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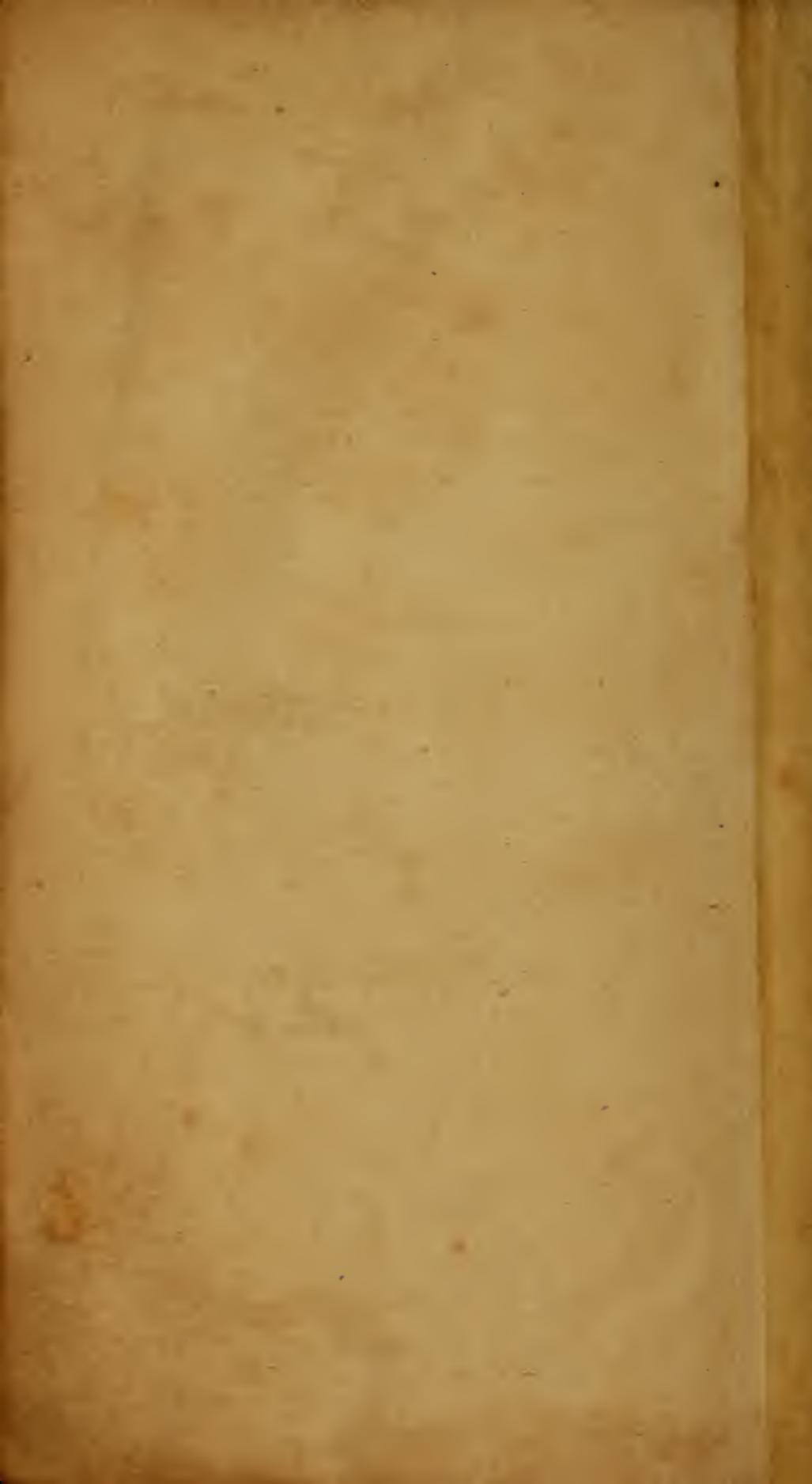
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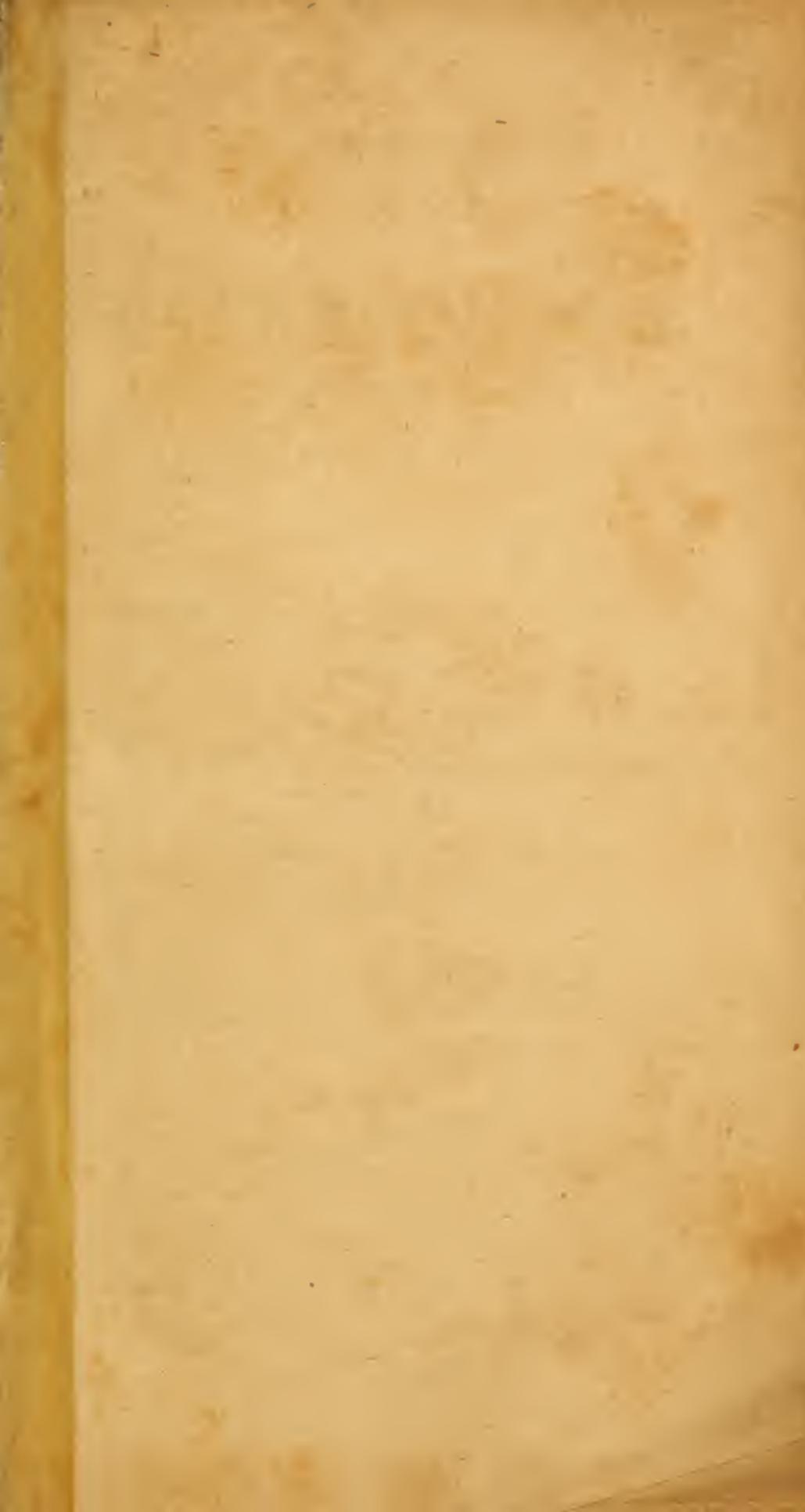
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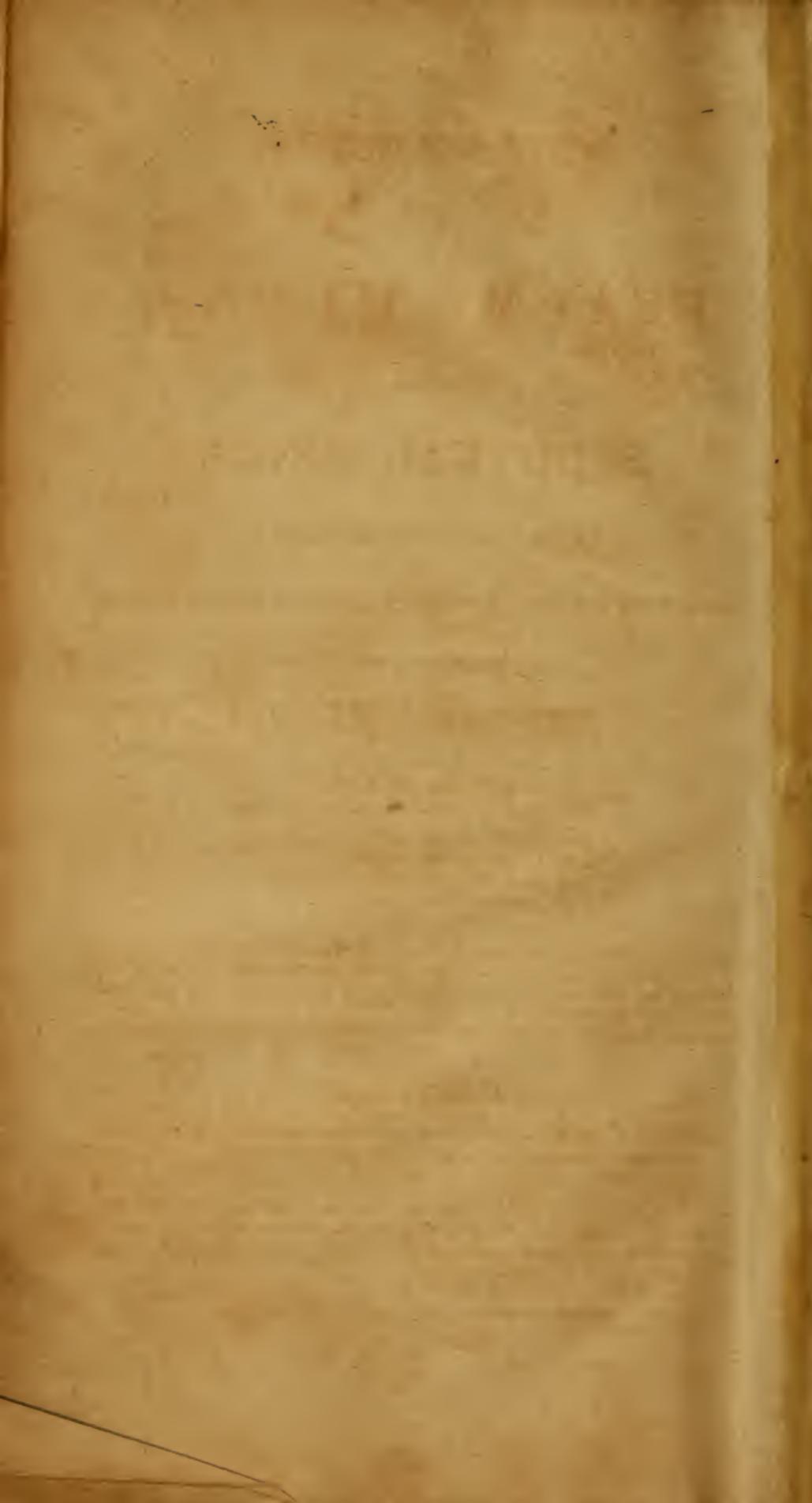
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DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CONFERENCE MEETINGS, PRIVATE CIRCLES,  
AND CONGREGATIONS.

FIFTEENTH EDITION.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

---

BY H. MILLER.

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“Reharse his praise with awe profound,  
“Let knowledge lead the song,  
“Nor mock him with a solemn sound,  
“Upon a thoughtless tongue.”

