And all the air is love.

401

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace:
Bid our jars forever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear:
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

402

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, 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 through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant 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 pleas'd 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 cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

403

S. M.

1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promis'd 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 paths 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, O, thyself reveal!
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 The mighty comfort feel!
 O may thy quick'ning voice
 The death of sin remove;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love!

404

4 lines 7s.

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around;
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort never found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me to your rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
 Where you live shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power:
 Welcome poverty, and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

5 "Follow me!" I know thy voice,
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice;
 Light the burden now to me.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

405

S. M.

First Part.

- 1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound ;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;
The powers of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand,—
Go forth to glorious war !
- 3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God !
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 4 His standard bearers, now
To all the nations call :
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow ;
He bore the cross for all.
- 5 Go up with Christ, your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
- 6 All power to him is given :
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.
- 7 Only have faith in God ;
In faith your foes assail :
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.

- 8 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,
 And rule this lower world.

406

S. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **A**NGELS our march oppose,
 Who still in strength excel,
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible.
- 2 With rage that never ends,
 Their hellish arts they try:
 Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
 And spirits enthron'd on high.
- 3 On earth th' usurpers reign,
 Exert their baneful power;
 O'er the poor fallen sons of men
 They tyrannize their hour.
- 4 But shall believers fear?
 And shall believers fly?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy?
- 5 Jesus' tremendous name
 Puts all our foes to flight!
 'Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A lion is in fight.
- 6 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow;
 And conqu'ring them through Jesus'
 We on to conquer go. [blood,
- 7 Our Captain leads us on;
 He beckons from the skies,

And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

- 8 "Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

407

C. M.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer 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 flow'ry 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 vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since 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,
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

408

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y 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 vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy 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.

409

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed;
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.
- 2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ, the Judge, these words pro-
claims,
"Here come my saints, I own their names:

- 4 "Ye everlasting gates, fly wide;
 Make ready to receive my bride;
 Ye harps of heaven now sound aloud,
 Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 5 In grandeur see the royal line,
 In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine;
 See saints and angels join in one,
 And march in splendor to the throne.
- 6 They stand in wonder and look on;
 They join in one eternal song,
 Their great Redeemer to admire,
 While raptures set their souls on fire.

410

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:

Spring thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity!

411

4 8s. & 2 6s.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this 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 saints' 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 hope !
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.

- 6 The Father, shining on his throne,
 The glorious, everlasting Son,
 The Spirit, One and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And lo! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall ;
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God be all in all.

412

P. M. 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **O**, WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 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 voice I hear ;
 He gives me all my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer, though I die ;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly :—

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on your heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love.
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O! do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend;
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

413 C. M.

1 **Y**E weary, heavy laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you—
 Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise;
 The desert all around,
 And fiery serpents oft appear,
 Through the enchanted ground;

Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fears,
 And dragons often roar:
 But while the Gospel trump we hear,
 We'll press for Caanan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate;
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
 Her sorrows to relate.

But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on;
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes, like mountains to the sky,
 Black Jordan's billows roar;
 Which often makes the pilgrims fear,
 They never will get o'er;
 But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
 And view the vernal plain;
 To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
 And hell may rage in vain.

5 O, what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes!
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies;
 Bright angels whisper me away—
 O come! my brother, come!
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

1 **S**OLDIERS of the cross, arise!
 Lo! your leader from the skies
 Waves before you glory's prize,
 The prize of victory.

Seize your armor, gird it on ;
 Fight until the battle's won ;
 Soon the conflict will be done,
 Then struggle manfully.

- 2 Jesus conquer'd when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell ;
 Now he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though your enemies appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ?
 God, our strength and shield, is near :
 We cannot lose our cause.

- 3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God !
 Jesus points the victor's rod,
 Follow where your Leader trod ;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain ;
 Soon you'll join that glorious train,
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

415

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love, & grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform,
 He sends his angels from the sky,
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 Let land to land thy wonders tell.

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

416

S. M.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!

Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

- 6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

417

6 lines 8s.

- 1 **S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within;
Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin;
Single, yet undismay'd, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd, it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity;
My Lord and God, from heaven he came,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.
- 4 Salvation in his name there is,
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

First Part.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
 In glorious strength array'd :
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad ;
 Ye sons of men rejoice
 In Jesus' mighty love :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 To Him that rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power,
 Kiss the exalted Son,
 Who died, and lives to die no more,
 High on his Father's throne :
 Our Advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 And spreads through all the earth abroad,
 The vict'ry of his cross.
- 3 That bloody banner see,
 And, in your Captain's sight,
 Fight the good fight of faith with me,
 My fellow soldiers, fight :
 In mighty phalanx join'd,
 To battle all proceed ;
 Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind,
 Which was in Christ, your Head.

Second Part.

- 1 **U**RGE on your rapid course,
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
 'Tis seiz'd by violent hands :

See there the starry crown
 That glitters through the skies !
 Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
 And take the glorious prize !

2 Through much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
 Yet, O disdain to fear :
 "Courage," your Captain cries,
 (Who all your toil foreknew,)
 "Toil ye shall have, yet all despise,
 I have o'ercome for you."

3 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror:
 The world must sink beneath the Hand
 Which arms us for the war:
 This is the victory,
 Before our faith they fall ;
 Jesus hath died for you and me ;
 Believe, and conquer all !

420

8 lines 7s. & 6s.

1 **G**OD is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation
 My light, my help, is near:
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand ?

2 Place on the Lord reliance:
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate ;

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
 The Lord will give thee peace.

421

S. M.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal 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 Stand, then, against your foes,
 In close and firm array;
 Legions of wily fiends oppose,
 Throughout the evil day:
 But meet the sons of night,
 And mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole:

Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ, you Head.

422

8 lines 7s.

1 **B**RETHREN, 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 heart:
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon in glory 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,
 Nor betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within:
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these:
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child," your Father calls, "Come home!"

423

L. M.

1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms
 rise;

He utters his Almighty voice—
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works his hand hath wrought;
What desolations he has made!
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

424

C. M.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God, our Leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels, in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

- 5 He speaks—and at his fierce rebuke
 Whole armies are dismay'd;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,
 Strike all their courage dead.

425 C. M.

- 1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my Shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care;
 Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
 Doth my weak courage raise:
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

426 L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee!
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shinethrough endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star:
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 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.

- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 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.
- 7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

427

S. M.

Victory.

- 1 **I** THE good fight have fought,—
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,—
Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd.
- 4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

428

S. M.

Victory is on the Lord's side.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is ;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is His.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King ;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day,
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light :
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight :—
- 5 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND
PROVIDENCE.

429

S. M.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd 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 taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow :
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

430

P. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
 And dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail,
 And foes all 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 tempests be tost
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 Abram 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 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fills us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us
(Though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.
- 7 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.

8 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 The word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through:
 Not fearing or doubting,
 With Christ on our side,
 We hope to die shouting,
 The Lord will provide.

431

6 lines 8s.

1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if thou art mine:
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love:
 To me, with thy great Name are given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The med'cine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown.

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my all in all.

432

4 lines 7s.

1 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 trav'ling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd 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 undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

433

C. M.

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

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

434

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the
road,
That leads the soul away from God:
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live;
From him, my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours;
Serve him alone with all my powers.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;

He will my every want supply,
In time and through eternity.

135 C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
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.
There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

136 6 lines 8s.

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.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring 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 crown'd
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.

437

L. M.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face.
- 2 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.
- 3 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,—
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

188

L. M.

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

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."

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.

Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all:
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

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.

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.

- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
 Let him his righteousness impart ;
 Then all things else he'll freely give ;
 With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
 That seeks in God his only rest ;
 May I that happy person be,
 In time and in eternity.

439 P. M. 6. 5. 8. 5. 6. 8.

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence
 My soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call :
 My comfort by day,
 And my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
 Resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on thy pastures of love ?
 Say, why in the valley
 Of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 Oh! why should I wander
 An alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice,
 When my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion,
 Declare, have you seen
 The Star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents
 My Beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he is gone ?

This is my Beloved,
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon,
The lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheek in the beauty
Of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation
The Gentile shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

Love sits in his eye-lids,
And scatters delight
Thro' all the bright mansions on high :
Their faces the cherubim
Vail in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

0 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,

And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks, and eternity,
 Fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord !

440

P. M.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good :
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood ;
 All thy pleasures 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-atening 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.

- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove :
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

441 L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
 He, whom I fix my hopes upon :
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The 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 mourn'd 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!"

442 S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows ;
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy Name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear ;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding 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.

443 C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;

His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure 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 deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.

444

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God ;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear ;
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If I have e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe ;
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay my honor low.

- 4 If there were malice hid in me,
 (I know thy piercing eyes,)
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power control;
 Awake to judgment, and command
 Deliv'rance for my soul.

445 C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my
 song;
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
 Thou, sov'reign 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 will the Lord a refuge prove
 For all who are oppress'd;
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
 In thine abundant grace;
 For thou wilt 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 threat'ning word,
 And doth his grace fulfill.

446 C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say—
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"

My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away :
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In the distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near & dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God would make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

447 C. M.

- 1 **G**OD, my Supporter, and my Hope;
 My help forever near;
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness;
 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 while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

- 4 What, if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners who 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.

448

C. M.

- 1 **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 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;

They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

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

449

C. M.

1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword."

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
 In trouble I'll be nigh;
 My power shall help them when they fall,
 And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
 I'll honor them in heaven;
 There my salvation shall be shown,
 And endless life be given."

450

S. M.

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

2 Such are thy wondrous works,
 And methods of thy grace,
 That I may safely trust in thee,
 Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine all-powerful arm
 Upholds me in the way;
 And thy rich bounty well supplies
 The wants of every day.

4 For such compassions, Lord,
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.

451

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL beam of Light divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love;
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear:

With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill ;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be
gone:
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

452

L. M.

- 1 **I**N God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart & cheerful voice;
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
"I, even I, will comfort you."
- 2 Sweet words! O let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim ;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
"I, even I, will comfort you."
- 3 Are you in darkness and distress?
Does Satan roar and break your peace?
Fear not, but still the truth review,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

- 4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
 And pungent sorrow day by day ?
 Look to this word, t'will bear you through
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 5 If death in gloomy form appear,
 And overwhelm your souls with fear;
 Let this sweet word your faith renew,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 6 Thus while you sojourn here below,
 As pilgrims in this world of woe;
 Make this your song, your journey
 through,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 7 And when each happy soul attains,
 That blissful state where glory reigns,
 This song shall all his powers employ,
 "God is my comfort and my joy."

453

L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, renounce your fears;
 Lo! Jesus for your help appears,
 And loudly speaks, as he draws nigh,
 "Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"
- 2 When in the awful tempest test,
 You feel your strength and courage lost,
 And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
 Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*
- 3 When mournful tidings come from far,
 Or nations raise tumultuous war,
 And wide their devastations spread,
 Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*
- 4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
 Are all obedient to his word ;

He, riding on the stormy sky,
Says, "Fear ye not, for *it is I.*"

5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn,
To see your dear relations dead;
Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*

6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
E'en then your Judge will smiling cry,
"Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

154 C. M.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he lets me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim;
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes,
 He does my table spread ;
 He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
 With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wondrous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

455

S. M.

- 1 **G**IVE 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 the way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 And 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 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command :
 So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,

When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

RELIGIOUS FORMALITY.

