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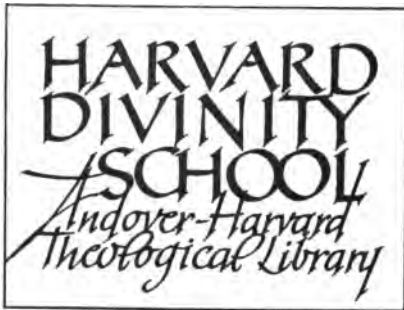
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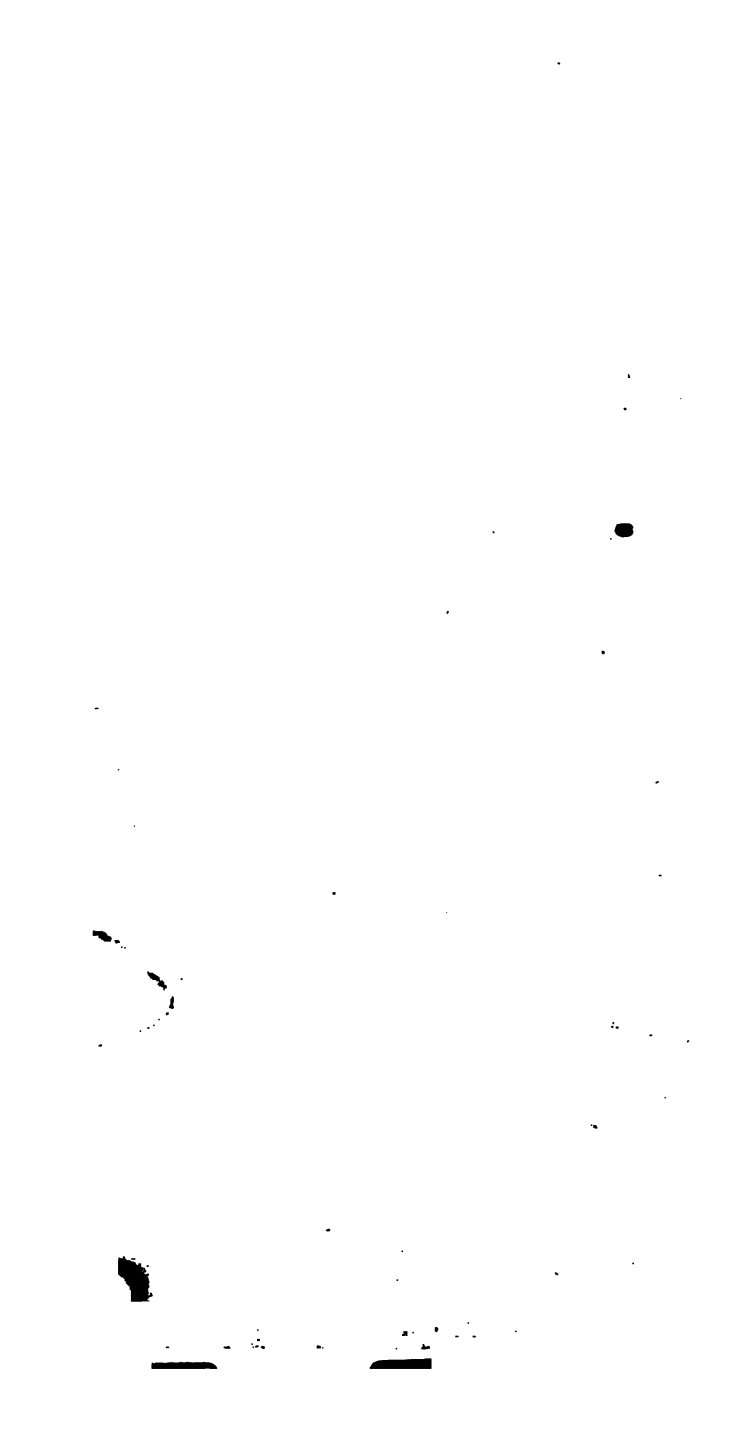
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Protestant Episcopal Church, ~~Unit~~

H Y M N S

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*Set forth in General Conventions of said Church, in the years of
our Lord, 1789, 1808, and 1826.*

STANDARD STEREOTYPE EDITION.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY S. F. BRADFORD,

Stereotyped by L. Johnson.

.....

1827.

~~Ms. 49, 55, 1827~~
~~27-52~~

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In pursuance of a resolution of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, we, the subscribers, a Committee authorized for the purpose, do hereby publish the Hymns of the said Church, and those set forth by the said Convention at their session in November, in the year of our Lord 1826; and this edition of the said Hymns, agreeably to the aforesaid resolution, is to be the standard copy.

- JOHN HENRY HOBART,
Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church in the State of New York
- JOHN CROES,
Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church in the State of New Jersey
- SAML. H. TURNER,
Professor of Bib. Learning, and Interpretation of Scriptures, in the General Theological Seminary.
- BIRD WILSON,
Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Gen. Theological Seminary
- JACKSON KEMPER,
An assistant Minister of Christ-Church, &c. Philadelphia.
- WM. AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG,
Rector of St. George's Church, Flushing, Long-Island

April 10, 1827



Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit



BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the nineteenth day of April in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, the Right Reverend Wm. White, the Rev. Jackson Kemper, Wm. Meredith and Horace Binney, a committee of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, in the year 1826, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America. Set forth in General Conventions of said Church, in the years of our Lord, 1789, 1818, and 1826."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. (C. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. (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 free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

- 1 **G**REAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.
- 3 Lord! for thy glory—shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this—in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this—the sun disperses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy pow'r display.

- 5 For this—the earth its produce yields,
 For this—the waters flow;
 And blooming plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end—
 That all we think, and all we do,
 Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. (C. M.)

Genesis i.