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SINCE the first publication of this Hymn Book, applications have been very numerous from Baptist churches in various parts of the Western country. This Selection has been examined by many Baptist friends in New-York and Pennsylvania, who considered it very desirable to have a Hymn Book agreeably to Baptist views of Divine Truth, if one could be compiled in which the Churches would unite; and they thought if this Selection had an additional number of Hymns to increase the variety on different subjects, it would be generally acceptable. Accordingly, I have added about 300 Hymns, which I flatter myself will give satisfaction to all Regular Baptist Churches; so that all when meeting together for Divine Worship may possess the advantage of singing the praises of the Saviour from the same Book, and prevent confusion in Congregations by using different ones; particularly at Yearly Meetings and Associations.

That Hymns and Spiritual Songs are of ancient use will not be questioned; while their great utility will be readily accorded by Christians generally. How far this humble effort to collect and condense into one volume those of most acknowledged merit and general use, the compiler respectfully submits to those who are best calculated to form a correct opinion. This volume contains about 300 of the best of Dr. Watts', and many from Ryland, Swain, Newton, Cowper, Doddridge, Medley, Stennett, Fawcett, Beddome, Steele, Burnham, Hart, Pearce, Wesley, Montgomery, Whitfield, and other eminent authors: and will be found enriched from a large number of publications of refined taste and pure evangelical sentiments.

## PREFACE.



It will be admitted by most Christians, that it is not only a duty, but also an invaluable privilege, to celebrate with gratitude of heart and joyful lips the praises of the Lord. Exhortations to engage in this delightful exercise, abound in the scriptures. "Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant ; and praise is comely for the upright." "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." "Give thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the church of God, this part of divine worship is admirably suited to produce the most beneficial effects. It is calculated to remove languor, to warm and elevate the mind, and strengthen every devout affection. To sing with grace in the heart the praises of the Lord, corresponds with the joyful exercises of the ransomed around the throne, and is as the commencement on earth of that melody, which shall fill the regions of bliss, through the ages of eternity. To assist the Christian, and to awaken the thoughtless sinner, is the only design of submitting to the public the following volume of psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. They are arranged under particular heads, and the page on which they stand, is made to agree with the number of each, which will greatly facilitate the finding of either any particular one sought for, or of one suited to any given subject or occasion.

In perusing this volume, I anticipate objections to some of the spiritual songs, but it should be remembered, that there is a style and manner suited to the composition of Hymns, admirably calculated for usefulness, which we ought to cultivate and recommend, as best adapted to the design. I would not offend readers of taste, by a wilful coarseness or negligence. In hymns for the use of plain people, perspicuity, simplicity and ease, should be chiefly attended to. I have been witness for more than twenty years, that hymns of this description have been useful not only to Christians, but to the awakening sinners. I send them into the world, as a mean to bring in some of the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." New collections become necessary, that those possessing intrinsic merit, may become public, and of more exclusive use in worshipping assemblies and private circles ; to these, some are added that were never before in print. The increasing demand induces me to publish this edition in stereotype. To be useful to all, is the highest aim of my ambition ; but especially to the poor and distressed of the household of faith. I wish all who love Christ, did more sensibly

enjoy the happiness that results from singing the praises of God. It was this that animated Paul and Silas, and changed their dreary abode to a paradise. We know not how many may be blessed by our practising this delightful part of the worship of God. It will discountenance profane songs, and promote religion. Oh! that it could be said of us, as of primitive Christians, by St. Jerome, in the neighborhood where he resided, that ploughmen sung hallelujah, the mower hymns, and the vinedresser the psalms of David. In this selection, many are calculated, to alarm the careless and lead the mourner to Christ.

Adopting the language of the venerable Dr. Rippon, I would say, "And now O! thou God of all Grace, for the sake of my crucified and exalted Redeemer, grant, that however weak and contemptible, this work may seem in the eyes of the children of the world, and however imperfect it really may be, as well as the author of it unworthy, it may nevertheless, live before thee, and through a divine power, be mighty to lessen the miseries and to increase the happiness and bliss of multitudes, in distant places, and in generations yet to come. Impute it not, O God, as a culpable ambition, if I desire, that whatever becomes of my name, that this work may be propagated far abroad; that it may reach to those who are yet unborn, and teach them thy name and thy praise when the author has long dwelt in the dust; that so, when he shall appear before thee in the great day of final accounts, joy may be increased, and his crown brightened, by numbers before unknown to each other and to him; but if this petition be too great to be granted to one who pretends to no claim to hope for being favored with the least, give him to be, in thine almighty hand, the blessed instrument of converting and saving one soul, and if it be but one, and that the meanest and weakest of all the human race, though it should be amidst a thousand disappointments with respect to others, yet it shall be the subject of immortal songs of praise to thee, O blessed God, for and by every soul whom, through the blood of Jesus, and the grace of thy spirit, thou hast saved, and everlasting honors shall be ascribed to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, by the innumerable company of Angels, and by the General Assembly, and the Church of the first born in heaven.

Some hymns have been considerably curtailed, not on the account of any objection to the whole of a hymn, but to make a greater variety, and adapted to minds of all real christians, and to correspond with the poet:"

"Few be our words and short our prayers,

While we together meet;

Short duties keep religion up,

And make devotion sweet."

"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:"

"I will sing praise unto my God, while I have my being."

Ps. 104.

"I will sing with the Spirit and will sing with the understanding also." 1 Cor. i.

"With my song will I praise him." Ps. 28,

- Access to a throne of Grace, 439  
 Accepted time now, 217, 668  
 Active Christian, 100  
 Adoption, 62, 69, 397  
 Advocate, 530, 600, 613  
 Afflicted saints comforted, 85, 223, 293  
 Affliction, 85  
     sanctified, 435, 635  
 All invited, 201, 225, 230  
 Angels hastened Lot, 658  
 Apostacy, 13, 176  
 Ashamed of Jesus, 137, 362  
 A sight of God mortifies us to the world, 408  
 Asking the way, 277, 601, 685, 723  
 Backslider restored, 428, 665  
 Baptism, 353 to 373  
 Before sermon, 249 to 274  
 Beggar's petition, 600  
     all God's children b., 613, 643  
 Behold the Lamb, 459  
 Believers safe, 449, 640  
 Benefit of Public Ordinances, 304 to 321  
 Bible a treasure, 21 and 26  
 Blessed are the dead, 486 to 504  
 Blessedness of gospel times, 29 to 38  
 Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body, 3 to 6  
 Blind restored to sight, 576, 643  
 Born again, 47, 106, 107  
 Breathing after holiness, 13, 79  
 Broad road crowded, 13, 709  
 Broken heart, 660  
     accepted, 538  
 Broken-hearted invited, 588, 620, 711  
 Canaanite still in the land, 697, 654  
 Cast down, yet hoping in God, 654, 722  
 Casting the gospel net, 251  
     our burden on the Lord, 142  
 Caution, 117  
 Characters of Christ, 89  
 Choosing the better part, 436, 378  
 Christ, the Shepherd, 56  
     the gift of God, 226  
     King of saints, 264, 269, 270  
     the Beloved, 288  
     the burden of the song, 293  
     Head of the church, 118  
     Lord of all, 119  
     Desire of all nations, 121  
     great Physician, 122  
     Lamb of God, 124  
     Friend, 125  
     way to heaven, 52, 128, 574  
     the Bridegroom, 295  
     the Beloved of saints, 582  
     the corner stone, 634  
     the believer's Treasure, 699  
     all in all, 698  
     Bread of Life, 129  
     our High Priest and King, 379  
     our strength, 63, 228, 425, 614  
     righteousness, 63, 127, 228,  
     our wisdom, 80  
     our example, 38  
     a King, 628  
     Guide, 628  
 Christ, the Foundation, 443, 555  
     refuge in trouble, 451  
     rock, 415  
     precious, 424  
     value of his righteousness, 59  
     born in Bethlehem, 621  
     object in coming into the world, 263  
     come to save the lost, 207  
     saves the chief of sinners, 210, 225, 230  
     able to save, 431  
     invitation to sinners, 274  
     his dying love, 390  
     dying for sinners, 292, 583  
     efficacy of his blood, 126  
     his crucifixion, 453  
     his humiliation and exultation, 93  
     dying, rising and reigning, 169, 171  
     sufferings and glory, 170  
     ascending and reigning, 168, 297  
     ever lives, 205, 431  
     his compassion to the weak and tempted, 220  
     weeping over Jerusalem, 249  
     his presence makes death easy, 496  
     his blessing implored, 265  
     his kingdom, 466  
     obedience to him, 315  
     coming to Judgment, 379  
 Christian, 395 to 437  
     his virtues, 48  
     his race, 403  
     walking by faith, 399  
     anxious to know his state, 601  
     lamenting his wanderings, 413  
     must fight, 611  
     desiring Christ, 167  
     happy and blessed, 396, 416, 607  
     on his way home, 670  
     the almost, 13, 124, 601, 685  
 Christians united by love, 591  
     love to meet and pray, 648, 695, 662  
     their spiritual voyage, 652  
 Church, God's house and care, 447  
     the garden of God, 445, 450, 626, 666  
     secure, 448  
     fellowship, 427  
     inviting penitents to enter, 337  
     glory of the church, 446  
 Church-meetings, 336 to 351  
 City to come, 460, 696  
 Commission to preach, 37, 273  
 Communion with God, 70  
     and with Christ, 271  
     desired, 398, 552, 692  
 Condescension of God to our worship, 316  
 Confidence in God, 23, 24, 25, 666  
 Contrite heart, 109  
     God dwells with, 314  
 Conversion, its joy, 172, 172, 345  
     its difficulty, 48, 456

- Conversion matter of prayer  
     and praise, - 221  
     of the thief, - 51  
 Conviction of sin by the law, 14  
 Convinced sinners encouraged, 58  
 Coronation, the spiritual, 119  
 Creation and Providence, - 8  
 Cross of Christ sweet to the  
     saint, - 690  
     crucifixion to the world  
         by it, - 388  
 Deacons chosen, - 248  
 Dead to sin by the cross of Christ, 410  
     dead blessed, - 501, 506  
 Death, - 101, 486  
     and immediate glory, 497  
     and burial of a saint, 489  
     of a young person, 502  
     meditation on d. 491  
     at hand, - 490  
 Debtor to grace, - 691, 597  
 Deceitful heart lamented, 110, 400  
 Delight in worship, 74, 75, 309  
     in God, - 229  
 Deliverance by prayer, 282, 535, 568  
 Depravity of human nature, 10, 11  
 Desiring nearness to God, 186  
     communion with  
         God, - 191, 398  
         to see Jesus, - 708  
         a revival, - 619  
 Devotion to God, - 298  
 Dismission, - 516  
 Divine love making a feast  
     and calling in the guests, 383, 387  
 Dominion of God eternal, 1, 2  
 Doubts scattered, 193, 540, 543, 554  
 Doxology, - 519 to 528  
 Earth and Heaven, 409, 417, 460  
 Election, - 39, 53  
 Encouragement to penitents, 112  
     to sinners to close with  
         Christ, - 260  
         to mourners, - 570  
         to trust in and love God, 268  
         to enquirers, - 723  
 Enjoyment of Christ, - 74, 75  
 Enquirers encouraged, 215, 589, 723  
 Entire dedication, or reasons for  
     desiring the work of the spirit, 148  
 Eternity joyous to the saint, 84  
     at hand, - 485  
     of God, - 310  
 Evening Hymns, 235, 237, 238, 239  
 Exceeding great and  
     precious promises, 433, 462, 640  
 Faith, its triumphs, - 50, 578  
     its joy, - 182  
     in Christ for pardon and  
         sanctification, 81, 702  
     in Christ our sacrifice, 179  
     in things unseen, - 181  
     in order to salvation, 180  
     a precious grace, - 163  
     a living and a dead, 92, 295  
     weak encouraged, 183, 694  
 Faithfulness and power of God, 440  
 Fall of man, - 10, 11  
 Family worship, 235, 237 to 241  
 Farewell, - 684  
 Farewell to brethren, 512 to 515  
 Fasting, public, - 391  
 Fear not, or fear dismissed, 156, 641  
     of God, - 164  
 Fervent prayer heard, 551, 554, 556  
 Few saved, - 13, 709  
 Finished redemption, - 674  
 Flock of Christ safe, - 56  
 Flower of glory, - 701  
 Foes of saints, - 442  
 Forgetfulness of God, beware  
     of it, - 117  
 Forgiveness of sin upon con-  
     fession, - 62, 64, 65  
 Fountain opened by free grace, 602  
 Frailty and folly, - 560  
 Freedom from sin and misery in  
     heaven, - 508  
 Fulness in Christ, - 672  
 Funeral thought, - 487  
     of a young person, 488  
 Give us this day our daily bread,  
     me Christ, - 698  
 Giving the heart to God, 407  
 Glorious things spoken of Zion, 662  
 Glory of the church, - 446  
 God—his omnipresence, 2, 678  
     his wisdom, - 5  
     eternity, - 310  
     truth, mercy, and faith-  
         fulness, 6, 43, 440, 700  
     greatness, - 94  
     goodness, - 204  
     condescension, - 316  
     love, 95, 131, 161, 206, 444  
     care of his  
         saints, 282, 412, 428, 461  
         present in his churches, 309  
         the refuge of his saints, 455  
         care of his church, - 461  
         glorified in the gospel, 35  
         his glory seen in re-  
             demption, 40, 61, 345 to 347  
         a shepherd, - 70  
         merciful, - 433  
         our salvation, - 202  
         our portion here and  
             hereafter, - 73, 243  
         our only happiness, 71  
         all and in all, - 72  
         a spirit, - 188  
         dwells with the humble  
             and penitent, 314  
         his ways mysterious, 437  
         hears prayer, 452, 531  
         his mercy entreated, 720  
         and his church, 305, 444, 445, 447  
         reasoning with men, 213  
         trust in him, 42, 55, 584  
         hope in him, 57, 432, 433  
         love to him, 132, 135, 165, 283  
         fear of him, - 164  
         gratitude to him, 550, 673  
         his presence light in dark-  
             ness, - 418  
         his absence intolerable, 419  
 Godly sorrow arising from the  
     sufferings of Christ, 154  
 Going to church, 304, 305, 309  
 Gospel, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 29