456

S. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION'S form is vain,
While we deny its power:
What will the hypocrite obtain
In death's tremendous hour?
- 2 Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.
- 3 Then, oh, what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!
- 4 Lord, search and know my heart,
And make my soul sincere;
And bid hypocrisy depart,
And keep my conscience clear!

457

C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I seemed to serve thee,
Lord,
With unavailing pain:
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd, in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near the 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 hop'd 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.

458

S. M.

First Part.

- 1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray!
- 2 Ten thousand wants have I;
Alas! I all things want!
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.

- 3 Yet Lord, well might I fear,
Fear e'en to ask thy grace:
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,
And mock'd thee to thy face.
- 4 With all pollutions stain'd,
Thy hallow'd courts I trod;
Thy name and temple I profan'd,
And dared to call thee God.
- 5 Nigh with my lips I drew;
My lips were all unclean:
Thee with my heart I never knew;
My heart was full of sin.
- 6 Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven;
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,
Nor look'd to be forgiven.
- 7 My nature I obey'd;
My own desires pursued:
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallow'd house of God.
- 8 The worship he approves,
To him I would not pay;
My selfish ends, and creature loves,
Had stole my heart away.
- 9 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise;
Spoke to my soul a flatt'ring peace,
And put out mine own eyes.
- 10 In fig-leaves I appear'd;
Nor with my form would part;
But still retain'd a conscience sear'd,
A hard, deceitful heart.

459 S. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **A** GODLY, formal saint
 I long appear'd in sight ;
 By self and Satan taught to paint
 My tomb, my nature, white.
- 2 The Pharisee within
 Still undisturb'd remain'd ;
 The strong man, armed with guilt of sin,
 Safe in his palace reign'd.
- 3 But oh! the jealous God
 In my behalf came down ;
 Jesus himself the stronger show'd,
 And claim'd me for his own.
- 4 My spirit he alarm'd,
 And brought into distress ;
 He shook and bound the strong man, armed
 In his self-righteousness.
- 5 Faded my virtuous show,
 My form without the power ;
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
 And blasted every flower :
- 6 My mouth was stopt, and shame
 Cover'd my guilty face ;
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was saved by grace.

460 C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just, and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 8 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my
 And make my soul sincere; [ways,
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

461

L. M.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
 To feed the hungry—clothe the poor;
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name:—
- 4 If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfill.

462 L. M.

Zeal implored.

- 1 **O** THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my
soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming
eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.
- 5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

463 L. M.

The spirit of the ancient worthies.

- 1 **O** FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old:
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

- 2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
 In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him
 thine ?
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
 And glow with energy divine ?—
- 3 That Spirit, which from age to age
 Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy
 ways ?
 Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
 And breathed in David's hallow'd lays ?
- 4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
 As when Elijah felt its power ;
 When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
 Or Job endured the trying hour ?
- 5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days :
 Renew thy work ; thy grace restore ;
 And while to thee our hearts we raise,
 On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

 SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

464 C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas, what numbers do !)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;

To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?

- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the CHRIST of God ;
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart :
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has this question stirr'd,
"If I will also go?"
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—No!

465 C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning 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 vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My pray'rs are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

466

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I vent my grief?
My Comforter is fled ;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.
- 2 I once enjoyed my Lord,
Lived happy in his love :
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.
- 3 But, oh, alas ! my soul,
Where is my comfort now ?
Why did I let my love grow cold ?
Ah ! why to idols bow ?
- 4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,

To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

6 My confidence is gone;
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.

7 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand or keep my seat.

8 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.

9 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.

10 I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

467

S. M.

1 **Y**E, who in former days
Were found at Zion's gate;
Who walked awhile in wisdom's ways,
And told your happy state;

- 2 But now to sin draw back,
 And love again to stray,
 The narrow path of life forsake,
 And choose the beaten way;
- 3 Think not your names above
 Are written with the saints;
 The promise of eternal love
 Is his, who never faints.
- 4 Your transient joy and peace,
 Your deeper doom have seal'd;
 Unless you wake to righteousness,
 Ere judgment is reveal'd.

468 P. M.

- 1 **A**H! but where am I now?
 And why was it and how,
 That I fell from my heaven of grace!
 I am brought into thrall;
 I am stripp'd of my all;
 I am banished from Jesus's face!
- 2 Hardly yet do I know,
 How I let my Lord go,
 So insensibly started aside;
 But whate'er was the cause,
 I lament the sad loss,
 For the vail has come over my heart.
- 3 Now no tongue can declare,
 The keen torment I bear,
 While no end of my troubles I see;
 Only Adam could tell,
 On the day that he fell,
 And was turned out of Eden, like me.
- 4 Driven out from my God,
 I now wander abroad;

Through a desert of sorrow I rove ;
 And how great is my pain,
 That I cannot regain
 My lost Eden of Jesus's love !

5 Ah! shall I ever rise
 To my first paradise?
 Ever come my Redeemer to see ?
 Yes, I feel a faint hope,
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

469

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left 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.

470

4 lines 7s.

- 1 **D**EPTH 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.

471

P. M. 7s. 6s. & 1 8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep:

False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored :
On me be all longsuff'ring 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 me, 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 bowels now be stirr'd,
If I now 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
 O my bleeding, loving Lord, [done!"
 Thou break'st my heart of stone.

472 C. M.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee—no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savor of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The flattering world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust me from thy arms.

- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.
- 9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

473

C. M.

Faint, yet pursuing.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;

When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

474 L. M.

Humble confession.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.
- 2 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 3 Yea, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:
- 4 Till thoroughly saved my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

475 S. M.

God's absence deprecated.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:

- Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?
- 3 Shall guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,—
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,—
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
- 5 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

 PASTORAL.

476

L. M.

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew:
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy scepter all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let Him opposers all o'erturn;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
His richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;

To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire !

477

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want :
With no kind shepherd near, to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind, and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art ;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd ;
Preachers who all the sinful race,
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouths, and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.
- 6 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free ;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He died for all, who died for me."
- 7 A double portion from above,
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart ;
Shed forth thy universal love
In every faithful pastor's heart.

- 8 Thine only glory let them seek,
 O let their hearts with love o'erflow!
 Let them believe, and therefore speak,
 And spread thy mercy's praise below,

478 L. M.

- 1 **D**RAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
 Us with thy flaming eye behold;
 Still in thy church do thou appear,
 And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
 And let them in thy lustre glow,
 The lights of a benighted land,
 The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
 Their high commission let them prove;
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
 And fill'd with faith, and hope, and
 love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
 Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
 Fix their affections all above,
 And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
 Thou speakest to the churches now:
 And let all tongues confess their Lord,
 Let every knee to Jesus bow.

479 C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-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 suff'ring Son of God:
 And let them see thee in thy vest,
 But newly dipp'd in blood.
- 5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
 Thou who for all hast died:
 Show them the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.
- 6 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 7 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
 And prove the record true:
 And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
 "I suffer'd this for you!"

480

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view;

The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy Name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

481

C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy Name I bless,
Thy conqu'ring Name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy Name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour:
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown:
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love looked down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
 Set as a flint my face,
 To show the counsel of thy will,
 Which saves a world by grace.

6 O let me never blush to own
 The glorious Gospel-word;
 Which saves a world through faith alone,
 Faith in a dying Lord!

482 C. M.

1 **N**OW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
 Be it thy servant's care,
 Thy heavenly blessings to bring down,
 By humble, fervent pray'r.

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

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

483 P. M. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 **M**EN of God, go, take your stations:
 Darkness reigns throughout the
 Go, proclaim among the nations, [earth;
 Joyful news of heavenly birth:
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
 As "the power of God to save,"
 Go where Christ was never named;
 Publish freedom to the slave!

Blessed freedom !

Such as Zion's children have.

- 3 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose our Saviour's plan ?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :
Fear ye not the face of man :
Vain their tumult ;
Hurt his work they never can.
- 4 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend,
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

484

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his
It was a weeping day : [friends,
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy,
Secure no more to part ;
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children soon shall meet ;
Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here ;

The preachers who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.

- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view;
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,
And save their hearers too.

485

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
His ministers to preach his word;
They through the world obedient went,
And spread the Gospel of their Lord.
- 2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
The Gospel jubilee proclaim,
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 "The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show,
That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 "Freely from me ye have received;
Freely in love to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And by your labors sinners live."
- 6 Happy those servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey!
How rich, how full is their reward,
Reserved until the final day!

486

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR 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 ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourned here.
- 4 The Churches' 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, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

487

S. M.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy lov'd employ:
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,

A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease:
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

488

L. M.

He giveth the increase.

1 **H**IGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move:
With all their hearts and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and
To cultivate Immanuel's lands. [pains,

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

BAPTISM.

489

L. M.

- 1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,—
 Go, teach the nations and baptize:
 The nations have received the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
 To bless the distant heathen lands.
- 3 Repent, and be baptized, he saith,
 For the remission of your sins;
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what his Gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit of our God,
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
 O may the great eternal Three,
 In heaven our solemn vows record!

490

L. M.

- 1 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,
 Effectual make the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, from on 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 !

491 C. M.

- 1 **C**ELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood :
 Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
 The water and the blood.
- 2 I love the Lord that stoops so low,
 To give his word a seal ;
 But the rich grace his hands bestow,
 Exceeds the figure still.
- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
 And our request renew :
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
 The work we have to do.

492 S. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour's pierced side
 Poured out a double flood :

- By water we are purified,
And pardoned by his blood.!
- 2 Call'd 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 open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side !

493

C. M.

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men ;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And, in the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 4 And when the awful message comes,
To call their souls away,
May they be found prepared to live
In realms of endless day.

494

S. M.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

495 S. M.

1 **L**ORD! what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delight to trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To every virtuous race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy Name
For goodness so divine!

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honor thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which in the promise of thy love
Includes our rising race!

5 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest times thy blessing share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

496

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE 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 glory came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

497

L. M.

- 1 "**G**O, teach the nations, and baptize;"
 Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;
 His glad apostles took the word,
 And round the nations preach'd their
 Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,
 We to this holy laver bring
 These happy converts, who have known
 And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
 O bless them with peculiar grace:
 Refresh their souls with love divine;
 Let beams of glory round them shine.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

498

6 lines 8s.

- 1 **I**N that sad, memorable night,
 When Jesus was for us betray'd,
 He left his death-recording rite ;
 He took, and bless'd, and brake the
 bread ;
 And gave his own their last bequest,
 And thus his love's intent express'd.
- 2 "Take, eat, this is my body, given
 To purchase life and peace for you,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ;
 Do this, my dying love to show ;
 Accept your precious legacy,
 And thus, my friends, remember me."
- 3 He took into his hands the cup,
 To crown the sacramental feast,
 And full of kind concern looked up,
 And gave to them what he had blest :
 And—"Drink ye all of this," (he said)
 In solemn mem'ry of the dead.
- 4 "This is my blood," which seals the new,
 Eternal cov'nant of my grace ;
 My blood so freely shed for you,
 For you and all the sinful race ;
 My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
 And justifies your claim to heaven.