- 1 **L**ET heaven arise, let earth appear,
 Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord:
 The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,
 At his creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,
 Dark, sluggish, and confus'd;
 Till o'er the mass the Spirit mov'd,
 And quick'ning pow'r diffus'd.
- 3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
 The mandate, "Be there light:"
 Light darted forth in vivid rays,
 And scatter'd ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament he spread,
 To part the earth and sky;
 And fix'd the upper elements
 Within their spheres on high.
- 5 He bade the seas together flow;
 They left the solid land;
 And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
 Sprung forth at his command.
- 6 Above, he form'd the stars; and plac'd
 Two greater orbs of light;
 The radiant sun to rule the day,
 The moon to rule the night.
- 7 To all the varied living tribes
 He gave their wondrous birth;
 Some form'd within the wat'ry deep,
 Some, from the teeming earth.
- 8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
 Man, honour'd man, was made;
 His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
 With innocence array'd.

- 9 Completed now the mighty work,
 God his creation view'd:
 And, pleas'd with all that he had made,
 Pronounc'd it "very good."

HYMN 5. (II. 1.)

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from Living Creatures.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name:
 Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing;
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,
 That wings the air, or treads the plains,
 United praise bestow;
 Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
 Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
 And in the dceps below.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ;
 Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
 While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

HYMN 6. (II. 1.)

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Worlds.

- 1 **Y**E fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair,
 Your Maker's wondrous pow'r proclaim,
 Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
 And breath'd the fluid air.

HYMNS.

9

- 2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as ev'ning veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise him in the shade.
- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made;
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.
- 4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 7. (L. M.)

Psalm xix.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,

For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. (L. M.)

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. (H. 3.)

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise!
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart!
 But thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 11. (III. 1.)

*Psalm xxxi. 15.**"My times are in thy hand."*

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 12. (C. M.)

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;

HYMNS.

13

- He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious 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.

IV. REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13.

(S. M.)

Job ix. 2—6.

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, pow'rful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!

B

- The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake !
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. (L. M.)
Job ix. 30—33.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and wo:
- 2 The Spirit, in his pow'r divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.
- 3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence aw'd,
They helpless stand before his bar.
- 4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchas'd grace.
- 5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In Him, my soul, be cleans'd from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found !

HYMN 15. (L. M.)

- 1 **A**LL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

HYMNS.

15

- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

HYMN 16. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears,
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs.
- Chorus, for the end of each verse.*
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

HYMN 17. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,

May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."

- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill every heart and tongue;
 'Till strangers love thy charming name
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. (III. 3.)

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptur'd saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Thou, to save my soul from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.
- 4 By thy hand restor'd, defended,
 Safe through life thus far I'm come;
 Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. (C. M.)

Titus iii. 4—7.

- 1 **M**Y grateful soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
 Which in our works we place;
 Salvation from a higher source
 Flows to our fallen race.
- 3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,
 That all our hopes begin;
 His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
 And wash'd us from our sin.
- 4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
 His sacred fire imparts,
 Removes our dross, and love divine
 Enkindles in our hearts.

HYMNS.

17

- 5 Thus rais'd from death, we live anew;
 And, justified by grace,
 We hope in glory to appear,
 And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. (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 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray:
 Reason debas'd can never find
 The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live;
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine!
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
 On thee my hope depends,
 Convinc'd that every perfect gift
 From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
 And pow'r and wisdom too;
 Without the Spirit of thy Son
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
 Our good is all divine;

The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

- 4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:—
Our God is *all in all*.

HYMN 22. (III. 1.)

- 1 **S**ING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.
- 2 Heav'n and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore his name;
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. (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 a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace guides my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. (S. M.)

- 1 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 O cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 25. (S. M.)

- 1 **I** LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;

- To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.
- 8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26. (C. M.)

Hebrews xii. 18, 22—24.

- 1 **NOT** to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is chang'd to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiv'n!
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. (S. M.)

- 1 **BLEST** is 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 united prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,
 How keen, how deep the pain!
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. (II. 1.)

*Psalm cxxii.**The Church in Glory.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy shall I behold the day
 That calls my willing soul away,
 To dwell among the blest:
 For lo! my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And points me to his rest.
- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
 The heaven-built tow'rs of Salem rise;
 Their glory I survey;
 I view her mansions, that contain
 The angel host, a beauteous train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
 Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
 Borne on immortal wing;
 There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
 In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
 Before th' Almighty King.
- 4 The King a seat hath there prepar'd,
 High, on eternal base uprear'd,
 For his eternal Son:
 His palaces with joy abound;
 His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
 Attend and share his throne.

- 5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
 Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
 For evermore shall dwell:
 Let me, blest seat! my name behold
 Among thy citizens enroll'd,
 And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 29. (L. M.)

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
 From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
 Though humbled long, awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength!
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
 And let thy excellence be known:
 Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
 The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
 His hand thy ruins shall repair:
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 30. (H. 4.)

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, awake,
 And hail this sacred day;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay:
 Welcome the day that God hath blest,
 The type of heav'n'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,

HYMNS.

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And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings:
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
 Ascend thy conq'ring car;
 While justice, truth and love,
 Maintain thy glorious war:
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away!

HYMN 31. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 Let young and old rejoice:
 To him be vows and homage paid,
 Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord:
 How dreadful is this place!
 With meekness let us hear his word,
 With rev'rence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires—
 The voice of praise and prayer,
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
 Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call;
 Propitious from the skies,
 The Lord, the Maker of them all,
 Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleas'd, through Jesus Christ his Son,
 From sin he grants release;
 According to their faith 'tis done,
 He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. (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
 To feast his saints to-day;
 Here may we sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where Jesus is within,

Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. (L. M.)

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know!
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 34. (H. 3.)

- G**REAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!
- 2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. (II. 4.)