- Gospel, its different success, 30  
   blessed, 29  
   the power of God to sal-  
   vation, 31, 32  
   prayer for success of, 36  
   its freeness, 258  
   invitation, 276  
   ministry instituted by Christ 113  
   pool, 208, 226  
   feast, 380, 383  
   believers' food, 254  
   trumpet sounding, 713  
 Grace, 54, 67, 76  
   victorious, 259, 657  
   debtor to g. 691  
   and glory, 305  
   sufficient, 463  
   in our salvation, 597  
   sovereign, 669  
 Graces of the Holy Spirit, 108  
 Gratitude to God, 550, 673  
 Grave, 628  
 Happiness of Christians, 659  
 Hard heart, 110, 111  
   lamented, 715  
   melted at the view of  
   Christ crucified, 51, 583  
 Harvest-time will soon come, 618  
 Heaven, 291, 417  
   its glories, 278, 462  
   prospect of, makes  
   death easy, 486, 623, 624  
   invisible and holy, 507  
   humble worship of, 509  
   hope of, 580  
 Heavenly race, 52, 54, 412  
 Hell and heaven, 507 to 510  
 Hinder me not, 352, 540  
 Holiness and grace,  
   longed for, 159  
 Holy boldness, 267, 641  
   exertion, 429  
 Holy Spirit, his graces, 108 to 111  
   his work, 262  
   his influence, 129, 146  
   invoked, 138, 143, 144, 145, 147  
   compared to water, 149  
   the Comforter, 140  
   the sustainer, 141  
   seeking his communica-  
   tions, 150  
 Hope in God, 57  
   in Christ, 66  
   in darkness, 434  
   of heaven, 580  
 Hours tedious and tasteless  
   without Jesus, 604  
 Humility and pride, 274  
 Hypocrite, 13, 134  
 I made haste and delayed  
   not, 495, 658  
 Immanuel, God with me, 639  
 Improvement of time, 495, 675  
 Incarnation of Christ, 86 to 88  
 Increase from God, 294  
   of Church promised and  
   pleaded, 472  
 Ingratitude mourned, 110, 400  
 Inheritance of the Christian, 97  
 Invitations to Believers, 290  
 Invitations to penitents, 291  
 I will trust and not be afraid, 666  
 Jerusalem our home, 622  
 Jesus precious, 46, 401, 458, 633  
   his charms, 123  
   his loving kindness, 585  
   his name sweet, 458, 633, 721  
   loves freely and without  
   end, 402  
   the desire of the soul, 219  
   the sinners' friend, 457, 642, 721  
   the great Physician, 617  
   our all, 604  
 Joy, not a fruit of nature,  
   in heaven for a repent-  
   ing sinner, 173, 681  
 Jubilee, 633, 688  
 Judgment, 505, 506  
 Justification by faith, 49, 59, 60  
 Kingdom of Messiah increas-  
   ing, 114, 625  
 Knock for mercy, 613, 682  
 Knowledge imperfect at pre-  
   sent, 157  
 Lamb of God, 124, 459  
 Law, 14  
   its practical use, 28  
   it condemns, grace justifies, 49  
   and gospel, 17  
 Life, and safety in Christ alone, 187  
   the time to serve the Lord, 493  
   the season of hope, 689  
   short and feeble, 499, 494  
 Light through a glass and face  
   to face, 120  
   of Zion spreading, 625  
 Longing for a place at the right  
   hand of the Judge, 593  
 Looking forward to glory, 503  
 Lord revive us, 631  
   remember me, 642  
 Lord's Day, 322 to 335  
 Lord's people poor and afflicted, 404  
 Lord's supper, 379 to 390  
 Lost sheep found, 172  
 Love of God to man, 95, 131, 161, 206  
   of God stronger than death, 656  
   of Christ to Church, 279  
   unchangeable, 50  
 Love to God, 132, 135, 165, 283  
   to Christ, 133, 134, 136, 424  
   to the Brethren, 160, 478 to 481  
   to the creatures dangerous, 317  
   great where pardoning  
   love is felt, 650  
 Lovest thou me? 595, 601  
 Loving kindness of Christ, 585, 703  
 Man frail and God eternal, 310  
 Marriage, 178  
 Mary's choice, 436  
 Meditation on death, 491, 494  
 Meeting of brethren after long  
   absence, 687  
   of saints, 695  
 Mercy sought, 406, 643, 720  
 Message of the Redeemer, 263  
 Messiah's coming and kingdom, 88  
 Midnight cry, 101  
 Millennial day breaking, 469  
 Misery of being without God, 318

- Missionary, 37, 273, 466, to 477, 610  
 Mourning soul encour-  
   aged, 185, 205, 647  
   invited to come, 299, 717, 719  
   at the feet of Jesus, 671  
 Name of Jesus precious, 458, 636, 721  
 Narrow way, 574, 718  
 New Year's hymn, 244, 245  
 None cast away that come to  
   Christ, 225, 534  
 Not ashamed of the Gos-  
   pel, 137, 579, 611  
 Not unto us, 289, 296  
 Now is the accepted  
   time, 217, 668, 689  
 O that I knew where I might  
   find him, 552  
 Offices of Christ, 89  
 Omnipresence of Jehovah, 2  
 One thing needful, 83, 436  
 Opening house of worship, 465  
 Ordination, 392 to 394, 473  
 Pardon bought at a dear price, 390  
   obtained and saints rejoicing, 704  
 Pardoning love, 556  
 Parting here painful,  
   no p. in heaven, 511  
   with brethren, 684  
   with carnal joys, 409  
 Peace in Christ, 203  
 Pearl of great price, 250  
 Penitence and hope, 243  
 Penitent encouraged and invited,  
   58, 570, 575, 588, 589, 714  
   his resolution, 352, 615  
   pleading for  
     pardon, 151, 209, 226, 266  
     coming to Jesus, 558, 615  
     seeking rest to soul, 616  
     desiring to see more of  
       vileness, 590  
     prayer and confession, 592  
     filled with joy, 603  
     conquered by love, 649  
 Perseverance, 77, 231 to 234  
   desired, 405  
 Physician, or the miracles of  
   Christ, 155  
 Pilgrimage of saints, 417  
 Pilgrims encouraged, 338  
   song, 710  
   bound to Canaan, 599  
 Pleading with God under deser-  
   tion, 434  
 Pool for sinners, 208, 226  
 Poor and needy invited, 620  
 Praise for spiritual and temporal  
   mercies, 4, 130, 280, 301, 302, 426,  
   441, 447  
 Praise for redeeming mercies, 9, 45,  
   90, 91, 95, 656  
   for renewing grace, 175  
   for great deliverance, 414  
   to the Creator, 286, 290  
   to the Saviour, 206, 261, 421,  
   650, 704  
 Prayer, 529, 533  
   for success of the gospel,  
     26, 251, 255, 272, 300, 475  
   for conformity to God, 192  
   Prayer for the Divine blessing, 281,  
     346, 537, 541 to 543,  
     547, 548, 553  
   for Divine support, 546  
   for cleansing of heart, 407  
   for influence of the  
     spirit, 532, 691  
   for right state of heart, 567  
   and praise for deliverance, 319  
   and hope, 306  
   nature of prayer, 536  
   of the penitent, 209, 226  
   importance in p. 539, 563, 573  
   difficulty in exercise of, 540  
   delayed, yet answered, 568  
   relieves burdened soul, 535  
   will be heard, 542, 531, 551,  
     554, 566, 561  
   answered, 551, 564  
   Jesus waits to answer p. 565  
   heard and Zion re-  
     stored, 285, 544  
   answered by crosses, 303  
   in behalf of sinners, 569  
   in prospect of eternity, 629  
 Prayer meetings, 529 to 569  
 Praying and pleading the prom-  
   ises, 562  
 Presumption and despair, 12  
 Pride spoils all, 442  
 Prodigal son, 681  
 Promised land, 655  
 Prospect of heaven makes death  
   easy, 486  
 Prosperity vain, 318  
 Providence, its mysteries, 7  
   and grace, 426  
 Public fast, 391  
 Public thanks for private de-  
   liverance, 307  
 Public worship, 304 to 335  
   its excellency, 252, 313, 321  
 Race of the Christian, 256, 403, 412  
 Redeeming love, 645  
 Redemption by price and power, 44  
   finished, 674  
 Regeneration, 47, 106, 107  
 Rejoicing in God, 193, 195  
   encouragement thereto, 194  
   in the ways of God, 257  
   in the love of God, 603  
   in hope, 637  
 Religion, 115, 116  
   every thing, 661  
   no bar to pleasure, 707  
 Repentance, 151  
   and faith in the blood  
     of Christ, 152, 428  
     at the cross, 153  
 Resignation, 85, 158, 166, 174, 242,  
   246, 247  
 Resurrection of Christ, 97, 99, 420  
 Retrospection delightful, 454  
 Return of joy, 247  
 Revelation of Christ to Jews and  
   Gentiles, 33  
 Revival, 581  
   longed for, 619, 631, 704  
 Righteous blessed in death, 679, 504  
   joyful in their pilgrimage, 680