499

S. M.

- 1 **L**ET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's name,

Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb!
 Our passover was slain,
 At Salem's hallow'd place,
 Yet we who in our tents remain,
 Shall gain his largest grace.

- 2 This eucharistic feast,
 Our every want supplies,
 And still we by his death are blest,
 And share his sacrifice;
 By faith his flesh we eat,
 Who here his passion show,
 And God out of his holy seat
 Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ
 His suff'rings to record;
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord:
 As though we every one
 Beneath his cross had stood,
 And seen him heave, & heard him groan,
 And felt his gushing blood.
- 4 O God! 'tis finished now!
 The mortal pang is past!
 By faith his head we see him bow,
 And hear him breathe his last.
 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.

500

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at whose supreme command
 We now approach to God,

Before us in thy vesture stand,
 Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.
 Obedient to thy gracious word,
 We break the hallow'd bread,
 Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
 And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now, thyself reveal,
 And make thy nature known,
 Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
 And stamp us for thy own.
 The tokens of thy dying love,
 O let us all receive,
 And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
 And sensibly believe!

3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
 Let it thy blood impart ;
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 And cheer each languid heart.
 The grace which sure salvation brings,
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Sate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be ;
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by thee.
 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood,
 Till all our souls are filled below,
 With all the life of God.

501

L. M.

1st **T**HIS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head & died,

- 'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In thee, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished!—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished!—man is reconciled
To God, and powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round;
'Tis finished!—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky!

502

C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT 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 suff'rings, 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!

503

L. M.

1 **T**HE broken bread, the blessed cup,
 On which we now are call'd to sup,
 Without thy help and grace divine,
 Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
 Dispense thy grace to every guest;
 Direct our views to Calvary,
 And help us to remember thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blest,
 That on thy bosom we may rest;
 And at thy supper each may learn,
 Thy broken body to discern.

4 O that our souls may now be fed
 With Christ himself, the living bread;
 That we the cov'nant may renew,
 And to our vows be render'd true!

504

C. M.

1 **Y**E foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
 Who round his table draw!
 Remember what his Spirit was,
 What his peculiar law.

2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,
 Did all his actions guide,
 Inspired by love, he liv'd and taught;
 Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him? do you feel
 Your warm affections move?

This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.

- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 5 Let none, who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

505 L. M.

Figure and means of saving grace.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of our salvation, thee,
With lowly, thankful hearts, we
Author of this great mystery,— [praise;
Figure and means of saving grace.
- 2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood, it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.
- 3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express [live.
The strength through which our spirits
- 4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on angels' wings, we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

506 L. M.

Rejoicing at the table, with godly sorrow.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
The Name by heaven and earth adored,

Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around this board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let humble, penitential woe,
In tears of godly sorrow flow;
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

507 S. M.

Universal gladness and joy.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high,
Our peace is made with Heaven;
The Son of God came down to die,
That me might be forgiven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised, for sin:
Remember this in eating bread,
And that in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join every tongue to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son;
The Son, his flesh and blood:
The Spirit seals, and faith puts on
The righteousness of God.

SABBATH.

508

L. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day that God has blest,
 Another six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to weari'd minds,
 Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
 On this day more than all the seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense to the skies:
 And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the Church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
 Creation's scene, redemption's plan,
 With praise we think on mercies past,
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy comforts, pass away;
 How sweet! a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

509

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
 Come bear our thoughts from earth
 away;

Now let our noblest passions rise,
With'ardor to their native skies.

- 2 Come Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

510

S. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
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.

511 *and* L. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and
 To show thy love by morning light, [sing,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
 Then I shall share a glorious part:
 And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And every hour find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

512 P. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, awake,
 And hail this sacred day;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your grateful homage pay;
 Come bless the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes:
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Heaven with hosannas rings,

And earth, with humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings;
 "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign!"

513

L. M.

Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
 In this thy house, on this thy day;
 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 lab'ring souls aspire,
 With ardent hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No signs 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.

514

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made;
 He calls the hours his own:
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day arose our glorious Head,
 And death's dread empire fell,
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna! the anointed King
 Ascends his destin'd throne:
 To God your grateful homage bring,
 And his Messiah own.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who came in God the 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.

515

C. M.

- 1 **F**REQUENT 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 Sabbaths never end.
- 4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly luster shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

MORNING HYMNS.

516

C. M.

Sunday morning : Preparing for public worship.

- 1 **L** ORD, 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 the 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 Now 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.

517

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and with the sun
 Your daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay your morning sacrifice.

- 2 Blessed be God, who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd us while we slept:
Now help us, Lord, to watch and pray,
And serve thee faithfully to-day.
- 3 O Lord, illumine, direct our way,
In all we think, or do, or say;
That all our powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite!
- 4 Teach each of us thy will to know,
And do the same while here below;
So that when we from death awake,
We may of endless life partake.

518 *Psalm 138* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning I will send
My pray'r to reach thine ear;
Thou art my Father and my Friend,
My help forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide:
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 So shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down,
My hope, my trust, joy and relief,
Shall be in Thee alone.
- 5 Thus let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away;

Till ev'ning shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

519 4 lines 7s.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish every doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
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 of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

520 C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we, with welcome slumber
Had clos'd our weary eyes, [prest,
A power unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.
- 2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long, eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 3 But life to us its light prolongs,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

521

S. M.

- 1 **S**EE, how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
Islept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near !
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee :
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

522

C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, and praise the Lord,
For all his rich supplies ;
His goodness has again restor'd
My dormant faculties.
- 2 Rais'd from the slumbers of the night,
In which I helpless lay :
Lord, I adore thee for the light
Of this returning day.
- 3 I bless thee for thy gracious care,
Vouchsaf'd to me and mine ;
O may we still thy goodness share,
And be forever thine.

523

C. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes my 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,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

524 C. M.

- 1 **G**IVER and guardian of my sleep,
 To praise thy name I wake :
 Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
 For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day
 I thankfully receive :
 O may I only thee obey,
 And to thy glory live !
- 3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
 Its cruel power suspend,
 Till all this strife and war within
 In perfect peace shall end.
- 4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
 My words and thoughts restrain :

Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

- 5 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus, King.

525

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose:
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

- 2 Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I'll pay,
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

- 3 In midst of dangers, fear, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
My death, when death must be my lot,
Shall send my soul to thee.

526

C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties.

- 2 God's guardian shield was round me
spread,
In my defenceless sleep:

Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

8 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness, arise!
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul,
To everlasting day.

EVENING HYMNS.

527 S. M.

1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning 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 we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd 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!

528 L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

529 C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, 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 swift 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.

530 : *Devotional* C. M.

1 **O** LORD, another day has flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,—
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 Then thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way,
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

531 L. M.

1 **T**HUS 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 the voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

532

S. M.

1 **A**NOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled ;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep ;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stay'd !
They shall not be in life alarm'd,
Nor be in death dismay'd.

533

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am forever 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 compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

534 L. M.

1 **H**AST thou, my soul! improved each
power,
With zeal, this day, for God and man;
Hath diligence marked every hour,
As though this day might close the span?

2 Oh! if another op'ning morn
On earth, should never smile on thee,
Wert thou to meet another dawn
In yon unknown eternity—

3 Shouldst thou with grief review this day,
And tremble at Jehovah's rod?
Or, wouldst thou calmly soar away,
To welcome an approving God?

535 L. M.

1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;

And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign 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.

536

C. M.

1 **B**EGONE, my worldly cares away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
Employ my heart and tongue:
Begin, my soul, thy Sabbath-days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week,
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heaven ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With *thee* the day to spend.

TIME.

537

4 6s. & 2 8s.

New-Year.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages, praise!
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days!
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground!
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word,
 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 obtain'd the grace;
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo! we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about the root;
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound;

O let us all thy grace declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

538

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The op'ning year thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
We'll rise to sing thy praise above;
And glory in thy boundless love.

539

C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence has brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continu'd care :
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are :
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesus' steps we go
 To seek thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
 And all our consecrated powers,
 A sacrifice to thee ;
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand Sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

540 C. M.

Reflections at the end of the year.

- 1 **A**ND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my fleeting life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul ; with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes ?—how sure, how fair ?
 What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold, another year begins ;
 Set out afresh for heaven ;

Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

541

L. M.

- 1 **O**H time, how few thy value weigh,
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months, and years, are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone!
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys:
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thought design'd,
The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Then let us every day give heed,
To God, ourselves and time to yield.

542

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of your salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.

- 3 The time is short! ye rebels now
 To Christ, the Lord, submit;
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice,
 The Lord will quickly come,
 Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 6 The time is short! the moment near,
 When we shall dwell above;
 And be forever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

543 L. M.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 O hasten, sinner, to return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace when mortals may
 Secure the blessing of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circle of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue:

Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
O may we all improve the grace,
And see with joy His glorious face.

544 P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master ap-
pear!

His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve, [love.
By the patience of hope, and the labor of

- 2 Our life, as a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides 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
"I have fought my way through; [say,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give
me to do!"

O that each from his Lord may receive the
glad word,

"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
throne."

545 C. M.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase:
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb; [ground,
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 unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

546

L. M.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time its being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, & years,
Revolve by thine unvari'd law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea—
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Along the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

547

L. M.

- 1 **A**T every moment of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.
- 2 A moment usher'd us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.
- 3 'Twixt that long field which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
- 4 *This* is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell,

This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.

- 5 Time past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot ;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.

DEATH AND FUNERALS.

548

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals
Death is the gate to endless joy, [are!
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 pass'd!
- 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.

549

S. M.

First Part.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

- 2 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought ;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot !
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be.
- 4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies !
- 5 How shall I leave my tomb—
 With triumph or regret ?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing, meet ?
- 6 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?
 Or devils drag my soul away,
 To meet its sentence there ?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast ?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest ?
- 8 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell ;
 Must come at his command to heaven,
 Or else—depart to hell !

550

S. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **O** THOU that wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die ;

Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:—

2 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

3 Thou art thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will.

4 So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

551 S. M.

1 **A**ND must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring 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 sounds we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

552

8 lines 8s. & 7s.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ending,
 All thy mourning days below :
 Go, the angel guards attending,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! thy Saviour stands above ;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast ;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory :
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

553

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND 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 threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away :
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

554

L. M.

The end of that man is peace.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights & shades alternate dwell !
 How bright th' 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 !

555 C. M.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 To dust thou shalt return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state
 In flowers that bloom and die,
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form
 That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The number'd hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.
- 4 Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
 The short allotted span,

That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

556 C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God ;
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear ;
Ye must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long forever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day ;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

557 6 lines 7s. & 8s.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh 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 spirits, 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?

558 C. M.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn for dying 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 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

DEATH AND FUNERALS. 4

- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way,
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:—
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

559

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! 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 rev'rend 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 prepar'd no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

560

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E mourners who, in silent gloom,
Bear your dear kindred to the tomb;
Grudge not when Christians go to rest,
They sleep in Jesus, and are blest.