- 1 **I**N loud exalted strains,
 The King of glory praise;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
 Through everlasting days :
 But Zion, with his presence blest,
 Is his delight, his chosen rest.
- 2 O King of glory! come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy home,
 This people as thy own.
 Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Now let thine ear attend
 Our supplicating cries;
 Now let our praise ascend,
 Accepted to the skies :
 Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
 Spread its celestial influence round.
- 4 Here may the list'ning throng,
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 Here Christians join the song
 Of seraphim above:
 Till all who humbly seek thy face,
 Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
 Let my religious hours alone:
 From flesh and sense I would be free,
 And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire,
 To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
 And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
 When I can see thy glories shine,
 I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
 To cheer me in this barren land;
 And in thy temple let me know
 The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y op'ning eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest;
 Eternal King! erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away;
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38. (III. 1.)

- 1 **T**O thy temple I repair;
 Lord, I love to worship there;
 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.
- 2 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend;
 Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my soul with humble awe,
 Till thy gospel bring to me
 Life and immortality.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in thy name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear thee speaking from on high.
- 5 From thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at ev'ning let me say,
 "I have walk'd with God to-day."

HYMN 39. (L. M.)

After Sermon.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father! bless the word,
 Which, through thy grace, we now have heard;

- O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord! that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. (III. 5.)

- 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
Trav'ling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

 ADVENT.

HYMN 41. (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.

HYMN 42. (III. 3.)

- 1 **H**AIL, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desir'd of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 43. (C. M.)

Luke ii. 8—15.

- 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 wrapt in swathing bands,
“And in a manger laid.”

- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
6 “All glory be to God on high,
“And to the earth be peace;
“Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
“Begin and never cease.”

HYMN 44. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!
2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.
3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven!
4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
“The promis'd child is born!”
5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd;
6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains!

HYMN 45. (III. 1.)

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!
2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;

- With th' angelic hosts proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb!
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail th' incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd, as man, with man to dwell,
 Jesus, now Emanuel!
- 5 Ris'n with healing in his wings,
 Light and life to all he brings;
 Hail the Sun of righteousness,
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace.

HYMN 46.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 1 Zion! the marvellous story be telling,
 The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation,
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

- 3 Mortals! your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
 Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing,
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

HYMN 47. (C. M.)

Isaiah ix. 2-7.

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd
 Have seen a glorious light;
 The people now behold the dawn,
 Who dwelt in death and night.

HYMNS.

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- 2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast remov'd;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promis'd Child is born;
To us the Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.
- 6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 48. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**IME hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sov'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs, salvation comes,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. (C. M.)

St. Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **S**EE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

- 2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumberers it the ground?"
- 3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
"The barren fig-tree spare,
"Another year in mercy wait,
"It yet may bloom and bear:
- 4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
"And still no fruit be found,
"I plead no more; destroy the tree,
"And root it from thy ground."

—♦—
NEW YEAR.
—

HYMN 50. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
- 4 'That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year
- 6 Thy children panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;

- No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**S o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepar'd to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things belov'd
My anxious thoughts employ'd:
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee!

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 52. (S. M.)

Isaiah lii. 7—10.

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

- Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings 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.

HYMN 53. (II. 5.)

Isaiah lx. &c.

- 1 **R**ISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 54. (II. 6.)

Psaln lxxii.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. (C. M.)

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

- 1 **O**'ER mountain tops the mount of God
 In latter days shall rise,
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
 Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,
 His judgments truth shall guide;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.

- 5 For peaceful implements shall men
 Exchange their swords and spears;
 Nor shall they study war again
 Throughout those happy years.
- 6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
 To worship at his shrine;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy graces shine.

 LENT.

HYMN 56. (III. 1.)

Litany.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness:
 By thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
 By thine agony of prayer,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
 By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
 By thy perfect sacrifice;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
 By thy pow'r from death to save;
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,
 To thy throne in heav'n restor'd,
-

HYMNS.

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Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. (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, increase 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.

D

HYMN 59. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind 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 harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
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.

See Hymns on Repentance.

PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61. (III. 4.)

Isaiah lxiii. 1—4.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'ling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won!
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done!
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes!

HYMN 62. (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 cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did ere such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. (C. M.)

- 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 me!
- 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!

HYMN 64. (C. M.)

- 1 **M**Y Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 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.
- 4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

HYMNS.

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

HYMN 65. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
 Which heaven and earth amaze?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
 Why hides the sun his rays?
 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathize!
 The sun as darkest night be black!
 Their Maker, Jesus, dies!
 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
 His all-atoning blood!
 Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
 My Saviour and my God!
 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me this death is borne;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.
 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
 Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
 O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN 66. (L. M.)

St. John xix. 30.

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bow'd his head and died;
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
 In me, the Saviour of mankind.
 3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
 Must stain his robes with purple gore;

- The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

HYMN 67. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

- 1 **H**IGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?
- 2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home;
In ev'ry temple see thy God.
- 4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

EASTER.

HYMN 68. (C. M.)

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

- 1 **S**INCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,

HYMNS.

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- Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.
- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. (III. 1.)

- 1 **C**HRISt the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. (L. M.)

Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destin'd place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 71. (C. M.)

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 72. (L. M.)

- 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!
- 2 Ye saints approach! the anguish view,
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;

HYMNS.

45

- Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
"And where thy victory, O grave!"

HYMN 73. (L. M.)

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd!

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 74. (C. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;

- Till every heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 75. (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 See 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 lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**E'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;

HYMNS.

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- 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 wavering 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.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 77. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
 Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
 Forever be thy name ador'd,
 Thy glories let the world proclaim!
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
 To take our load of sins away,
 Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
 Along the realms of upper day!
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
 In streams of light and glory giv'n,
 Thou source of ecstasy and love,
 Thy praises ring through earth and heav'n!
- 4 O God triune! to thee we owe
 Our every thought, our every song;
 And ever may thy praises flow
 From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

HYMN 78. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pard'ning love extend!
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,

- Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend!
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend!
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

HYMN 79. (II. 4)

- 1 **WE** give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

FAST-DAY.