Room at the gospel feast,	380, 383, 665, 686	Temptations, various,	12
Ruler's daughter,	647	moderated, a proof of	
Running the Christian race,	256, 403, 412	God's fidelity,	422
Safety of Believers, in God,	98, 449, 415	Tempted, but flying to Christ	
Saints triumphant, encouraged,	57, 411, 203, 227	for refuge,	653
afflicted,	404	Thief on the cross,	642
preserved,	640	his prayer,	669
blessed in death,	504, 679	Thought of meeting in heaven	
their refuge,	455	sweet,	513
Salvation,	196	Time and eternity,	482
by grace,	40, 41, 54, 197, 198, 199, 210, 211, 212, 214, 225	short,	483, 484, 606
by faith,	67	a vapour,	495, 630
free and abundant,	211, 218, 225, 228	Times and seasons,	242, 244, 245
for the vilest,	212, 215, 225	Tribulation the lot of God's children,	82
righteousness and strength in Christ,	227	Triumph in prospect of eternity,	84
proclaimed,	440	Troubled, but making God a refuge,	420
Sanctification,	79	Trust in God,	42, 55, 189, 584
Scripture,	15	Truth, mercy, and faithfulness of God,	6
its excellency,	27	Types and prophecies of Christ,	87
Seek ye my face,	724	Union among Brethren,	160, 167
Seeking God for the communication of his spirit,	150	to Christ in regeneration,	296
Seeking the Shepherd,	287	Value of Christ and his righteousness,	59
Self-denial, or taking up the cross,	137	Vanity of man as mortal,	492, 495
Shortness and misery of life,	494	Waiting for the coming of his Lord,	100
Sight of God mortifies us to the world,	408	Walking with God,	147
Sin distressing to the Christian,	190	in God's appointed ways,	352
Sorrow for sin,	284	Wanderer invited to return,	575
Sincerity,	184	Wandering heart,	413
Sinners willing in the day of God's power,	34	lamented,	556
coming to Christ,	210, 228, 625	Watchfulness and prayer,	423, 559
invited to Christ,	212, 213, 216, 217, 224, 225, 230, 560, 594, 596, 598, 636, 693, 716	We would see Jesus,	219
warned,	572, 586, 587, 716	Weary and heavy laden encouraged,	215 to 218, 222, 224
arrested and brought to Christ,	585	Wedding hymn,	178
telling what God has done for his soul,	326	Welcoming the cross,	571
portion and saints' hope,	430	What must I do to be saved,	284, 685
sensible of hardness of heart,	683	What think ye of Christ?	677
seeking mercy,	720	Where shall I find him?	552
Social meeting, commencing,	237	Wisdom of God,	6
Social worship, its pleasures,	320	Without Christ we are nothing,	604
Sorrow for sin,	284	Woman of Samaria,	212
Soul awakened,	676	Word of God, the saint's portion, or the excellency and variety of the Scripture,	27
Sovereign grace,	669	Word of God, the pearl,	16
Spiritual and eternal joys,	510	its glories,	22
Spiritual-mindedness, or inward religion,	115, 116	its fulness,	26
Spread of the gospel,	467	Work of grace revived,	581
Star of Bethlehem,	577	Works of Moses and the Lamb,	312
Struggle between faith and unbelief,	464	Works will not justify,	49
Submission to afflictive providences,	177	World, its vanity,	275, 696, 706
Sufferings of Christ,	96	the field,	618
Support under trials,	580	Worship, public,	304 to 335
		its benefits and pleasures,	313, 321
		Worship, social, its pleasures, commencing,	320, 237
		Wrestling with God in prayer,	557
		Yet there is room,	665
		Young people instructed and exhorted,	605
		invited,	627, 668
		Young person, death of,	502
		Youth,	102 to 105
		Zaccheus converted,	613

## GENERAL CONTENTS.

<p>Associations, 113, 114, 478, 100. 1008            A Wedding Hymn, 178            Baptism, 352 to 372, 916. 1010            Born again, 106, 107            Church Meetings, 336 to 351, 978 to 983 [1003            Communion with God, 70 to 78. 1002,            Creation and Providence, 7 to 9            Caution, 117            Choice of a Deacon, 248            Dismission, 516 to 518            Doxologies, 519 to 528            Farewell, 511 to 515, 999            Gospel, 29 to 38            Graces of the Spirit, 156 to 171            Hell and Heaven, 507 to 510            Hard Heart, 108 to 111            He saves the lost, 112            Justification, 59 to 63            Life of Christ, 94 to 96            Lord's Supper, 379 to 390, 917            Love of the Brethren, 478 to 481            Love of Christ, 131 to 136            Moral Law, 17, 27, 28            Midnight cry, 100, 101            Offices of Christ, 89 to 93            Ordination, 392 to 394            Pardon, 64 to 67            Prayer Meetings, 529 to 569, 955 to 966            Public Worship, 304 to 321            Regeneration, 172 to 173            Religion, 115, 116            Resignation, 174 to 177            Scripture, 14 to 26            Spiritual Songs, 570 to 724            Salvation, 196 to 199            Self Denial, 362            Times and Seasons, 242 to 247            Thanksgiving, 391            Worship, 374 to 378            Intemperance, 1006, 1007            A prospect of heaven, 486            State Convention, 1008            Ordination, 1009            Perfections of God, 1 to 6, 725 to 745            Creation and Providence, 7 to 9, 746 to 750            The fall of man, 10 to 13, 751 to 754            Scripture Doctrines, 39 to 58, 755</p>	<p>Repentance and Pardon, 151 to 155. 759, 76, 761,            Ingratitude bewailed, 762            Joy in God, 763, 764, 765            Grace, 766, 767, 768            Confidence in God, 303, 769            Faith, 179 to 183, 770 to 771            Humility, 772            Love, 773            Adoption, 68, 69, 774, 775            Perseverance, 231 to 234, 776            Sanctification, 79 to 85, 777, 778            Comfort in sorrow, 85, 779            Invitations and Promises, 200 to 230, 780 to 795            Divinity of Christ, 796, 797            Incarnation, 86 to 88, 798, 799, 800            Sufferings of Christ, 90 to 93, 801 to 809            Resurrection, 97 to 99, 810 to 815            Ascension, 168 to 171, 816, 817            Intercession, 818, 819            Characters of Christ, 118 to 130, 820 to 827            Priesthood, 828            Praise to Christ, 829 to 835            Holy Spirit, 137 to 150. 836 to 843            Christian, 395 to 437. 844 to 888            Lord's Day, 322 to 335, 889 to 896            Before Sermon, 249 to 274, 897            After Sermon, 275 to 303, 898 to 902            Social Worship, 903 to 905            Family Worship, 235 to 241. 906            The World, 907 to 910            The Church, 438 to 465, 911 to 915            Youth, 102 to 105, 918 to 923            Sunday School, 920, 1004, 1005            New Year, 244, 245, 924            Morning and Evening, 925, 926            Sickness and Health, 283, 927, 928, 929            Time and Eternity, 482 to 485, 930 to 934            Death and Resurrection, 486 to 504. 935, 936            Judgment, 505 to 593, 944 to 946            Heaven, 947 to 954 [1000            Missionary, 466 to 477, 967 to 976            Opening a new House of Worship, 465, 977            Sinners Invited, 984 to 991            Miscellaneous, 992 to 1011</p>
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# HYMN BOOK.

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1 C. M. Exo. 15. 11. WATTS.

1 **G**REAT God ! how infinite art thou,  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning day.

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

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

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

2 C. M. PSALM 139. WATT

1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys,  
My rising and my rest,

My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within,  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh wond'rous knowledge! deep and high,  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Enclos'd on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

3 L. M. PSALM 103. 23. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join,  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise,  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,  
Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his son,  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels,  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd, his power repairs;  
His mercy crowns our growing years;  
He fills our stores with ev'ry good,  
And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,  
And often gives the suff'rers rest;  
But will his justice more display,  
In the last great rewarding day.

## 4 S. M. PSALM 103. WATTS.

1 **O**H! bless the Lord my soul,  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
 Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord my soul,  
 Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in 'unthankfulness,  
 And without praises die:

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
 When ransom'd from the grave;  
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell,  
 Hath sov'reign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,  
 He gives the suff'ring rest;  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
 And justice for th' opprest.

6 His won'drous works and ways,  
 He made by Moses known:  
 But sent his word, his truth and grace,  
 By his beloved Son.

## 5 L. M. PSALM 89. 14. BEDDOME.

1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy makers will,  
 Tumultuous passions, all be still,  
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,  
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;  
 But tho' his methods are unknown,  
 Justice and truth support his throne.

3 In Heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
 He executes his firm decrees;  
 And by his saints it stands confest,  
 That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,  
 Prostrate before his awful seat;

6-7 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

6 L. M. PSALM 23. 4.

- 1 **I**N grateful songs we will record,  
The truth and mercy of the Lord;  
Whose kindness never shall remove  
From those he condescends to love!
- 2 With all his saints his covenant stood,  
And now 'tis seal'd with Jesus' blood;  
His faithfulness shall still endure,  
His promise is forever sure.
- 3 What though the earth's foundation move,  
There's nought can change eternal love:  
Let death dissolve our feeble frame,  
In life and death, he is the same.
- 4 When called to pass that dreary vale,  
With trembling steps and visage pale,  
What sweet companions on the road,  
A peaceful mind! a smiling God!

7 C. M. JOHN 13. 7. COWPER.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

8 C. M. 1 PETER 1. 24. WATTS.

1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
 Nor death nor danger fear;  
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
 What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
 And flourish bright and gay;  
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
 And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
 And dies if one be gone;  
 Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,  
 Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame  
 The God that built us first;  
 Salvation to th' Almighty name  
 That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
 Our maker we'll adore;  
 His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
 Or they would breathe no more.

9 L. M. MARK 7. 37. MEDLEY.

1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,  
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise!  
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess;  
 His wisdom all his works express;  
 But O! his love, what tongue can tell?  
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 How sovereign, wonderful and free  
 Has been his love to sinful me!

- He pluck'd me as a brand from Hell;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws;  
And yet he undertook my cause;  
To save me tho' I did rebel;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 And since my soul hath known his love,  
What mercies has he made me prove!  
Mercies, which do all praise excel;  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
I know, in all that has befall,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

## 10 L. M. PSALM 51. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,  
Corrupts his race and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes, to see  
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;  
My only refuge is thy grace;  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul, has rest or ease;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice.

11

L. M. ROM. 4. 25.

WATTS. 1

- 1 **A** DAM, our father and our head,  
Transgressed, and justice doom'd us dead;  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve or pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;  
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
Speak: are you strong to bear the load,  
The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around  
Stand silent through the heav'nly ground,  
'There's not a glorious mind above  
Has half the strength, or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!  
'Th' eternal son takes Adam's place;  
Down to our world the Saviour flies.  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! look down ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!  
Ye saints below, and saints above,  
All bow to this mysterious love.

12

C. M. JAMES 1. 13.

WATTS.

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms,  
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis  
"To walk the road to heaven;"  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
"They cannot be forgiven."
- 4 He bids young sinners "Yet forbear,  
"To think of God or death,  
"For prayer and devotion are  
"But melancholy breath."

- 5 He tells the aged, "They must die!  
 "And 'tis too late to pray;  
 In vain for mercy now they cry,  
 "For they have lost their day."
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,  
 By mischief and deceit,  
 And drags the sons of Adam down  
 To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his power,  
 Let him in darkness dwell;  
 And that he vex the earth no more,  
 Confine him down to hell.

13

L. M. MAT. 7. 13.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross."  
 Is the redeemer's great command;  
 Nature must count her gold but dross,  
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
 Create my heart entirely new;  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;  
 Which false apostates never knew.

14

C. M. ROM. 7. 8.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD how secure my conscience was,  
 And felt no inward dread!  
 I was alive without the law,  
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;  
 But since the precept came,  
 With a convincing power and light,  
 I find how vile I am.

- 3 I'm like a helpless captive sold  
Under the power of sin;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 4 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

15 L. M. 2 TIM. 3. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told,  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own son with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record:  
The bright inheritance of heaven,  
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd  
Able to make us wise and bless'd,  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye nations all, who read his love,  
In long epistles from above,  
(O may he send his sacred word  
To every land,) Praise ye the Lord.

16 C. M. HEB. 4. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears  
I fly to thee my Lord;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my father's grace,  
Does all my grief assuage:  
Here I behold my Saviour's face,  
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown:  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin;

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.

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

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

17 L. M. ROM. 7. WATTS.

1 **T**HE law commands and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal,  
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shows how vile our hearts have been  
Only the gospel can express,  
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce,  
Against the man that fails but once?  
But in the gospel Christ appears,  
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw,  
Thy life and comfort from the law!  
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:  
The man that trusts the promise lives.

18 L. M. PSALM. 19. WATTS.

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!  
In every star thy goodness shines,  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess;  
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand,  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land,

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
 'Till through the world thy truth has run;  
 'Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great sun of righteousness arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19 C. M. PSALM 119. 105.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine  
 By inspiration given!  
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
 In this dark vale of tears;  
 Life, light and joy it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night  
 Of life shall guide our way,  
 'Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.