- 2 Call then to mind their faith, their love,
 Their meetness for the realms above;
 And if to heaven a saint is fled,
 Oh mourn the living, not the dead.
- 3 Weep o'er the thousands that remain,
 Deep sunk in sin, or rack'd with pain;
 Mourn your own crimes & wicked ways,
 And learn to number all your days.

561

L. M.

- 1 **U**NVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
 Take this new treasure to thy trust;
 And give these sacred relics room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's own dear Son [bed;
 Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the
 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 sov'reign word;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
 Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

562

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE grave is now a favored spot,
 To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;
 For there the wicked trouble not,
 And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
 At rest as in a peaceful bed;

Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls who 're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

563

C. M.

1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are
Around their cold remains [borne,
How all their tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains.

2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
We bend our weeping eyes;
Ah, let us leave these seats of pain,
And upward learn to rise.

3 Jesus, who left his bless'd abode,
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Mark'd, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.

4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,
The tears forget to flow;
Hope views our absent, happy friends,
And calms the swelling woe.

5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

564 C. M.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my gracious Lord,
 With transports 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 can't dissolve my love:
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 And mould with heavenly skill;
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine,—
 O Saviour, all we have and are,
 Shall be forever thine.

565 C. M.

- 1 **A**N early summons Jesus sends,
 To call a child above:
 And whispers to the weeping friends,
 'Tis all the fruit of love.
- 2 To save the darling child from woe,
 And guard it from all harms,

From all the griefs you feel below,
I call'd it to my arms.

3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast or weep ;
The child, though dead, is yet alive,
And only fall'n asleep.

4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,
And feels no sorrow there ;
'Tis by a heavenly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.

5 To you the child was only lent,
While mortal it was thine ;
But now in robes immortal pent,
It lives for ever mine.

566 C. M.

1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
By death's resistless hand, [away
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,]
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more,
Behold the gaping tomb ;
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey ;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

426 DEATH AND FUNERALS.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy saving grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

567 C. M.

Death of a Child.

1 **T**HE once lov'd form, now cold & dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

2 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

3 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

568 L. M.

The Christian's parting hour.

1 **H**OW 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?

569

S. M.

Let me die the death of the righteous.

1 **O** FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransom'd 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.

570 *Psalm 137* P. M.

Friends separated for a season.

- 1 **F**RRIEND after friend departs:
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end:
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this veil of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affection transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Form'd for the good alone:
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away,
 As morning high and higher shines,
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own
 light.

RESURRECTION.

571 C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ;
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
 Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around ;
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 Faith hears the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
 And lo! the graves obey ;
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and, on the wing,
 Rise to the midway air ;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore him there.
- 5 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them cloth'd in white ;
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing.

572 L. M.

Longing for the resurrection.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more ;
 But, calm and cheerful, will resign,

To the cold dungeon of the grave,
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust;
 My God shall raise my frame anew
 At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
 And usher in that glorious day:
 Come quickly, Lord! cut short the hours:
 Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.
- 4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
 Rouse all the pious, sleeping clay,
 That we may join in heav'nly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day.

573 C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake,—
 When op'ning graves shall yield their
 charge,
 And dust to life awake;—
- 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
 Shall incorrupt arise;
 And mortal forms shall spring to life,
 Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
 Is now at last fulfill'd—
 That Death should yield his ancient reign,
 And, vanquish'd, quit the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
 And now in triumph sing:
 "O Grave! where is thy victory?
 "And where, O Death! thy sting?"

- 5 "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt ;
 "Twas this that armed thy dart ;
 "The law gave sin its strength, and force,
 "To pierce the sinner's heart.
- 6 "But God, whose name be ever blest !
 "Disarms that foe we dread ;
 "And makes us conqu'rors, when we die,
 "Through Christ our living Head."
- 7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,
 Though dangers rise around ;
 And in the work prescribed by God,
 Yet more and more abound :
- 8 Assured that, though we labor now,
 We labor not in vain ;
 But through the grace of heaven's great
 Th' eternal crown shall gain.) [Lord,

574 8 lines 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, faithful to his word,
 Shall with a shout descend :
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall joyfully attend.
 Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud ;
 With the great archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;
 Then we that yet remain,
 Shall be caught up to the skies,
 And see our Lord again.
 We shall meet him in the air ;
 All rapt up to heaven shall be ;
 Find, and love, and praise him there,
 To all eternity.

- 3 Who can tell the happiness,
 This glorious hope affords ?
 Joy unutter'd we possess
 In these reviving words :
 Happy while on earth we breathe ;
 Mightier bliss ordained to know :
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
 To the third heaven we go.

575

P. M. 6 lines 8s.

In my flesh shall I see God,

- 1 **I** CALL the world's Redeemer mine ;
 He lives who died for me, I know,—
 Who bought my soul with blood divine :
 Jesus shall re-appear below,—
 Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
 And fix on earth his heavenly throne.
- 2 Then the last judgment-day shall come ;
 And though the worms the skin devour,
 The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
 Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
 And raise this individual me,
 God in the flesh, my God, to see.
- 3 In this identic body, I,
 With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
 Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
 See for myself my smiling Lord ;
 See with ineffable delight,
 Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.
- 4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
 The greedy grave my reins consume ;
 With joy I drop my mould'ring clay,
 And rest till my Redeemer come ;

On Christ my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

576 L. M.

Day dawns on the night of the grave.

- 1 **S**HALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?
- 3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe was captive led, [rang.
And heaven with praise and wonder
- 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 slumb'ers
spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads
rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

577 P. M. 8 lines 7s.

Clothed with immortality.

- 1 **S**PIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, resign thy breath;

Spirit, cast thy chains away;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death:—
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom'd captive flies.

2 Pris'ner, long detain'd below,
 Pris'ner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe;
 Welcome to a land of rest:—
 Thus the choir of angels sing,
 As they bear the soul on high,
 While with hallelujahs ring
 All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
 Grave, the treasury of the skies,
 Every atom of thy trust
 Rests in hope again to rise:
 Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
 Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
 Immortality thy walls,
 And eternity thy day.

578

L. M.

Assurance of the resurrection.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign:
 Lord! 'tis enough that thou art
 I shall behold thy blissful face, [mine!
 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?

- 8 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

 JUDGMENT.

579

P. M.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment,—day of wonders,
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 Ye who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea,
 All the powers of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner!
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,

When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels hast thy part!"

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You for ever,
 Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise!
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise!
 May we triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze!

580 C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
 And answer in that day
 For every vain and idle thought,
 And every word I say?
- 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.

581

C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' 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 banished 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 no taste his love!

582

8, 7, & 4.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes, on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing—
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour ! take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly—
 Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

583 P. M.

- 1 **S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne ,
 Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
 That he's with the Father One :
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear the awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
 At the sight of fiercer pain ;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he weeps and cries in vain :
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love:

O that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move !
 Doomed I'm justly,
 For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul,
 If my vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke them all :
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll !

5 There I see my godly neighbors,
 Who were once despised by me,
 Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see ;
 Farewell neighbors—
 Dismal gulph, I'm bound for thee !

6 Hail! ye ghosts, that dwell in darkness,
 Groaning, rattling of your chains !
 Christ has now denounced my sentence,
 I'm to dwell in endless pains ;
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
 Hell is not a fabled thing,
 Now I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing,
 I'm tormented
 With an everlasting sting.

584

P. M.

1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes, the Judge severe ;
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,
 Sinners shriek with awful fear :

- Come to judgment,
Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See the world in flames is burning,
Hills and mountains fly away ;
Lo! the moon and stars are falling,
Comets blazing through the sky ;
Thunders rolling,
Sinners now for help they cry.
- 3 From the general conflagration,
Mount the righteous up on high,
Gain the hope of their salvation,
Live with God no more to die ;
Hallelujah !
Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,
See the wicked left behind,
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
For a moment's ease to find ;
Doomed to sorrow,
In the lake of hell confin'd.

585

L. M.

- 1 **H**E 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 great white 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,
 Forever and forever reigns.

586

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE great archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders
 roar,)

Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead;
 The earth no more her slain conceal;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness:
 Stand as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth and all the works therein
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruin'd world look down:
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

587

S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear.
- 2 Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down—
- 4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 5 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears :
- 6 The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come !
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !"
- 7 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
- 8 O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest :
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

588

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
 And must the dead arise,
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven, before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

589

C. M.

The dissolution of all things.

- 1 **J**ESUS to thy dear wounds we flee;
 We shelter in thy side;
 Assured that all who trust in thee,
 Shall evermore abide.
- 2 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
 The latest lightnings glare;
 The mountains melt; the solid ground
 Dissolve as liquid air.

- 3 The huge celestial bodies roll
 Amidst the gen'ral fire ;
 And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
 And all in smoke expire:—
- 4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
 When nature is destroyed ;
 And no created thing remains
 Throughout the flaming void.
- 5 Sublime on his eternal throne,
 He speaks th' almighty word:
 His fiat is obey'd: 'tis done,
 And paradise restored.
- 6 So be it; let this system end;
 This ruinous earth and skies ;
 The New Jerusalem descend,—
 The new creation rise.
- 7 Thy power omnipotent assume ;
 Thy brightest majesty ;
 And when thou dost in glory come,
 My Lord, remember me.

590

L. M.

Books opened.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
 Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
 That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Awed by the Judge's high command :
 Both small and great now quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with th' important fates of men ;

Each word and deed now public made,
Written by heaven's unerring pen.

- 4 To ev'ry soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine:
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

ETERNITY.

591

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNITY! stupendous theme!
Compared herewith our life's a
dream:
Eternity! O awful sound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are
drown'd!
- 2 Eternity! the dread abode
And habitation of our God;
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 3 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss:
And, swift as time fulfills its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 4 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone; but where? ah! pause and
Gone to a long eternity. (see,

- 5 Sinner, canst thou forever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell ?
 And is death nothing, then, to thee,—
 Death, and a dread eternity ?
- 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up ;
 In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope :
 This everlasting bliss secure ;
 God and eternity are yours.

592

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, to glory's gone,
 Him will I go and see ;
 And all my brethren here below,
 Will soon come after me.
- 2 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
 I leave you in God's care ;
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 3 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first begun.
- 4 And when as many years have pass'd,
 As sands upon the shore,
 The saints above shall have no fear,
 That their blest days are o'er.
- 5 If all the drops in ocean's wide
 Could but be number'd o'er,
 And then by millions multiplied,
 And thrice as many more,—
- 6 And then as many years should pass,
 As water drops that fall,
 Or grains of sand, or spires of grass,
 Upon this earthly ball,—

- 7 And when as many millions more,
As stars that fill the sky :
Then all these numbers doubled o'er,
Can't meet eternity.
- 8 Eternity will still remain,
'Twill be eternity ;
The song to Christ who once was slain,
Will last eternally.

593 C. M.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd !
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

594

S. M.

Our fathers, where are they ?

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea ;
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes & cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.
- 3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

595

C. M.

Longing for a view of heaven.

- 1 **O**LET our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

- 4 O then, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent souls shall rise
 To those bright scenes where pleasures
 Immortal in the skies. [spring,

HEAVEN.