HYMN 80. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord! before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy pard'ning grace alone
 Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
 Thy dreadful pow'r display;
 Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 Convert us by thy grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
 We will not sink in fear;
 Secure of all-sufficient aid,
 When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. (III. 3.)

- 1 **D**READ Jehovah! God of nations!
 From thy temple in the skies,
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliv'rance rise:
- 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface:
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. (L. M.)

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of grace and pow'r
 Attend his people's humble cry;
 Defend them in the needful hour,
 And send deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts!
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 And let our trust be firm and strong,
 Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And hymns of peace conclude our song.

 THANKSGIVING-DAY.

HYMN 83. (III. 2.)

PART 1.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ:
 All to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams
 Pure religion's holier beams;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART 2.

- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the rip'ning ear;
 Though the sick'ning flock should fall,
 And the herd desert the stall;
 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
 Th' early and the latter rain,
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy;
 Still to thee our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 7 Life and grace, whate'er our wo,
 Still to thee, our God, we owe;
 Though of earthly hopes bereft,
 Yet our hope of heaven is left;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
 The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway:
 Thy hand all nature hails;
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. (L. M.)

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong,
 His power and grace shall be our song;
 From him alone all mercies flow,
 His arm alone subdues the foe!
- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
 Propitious to his people's prayer;
 And though deliv'rance he may stay,
 Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
 Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
 The tribute of its love to bring
 To thee, our Saviour and our King;
- 4 Till every public temple raise
 A song of triumph to thy praise;
 And every peaceful, private home,
 To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy glorious sight;
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 86. (III. 3.)

- 1 **S**AVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding,
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, *these* little ones receiving,
 Fold *them* in thy gracious arm—
 There, we know—thy word believing—
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
 Let *them* be the Lion's prey;

- Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep *them* all life's dang'rous wa
 4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let *them* find a resting place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HE gentle Saviour calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He folds them in his gracious arms,
 Himself declares them blest.
 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 "The heirs of heaven are such as these,
 "For such as these I came."
 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring, that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 88. (S. M.)

*Of Adults.**Ephesians vi. 10--13.*

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son.
 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
 3 Stand then in his great might,
 With all his strength endu'd ;
 And take to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
 And stand complete at last.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 89. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness 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 his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast.
- 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.

HYMN 90. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. (C. M.)

- 1 **Y**OUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 92. (C. M.)

- 1 **O**, IN the morn of life, when youth
' With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd:
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its ev'ning blest!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 93. (C. M.)

Rev. v. 12, 9, &c.

- 1 **T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain!
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 94. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know!
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!
- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb!
- 6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,

HYMNS.

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Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light, or feel the sun!

HYMN 95. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King!
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing—
- 4 “Glory to God in highest strains,
“And to the earth be peace;
“Good-will from heaven to men is come,
“And let it never cease!”

HYMN 96. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heav'n and earth ador'd
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 whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

- 6 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

HYMN 97. (L. M.)

St. Matt. x.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. (L. M.)

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 “**G**O preach my gospel,” saith the Lord,
“Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
“Explain to them my sacred word,
“Bid them believe, obey, and live.
- 2 “I’ll make my great commission known,
“And ye shall prove my gospel true,
“By all the works that I have done,
“And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
“Go cast out devils in my name;
“Nor let my prophets be afraid,
“Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 “While thus ye follow my commands,
“I’m with you till the world shall end;

- “All power is trusted in my hands;
 “I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honour'd name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame;
 Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
 And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
 Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
 Still mark a long extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And, fed by him, their graces live;
 Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
 Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
 Through all the courses of the sun;
 Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
 The spring whence all these blessings flow;
 Pastors and people shout his praise,
 Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 Their best acquirements are our gain,
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
 Their words, and let those words be thine;

To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new-creating pow'r.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 101. (L. M.)

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
 On earth establish thine abode?
 Then look propitious from thy throne,
 And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
 Long may they echo in thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 Thousands were born for glory here.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 102. (L. M.)

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

HYMNS.

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- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

HYMN 103. (L. M.)

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the Living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;

F

Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

- 4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. (II. 1.)

For Missions to the new settlements in the United States.

- 1 **W**HEN, Lord, to this our Western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wand'ring fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.
- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by pray'r,
And blossom'd as the rose.
- 3 And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour! we own this debt of love:
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. (C. M.)

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

- 1 **O**N Zion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:
- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;

HYMNS.

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- And empires now behold its day,
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illumine;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:
- 4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine!
- 6 Like Lebanon, in tow'ring pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil!

HYMN 107. (II. 6.)

- 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 ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
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! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim

- Till each 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.

HYMN 108. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

- 1 **D**ISOWN'D of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blést,
Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 109. (IV. 1.)

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways!
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy name!
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme!
- 2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:

HYMNS.

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Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess thee their God.

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. (II. 4.)

Children and Congregation.

Children.

- 1 **C**OME 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.

HYMN 111. (III. 1.)

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
 He chose an humble birth;
 Like us unhonour'd and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth:
- 2 Like him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's paths of peace;
 Like him, in grace and knowledge grow
 As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
 When mothers round him press'd;
 Their infants in his arms he took,
 And on his bosom bless'd:
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 O, thus encircled in his arms,
 May we for ever lie!

HYMN 113. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee:

HYMNS.

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- At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. (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 honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. (C. M.)

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never rais'd in vain:
- 2 Whose breast responds with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's wo to feel;

Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. (C. M.)

- 1 **R**ICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. (III. 3.)

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.
- 2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.
- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:
- 4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus.

'These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

- 5 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These, &c.

- 6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

- 7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Hallelujah. Amen.

 TO BE USED AT SEA.