20 L. M. PSALM 36. 9. KELLEY.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God;  
 No other can its place supply,  
 It points me to the saints' abode,  
 Where Christ the Saviour reigns on high.
- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern,  
 The image of my absent Lord:  
 From thine instructive page I learn  
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear,  
 To mansions that will ne'er decay,  
 My Lord! O when will he appear,  
 And bear his pris'ner far away.
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,  
 For thine to clearer light will yield;

When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,  
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,  
The bright original I see,  
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,  
Sweet book! I've no more need of thee.

21 7s. 2 TIM. 3. 16.

- 1 **H**OLY Bible! book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine!  
Mine to teach me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove:  
Mine, to show a saviour's love:  
Mine art thou to guide my feet:  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine, to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
O thou precious book divine!  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

22 C. M. 2 TIM. 3. 16. STEELE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word,  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever 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 redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,  
 Be thou forever near,  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

23 C. M. ISA. 41. 10. DODDRIDGE.

1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
 To dissipate our fear?  
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
 Our God forever near?

2 Dost thou a father's bowels feel,  
 For all thy humble saints?  
 And in such friendly accents speak,  
 To sooth their sad complaints?

3 Why droop our hearts? Why flow our eyes,  
 While such a voice we hear?  
 Why rise our sorrows and our fears,  
 While such a friend is near?

4 To all thine other favors add  
 A heart to trust thy word;  
 And death itself, shall hear us sing,  
 While resting on the Lord.

24 C. M. LUKE 12. 32. DODDRIDGE.

1 **Y**E little flock, whom Jesus feeds,  
 Dismiss your anxious cares;  
 Look to the shepherd of your souls,  
 And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,  
 His staff is your defence;  
 'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's voice,  
 Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,  
 And give it with delight;  
 His feeblest child his love shall call  
 To triumph in his sight.

25 L. M. PSALM 16. WATTS.

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,  
 For succor to thy throne I flee;  
 But have no merits there to plead,  
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.

- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd  
 How empty and how poor I am;  
 My praise can never make thee bless'd,  
 Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet Lord, thy saints on earth may reap,  
 Some profit by the good we do;  
 These are the company I keep,  
 These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
 To give a relish to their wine;  
 I love the man of Heavenly birth,  
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

26

P. M. ROM. 15. 4.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want, for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword;  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this, I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
 Cordials to revive me quickly,  
 Healing med'cines here I find:  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation,  
 Is to me a mighty shield;  
 While the scripture truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,  
 When I take the spirit's sword;  
 Then with ease I drive him from me,  
 Satan trembles at the word:

'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
Doating on his golden store?  
Sure I am, or should be wiser,  
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:  
Jesus gives me in his word,  
Food and med'cine shield and sword.

27 C. M. PSALM 119. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight;  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight,
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows bless'd;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

28 L. M. ROM. 8. 4. RIPPON.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands  
Of breaking all thy ten commands:  
And on me justly might'st thou pour  
Thy wrath in one eternal show'r.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms,  
Have warn'd me of approaching harms;  
And now, O Lord, my wants I see;  
Lost and undone I come to thee:
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness,  
Can ne'er thy broken law redress;  
Yet in thy gospel plan I see,  
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord,  
How Christ hath to thy law restor'd  
Those honors on th' atoning day,  
Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r and love,  
Display'd to rebels from above!  
Do thou, O Lord! my faith increase,  
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

## 29 C. M. PSALM. 89. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LES'T are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Israel, thy king forever reigns,  
Thy God forever lives.

## 30 C. M. 1 COR. 1. 23. WATTS.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme,  
The myst'ries that we speak,  
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,  
With joy receive the word;  
They see what wisdom, power and love,  
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name,  
Restores their fainting breath:  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair and death.
- 4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like showers of heavenly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

31 L. M. ROM. 1. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief from all his woe?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,  
Or form our spirits fit for heaven?  
Can souls, all o'er defil'd with sin,  
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;  
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,  
Which save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,  
That bears our fainting spirits up;  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,  
Where nature's golden treasure shines;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

32 L. M. ROM. 1. 16. WATTS.

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

Our lust its wond'rous power controls,  
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5 [Lions and beasts of savage name,  
Put on the nature of the lamb;  
While the vain world esteems it strange,  
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change:]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;  
The word that saves me, does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

**33** S. M. MAT. 13. 16. WATTS.

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 desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad!  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

**34** L. M. PSALM 110. 23. WATTS.

1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake  
To Christ the son: "Ascend and sit  
"At my right hand, till I shall make  
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed,  
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand;  
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 "And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall show thy power is great,  
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
 "And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,  
 "Where holiness and beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!  
 What a large victory shall ensue!  
 And converts, who thy grace obey,  
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

35

C. M. COL. 1. 23.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above  
 Invites his children near;  
 While power and truth, and boundless love,  
 Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,  
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;  
 A thousand angels learn thy name,  
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
 Thy wonders here we trace;  
 Wisdom through all the mystery shines,  
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
 To our incarnate God!  
 And thy revenging justice shows  
 Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
 Our warmer thoughts employs;  
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
 And more exalts our joys.

36

L. M. JOHN 21. 6.

NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HEN Peter through the tedious night  
 Had often cast his net in vain;  
 Soon as the Lord appeared in sight,  
 He gladly let it down again.
- 2 Once more the Gospel net we cast,  
 Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;

We learn from disappointment past,  
To rest our hope on thee alone.

- 3 May this be a much favored hour  
To souls in Satan's bondage led:  
O clothe thy word with sovereign power,  
To break the rocks and raise the dead!
- 4 Have mercy on our numerous youth,  
Who young in years are old in sin;  
And by thy spirit and thy truth,  
Show them the state their souls are in.
- 5 Then by a Saviour's dying love,  
To every wounded heart reveal'd,  
Temptations, fears and guilt remove,  
And be their sun, their strength, and shield.
- 6 To mourners speak a cheering word;  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
Let poor backsliders be restored,  
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 7 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,  
That when thy voice shall call us home,  
Thou still wilt raise a people up,  
To love and praise thee in our room.

## 37

## L. M. MARK 16. 15.

- 1 **T**WAS Jesus' last and great command,  
"Go preach my word in ev'ry land;  
"To all be my salvation shown,  
"To every creature make it known.
- 2 "While thus employed, expect my grace  
"Attending you from place to place;  
"Where'er you meet, expect me there—  
"In church, or house, or open air."
- 3 Commissioned thus, we come abroad,  
To preach the gospel of our God;  
The love of God in Christ to tell!  
The love that saves from sin and hell.
- 4 Jesus, our Lord, thy word fulfill—  
Thy spirit's power be with us still;  
May all our souls thy blessings share—  
Accept our praise, and hear our prayer.

38 L. M. JOHN 13. 15. STEELE.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love!  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 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.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er He came,  
The labours of his life were love;  
O, if we love the Saviour's name,  
Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!  
How frail! how apt to turn aside!  
Lord we depend upon thy care,  
And ask thy spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be,  
Make us by thy transforming grace,  
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

39 L. M. EPH. 1. 3. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name;  
Thy God and ours are both the same;  
What heavenly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,  
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.

## 40-41 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

- 3 Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
"Blameless in love, a holy seed,"
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once;  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord, we share our part,  
In the affections of his heart;  
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,  
'Till he forgets his first beloved.

40 C. M. 1 COR. 1. 26. WATTS.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,  
But few of noble race,  
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,  
Almighty King of grace!
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name,  
For sons and heirs of God;  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool and makes him know  
The mysteries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature hath all its glories lost,  
When brought before his throne;  
No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
But in the Lord alone.

41 C. M. LUKE 10. 21. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS the man of constant grief,  
A mourner all his days;  
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,  
And tun'd his joy to praise.
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,  
"That hath revealed thy son  
"To men unlearned; and to babes  
"Hath made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The mysteries of redeeming grace  
"Are hidden from the wise,

SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES. 42-43-44

“While pride and carnal reasoning join  
“To swell and blind their eyes.

- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth  
His great decrees fulfil;  
And orders all his works of grace  
By his own sovereign will.

42 C. M. DEUT. 33. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR God! how firm his promise stands,  
E'en when he hides his face;  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and we are one?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,  
And part of heaven possessed,  
I praise his name for grace received,  
And trust him for the rest.

43 L. M. HEB. 6. 17. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee my God!  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies;  
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

44 C. M. REV. 7. 10. WATTS

- 1 **J**ESUS! with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part;

Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleediug heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

45

C. M. PSALM 40. 2. WATTS.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the depths of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fixed my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed,  
And on the Rock of ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode  
Is walled around with grace,  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul! awake my voice!  
And tunes of pleasure sing;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

46 C. M. JOHN 5. 7. WATTS.

1 **D**EAREST of all the names above  
My Jesus and my God!

Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood!

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The father smiles again;

'Tis by thy interceding breath  
The spirit dwells with men.

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

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

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

47 C. M. JOHN 1. 13. WATTS

1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace:  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh;  
New models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

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

## 48 C. M. MATT. 16. 24. WATTS.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few who find the gate.  
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed;  
Passions suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,  
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,  
(That vile idolatry)  
And every member, every sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,  
Requires a strong restraint;  
We must be watchful every hour,  
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

## 49 C. M. ROM. 3. 19. WATTS.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law,  
To justify us now;  
Since to convince and to condemn,  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,  
When in thy name we trust;

Our faith receives a righteousness,  
That makes the sinner just.

50 L. M. ROM. 8. 33. WATTS.

1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead!  
And the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,  
Forever interceding there:  
Who shall divide us from his love?  
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He that has lov'd us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in the dying hour:  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do;  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

51 C. M. LUKE 23. 42. STENNETT.

1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,  
And wept, and bled, and died,  
He poured salvation on a wretch,  
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confess'd;  
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his pray'r address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou son and heir of heaven,  
"Thou spotless Lamb of God!

## 52-53 SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

"I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
 "And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
 "In triumph thou shalt rise;  
 "Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
 "And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
 "Dear Saviour think on me;  
 "And in the vict'ries of thy death,  
 "Let me a sharer be."

6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears,  
 And instantly replies:  
 "To day thy parting soul shall be  
 "With me in Paradise."

### 52 C. M. JOHN 10. 9. DOBELL.

1 **C**HRI**S**T is the way to heavenly bliss;  
 And Christ the only door:  
 My soul, pursue no way but this,  
 For this alone is sure.

2 'Tis through this door and this alone,  
 That thou art led to God;  
 Rest, then, on what thy Lord has done,  
 And plead his precious blood.

3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,  
 And give thee entrance in;  
 And God will own thy sins forgiven,  
 However vile they've been.

### 53 P. M. ROM. 8. DOBELL

1 **S**ONS we are thro' God's election,  
 Who in Jesus Christ believe;  
 By eternal destination;  
 Sov'reign grace we here receive:  
 Lord, thy mercy  
 Does both grace and glory give.

2 Ev'ry fallen soul, by sinning,  
 Merits everlasting pain;  
 But thy love without begining,  
 Has restor'd thy sons again:  
 Countless millions  
 Shall in life thro' Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!

Ask, "O why such love to me?"

Grace hath put me in the number

Of the Saviour's family;

Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks to thee.

54 S. M. EPH. 2. 5. DODDRIDGE.

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name  
In God's eternal book;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb.  
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet,  
To tread the heav'nly road;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow:  
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Thro' everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

55 L. M. JOHN 14. 2. SWAIN.

1 **W**HY should the saints be filled with dread,  
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?  
Heav'n can't be full, which holds the head,  
'Till ev'ry member's present there.

2 In heav'n the head—the members here—  
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one!  
So far asunder, yet so near!  
Some yet unborn—some round the throne.

56-57      SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,  
When it displays eternal love;  
Instructing by these dazzling lines,  
The earth beneath, and heav'n above!

56      C. M.    EPH. 4. 3.

1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly:  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O, the wolf is nigh!

2 Usunderthy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

3 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Alth'o he may divide.

4 O, do not suffer him to part  
These souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee!

5 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die:  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

57      C. M.    PHIL. 3. 3.      NEWTON.

1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own,  
The hope that's built upon his word,  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm;  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die!  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near;

A guide, a glory, a defence,  
Then what have you to fear?

- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you,  
So surely you that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

58 L. M. HEB. 3. 17.

- 1 **W**HO is the trembling sinner, who  
That owns eternal death his due?  
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,  
And does on God for mercy call?
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, dismiss thy fear,  
Hear, Jesus speaks, be of good cheer,  
Upon his cleansing grace rely,  
And thou shalt never, never die.
- 3 No blasted trees or failing crops,  
Can hinder my eternal hopes;  
Though creatures change, the Lord's the same,  
Then let me triumph in his name.

59 L. M. PHIL. 3. 7. WATTS.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more,  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss,  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

60 C. M. ISA. 61. 10. WATTS.

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice,

- In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments how bright they shine,  
How white the garments are.
- 5 The spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great sacred Three;  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.

## 61 L. M. PSALM 130. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And look and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate;  
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Through the redemption of his son,

He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

62 S. M. PSALM 32. WATTS.

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

63 C. M. PSALM 71. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my Almighty friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore!  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King!  
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell  
Shall thy salvation sing.

64 L. M. PSALM 32. WATTS.

1 **B**LEST is the man, forever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat, the Lord  
No more permits his crimes to rise;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.

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

65 L. M. LUKE 7. 47. GIBBON.

1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound  
To malefactors doom'd to die:  
Publish the bliss the world around;  
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime,  
Unclouded shall its glories shine,  
And feel no change, by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,  
And like the mountains for their size,  
The seas of sovereign grace expand,  
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,  
What grateful honor shall we show?  
Where much transgression is forgiven,  
Let love in equal ardor glow.

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days  
With various holiness be crown'd;  
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,  
In all abide, in all abound.

66 L. M. TITUS 3. 7. SWAIN.

1 **A**ND may I hope, that when no more  
My pulse shall beat with life below,

- I shall the God of grace adore,  
And all the bliss of glory know?
- 2 I who deserve no place but hell,  
No portion but devouring fire,  
Shall I with Christ my saviour dwell,  
Possess'd of all I now desire?
- 3 Will Jesus own a wretch like me?  
And tell to saints and angels round,  
That when he suffer'd on the tree,  
My sins augmented every wound?
- 4 He will!—I read it in his word,  
And in my heart the witness feel;  
I shall be with and like my Lord,  
Tho' sin oppose, in league with hell.
- 5 I shall be with him, when he comes  
Triumphant down the pathless skies;  
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,  
Among his children I shall rise.
- 67 C. M. ACTS 16. 30. UPTON.
- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy matchless ways,  
In bringing souls to thee;  
We sing and shout eternal praise,  
For grace so full and free.
- 2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom,  
And shines with lustre there;  
Thy pow'r can bring a jailor home,  
With trembling hope and fear.
- 3 What must I do the jailor cries,  
To save my sinking soul?  
Believe in Christ, the word replies,  
Thy faith shall make thee whole.
- 4 Our works are all the works of sin,  
Our nature quite depraved;  
Jesus alone can make us clean;  
By grace are sinners saved.
- 5 Believe, believe, the gospel cries,  
This is the living way;  
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,  
And shine to perfect day.
- 6 Come sinners, then, the Saviour trust,  
To wash you in his blood;

To change your hearts, subdue your lust,  
And bring you home to God.

## 68 S. M. 1 JOHN 3. 1. GAL. 4. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace  
The Father has bestow'd,  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour there,  
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

## 69 C. M. GALAT. 4. 6. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!  
How tender, and how dear!  
Not all the harmony of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart;

And show that in Jehovah's grace,  
I share a filial part.

- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

## 70 S. M. PSALM 23. WATTS.

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

## 71 C. M. PSALM 73. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all,  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!

There's nothing here deserves my joy,  
There's nothing like my God.

3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health and safe abode:  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compared to thee!  
Or what's my safety, or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own:  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore:  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

72

S. M. PSALM 73. 28.

WATTS.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.

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

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

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

5 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circles where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.

6 [To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire;  
And yet how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

73 C. M. PSALM 73. 23. WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
My help forever near;  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through life's bewilder'd race;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint;  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die;  
Not all the idol gods they love,  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

74 L. M. PSALM 84. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts vain world begone,  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire:  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
And spread the table of thy grace;

Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

- 4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

75 L. M. PSALM 84. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace,  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame!  
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys,  
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit and gaze away,  
A long and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coasts of perfect light;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!  
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land;  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

76 L. M. TITUS 2. 10. 13. WATTS.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess:  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God:  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope;  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

## 77 C. M. PSALM 119. 117. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast made me know thy ways,  
Conduct me in thy fear;  
And grant me such supplies of grace,  
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm  
Sustain a feeble worm,  
I shall escape secure from harm,  
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all sufficient friend,  
'Till all my toils shall cease:  
Guard me through life, and let my end  
Be everlasting peace.

## 78 C. M. PSALM 139. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast:
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,  
Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

79 C. M. PSALM 119. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still!  
Oh that my God would grant me grace;  
To know and do his will.
- 2 Oh send thy spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart,  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desire, arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere:  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip;  
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road:  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

80 L. M. 1 COR. 1. 30. WATTS.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,  
We lie till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
'Till his atoning blood appears;

Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;  
His spirit makes our natures clean;  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves with heavy chains:  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom pow'r and righteousness:  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

81 C. M. ISA. 55. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds,  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
"Ho! ye despairing sinners come  
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly!  
Here let me wash my spotted soul,  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

82 C. M. ISA. 16. 33. HART.

- 1 **T**HE souls that would to Jesus press,  
Must fix this firm and sure,  
That tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.

- 2 From this there can be none exempt,  
 'Tis God's own wise decree;  
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt;  
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,  
 And unbelief within:  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;  
 And then how proud we grow!  
 'Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
 To catch the wand'ring heart;  
 And seldom do we see the snares,  
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify;  
 Pursue the narrow path;  
 Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
 And fight with hell by faith.
- 7 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong,  
 His promises are true:  
 We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,  
 And more than conqu'rors too.

83 L. M. LUKE 10. 42. MEDLEY.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, and search, and see,  
 What's the most needful thing for thee!  
 Can earth, with all its painted toys,  
 Afford thee true and solid joys?
- 2 Say, could'st thou be completely bless'd,  
 Of honors, pleasures, wealth possess'd?  
 Could any creature good below  
 Sufficient be?--no! Jesus no!
- 3 No 'tis engraven on my heart,  
 That thou the one thing needful art;  
 I could from all things parted be,  
 But never, never, Lord from thee!
- 4 Needful art thou, to make me live;  
 Needful art thou, all grace to give;  
 Needful, to guide me lest I stray;  
 Needful, to help me ev'ry day.

- 5 Needful, to clothe my naked soul,  
 Needful, to heal and make me whole;  
 Needful, my feeble soul to guard;  
 Needful, to be my great reward.
- 6 Needful, thy presence, dearest Lord,  
 True peace and comfort to afford;  
 Needful, thy promise, to impart  
 New strength and vigour to my heart.
- 7 Needful is thy most precious blood;  
 Needful is thy correcting rod;  
 Needful is thy indulgent care;  
 Needful thy all prevailing prayer.
- 8 Needful art thou, my soul can say,  
 Thro' all life's dark and thorny way :  
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
 When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 9 Needful art thou to raise my dust  
 In shining glory with the just;  
 Needful, when I in heaven appear,  
 To crown, and to present me there.

84      8s. 7s. 4s.    ROM. 13. 12.

- 1 **E**V'RY moment brings me nearer,  
 To my long sought rest above:  
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher—  
 O how happy to remove:  
     'Then, forever,  
     I shall sing redeeming love.
- 2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—  
 Join the bright, angelic race;  
 There repeat the pleasing story,  
 I was saved by sovereign grace;  
 And forever  
 View my loving Saviour's face.
- 3 Tho' my burden sore oppress me,  
 And I shrink beneath my pain,  
 Jesus he will soon release me,  
 And your loss will be my gain  
 Precious Saviour,  
 With my Lord I shall remain.

## 85-86 INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

85 8s. 7s. 4s. 2 CHRON. 33. 11. PEARCE.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul;  
Sweet affliction,  
That brings Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey;  
From the eater food is given:  
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,  
Singing as I wade to heaven:  
Sweet affliction,  
And my sins are all forgiven.
- 3 Floods of tribulation heighten,  
Billows still around me roar—  
Those who know not Christ they frighten,  
But my soul defies their pow'r;  
Sweet affliction,  
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 4 In the sacred page recorded,  
Thus his word securely stands:  
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
"Nought shall pluck thee from my hands;"  
Sweet affliction,  
Ev'ry word my love demands.
- 5 All I meet I find assist me  
In my path to heavenly joy,  
Where, tho' trials now attend me,  
Trials never more annoy:  
Sweet affliction,  
Every promise gives me joy.

86 L. M. PSALM 147. 12. WATTS,

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,  
Hosannah to the eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace;

INCARNATION OF CHRIST. 87-88

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

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;  
And thy rich glories from afar,  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

87 L. M. MATT. 1. 21. WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!  
Behold the great Messiah come!  
Behold the prophets all agreed  
To give him the superior room.
- 2 'Abram, the saint, rejoic'd of old,  
When visions of the Lord he saw:  
Moses, the man of God, foretold  
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,  
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;  
The incense and the bleeding Lamb,  
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,  
To join their blessings on his head:  
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,  
And nations own the promis'd seed.

88 C. M. PSALM 98. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **J**OY to the world, the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground:  
 He comes to make his blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,  
 See in his face what wonders meet,  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my Lord:  
 Nature, to make his beauties known,  
 Must mingle colors not her own.
- 3 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!  
 The rock of ages never moves:  
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,  
 Attend us all the desert through.
- 4 Is he a way? he leads to God:  
 The path is drawn in lines of blood,  
 There would I walk with hope and zeal;  
 'Till I arrive at Zion's hill.
- 5 Is he a door? I'll enter in;  
 Behold the pastures large and green:  
 A paradise divinely fair—  
 None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 6 Is he design'd the corner stone,  
 For men to build their heaven upon?  
 I'll make him my foundation too,  
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

90 C. M. REV. 5. 11. WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine:  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

91 C. M. 2 TIM. 1. 10. WATTS.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,  
And broke our iron chains:  
Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,

92-93 SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

- 6 Angels! assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

92 C. M. JAMES 2. 17. WATTS.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ the living head.
- 3 Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace,  
A pard'ning God is jealous still,  
For his own holiness.
- 4 When from the curse he sets us free  
He makes our natures clean:  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.
- 5 His spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God:  
Jesus and his salvation came  
By water and by blood:

93 S. M. ISA. 53. 6. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,  
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wand'rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head.
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
A ransom for the flock.

- 4 His honor and his breath  
Were taken quite away;  
Join'd with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the Sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong:  
"He shall possess a large reward,  
"And hold his honors long."

## 94 C. M. PSALM 145. 5. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of Love;  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,  
And let his praise be great;  
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways:  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,  
Shall through the world be known;  
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,  
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.

## 95 C. M. JOHN 3. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God  
With new melodious songs;

- Come, render, to Almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pity'd dying men,  
The father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.

## 96 . . . L. M. PSALM 69. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
Behold the rising billows roll  
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice join  
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, Gracious God, thy power and love,  
Has made the curse a blessing prove;  
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son  
Aton'd for crimes which we had done:
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,  
The honors of thy law restor'd:  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 Oh! for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live;  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

97 C. M. 1 PETER 1. 3. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And called him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die,
- 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,  
Reserv'd against that day;  
'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,  
'Till the salvation come,  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
'Till Christ shall call us home.

98 C. M. JOHN 10. 29. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I**N one harmonious cheerful song,  
Ye happy saints combine;  
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,  
'The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,  
To him the Father gave;  
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,  
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 That hand which heaven and earth sustains,  
And bars the gates of hell,  
And rivets Satan down in chains,  
Shall guard his chosen well.
- 4 Now let the infernal lion roar;  
How vain his threats appear,  
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,  
I will begin to fear.