596 C. M.

- 1 **H** EAVEN is a place of endless rest,
 Where saints and angels shine;
 They are with Christ, in glory blest,
 Their joys are all divine.
- 2 The saints through tribulation pass'd,
 Before they reached the shore;
 But they obtained the prize at last,
 And now their toils are o'er.
- 3 Nor grief, nor pain, nor doubts, nor fears,
 Can reach that world above;
 Christ Jesus wipes away their tears,
 And fills their hearts with love.
- 4 They neither thirst nor hunger more;
 Their wants are all supplied;
 O that we all might reach the shore,
 And there with Christ abide.
- 5 O may we on his throne sit down,
 And hear him say, "Well done!"
 Receive the blood-bought, starry crown,
 Which you through faith have won.

597 C. M.

- 1 **J** ERUSALEM! my happy home,
 O, how I long for thee!

- When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold!
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
 My study long have been;
 Such dazzling views, by human sight,
 Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly this, that I should dread
 To die, and go from hence.

598

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 The gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbeckoned eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

599

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land far out of sight,
 Beyond these earthly climes,
 Where darkness ne'er excludes the light,
 But day perpetual shines,—
 Where glories burst upon the soul,
 And joys in endless prospect roll.
- 2 No pois'nous fruit, nor grief, nor fear,
 Nor hate, nor war, nor strife,
 But fruits of paradise grow there,
 On trees of endless life,—
 In that delightful land above,
 The trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 3 No chilling winds, nor low'ring storms,
 That cloud our prospects here,
 Nor sin in all its varied forms,
 Shall find admittance there,—
 But holy and enraptured joy,
 Shall fill the soul without alloy.
- 4 Perennial spring, eternal morn,
 Where flowers ne'er fade away,
 There roses grow without a thorn,
 There's health without decay,—
 Eternal youth, immortal prime,
 Unscath'd by age, improved by time.

5 Sweet music charms the list'ning ear,
 And fills th' enraptured soul,
 Life's waters flowing bright and clear,
 In gentle currents roll,—
 And when earth's pilgrimage is o'er,
 We'll taste and drink to thirst no more.

600

P. M. 6 7s. & 2 6.

1 **B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring,
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian :
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies,
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him:
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him:
 Angel trumps resound his fame ;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his Name ;
 Heaven is heighten'd by the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station,
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy! holy! holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;

Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus flow along.

601

C. M.

- 1 **O**N 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 array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow:
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd 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.

602

4 lines 9s. & 8s.

My Father-Land.

- 1 **T**HERE is a place where my hopes are
 stayed,
 My heart and my treasure are there:
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

*That blissful place is my father-land ;
 By faith its delights I explore ;
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.*

- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
 But there is the palace of God!

That blissful, &c.

- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshiped with me ;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.

That blissful, &c.

- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

That blissful, &c.

603

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite 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.

604

C. M.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared,
 For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, or envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

605

4 lines 8s.

- 1 **C**OME on, my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one ;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run !
Above the clouds, behold Him stand,
And smiling bids you come ;
And angels whisp'ring you away,
To your eternal home.
- 2 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view :
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu,
While friends are weeping all around,
And loth to let him go ;
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below !

- 3 O Christians, are you ready now
 To cross the swelling flood,
 On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
 And see your smiling God ?
 The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above !
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.
- 4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord !
 I'm bound to meet you there ;
 Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear ;
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
 The land appears in view ;
 I hope to gain fair Canaan's shore,
 And there to meet with you.

606

8 lines 7s.

- 1 **W**HO are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Suff'ers in his righteous cause :
 Foll'wers of the Lamb of God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came :
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow ;
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night :
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

- 3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er;
 They have all their suff'rings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more:
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.
- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed;
 With the tree of life sustain;
 To the living fountains lead;
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove;
 Wipe the tears from every face;
 Fill up every soul with love.

607

C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET rivers of redeeming love,
 Lie just before mine eye;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those regions fly:
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind;
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
 And leave the world behind.
- 2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
 In anguish, pain, and smart,
 Oft-times those troubles I forego,
 When love surrounds my heart:
 In darkest shadows of the night,
 Faith mounts the upper sky,
 I then behold my heart's delight,
 And would rejoice to die!

- 3 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.
- 4 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore:
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Is now transporting me.
- 5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.
- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring:
All hail! thou great eternal God!
Who died on Calvary;
And saved me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.
- 7 Ten thousand thousand join in one,
To praise th' Eternal Three:

Prostrate before the blazing throne,
 In deep humility :
 They raise and tune their harps of gold,
 And string th' immortal lyre :
 And ages that can ne'er be told,
 Shall raise their praises higher.

608

C. M.

- 1 **O** LAND of rest, for thee I sigh !
 When will the moment come,
 When shall I lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
 This world 's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 I should at once have quit this field,
 Where foes with fury roam ;
 But ah ! my passport was not sealed—
 I could not yet go home.
- 5 When, by affliction sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb ;
 Although I dread death's chilling tide,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

609

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor death nor sighing visit there;
 Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine—
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- 2 My father's house is built on high,
 Above the arch'd 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 Laz'rus, 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*.

610

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.
 The north and south their songs resign,
 And earth's strong pillars bend;

Adorned, as a bride—Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

- 2 The King that bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow ;
The holy city shall come down
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King,
Shall sin and death destroy ;
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy, bright musician band
Shall tune their harps of gold,
With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold !
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's Name adore ;
Such notes, through earth's extensive
plains,
Were never heard before !
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more ;
Ye fiends of darkness fly ;
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh.
He is their shield—their hiding place—
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love !

And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above!

611 L. M.

1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about!
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic convoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms, to view his face,
Through the full beaming of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing,
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unweari'd hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight;
For, while thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

612

P. M. 4 lines 11s.

I would not live alway.

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway; I ask not to
 stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here,
 Are enough for its joys, full enough for its
 cheer.
- 2 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.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from
 his God—
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful
 abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er
 the plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally
 reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly
 roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
 the soul.

HELL.

613

L. M.

- 1 **H**ELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound,
 It chills the heart, and shocks the
 ear ;
 It spreads a sickly damp around,
 And makes the guilty quake with fear.
- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
 Its frightful, gloomy region lies !
 Fierce flames amid the darkness play,
 And thick, sulphureous vapors rise.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With constant torture gnaws the heart,
 And woe and wrath, in every form,
 Inflamm'd the wounds, increase the smart.
- 4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
 And bite their everlasting chains ;
 And with their rage their torments grow,
 Resentment but augments their pains.
- 5 Sad world indeed ! what heart can bear,
 Hopeless in all these pains to lie ;
 Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
 And, ever dying,—never die ?
- 6 Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
 That seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood :
 O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
 To praise my Saviour and my God.

614

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore ;

- Rev'ence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy
hands.]
- 5 The guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey the Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

615 C. M.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Among abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
 Yet dread still fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood,
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured his love.

616 C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the utmost verge of day
 Those gloomy regions lie,
 Where flames amid the darkness play—
 The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God—his angry breath—
 Supplies and fans the fire;
 There sinners taste the second death,
 And would—but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
 With torture gnaws the heart;
 And woe, and wrath, in every form,
 Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world indeed! ah, who can bear
 For ever there to dwell—
 For ever sinking in despair
 In all the pains of hell!

PARTING.

617 L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better country view.
*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.*
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss:
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
*Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.*
- 5 Farewell, poor, careless sinners, too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
Oh turn, and find salvation near.
*Oh turn, oh turn, oh turn,
And find salvation near.*

618 P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT happy children who follow Je-
sus
Into the house of pray'r and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend our days.
Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan,
By the flesh, and such as love not God;
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We oft-times find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Since we've been waiting on blessed Jesus,
We felt some strength come from above;
Our hearts have burnt with holy rapture,
We long to be with Christ above.
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come:
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell brethren, we're going home.
- 3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace;
Lest they should lose love's richest treas-
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face. [ure,
Now take my heart and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love;
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

619 P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the
time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social
land;
Our sev'ral engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence
smile;
But when we are parted and scatter'd
abroad,
We'll pray for each other when wrestling
with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures en-
larged;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan
may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the
shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed
for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Although you must travel the dark wil-
derness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you
to peace.
- 5 The world, and the devil, and hell, all u-
nite,
And bold persecution will try you to fright;
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger
than they,
Let this animate you to march on your
way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad bro-
ken hearts.
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good
part;

He's full of compassion, & mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

- 7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump
shall sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

620 C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With each of us remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

621 L. M.

- 1 **M**Y dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union
prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band;
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your company's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray;
 How loth we are to leave the place,
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face;
 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my fainting mind;
 But duty makes me understand,
 That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
 Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
 Which makes me think we'll meet again.
 A few more days, or years at most,
 And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!
 When in that holy, happy land
 We'll clasp anew th' immortal hand.
- 4 I hope you will remember me,
 If you no more my face should see,
 An int'rest in your pray'rs I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,
 When in that holy, happy land
 We'll take no more the parting hand.

622

L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Cleanse all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all "depart in peace."

623

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Christian brethren, ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart;
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One closing 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.

624

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E pilgrims that are wand'ring home,
 The foll'wers of the Lamb,
 Sweeter to me than honey comb,
 Is Christ's exalted name.
- 2 Let us with undissembled love,
 Like children hand in hand,
 Walk to our Father's house above,
 And to the promised land.
- 3 'Tis there with Christ in Paradise,
 We shall forever dwell,
 Till then let's pray, both night and day,
 And so, dear friends, farewell.

625

P. M.

For the fullness of peace and joy.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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;

474 PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A
CHURCH.

626

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy Name ;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain :
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What, though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise :

'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

627 C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God! who laid on Zion's mount
The precious Corner-stone;
More powerful than the gates of hell,
And sacred as thy throne.
- 2 Regard us, who before thee spread
Our hands in solemn pray'r;
For, by thy cloud and pillar led,
The ark hath rested here.
- 3 The patriarchs and prophets proved,
A sure Foundation given:
The martyrs rested there unmoved,
In holiest hope of heaven.
- 4 That Rock was Christ—fore'er the same,
The Lord, our righteousness:
O may this altar bear thy Name,
And thou our labor bless.
- 5 And though in glorious temple high,
Eternal is thy throne;
O let us find thy footstool nigh,
And prove this place thine own.

628 L. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY we lay the corner-stone,
To rear our sacred walls upon,
A house of God, who's pledged to be
Where he is sought by two or three.
- 2 Where I record my Name, says he,
And where my children honor me,
There I will come to own and bless
My ordinances with success.

- 3 But Jesus is the Corner-stone,
For us to build our hopes upon ;
On him the edifice may rise
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.
- 4 When storms and tempests round prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail :
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,
On him securely we abide.
- 5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving Name.
- 6 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 7 God of the churches! thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

629

L. M.

God's guardian presence.

- 1 **T**HIS stone to thee, in faith, we lay ;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise ;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer & praise.
- 2 Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell ;
Here give the burden'd conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?

Will here our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

- 4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart :
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone :
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

DEDICATION OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

630 P. M.

Invoking God's presence and blessing.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,—
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies :
Here may thy soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.
- 4 Here may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth in love :

Here Christians join the song
 Of the redeem'd above;
 Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

631 L. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he, from his radiant throne,
 Accept our temple for his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise,
 Long may they echo to thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the glories of his train:
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear
 That crowds were born to glory here.