HYMN 118. (L. M.)

- 1 **G**OD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus is thy glorious power ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

HYMN 119. (IV. 5.)

"Save, Lord! or we perish." Matt. viii. 25.

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming, [gleaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
-

- Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord! or we perish."
- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we perish."
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we perish."

HYMN 120. (C. M.)

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

- 1 **L**ORD! for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes every country please:
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas!
- 4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;
- 5 To thee I rais'd my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave!
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save!
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still!
- 7 For this my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOR THE SICK.

HYMN 121. (L. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.
- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when Heaven ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

- 11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 And bow submissive to thy will,
 Sickness and death shall both agree
 To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. (C. M.)

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
 Our God deserves our song;
 We take the pattern of our praise
 From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
 Are open'd wide in vain,
 If he that holds the keys of death
 Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,
 Then no disease withstands;
 Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
 And fly, as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,
 He can our frame restore,
 And cast our sins behind his back,
 And they are found no more.
- 5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
 "Thou ever good and just;
 "Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 "Thy power is all my trust!"
- 6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. (L. M.)

On the same.

- 1 **M**Y God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
 Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
 Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
 With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
 To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
 Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
 My life didst rescue from the grave.

HYMNS.

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- 3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
 With me sing praises to the Lord;
 Call all his goodness to your mind,
 And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short: his love,
 Which is our life, hath certain stay,
 Grief may continue for a night,
 But joy returns with rising day.
- 5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
 In happier hours I now will give,
 And strive that in my grateful verse,
 His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The blest and undivided three;
 The one sole giver of all life,
 Glory and praise for ever be.



FUNERALS.

HYMN 124. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares
 To those in Christ who die!
 "Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
 "They'll reign with him on high."
- 2 Then why lament departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 Death's but the servant Jesus sends
 To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gave sin its strength and power;
 But Christ, our ransom, died!
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 When in the grave he lay;
 And, rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
 To everlasting day!
- 5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
 To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
 "Where is thy victory, O grave?
 "And where, O death, thy sting?"

G

HYMN 125. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN those we love are snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 That friendship must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 With awful power imprest;
 May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world allure no more;
 Behold the op'ning tomb;
 It bids us use the present hour,—
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
 May ev'ry heart obey!
 Nor be the faithful warning vain
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
 Whose arm alone can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. (C. M.)

Death of a Young Person.

- 1 **H**OW short the race our friend has run,
 Cut down in all *his* bloom!
 The course but yesterday begun
 Now finish'd in the tomb!
- 2 Thou joyous youth! hence learn how soon
 Thy years may end their flight:
 Long, long before life's brilliant noon
 May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
 To-day his voice regard;
 To-morrow, mercy's open gate
 May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
 Thy youthful love to gain—
 The soul that early seeks my face
 Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. (L. M.)

Death of an Infant.

- 1 **A**S the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day;
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
 Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
 But for a moment felt the rod:—
 O mourner! such, the Lord declares,
 Such are the children of our God!

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. (III. 1.)

- 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?
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye 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,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love:
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 129. (III. 1.)

- 1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. (II. 3.)

- 1 **P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

HYMN 131. (S. M.)

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whisp'ring, sinner, come;
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, come!
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

HYMNS.

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- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

HYMN 132. (C. M.)

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely 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 honours shall we raise!
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 133. (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 prest,
 By war without, and fear 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.

HYMN 134.

(C. M.)

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 The watch-word at the gates of death;—
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
 They're one in word and mind;
 When with the Father and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.

- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

 REPENTANCE.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136. (L. M.)

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despise;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
 And long in vain thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;
- 3 Yet, oh! the mourning sinner spare
 In honour of my great High Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 137. (L. M.)

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at least 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 labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

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HYMN 138. (C. M.)

Penitential Gratitude.

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here:
- 2 Thy tears are dry'd, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will
And to resist mine own:
- 4 So shall my soul each pow'r employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy—
“One pardon'd sinner more!”

—
FAITH.
—

HYMN 139. (III. 2.)

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

HYMN 140. (L. M.)

- 1 **F**AITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear;
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. (C. M.)

Rom. viii. 31—34.

- 1 **O** LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and wo!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give!
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath ris'n again,
Triumphant, from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

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HYMN 142. (C. M.)

Dead Faith.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
 If faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
 And works by active love,
 Will bid all sinful joys depart,
 And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free
 To make us pure within;
 Nor did he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. (III. 1.)

Christ our Refuge.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the waves of trouble roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my hope from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. (IV. 4.)

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 "I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 "I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 "Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 "The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
 "For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 "And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 "My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 "The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 "Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
 "I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 "That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
 "I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

 HOPE.

HYMN 145.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n, thy destin'd place:
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon thy Saviour will return,
 To take thee to the skies:
 There, is everlasting peace,
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
 There, will sorrow ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be giv'n.

HYMN 146.

(III. 1.)

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey, let us sing;
 Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 *We are trav'ling home to God
 In the way the fathers trod;*

They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.
- 4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. (C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 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.
- 4 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

JOY.

HYMN 148. (C. M.)

- 1 **JOY** is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,—
Give joys like those above.
- 3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

- 4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O, thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. (S. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're trav'ling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

 LOVE.

HYMN 150. (III. 3.)

- 1 **L**ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;

For the pard'ning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows:
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
 This dull soul to rapture raise:
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wand'rer, far astray;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away:
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express:
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. (III. 1.)

- 1 **L**ORD, my God, I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
 Am I thine, or am I not?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Any duty give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
 O how dark, and vain, and wild.
 Prone to unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself thy child?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love thee. Lord?
- 6 Saviour! let me love thee more,
 If I love at all, I pray:
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

 PRAISE.