99

L. M. PSALM 24. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The powers of Hell are captive led—  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay;—  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the 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 conqueror'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 possest:  
 The King of saints and angels too:  
 God over all, forever blest.

100 S. M. LUKE 12. 35. 38. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait;  
 Observant of his heavenly word,  
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame;  
 Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command,  
 And while we speak he's near,  
 Mark the first signal of his hand  
 And ready all appear.

- 4 O happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found;  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 - And be with honor crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,  
 With his own bounteous hand,  
 And raise that fav'rite servant's head,  
 Amidst the angelic band.
- 101 8s. 6s. LUKE 12. 25. TOPLADY.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise!  
 With all the dead awake,  
 Unto salvation wise,  
 Oil in your vessels take:  
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call  
 The nations to his bar,  
 And take to glory all  
 Who meet for glory are:  
 Make ready for your free reward;  
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,  
 Your everlasting friend;  
 Your head to glorify,  
 With all his saints ascend;  
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
 To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye, that have here receiv'd  
 The unction from above,  
 And in his spirit liv'd,  
 And thirsted for his love;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride,  
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his throne:  
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast  
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast!
- 6 Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound;

To see our Lord appear,  
 May we be watching found,  
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,  
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

102 C. M. 1 COR. 15. 22. COWPER.

1 **S**IN has undone our wretched race,  
 But Jesus has restor'd,  
 And brought the sinner face to face  
 With his forgiving Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year,  
 And press upon our youth;  
 Lord, give them an attentive ear,  
 Lord, save them by thy truth.

3 Blessings upon the rising race!  
 Make this an happy hour,  
 According to thy richest grace,  
 And thine almighty power.

4 We feel for your unhappy state,  
 [May you regard it too]  
 And would awhile ourselves forget,  
 To pour out prayer for you.

5 We see, though you perceive it not,  
 The approaching awful doom;  
 O tremble at the solemn thought,  
 And flee the wrath to come!

6 Dear Saviour, let this new born year  
 Spread an alarm abroad;  
 And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,  
 "Prepare to meet thy God!"

103 C. M. MAT. 19. 14. STENNET.

1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,  
 With transport all divine;  
 Thine image trace in every word,  
 Thy love in ev'ry line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
 While infants in thy tender arms,  
 Receive the smiling grace.

- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,  
 "And lay them in my breast;  
 "Protection they shall find in me,  
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
 "But can't dissolve my love!  
 "Millions of infant souls compose  
 "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
 "And mould with heav'nly skill:  
 "I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
 "And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,  
 And shout with joys divine,  
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are,  
 Shall be forever thine.

## 104 C. M. MAT. 6. 33. COWPER.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth;  
 The gift of saving grace;  
 And let the seed of sacred truth,  
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
 Of pure and heav'nly root;  
 But fairest in the youngest shows,  
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,  
 The voice of sov'reign love!  
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,  
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public pray'r is made,  
 Oh! join the public pray'r;  
 For you the secret tear is shed,  
 O shed yourselves a tear.
- 5 We pray that you may early prove,  
 The Spirit's pow'r to teach;  
 You cannot be too young to love  
 That Jesus whom we preach.

## 105 S. M. PROV. 8. 17.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, now condescend,  
 To bless our rising race;

- Soon may their willing spirit bend  
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O! what a vast delight,  
Their happiness to see!  
Our warmest wishes all unite,  
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Dear Lord, thy spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed;  
O bring the long'd for happy hour,  
That makes them thine indeed.
- 4 May they receive thy word,  
Confess the Saviour's name  
Then follow their despised Lord,  
Through the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favor'd race,  
Surround thy sacred board,  
There to adore thy sovereign grace,  
And sing their dying Lord.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard!  
Hear all ye sons of men;  
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd  
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
The sinner's boast is vain:  
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—  
The heart a sink of sin;  
Without a change we can't be saved:  
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 [That which is born of flesh, is flesh,  
And flesh it will remain;  
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
"Ye must be born again."]
- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
And breathe on sinners slain;  
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,  
That we are born again.

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

107      8s. 8s. 6s. JOHN 3. 3.

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,  
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,  
 And knew not where to go;  
 O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell  
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,  
 For death and hell drew near;  
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
 It poured its curses on my head,  
 I no relief could find;  
 This fearful truth increas'd my pain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 O'erwhelm'd my tortured mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,  
 But guilt lay heavy on my soul  
 A vast unwieldly load;  
 Alas! I read and saw it plain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
 And broke the fowler's snare,  
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,  
 "The sinner must be born again,"  
 I sink in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,  
 And felt his pity move;  
 The sinner by his justice slain,  
 "Now by his grace is born again,"  
 And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,  
 And angels tun'd their harps anew,  
 And loftier notes did raise;  
 All hail, the Lamb that once was slain!  
 Unnumber'd millions born again,  
 Shall shout thine endless praise.

## 108 C. M. JOHN 20. 13. BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, why weepest thou?  
 Tell me from whence arise  
 Those briny tears that often flow,  
 Those groans that pierce the skies?
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,  
 Or the chastising rod?  
 Dost thou an evil heart lament,  
 And mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,  
 And after none but thee;  
 And then I would, O that I might!  
 A constant weeper be!

## 109 C. M. ISA. 57. 15. COWPER.

- 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 I sometimes think myself inclin'd,  
 To love thee if I could,  
 But often feel another mind,  
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
 I fain would strive for more;  
 But when I cry, "my strength renew:"  
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,  
 And love thy house of prayer:

I sometimes go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.

- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And if it be not broken, break,  
And heal it if it be.

110 L. M. ROM. 7. 21.

- 1 **L**ORD, I lament my wretched heart,  
So apt from Jesus to depart!  
So prone to wander from my love,  
And after other objects rove.
- 2 Oft, while I'm in thy house of prayer,  
Vain thoughts pursue my mind e'en there;  
To draw my foolish heart from God,  
And tempt my fickle mind abroad.
- 3 Whene'er I would attempt to pray,  
Some trivial thing will take away  
My thoughts from Christ; from him I start,  
God has my lips; the world my heart!
- 4 In reading of thy sacred word,  
How seldom do I view the Lord?  
In love to sinners, there to shine  
In almost every page and line?
- 5 If I retire to meditate,  
On things divine, thy word relate,  
Straight I'm surpris'd with numerous cares,  
That crowd upon me unawares!
- 6 Say, when shall I, dear Lord, be free  
From sin, and from inconstancy!  
No more entangled with those snares,  
Of worldly thoughts and worldly cares.
- 7 Haste, dearest Lord, the happy hour  
When I shall stray from thee no more:  
Break down these walls which hinder me  
From serving thee at liberty.

111 S. M. JER. 17. 9. TOPLADY.

- 1 **A**STONISH'D and distrest,  
I turn mine eyes within;  
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,  
The seat of every sin.

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

- 1 **C**OME, let us now unite to raise  
 A song of joyful, humble praise;  
 Who nothing have whereof to boast;  
 But Jesus seeks and saves the lost.
- 2 Let his dear name forever be,  
 Our daily, and our earnest plea;  
 While we in him for all things trust,  
 Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 3 All praise his heavenly love excels;  
 All fullness in him ever dwells;  
 His riches none can e'er exhaust;  
 Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 4 Come then, poor souls, who long have been  
 The slaves of Satan and of sin;  
 Throw down your arms, desert the host,  
 For Jesus seeks and saves the lost.
- 5 His blood will cleanse you, and his love  
 Safe bring you to the world above;  
 Tho' great the work, and dear the cost,  
 Yet Jesus seeks and saves the lost.
- 6 Ye trembling, weak, and tempted saints,  
 He knows your fears, your sad complaints;  
 Tho' here by furious storms you're toss'd,  
 Still Jesus seeks and saves the lost.
- 7 Soon shall the storms be all blown o'er,  
 And you shall reach the heavenly shore,

And sing with all the ransom'd host,  
That Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

113

L. M. EPH. 4. 11. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
Smile on our homage and our vows;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The 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.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honor'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame:  
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live,  
While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run,  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While 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.

114

8s. 6s. PSALM 72. 15.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!  
The wond'rous things foretold  
Of thee, in sacred writ,  
With joy our eyes behold;  
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,  
And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee, the hoary head  
Its silver honors pays:  
To thee the blooming youth  
Devotes his brightest days:

And every age their tribute bring,  
And bow to thee, all conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious prince,  
That happy, glorious day,  
When souls, like drops of dew,  
Shall own thy gentle sway:  
O may it bless our longing eyes,  
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Eternal be thy reign;  
Behold the nations sue  
To wear thy gentle chain;  
When earth and time are known no more,  
Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

115 C. M. JAMES 1. 27. MEDLEY.

1 **T**HEE will we praise, eternal King,  
Thou God of gods supreme;  
And while with holy awe we sing,  
Religion be our theme.

2 Religion! soul reviving sound!  
Makes drooping hearts rejoice:  
Where shall the happy man be found,  
Who makes it all his choice?

3 Religion! who the blessing finds?  
How little it is known!  
The glory of immortal minds,  
Yet thousands it disown.

4 Religion! Oh how oft abus'd  
By ignorance and pride!  
Its sweet inviting voice refus'd,  
And trampled on beside.

5 Religion! Oh the heavenly power,  
When in the heart it reigns!  
The living and the dying hour,  
It comforts and sustains.

6 Religion! 'tis the greatest good  
When pure and undefil'd;  
By it poor sinners are to God  
Subdu'd and reconcil'd.

- 7 Religion smooths life's rugged way,  
 And makes the bitter sweet;  
 And will in heavn's eternal day  
 Be glorious and complete.
- 8 Let worldlings boast their golden store,  
 And mighty men their powers;  
 We ask such empty joys no more,  
 Be true religion ours.

## 116 C. M. MARK 8. 36. FAWCETT.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glitt'ring wealth,  
 Or aught the world bestows;  
 Not reputation, food, or health,  
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
 Amidst our youthful bloom;  
 'Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,  
 Be my redeemer's throne;  
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,  
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,  
 Be join'd with godly fear;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
 Through my remaining days;  
 And in me let each virtue shine,  
 To my redeemer's praise.

## 117 L. M. DEUT. 8. 11. MEDLEY.

- 1 **A**TTEND, my soul, the sacred page,  
 Let all its truths thy pow'rs engage,  
 And mark this passage on record,  
 Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

- 2 My sinful nature proves, indeed,  
That I this caution daily need;  
Oh may it in my heart be stor'd,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 3 If in thee fierce temptations rage,  
Or hosts of hell thy soul engage,  
Then be thou mindful of this word,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 4 Thro' all thy pilgrimage below,  
In paths of comfort or of woe,  
And when thou, death's cold stream shall ford,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 5 Look up, my soul, and onward press,  
Leaning on all sufficient grace;  
And come what will, think on this word,  
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

## 118 C. M. EPH. 4. 15. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thy own:  
Give me among thy saints a place,  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive:  
From thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord:  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive  
Thy spirit with delight;  
While death and hell in vain shall strive  
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
Before thy Father's face:  
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot,  
Its beauteous form disgrace.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesu's name:  
 Let angels prostrate fall:  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his altar call,  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 A remnant weak and small;  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 1 **I** LOVE the windows of thy grace,  
 Through which my Lord is seen,  
 And long to meet my Saviour's face,  
 Without a glass between.
- 2 O that the happy hour were come,  
 To change my faith to sight!  
 I shall behold my Lord at home,  
 In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove  
 These interposing days;  
 Then shall my passions all be love,  
 And all my powers be praise.

## 121-122 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

121 C. M. CANT. 1. 3.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,  
Come bending at thy feet;  
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,  
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name as precious ointment shed,  
Delights the church around;  
Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store;  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joys;  
They find their all in thee;  
Thy glories will their tongues employ  
Through all eternity.