632 L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
 The house that we have rear'd for
 Regard it as thy resting place, [thee,
 And fill it with thy majesty.
- 2 With outstretch'd 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 hallow'd Name record.

- 4 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy Name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answ'ring 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.

633

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
HO Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;

480 PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

God is their strength, and through the
They lean upon their helper God. [road

- 5 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.

634 S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

635 C. M.

A blessing supplicated.

- 1 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.

636 L. M.

Jehovah's presence.

- 1 **N**OT heaven's wide range of hallow'd
space
Jehovah's presence can confine ;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.
- 2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan ;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.
- 3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.
- 4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,—
The house of God, the gate of heaven ;

And may the fullness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.

- 5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar [bend;
To those bright courts where seraphs
With awe, like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

ORDINATION.

637

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee com-
mend ;

His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey thy will.

- 3 Before him thy protection send ;
O love him, save him to the end ;
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.

- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

638

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep ;
By thee our faithful pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
 Resembling thy own gracious heart,
 Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
 Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;
 And by their fair example led,
 The way to Zion's pastures tread!
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
 And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;
 Thy saints are succor'd, and no more
 As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
 And bless the shepherd, and the flock ;
 Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
 And own this tribute of our praise.

 MISSIONARY HYMNS.

639

C. M.

- 1 **L**OOK up, the harvest fields are white,
 And bends the rip'ning grain ;
 Go forth and reap, lest fall the night,
 And day be given in vain.
- 2 See, India, from her jewel'd throne,
 Bows down the list'ning ear,
 And her unnumber'd thousands own
 The dawn of mercy near.
- 3 A slanting ray of freedom's sun
 Has glanced on Afric's shore ;
 Swiftly and wide the tidings run
 That darkness reigns no more.

- 4 Go forth—the lamp of truth is bright—
 And bid its heavenly ray
 Dispel the ling'ring shades of night,
 And chase their gloom away.
- 5 We plant the cross; but, Lord, thy breath
 Alone has power to raise,
 From the dark silent vale of death,
 An army to thy praise.

640

L. M.

Missionary meeting.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
 The voice that marshal'd every star,
 Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;
 Along the line—to either pole—
 The anthem of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our pray'rs assist; accept our praise;
 Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
 Our counsels aid;—to each impart
 The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
 Recall the wand'ring spirits home;
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
 To spread the spacious earth around.

641

L. M.

The latter day glory.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, 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 formed anew.

 SABBATH SCHOOLS.

642 P. M.

Children.

- 1 COME, let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls
 Our wand'ring feet are brought;
 Where pray'r and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your off'rings bring;
 Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

- 4 For blessings such as these,
 Our gratitude receive;
 Lord, here accept our hearts,
 'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
 To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

- 5 Lord, bid this work of love
 Be crown'd with meet success;
 May thousands yet unborn,
 This institution bless:
 Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
 Now, and through all eternity.

643

C. M.

- 1 **M**ERCY, descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads;
 O may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes!
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,

When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

644 C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

6 Great God, impress this serious thought,
 To-day, on every breast ;
 That both the teachers and the taught,
 May dwell among the blest.

645 C. M.

1 **O** LORD, our God, thy light and truth
 To us thy children send,
 That we may serve thee in our youth,
 And love thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
 The downward path we trod,
 Our wand'ring heart and wayward mind
 Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through
 Our heedless steps restrain ; [grace
 They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
 Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
 From which salvation springs :
 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 With healing in thy wings.

646 C. M.

1 **T**HOU art our Shepherd, glorious God ;
 Thy little flock behold,
 And guide us by thy staff and rod—
 The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
 To this delightful place,
 Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and
 taught,
 The children of thy grace.

3 O may our friends and teachers here,
 Meet all our souls above ;
 And they and we in heaven appear—
 The children of thy love.

647 P. M.

1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,—
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day :
 O how they sweetly sing,—
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;
 Loud let his praises ring
 Forever more.

2 Come to this happy land,
 Come, come, away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ?
 Why still delay ?
 O we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 O, then, to glory run ;
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

648

L. M.

National blessings.

- 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
 G Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
 With humble heart, and bending knee,
 We offer thee our songs 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.
- 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.

649

L. M.

Thanksgiving for national peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 G A word of thine almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, & bounds their
Thy law the angry nations own, [power;
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

650 C. M.

National deliverances ascribed to God.

- 1 **O** LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, or their sword,
To them salvation gave;
'Twas not their number, or their strength,
That did their country save.
- 3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored,—
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great Name adored.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King;

492 PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

O, therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.

651 *Psalm 124* L. M.

God, the nation's guardian.

- 1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, & friend!
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last!

SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

652 L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, at whose all-powerful call
 At first arose this beauteous frame!
 By thee the seasons change, and all
 The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
 From winter storms recover'd, rise;
 When thousand grateful scenes appear,
 Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
 The earth in vernal beauty drest!
 While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
 Thy blooming glories shine confest!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
 And light and genial heat conveys;
 And, while he leads the seasons on,
 From Thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Indulgent God! from every part
 Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
 We see; we taste;—let every heart
 With grateful love and duty glow.

653 L. M.

- 1 **T**HY providence, great God, we praise,
 How good & great are all thy ways!
 Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
 And dissipates our anxious fears.
- 2 Thy promise stands forever fast,
 While sun and moon, and earth shall last;
 The laws of season shall endure,
 Till time and stars are known no more.

- 3 Summer and winter, cold and heat,
And night, and day, in order meet;
Seed-time, and harvest, each succeed,
To prove thy love—supply our need.
- 4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure;
And in the shining realms of bliss,
Adore thy goodness and thy grace.

654 *Psalm 104* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE flow'ry spring, at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all her coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 4 And O, may each harmonious tongue,
In worlds unknown, the praise prolong;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

655 C. M.

Spring.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is
How alter'd is the scene! [come,
The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

- 2 Where'er we tread, the clust'ring flowers
 Beauteous around us spring;
 The birds, with joint harmonious powers,
 Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But ah! in vain I strive to join,
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
 I feel 'tis winter still within,
 Though all is spring without.
- 4 O! would my Saviour, from on high,
 Break through these clouds and shine;
 No creature then more bless'd than I,
 No song more loud than mine.
- 5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,
 And overcome my foes;
 O make my languid graces thrive,
 And blossom like the rose.

656 C. M.

Summer.

- 1 **T**O praise th' ever-bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy powers;
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,
 My tongue, his goodness sing;
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness;

496 PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.

- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop ;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

657 C. M.

Winter.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned !
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, when mental winter reigns
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns ;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter chills no more.

TEMPERANCE.

658

C. M.

- 1 **I**NTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.
- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?
- 3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

659

11. 11. 11. 12. 5. 11.

The drunkard's lament.

- 1 **M**ID sorrows and sadness I'm destin'd
to roam,
Forlorn & forsaken, depriv'd of my home,
Intemp'rance hath robb'd me of all that
was dear,
Of my home in the skies, and my happi-
ness here.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a
home.

2 I vainly presum'd, when I first took the
 cup,
 I could drink if I chose, or I could give it
 up:
 But I tamper'd too long, too long tempted
 heaven,
 Till an outcast from God and his presence
 I'm driven.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
 On earth or in heaven I shall ne'er find
 a home.

3 My heart-broken wife in her grave hath
 found rest,
 And my children have gone to the land of
 the blest;
 While I, a poor wretch, a vile wand'rer
 like Cain,
 With the "mark" of the beast on the earth
 still remain.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 How happy was I with my lov'd ones at
 home!

4 Farewell to the social endearments of
 home!
 Justly loath'd by my fellows, I wander
 alone,
 For presumpt'ously sinning and tempting
 the Lord,
 Of the fruit of my ways I must reap the
 reward.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 An exile from God, I shall ne'er find a
 home.

660

L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, Temp'rance, fair celestial ray!
 Bright herald of a new-born day!
 Long did we need thy cheering light
 To chase away our darksome night.
- 2 Deep and appalling was the gloom—
 'Twas like the darkness of the tomb—
 When first our much delighted eyes
 Beheld thy beauteous beams arise.
- 3 'Twas God in mercy bade thee rise;
 We hail thee as a boon divine;
 And now in grateful strains would raise
 Our voices in his matchless praise.
- 4 Eternal Lord! we own thy grace
 In all that aids our guilty race;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with joy and love.

661

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 **R**OUND the Temp'rance standard rally,
 All the friends of human kind;
 Snatch the devotees of folly,
 Wretched, perishing, and blind:
 Loudly tell them
 How they comfort now may find.
- 2 Bear the blissful tidings onward,
 Bear them all the world around;
 Let the myriads thronging downward,
 Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
 And, obeying,
 In the paths of peace be found.
- 3 Plant the Temp'rance standard firmly;
 Round it live, and round it die;

500 PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Young and old, defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy Jubilee.

- 4 Now unto the Lamb for ever,
Fountain of all light and love,
Let the glory now and ever
Be ascribed to Him above,
Whose compassion
Did the friends of Temp'rance move.

662

C. M.

- 1 **O**N this glad day, O God, we would,
Through thy beloved Son,
Acknowledge Thee for all the good
That Temperance has done.
- 2 We thank Thee for the thousands saved
From soul-seducing drink,
Who by its power were long enslav'd,
And cast on ruin's brink.
- 3 O let thy Holy Spirit dwell
Where vice too long has reigned;
For where thy mercy breaks the spell
The victory is gained.

MARRIAGE.

663

C. M.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the wedded pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

664*4 lines 8s. & 7s.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou condescending Jesus!
Thou hast blest a marriage feast;
Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honor'd guest.
- 2 Once at Canaan's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscribed on every heart.
- 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.
- 4 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
But we ask a greater favor—
May they be forever thine.
- 5 Thine by cov'nant and adoption,
Thine by free and sov'reign grace;

May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

- 6 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick, and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion
Guide them safe to realms on high.

MISCELLANEOUS.

665

L. M.

- 1 I'M glad that I was born to die;
I From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 2 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolved to follow on;
They 're happy round my Father's throne;
They 're looking out for me to come.
- 3 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who used to join with me in pray'r;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 5 And when to that bright world I come,
And join my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb.
- 6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound,
Awake ye nations under ground!

Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

- 7 There I shall see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode ;
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be !

666

4 8s. & 2 6s.

- 1 **H**OW 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.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love !
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd 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 I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.
- 5 Though I no foot of land possess,
Nor cottage in this wilderness :

A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 7 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 !
- 8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

667*4 lines 8s.*

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 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 !
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,

The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

- 4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

668

S. M.

- 1 **L**OVE fills all heaven with light;
Love tunes the lyres above;
Angels and saints their songs unite,
And every voice is love.

- 2 That holy, happy throng
In sweet accordance move;
Jesus their everlasting song,
And every accent love.

- 3 Soon will the church below
Unite with that above;
The Saviour's blissful presence know,
And sing redeeming love.

669

C. M.

- 1 **W**IDE is the gate, and broad the way,
Which leads to endless woe!
My soul, behold what multitudes
Down to perdition go!

- 2 But yonder see that narrow path,
Which leads to endless bliss—
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeemed by sov'reign grace.

- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious map,
And God himself their friend.