HYMN 152.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah, Great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confess'd;
 I bow, and bless the sacred name
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and pow'r;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on angel wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord, our righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of peace;

On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom he maintains,
 And, glorious, with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

- 5 The God who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing;
 And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 "Almighty King,
 "Who was, and is the same,
 "And evermore shall be,
 "Jehovah, Father, Great I Am!
 "We worship thee."

- 6 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN 153. (IV. 3.)

Psalm c.

- 1 **BE** joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 O serve him with gladness and fear;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
 Your vows in his temple proclaim;
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. (L. M.)

Psalm c.

- 1 **BEFORE** Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 H 2

- Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, 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 are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand.
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 155. (III. 1.)

Songs of Praise.

- 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 shall 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 their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;

Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN 156. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne, let this,
 My humble pray'r arise—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee:
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. (L. M.)

- 1 **B**E still, my heart! these anxious cares
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
 They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
 And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
 Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
 How canst thou want if he provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,
 Thou didst to him thy all commit;
 He gave thee warrant from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?

- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

IN AFFLICTION.

HYMN 158. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God! my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?
- 2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.
- 3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.
- 4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. (H. 3.)

Psalm xlii. 1—5.

- 1 **A**S, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream.
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.
- 2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my wo, and mock my fear;
And silent mem'ry weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
- 3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Zion's holy ground,
-

And gladly swell'd the choral lays,
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

- 4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in ev'ry pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—
Thy strength, in joy's extatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 160. (II. 3.)

A compassionate High Priest. Hebrews iv. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear,
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 5 And, oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMNS.

HYMN 161. (L. M.)

Sanctified affliction.

- 1 **L**ORD! unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd,
But thou hast made me feel thy rod!
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.
- 2 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal wo!
- 3 O, hadst thou left me unchastis'd,
Thy precepts I had still despis'd,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.
- 4 I love thy chast'nings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

 DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 162. (II. 3.)

Daily Dependance.

- 1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.
- 3 As ev'ry day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

- 4 When pain transfixes ev'ry part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseas'd, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.
- 5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.
- 6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosp'rous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.
- 7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And weary'd nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. (L. M.)

"I have set God always before me." Ps. xvi. 9.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee!
Thee, self-abas'd in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To thee, my soul triumphant springs;
 Thee, thron'd in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
 To death and thee my thoughts I give;
 To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,
 To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. (L. M.)

Morning Hymn.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
 T' improve thy talents take due care;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
 Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing,
 Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
 May your devotion me inspire;
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform like you my Maker's will:
 O! may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below:
 Praise him above, y' angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. (L. M.)
Morning.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul! with rapture rise!
 And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
 The awful Sov'reign of the skies,
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power!
 Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
 But may each swiftly flying hour
 Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!
- 3 But can it be? that Power divine
 Is thron'd in light's unbounded blaze;
 And countless worlds and angels join
 To swell the glorious song of praise:
- 4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
 When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
 Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase:
 For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
 And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. (C. M.)
Morning.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,
 Whose sun creates the day,
 Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
 And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day, thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
 So oft vouchsaf'd before;
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,
 And I that hand adore.

- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. (III. 1.)

Morning.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 168. (L. M.)

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that 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
Triumphing rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!
- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. (L. M.)

Evening.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

- 5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMN 170. (C. M.)

Evening.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts,
 Let flames of love arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift, more free than they.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts desire.

HYMN 171. (S. M.)

Evening.

- 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 shall soon disrobe us all
 Of what is here possest.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. (III. 1.)

Psaln cxli. 2.

- 1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee!

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. (IV. 2.)

Evening.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

HYMN 174. (C. M.)

Renouncing the World.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

- 2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. (L. M.)

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 **JESUS!** and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Asham'd 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 Asham'd of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not asham'd of me!

HYMN 176. (S. M.)

Prayer for Christian Graces.

- 1 **JESUS,** my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
-
-

With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer:
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill:
 A soul inur'd to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss;
 Ready to take up and sustain
 The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick, discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepar'd,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less;
 This blessing, above all,
 Always to pray I want,
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
 To thee and thy great name;
 A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee;

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. (III. 3.)

Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 **GUIDE** me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the *Lord my righteousness.*
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. (L. M.)

Following the Example of Christ.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

- 5 But, ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
 We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. (S. M.)

Duties.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
- 2 From youth to hoary age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live,
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. (C. M.)

"Forgetting those things which are behind," &c. Phil. iii. 13, 14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on,
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.

- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on,
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. (C. M.)

Doubting.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
 When in thy house of prayer;
 But still in bondage I am held,
 And find no comfort there.
- 5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break;
 And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. (C. M.)

Desires after renewed Holiness.

- 1 **O**H 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 then enjoy'd;
 How sweet their mem'ry still:
 But now I feel 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.

HYMN 183. (III. 1.)

Trials.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all—
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. (C. M.)

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

- 1 **S**INCE I've known a Saviour's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.
- 2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsum'd in fire.
- 3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepar'd
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

HYMN 186 (L. M.)

Heaven seen by Faith.

- 1 **A**S, when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. (IV. 4.)

"I would not live alway." Job vii. 16.

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. (C. M.)

Job xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of wo,
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 flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Determin'd 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.

HYMN 189. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a mournful sound
Mine 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 tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must 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 prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMNS.

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HYMN 190.

(S. M.)

Job xiv. 11—14.

- 1 **T**HE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:
- 2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:
- 3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.
- 4 O, may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from wo and sin; till call'd
To share his bless'd abode!
- 5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMN 191.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless wo prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. (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 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day:
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. (II. 7.)

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195.

(III. 1.)

St. Luke xiii. 24—27.

- 1 **S**EEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer pray'r.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord! we have profess'd thy name;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot—
Christ will say, "I know you not."

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196.

(S. M.)

- 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,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. (C. M.)

2 Cor. iv. 18.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies!
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim!
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. (C. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.

- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more;
 But, clothed in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire;
 Till in thy blissful courts above
 We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start, and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea;
 And linger, trembling on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With faith's illumin'd eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**HOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
 In sweet assemblage join,
 All nature's charms would droop and die,
 Jesus, compar'd with thine,
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
 And vain her blooming store;
 Her brightness languishes to shade,
 Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But, ah! how far from mortal sight
 The Lord of glory dwells!
 A veil of interposing night
 His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
 On strong immortal wing,
 And reach thy palace in the skies,
 My Saviour and my King!
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
 And there, divine employ!
 The triumphs of thy love repeat
 In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day
 O'er all the blissful place;
 Who would not drop this load of clay,
 And die to see thy face?

HYMN 201. (III. 1.)

Revelation vii. 9, &c.

- 5 **W**HO are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 "Blessing, honour, glory, power,
 "Wisdom, riches, to obtain
 "New dominion ev'ry hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his eternal name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. (C. M.)

Genesis xxviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**OD of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy shelt'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And, at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 203. (III. 3.)

1 Chronicles xxix. 10—13.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Bless'd thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name ador'd!
- 2 Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness,
Glory, vict'ry, are thine own;

HYMNS.

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- All is thine in earth and heaven,
 Over all thy boundless throne.
- 3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
 Pow'r and might to thee belong;
 Thine it is to make us prosper,
 Only thine to make us strong.
- 4 Lord our God! for these, thy bounties,
 Hymns of gratitude we raise;
 To thy Name, for ever glorious,
 Ever we address our praise!

HYMN 204.

(C. M.)

Proverbs iii. 13—17.

- 1 **O** HAPPY is the man who hears
 Religion's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold;
 More precious are her bright rewards,
 Than gems, or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days;
 Her left, imperishable wealth,
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labours rise,
 So her rewards increase;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205.

(L. M.)

Isaiah xl. 6—8.

- 1 **T**HE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold;
 As careless of the noon-day heats,
 And fearless of the ev'ning cold.
- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows;
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the op'ning rose.

- 4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 206. (C. M.)

Isaiah xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky?
- 3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;

With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. (C. M.)

Isaiah lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HUS speaks the High and Lofty One—
My throne is fix'd on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky:
- 2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.
- 3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.
- 4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. (II. 1.)

Habakkuk iii. 17—19.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea
- L

- And round the empty stall;
 My soul above the wreck shall rise.
 Its better joys are in the skies;
 There, God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
 I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
 Nay, triumph in his love;
 My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
 Free as the hind he makes and fleet,
 To speed my course above.

HYMN 209.

(C. M.)

St. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HOU art the way—to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm,
 And those who put their trust in thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210.

(S. M.)

Philippians ii. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**EIRS of unending life,
 While yet we sojourn here,
 O let us our salvation work
 With trembling and with fear.
- 2 God will support our hearts
 With might before unknown;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do;

His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

HYMN 211. (III. 1.)

Ephesians v. 14—17.

- 1 **S**INNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.
- 2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.
- 3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.
- 4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. (C. M.)

Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

- 1 **L**O! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd:
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:
- 4 He, for the joy before him set,
And mov'd by pitying love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame;
And now he reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand!
There, with the Saviour and his saints
Triumphantly to stand.

XV. GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the preceding hymns, have reference to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked—I. II. III. IV.

CLASS I. includes common, long, and short metres, marked—
C. M., L. M., S. M.

CLASS II. includes the other Iambick metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c. which may be named:
Two, one; Two, two; Two, three, &c.

CLASS III. includes the Trochaick metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c. which may be named;
Three, one; Three, two, &c.

CLASS IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c. and may be named; *Four, one; Four, two, &c.*

CLASS I.

C. M.

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

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;

Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and shall be given.

III. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme and blessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,
 Be highest glory given,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,
 Be everlasting glory given,
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit; equal Three
 In undivided Unity,
 Ere time had yet its course begun:
 As was, and is, be highest praise,
 As still shall be through endless days.

 CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One!
 Glory, as of old, to thee,
 Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise him all below the sky,
 Praise him all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past
 Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, the God in heaven,
 To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
 To the Spirit, praise be given,
 Everlasting Three in One:

As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

 CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd:
To God in three persons,
One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
'Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son and the Spirit from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 and 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
 And Spirit ever bless'd,
 Everlasting Three in One,
 All worship be address'd:
 Praise from all-above, below,
 As throughout the ages past,
 Now is given, and shall be so
 While endless ages last.

*When used to Hymn 185, in line 6, read,
 As was throughout the ages past.*

Come, let us adore him, come, bow at his feet,
 O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of Divine Service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