- 4 Dear Lord ! I would a pilgrim be ;
 Guide thou my feet aright ;
I would not for ten thousand worlds,
 Be banished from thy sight.
- 5 'Tis heaven to see thy blissful face—
 I long to dwell above ;
To feast on thy unbounded stores,
 And praise redeeming love.

670

L. M.

- 1 **G**O, my beloved husband, go,
 And loud the Gospel trumpet blow ;
Proclaim to Adam's fallen race
 The riches of redeeming grace.
- 2 Warn sinners of their dreadful state,
 That they repent ere it 's too late,
And point them to a Saviour's blood,
 That they may know a pard'ning God.
- 3 Exhort believers not to rest
 Short of the mind that Christ possess'd,
'Till they are saved and cleansed from sin,
 And perfectly renewed within.
- 4 See souls regardless of all good,
 Rushing with speed the downward road ;
And Christians setting on their lees,
 Intent on honors, pleasures, ease.
- 5 Go, then, my love, be strong, be bold ;
 The great reward is yet untold,
That waits the faithful sons of God,
 On Zion's peaceful blest abode.
- 6 It 's very painful to my heart,
 With him I love so oft to part,

And nature drops the silent tear,
But Jesus whispers, I am here.

7 Then whilst his love he doth reveal,
Through all my soul a heaven I feel;
Then I can part with all that 's dear,
And grace restrains the falling tear.

8 Then let us cheerfully sustain
A few more days of toil and pain,
Till we are call'd, with those above,
To sing the wonders of his love.

671

P. M.

"All is well."

1 **W**HAT'S this that steals, that steals
upon my frame?

Is it death? is it death?

That soon will quench, will quench this
vital flame?

Is it death? is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;

I shall the King of glory see:

All is well, all is well.

2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not
for me,

All is well, all is well.

My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,
All is well, all is well.

There's not a cloud that doth arise,
To hide my Saviour from mine eyes:

I soon shall mount the upper skies:

All is well, all is well.

- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye
saints in glory,
All is well, all is well.
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my
room,
They wait to waft my spirit home ;
All is well, all is well.
- 4 Hark, hark, my Lord, my Lord and Master
calls me ;
All is well, all is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory ;
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
My glitt'ring crown appears in view ;
All is well, all is well.
- 5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-wash'd
throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
I come to join, to join your rapt'rous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace ;
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine ;
O hallelujah to the Lamb,
All is well, all is well.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
 His glorious train display;
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

673 8 lines 9s. & 8s., & 1 10.

- 1 **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 smoothes 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 phalanx 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, but 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 fast 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 forever;
 In death our souls shall strengthen'd be;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion ours shall be.

674

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming Name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed 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;
 And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

675 C. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below :
 May I its great importance learn,
 Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
 Or aught the world bestows ;
 Nor reputation, food, or health,
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom ;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
 Be my Redeemer's throne ;
 And be my stubborn will subdued,
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
 Be joined with godly fear ;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.

676 C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company
 Of travelers are these,
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King ;

- Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their Leader trod,—
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

677

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 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.

3 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 ;
 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."

678

10s.

1 **T**HOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy
 silver streams,
 Our Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's
 pale beams
 Shone bright on the waters, would fre-
 quently stray,
 And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the
 day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his
 head !
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his
 bed !
 The angels, astonished, grew sad at the
 sight,
 And followed their Master with solemn
 delight.

- 3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored
spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be
forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow
at his feet!
O, give him the glory, the praise that is
meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the
skies.

679

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair,
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

680

8 lines 8s. & 7s.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come and bid our jarrings cease;
 Come, O come! and reign for ever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace;
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear thy people mourn and weep,
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
 Some for Cephas—none agree;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us;
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Over ev'ry hind'rance leap;
 Not kept back by force, or numbers—
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit—
 We've been sinners from our youth;
 Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
 Which shall teach us all thy truth;
 On thy Gospel word we'll venture,
 Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
 Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour—
 O! good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

681

P. M.

- 1 **Y**E soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your
 arms,
 Prepare for the battle, the Gospel alarms;
 The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers
 and see
 The standard and colors of sweet liberty.

- 2 Though Satan's black trumpet is sounding
so near,
Take courage, brave soldiers, his armies
we dare :
In the strength of King Jesus we dare him
to fight,
We'll put his black armies of aliens to
fight.
- 3 In the mount of salvation, in Christ's ar-
mory,
Are swords, shields, and breast-plates, &
helmets for thee ;
Be not faint-hearted, though he roar like
a flood,
He'll not stand before the bright armies of
God.
- 4 To battle, to battle the trumpets do sound;
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around:
The signal for vict'ry! hark! hark! from
the sky,
Shout, shout ye brave armies, the watch-
men all cry.
- 5 As the great Goliah, Apollyon shall fall ;
With the sword of the Spirit we'll conquer
them all ;
We'll leave no opposers alive in the field,
By the strength of Jehovah we'll force
them to yield.
- 6 Through Jesus, our wisdom, we'll baffle
his rage ;
My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers
engage ;

The trumpets are sounding—the armies
appear,
We'll not leave one standing from front to
the rear.

7 King Jesus is riding the white horse be-
fore,
The watchmen close after, the trumpet doth
roar ;
Some shouting, some singing, salvation
they cry,
In the strength of King Jesus all hell we
defy.

8 Fair Zion is shouting to her conquering
King,
Salvation to Jesus, the armies do sing :
Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the
flood :
O who can withstand the bright armies of
God ?

9 Behold, all the armies are now marching
home,
God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them
to come ;
All Zion's fair armies together do meet,
And lay down their armor at Jesus's
feet.

10 The angelic army with Zion combines ;
In robes of bright glory eternally shines ;
All shouting and singing on Canaan's
bright shore,
Where wars and commotions can reach
them no more.

- 11 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, the time's
drawing nigh,
When we shall meet Jesus' bright host in
the sky,
Our friends and relations in Jesus so
dear,
Both preachers and people shall then
meet us there.
- 12 We'll join the bright harpers in anthems
divine,
Whose crowns with bright diamonds the
sun do outshine ;
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune
our harps then :
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

682

P. M.

- 1 **O**UR bondage it shall end by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free ;
Hail the glorious Jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.
- 2 Our deliv'rer he shall come by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.
- 3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.
- 4 Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go
Though Baca's vale be dry, [on,
And the land yield no supply ;
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

- 5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 And the waters he'll divide,
 And the ransom'd host shall shout we are
 come.
- 6 Then friends shall meet again, who have
 lov'd,
 Our embraces shall be sweet
 At the dear Redeemer's feet,
 When we meet to part no more, who have
 lov'd.
- 7 Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,
 Shouting glory to our King,
 'Till the vaults of heaven ring,
 And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

683

P. M.

- 1 **S**HED not a tear o'er your friend's early
 bier;
 When I am gone—when I am gone—
 Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall
 hear—
 When I am gone—when I am gone—
 Weep not for me when you stand round
 my grave;
 Think who has died his beloved to save;
 Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall
 have;
 When I am gone—I am gone.
- 2 Plant ye a tree that may wave over me;—
 When I am gone—when I am gone—
 Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall
 see :
 When I am gone—I am gone—

Come at the close of a bright summer's
day ;

Come when the sun sheds his last linger-
ing ray ;

Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away ;
When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my
bed ;

When I am gone—when I am gone—
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early
dead ;

When I am gone—I am gone—
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all
care ;

Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may
share ;

Look ye on high and believe I am there ;
When I am gone—I am gone.—

684

L. M.

1 **T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies ;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O hallelujah !
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend !*

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the Gospel gate ;
Ten thousand dangers are therein ;
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

But Jesus, &c.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;

The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

But Jesus, &c.

4 Through glimm'ring hopes and gloomy
fears,

Dimly the heavenly way appears ;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of Him who died for me.

But Jesus, &c.

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustain'd my load ;
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

But Jesus, &c.

6 Come life, come death, come then what
will,

His footsteps I will follow still ;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

But Jesus, &c.

7 Then, O my soul, arise and sing ;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King !
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

But Jesus, &c.

8 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days ;
Fight the good fight, and win the race ;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

But Jesus, &c.

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;

Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

But Jesus, &c.

685 8 lines 8s.

- 1 **Y**E angels who mortals attend,
And minister comfort in woe,
Come, listen, ye heavenly friends,
My happier story to know,
I sing of a theme most sublime,
No sorrow my song can control—
I sing of the rapturous time,
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wander'd from God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,
My sins were a cumberous load;
O Saviour, have mercy! I cried,
Oh pardon a wretch that's so vile!
Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
- 3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away;
The joy of my soul, newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day,
My Saviour redeemed me from sin;
He saves not in part but in whole;
He writes his salvation within,
For, O! he spoke peace to my soul.
- 4 I now am so bless'd with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him, I want nothing more:

Resigned to his pleasure I'd live,
 Till time's latest circle shall roll,
 His utmost salvation receive,
 For, O! he spoke peace to my soul.

5 Nor Satan nor sin can dismay,
 No danger my soul can affright,
 While onward to mansions of day
 I go in Immanuel's might:
 Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
 From th' centre quite thro' to each pole,
 I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
 And patiently hear my glad song,
 Come bear me to Jesus, my King,
 To join with the heavenly throng.
 'Tis there I'll eternally feast,
 On joys that enrapture the whole;
 All heaven would welcome the guest,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
 Farewell to my friends and my foes;
 I haste from these scenes to the skies,
 Where pleasure eternally flows:
 He bids me leave all for his sake—
 I'll run till I reach the bless'd goal;
 Then me to his arms he will take,
 O! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

686

8 lines 8s. & 7s.

1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken—
 Thou henceforth 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 all my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—

They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while *Thou* shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Friends may hate, and foes may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is right.

3 Go, then, earthly frame 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 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 heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,

Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r—
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 pray'r to praise.

687

P. M.

- 1 **W**HILE wand'ring to and fro,
 In this wide world of woe,
 Where streams of sorrow flow,

CHORUS.

*Give me Jssus—give me Jesus—
 Give me Jesus—
 You may have all this world—
 Give me Jesus.*

- 2 When tears o'erflow mine eye ;
 When press'd by grief I sigh :
 Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 3 When to the mercy-seat
 I go, my Lord to meet,
 My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 4 And when my faith is tried,
 In Him will I confide,
 And all the storms outride ;—
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 5 Though strength and friends should fail,
 And foes my soul assail,
 Through Him I shall prevail :—
Give me Jesus, &c.
- 6 And when my toils are o'er,
 When nearing Jordan's shore,
 I'll shout as up I soar,
Give me Jesus, &c.

7 When at the judgment-seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus, &c.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity.
Give me Jesus, &c.

688

P. M.

Jacob's Ladder.

1 **A**S Jacob was wearied by travel one
day,
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,
A vision appeared—a ladder so high,
With its foot on the earth and its top in
the sky.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to Jesus who died on the tree,
To raise up this ladder of mercy for me.*

2 The sight was so pleasing, the angelic
throng
With delight to ascend and descend there-
on,
And God rich in mercy who stands at the
top,
T' embrace all the ransomed who safely
get up.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 This ladder is long, it is strong and well
made,
It stood thousands of years and is not yet
decayed,

It's so free of access, all the world may
 get up,
 And angels will guard them from bottom
 to top.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-
 man,
 Whose blood richly streaming from Calvary
 ran,
 On his perfect atonement to heaven we
 rise,
 And sing in the mansions prepared in the
 skies.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Come let us ascend, be bold, never fear,
 It stood every tempest and always will
 bear,
 For millions have tried it, and reached
 Zion's hill;
 And thousands by faith are climbing it
 still.