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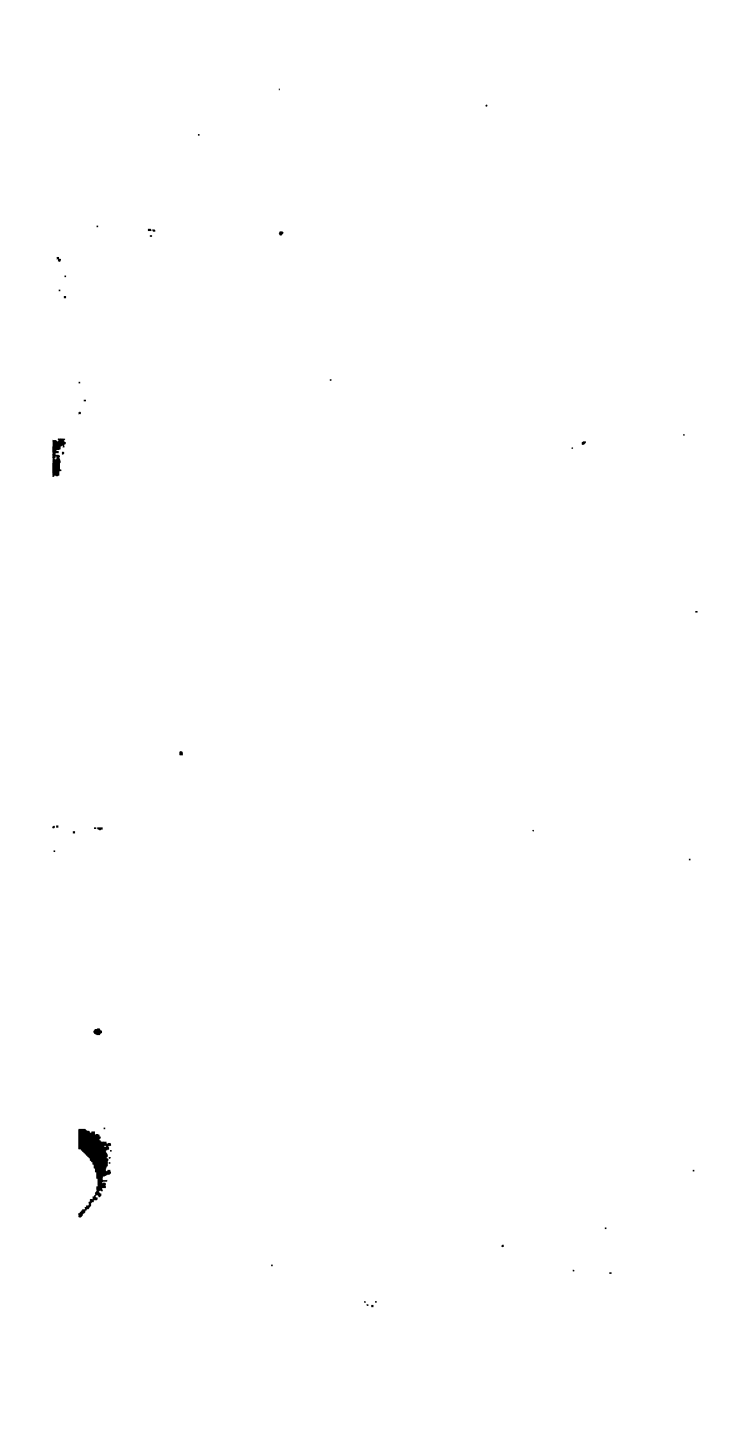
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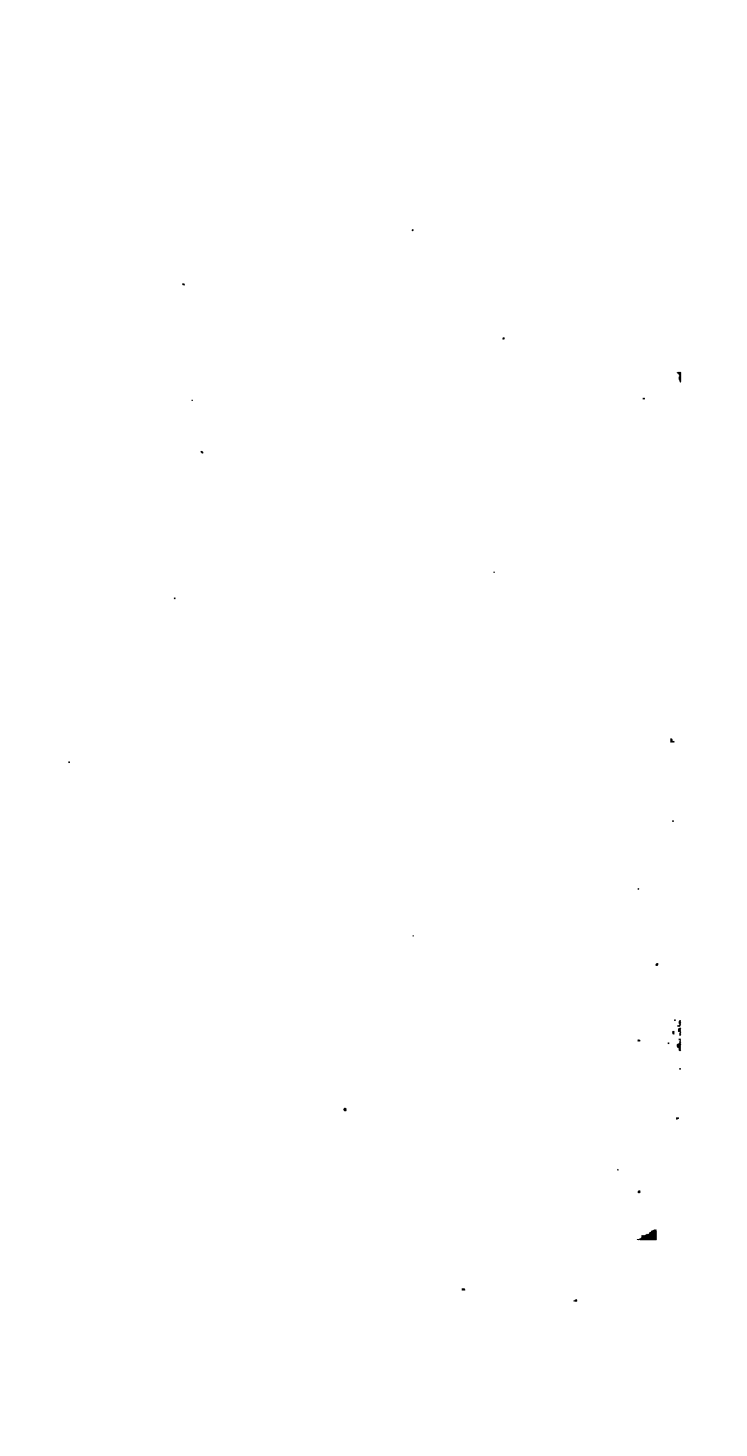
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