Hallelujah, &c.

- 6 Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,
 Have finished their labors and reached
 their abode,
 And we 're climbing after and soon shall
 be there,
 To join in their rapture, their happiness
 share.

Hallelujah, &c.

689

P. M.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross;

But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choak the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisements by the way;
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away;
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

690

P. M.

1 **T**HE faithless world promiscuous flow,
Enrapt in fancy's vision;
Allured by sounds, beguiled by show,
And empty dreams, nor scarcely know,
There is a brighter Heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given,
All varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade—
There's nothing lasts but Heaven.

- 3 Creation's mighty fabric all,
Will be to atoms riven;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball—
There's nothing firm but Heaven.
- 4 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given,
The vernal bloom in ruin lies;
Death reigns o'er all below the skies—
There's nothing lives but Heaven.
- 5 The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision;
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns, are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but Heaven.
- 6 A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
This earth is all a lonely tomb—
I have no home but Heaven.
- 7 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears;
Roll on ye suns, fly swift ye years—
I'm on my way to Heaven.
- 8 Adieu to all below, adieu,
Let life's dull chain be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue—
To live with him in Heaven.

691

P. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to Jesus for his love,
Flowing to every nation,

Bowels of sweet compassion move,
 Off'ring free salvation.
 Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,
 Every needed blessing find :
 Justice and mercy, here combined,
 Offer free salvation.

- 2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms,
 Why will you slight his favor ?
 Now he invites you to his charms,
 Willing to be your Saviour.
 O that you would on him believe,
 All your transgressions he'll forgive ;
 Comfort and peace shall you receive,
 Flowing from Christ for ever.
- 3 Now is the time, no more delay ;
 Fly from the path of nature ;
 Fear not what scoffing sinners say ;
 Yield to your great Creator :
 So shall your dying souls obtain
 Freedom from all your guilt and pain ;
 So shall you soon in glory reign,
 Praising your great Creator.
- 4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring—
 "Glory to God our Saviour !"
 Angels and saints shall join to sing
 Praises for all his favor.
 Then shall the theme of perfect love,
 Sounding through all the courts above,
 Every tuneful passion move,
 Praising the Lord for ever.

692

6 lines 8s.

Atonement.

- 1 **V**ICTIM Divine! thy grace we claim,
 While thus thy precious death we show;

- Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
 In thy great temple here below ;
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,
 And standest now before thy throne.
- 2 Thou standest in thy holy place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain ;
 The blood of sprinkling speaks, & prays,
 All-prevalent for helpless man ;
 Thy blood is still our ransom found,
 And speaks salvation all around.
- 3 The smoke of thy atonement here
 Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
 Made the new way to heaven appear,
 And showed the great Invisible ;
 Well pleased in thee our God looks down,
 And calls his rebels to a crown.
- 4 He still respects thy sacrifice ;
 Its savor sweet doth always please ;
 The offering smokes through earth & skies,
 Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;
 To these thy lower courts it comes,
 And fills them with divine perfumes.
- 5 We need not now go up to heaven,
 To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
 Thou art to all already given,
 Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown :
 To every faithful soul appear,
 And show thy real presence here.

693

L. M.

First Part.

- 1 O THOU that hangedst on the tree,
 Our curse and suff'rings to remove,

Pity the souls that look to thee,
And save us by thy dying love.

- 2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace,
Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 5 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

694 L. M.

Second Part.

- 1 **C**ANST thou reject our dying pray'r,
Or cast us out who come to thee?
Our sins, ah! wherefore didst thou bear?
Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 Number'd with the transgressors thou,
Between the felons crucified,
Speak to our hearts, and tell us now,
Wherefore hast thou for sinners died?
- 3 For us wast thou not lifted up?
For us a bleeding victim made?
That we, the abjects we, might hope,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid.

4 O might we, with believing eyes,
Thee in thy bloody vesture see ;
And cast us on thy sacrifice !
Jesus, my Lord, remember me !

695

4 6s. & 2 8s.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his Name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his Name, I love his word :
Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

696

P. M.

1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,

Yet how insensible :

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

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 fulfill,
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.

697

4 6s. & 2 8s.

1 **B**Y whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low ?

No sword nor spear the stripping took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight ;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp ?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 O ! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side !
Yet David's Lord and Gideon's Friend
Will help his servant to the end.

698

P. M.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time will soon this earth remove ;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly my riches, fly my cares,
While I that course explore :
Flatt'ring world, with all your snares,
Solicit me no more :
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night :
When the last dear morn shall come,
We'll rise to glorious light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and you'll know,
Happy entrance will be given :
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

699

P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN 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,
I'm going home.

2 With cheerful hope 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,
I'm almost home.

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 vail;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.

700

C. M.

1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
MY spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour, and my Fort;
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are now turn'd into songs,—
The Comforter is come.

3 Down, from on high, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

4 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

- 5 That stream doth water paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

701

P. M.

- 1 **M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved, had gone:
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood,
Issued from her weeping eyes.

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

702

C. M.

Universal prayer.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
- 2 Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined

- To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;
- 3 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will :
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than Heaven pursue.
- 5 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives :
T' enjoy is to obey.
- 6 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 7 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
- 8 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 9 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 10 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see :

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

11 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

12 This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

13 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all beings raise !
All nature's incense rise !

703

C. M.

1 **G**IVER 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 our 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 good old way
 Our wond'ring foes to move,
 And force the heathen world to say,
 "See how these Christians love!"

704 C. M.

1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
 Ye foll'wers 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 things 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, purifying hope,
 And the sweet task of love.

705 C. M.

1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time:

- Man is but vanity and dust
 In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
 Like shadows o'er the plain ;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore—
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
 From creatures, earth, and dust?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

706

C. M.

- 1 **O**H! if my soul but felt its woe,
 How would I vent my sighs !
 Repentance should like rivers flow,
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away his dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my Lord ;
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart hath so decreed ;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

707 P. M.

- 1 **Y**E visions bright of heavenly birth,
 Ye glories of the latter day,
 Descend upon the fallen earth,
 And chase the shades of night away;
 Bid streams of love and mercy flow,
 Through every vale of human woe;
 Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,
 And all the world is hushed to peace.
- 2 How long, amid this dying race,
 Shall desolation hold her reign,
 How long shall men despise the grace
 And love of Him who once was slain?
 How long shall heathen bow the knee
 To gods that neither hear nor see?
 Ye scenes of bliss, so long foretold,
 When will your radiant hues unfold?
- 3 The Gospel of the living God,
 Shall echo the wide world around,
 Till every place of man's abode
 Shall know the joy-inspiring sound:
 Who can the heavenly scene portray?
 Who can describe the glorious day?
 We hail its glimm'rings from afar;
 We hail the bright, the Morning Star?

708 P. M.

The beautiful land.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands;

Beside the ancient portal
 A silent sentry stands,
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door ;
 And mortals who pass through it,
 Are mortals never more.

2 That glorious land is Heaven,
 And Death the sentry grim ;
 The Lord thereof has given
 The op'ning keys to him.
 And ransom'd spirits, sighing
 And sorrowful for sin,
 Do pass the gate in dying,
 And freely enter in.

3 Though dark and drear the passage,
 That leadeth to the gate,
 Yet grace attends the message,
 To souls that watch and wait ;
 And, at the time appointed,
 A messenger comes down,
 And guides the Lord's anointed
 From cross to glory's crown.

4 Their sighs are lost in singing,
 They're blessed in their tears ;
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave on earth their fears.
 Death, like an angel seeming,
 "We welcome thee," they cry ;
 Their face with glory gleaming,
 'Tis life for them to die.

709

L. M.

1 **O** GOD, thou art my God alone,
 Early to thee my soul shall cry,

- A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace !
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God ;
Thy hand, unseen, upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
Will I remember on my bed ;
Thy presence makes my darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all besides to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee ?
- 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
Will I for all thy mercies give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee whilst I live.

710 C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee:
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat;
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.

711

P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren and sisters that love my
 dear Lord,
 I pray give attention, and hear to my word.
 What a wonder of mercy! behold now I
 see,
 What a tender, kind Saviour has done for
 poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil till lost and dis-
 tress'd,
 I thought that in torments I soon should
 be cast;
 No peace to my conscience, but all misery,
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding
 for me.
- 3 O sinner! said Jesus, for you I have died;
 All glory to Jesus! my soul then replied;
 The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
 The blood was applied, the Witness's
 voice.
- 4 On my low bended knees, before God I did
 fall,
 And glory to Jesus! for he's all in all—
 The heart of this rebel was bursted in
 twain,
 To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth ;
The angels rejoiced at a poor sinner's
birth ;
"Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did
say ;
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-
day.
- 6 My soul it was humbl'd, I fell to the
ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have
found ;
O Lord, thou hast ravished my soul with
thy charms,
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in
my arms.

712

C. M.

Communion with saints in heaven.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize ;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, 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 command we bow ;

Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This very day do fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

713

8s and 7s.

1 **T**HERE 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 toss'd 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, "Oh! 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 hallow'd 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.

714 2 8s, 2 7s and 1 4s.

- 1 **G**UIDE 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 thy crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliv'rer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
 In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be my robe of righteousness:
 Fight and conquer
 All my foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

715 11, 11, 12, 12.

"Tell my brethren that I died at my post."—

Dying words of a minister.

- 1 **A** WAY from his home and the friends
of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and
truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for
the lost;
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at
his post.
- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's
brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the
tomb;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his
post.
- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was
done ;—
The battle was fought, and the victory
won :
But he whispered of those whom his heart
clung to most,
"Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at
my post."
- 4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with
verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits
rehearse ;

But he asked as a boon, when he gave up
 the ghost,
 That his brethren might know that he died
 at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he
 fell,
 With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
 He has passed o'er the stream, and has
 reached the bright coast,
 For he fell like a martyr—he died at his
 post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
 O! no, they are fresh in our memory
 yet;
 An example so brilliant shall never be
 lost,
 We will fall in the work—we will die at
 our post.

716

C. M.

Sickness.

1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul
 Behold him and adore;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
 And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.

- 4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence know!
- 5 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

 DOXOLOGIES.

 717 L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, we bless thee now,
To thee our souls and bodies bow :
With deepest awe fall down before
Thy throne, and joyfully adore.
God of our ancestors, we praise
The Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace !
One glorious God, in Persons Three !
Our God to all eternity.

718 L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

719 P. M.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

720 C. M.

1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be everlasting honors paid,
 Henceforth, forevermore.

721 S. M.

1 **G**IVE to the Father praise ;
 Give glory to the Son ;
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honor done.

722 L. M.

1 **T**O God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

723 C. M.

1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

724 C. M.

1 **T**O praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

725

7s.

1 PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

726

8s.

1 THIS *God* is the *God* we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure or end;

2 'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

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