122 C. M. MARK 5. 25. KENT.

- 1 **Y**E sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears—  
The halt, the lame, the blind:  
Come touch the garment Jesus wears—  
Your healing there you'll find.
- 2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,  
And sad beyond degree:  
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,  
There's healing still for thee.
- 3 Come stretch the wither'd hand to-day,  
For Christ is passing by;  
Your case admits of no delay,  
Unless ye touch, ye die.
- 4 One touch of this celestial robe  
Speaks pardon to the soul;  
When sins more pond'rous than the globe,  
Across the conscience roll.
- 5 Thro' ev'ry crowd to Jesus press,  
When sin torments the mind;

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST. 123-124

Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness,  
In his dear name you'll find.

123 C. M. JOHN 1. 29.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky!  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given:  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would sinners all embrace.
- 4 O that my Jesus' heavenly charms,  
Might every bosom move!  
Fly, sinners, fly into those arms  
Of everlasting love.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
His loving truth proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

124 L. M. JOHN 1. 29. FAWCETT.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude, and love;  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sin and griefs on him were laid;  
He meekly bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom-price he fully paid,  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;  
Mourners, behold the bleeding Lamb!  
To him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;  
He can the richest blessings give;  
Salvation in his name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.

## 125-126 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;  
Where else can helpless sinners go?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.

125 C. M. PROV. 18. 24. SWAIN.

1 **A** FRIEND there is—your voices join,  
Ye saints, to praise his name—  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his helping hand,  
This friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround the throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.

5 And, if our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sovereign will,  
He never takes away our all—  
Himself he gives us still.

126 C. M. ZECH. 13. 1. COWPER.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
O may I there, tho' vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,  
Shall never lose its power,  
'Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.

127 C. M. JER. 23. 6. DODDRIDGE

1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name,  
And in that name we trust;  
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,  
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
And low in dust we lie,  
'Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day  
Might plunge us in despair;  
Yet all the crimes of numerous years  
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe which he hath wrought,  
Shall deck us all around;  
Nor by the piercing eye of God  
One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,  
To sinners now are given;  
Israel and Judah soon shall change  
Their wilderness for heaven.

128 L. M. ISA. 35. 8. 19. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon:  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The King's high way of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not:  
My grief and burden long have been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.

## 129-130 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found:  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

### 129 L. M. JOHN 6. 35. FAWCETT.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,  
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;  
They choose the husks which swine do eat,  
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.
- 2 Jesus! thou art the living bread  
By which our needy souls are fed;  
In thee alone thy children find  
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread I starve and die,  
No other can my need supply;  
But this will suit my wretched case,  
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,  
Who ask for bread at mercy's door:  
This living food descends from heaven,  
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives;  
What strength, what nourishment it gives:  
O let me ever more be fed  
With this divine, celestial bread.

### 130 L. M. PSALM 103. 23. MEDLEY.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign, Lord of all,  
Prostrate before thy throne I fall,  
While here my claim and song I raise,  
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."
- 2 Hence all my comforts, safety, peace,  
And all those joys which never cease,

Thou guide and strength of all my ways,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

3 In all my trials and my fears,  
 In all my sorrows and my tears,  
 In all my dark and gloomy days,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

4 Thro' Christ I view thy wrath appeas'd,  
 In him I see thee fully pleas'd;  
 My soul on this foundation stays,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

5 Be this my glory when I rise  
 To that bright world above the skies;  
 For ever there this song I'll raise,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

131 C. M. 1 JOHN 4. 8. BURDER.

1 **C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And raise your souls above;  
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,  
 To sing, that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,  
 And all his mercies prove,  
 Jesus, the gift of gifts appears  
 To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long  
 With those who from him rove,  
 'Till mighty grace their hearts subdue  
 To teach them "God is love."

4 The work begun is carried on,  
 By power from heav'n above;  
 And every step, from first to last,  
 Proclaims, that "God is love."

5 [And O that you, whose harden'd hearts  
 No fears of hell can move,  
 May hear the gospel's mildest voice,  
 That tells you "God is love."

6 Thousands, once vile and base as you,  
 Surround the throne above;  
 The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their hearts  
 To sing that "God is love."

132-133-134 LOVE OF CHRIST.

7 O may we all while here below,  
This best of blessings prove;  
'Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Proclaim that "God is love."

132 C. M. JAMES 2. 19. WATTS.

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In sweet obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too:  
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease:  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

133 S. M. 1 PET. 1. 8. WATTS.

1. **N**OT with our mortal eyes,  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow;  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

134 C. M. JOHN 21. 17. STENNETT.

1 **A**ND have I Christ no love for thee,  
No passion for thy charms?

- No wish my Saviour's face to see,  
 And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude,  
 In this cold heart of mine,  
 To him whose generous bosom glow'd  
 With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,  
 His acts of kindness tell;  
 And, while I dwell upon the theme,  
 No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this  
 What heart but must detest;  
 Sure Christ deserves the noblest place  
 In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,  
 Had I no love to thee!  
 Rather than not my Saviour love,  
 O may I cease to be!

135 L. M. DEUT. 6. 5. D. TURNER.

- 1 **Y**ES, I would love thee, blessed God!  
 Paternal goodness marks thy name:  
 Thy praises, through thy high abode,  
 The heavenly host with joy proclaim.
- 2 Freely thou gav'st thy dearest Son  
 For man to suffer, bleed and die;  
 And bidst me as a wretch undone,  
 For all I want on him rely.
- 3 In him, thy reconciled face,  
 With joy unspeakable I see;  
 And feel thy powerful, wond'rous grace,  
 Draw, and unite my soul to thee.
- 4 Whene'er my foolish wand'ring heart,  
 Attracted by a creature's power,  
 Would from this blissfull centre start,  
 Lord, fix it there to stray no more.

136 L. M. 1 COR. 16. 22. WATTS.

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest!  
 Love, the best blessing here below,  
 The nearest image of the blest.

- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,  
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;  
Each smile upon thy beauteous face,  
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
And long, or weep, in all we do,  
There's a strange pleasure in the pain ;  
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,  
Or ask the watchmen of the night,  
For some kind tidings of our love,  
Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come !  
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,  
And feel the presence of his grace.

- 1 **A** SHAM'D of Christ!—my soul disdain  
The mean, ungen'rous thought :  
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood  
To man salvation brought ?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,  
From heav'n to earth he came ;  
For us endur'd the painful cross—  
For us, despis'd the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up  
Our cross without delay ;  
Our lives, and thousand lives of ours,  
Can ne'er his love repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views  
With infinite delight ;  
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths  
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name—his cross to bear—  
Our highest honor this !  
Who nobly suffers now for him,  
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we in the evil day,  
From our *profession* fly,—

Jesus, the Judge, before the world,  
The traitor will deny.

138 C. M. LUKE 11. 13. WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

139 L. M. LUKE 11. 13. WATTS.

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

## 140-141 THE HOLY SPIRIT AND

Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

### 140 C. M. ROM. 8. 14. WATTS.

1 **W**HY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

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

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

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come,  
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

### 141 L. M. ROM. 8. 14. WATTS.

1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above,  
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O! for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light;  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 O! what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing;  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their king.

HIS INFLUENCES. 142-143-144

6 When shall the day, dear Lord appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing and love?

142 C. M. DEUT. 1. 17. FAWCETT.

1 **T**HE cause that is for me too hard,  
I'll make to Jesus known;  
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,  
And leave them at his throne.

2 He will his cheering grace impart,  
And ease my anxious breast;  
His love can heal my wounded heart,  
And bring my soul to rest.

3 The Judge supreme, must needs do right,  
Whoe'er should me condemn:  
He'll bring my judgment to the light,  
And clear my injur'd name.

4 He calls me by his precious word,  
And bids me not to fear;  
The cause that is for me too hard,  
My gracious God will hear.

143 S. M. ROM. 5. 5. HART.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our mind,  
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.

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

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—  
To sanctify the soul—  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.

144 C. M. ISA. 55. 10. HART.

1 **O**NCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessings ask;

- O may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart;  
Hoard up the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,  
To each thy blessings suit;  
And let the seed thy servant sows,  
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;  
Say to the south wind, blow;  
Let every plant the power partake,  
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,  
The cold with warmth divine,  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine.

## 145

L. M. 1 COR. 2. 10.

- 1 **C**OME gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way:  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God,  
Lead us to Christ—the living way;  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In his enjoyment to be blest;  
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

146

C. M. ROM. 7. 21.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
 Unconscious of its load!  
 The heart unchanged can never rise  
 To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
 The stubborn will subdue?  
 'Tis thine, eternal spirit, thine  
 To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
 And upward bid them rise;  
 And make the scales of error fall  
 From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
 And bid the sinner live:  
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine!  
 Then shall our passions and our powers,  
 Almighty Lord be thine.

147

C. M. GEN. 5. 24.

COWPER.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But now I find an aching void!  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove! return  
 Sweet messenger of rest;

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 148 L. M. PHIL. 1. 21. RIPPON.

1 **E**MPTIED of earth, I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;  
Reserved for Christ that bled and died—  
Surrender'd to the crucified.

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life,  
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,—  
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!  
My friend and my companion thou,  
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.

4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,  
And to thyself the conquest get:  
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
Slain by thy Spirit's two edg'd sword.

5 Larger communion let me prove,  
With thee, blest object of my love:  
But oh! for this no power have I;  
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

## 149 L. M. JOHN 3. 8. DODDRIDGE.

1 **B**LEST JESUS! source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!  
Oh bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
More needs the current to obtain,  
Or, to enjoy refreshing rain.

- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring!  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this-thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,  
Through all the desert gently glide;  
Then, in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

150 L. M. PSALM 51. 14. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign! from thy throne  
And send thy various blessings down:  
While by thine Israel thou art sought,  
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,  
And fill the coldest hearts with love;  
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy god-like power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes  
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;  
While all their glowing souls are borne  
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 Oh, let a holy flock await  
Numerous around thy temple gate;  
Each pressing on with zeal to be  
A living Sacrifice to thee.
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,  
Give us to see thy church arise;  
Or if that blessing seem too great,  
Give us to mourn its low estate.

151 L. M. PSALM 51. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace,  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found,

- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean:  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace:  
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death:  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## 152 C. M. PSALM 51. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,  
My load of guilt remove;  
Break down this separating wall,  
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
Then my rejoicing tongue  
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain,  
For sin could e'er atone:  
The death of Christ shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,  
My God will ne'er despise;  
An humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

## 153 C. M. PSALM 41. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **O**H! if my soul was form'd for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,

And groan'd away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine,  
That crucified my God,  
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

154 . C. M. ISA. 53. 5.

WATTS.

1 **A**LAS! and did my saviour bleed?  
And did my sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine  
And bath'd in its own blood;  
While all exposed to wrath divine,  
The glorious suff'rer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree.

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

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

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

155-156 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

155 C. M. MATT. 8. 2. RIPPON.

- 1 **J**ESUS, since thou art still to-day  
As yesterday the same;  
Present to heal—in me display  
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eye behold me fall,  
A leper at thy feet.
- 3 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhor'd,  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.
- 4 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, mine ear;  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
And lift them up in pray'r.

156 C. M. ISA. 43. 1. 2. BEDDOME.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears,  
Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy which like a river flows  
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:  
God will these powers restrain:  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good:  
He will for his provide:  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And all they need beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone;  
He's faithful to his promises—  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting;  
He will from endless wrath preserve—  
To endless glory bring.

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT. 157-158

- 6 You in his wisdom, power and grace,  
 May confidently trust:  
 His wisdom guides, his power protects,  
 His grace rewards the just.

157 C. M. 1. COR. 13. 9. FAWCETT.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea,  
 Thy paths I cannot trace;  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense,  
 My captive soul surround:  
 Mysterious deeps of providence  
 My wand'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love:  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above?
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will,  
 I bless thee for the sight:  
 When will thy love the rest reveal,  
 In glory's clearer light.
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey,  
 Thy providence and grace;  
 And spend an everlasting day,  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

158 C. M. 1 SAM. 3. 18. GREENE.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
 Whose claims are all divine;  
 Who has an undisputed right  
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
 Or contradict his will,  
 Who cannot do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
 And of his bounties may recall,  
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain,  
 Beneath the heaviest load:

159-160 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
Can from afflictions raise,  
Matter eternity to fill  
With ever growing praise.

6 And can my soul with hopes like these,  
Be sullen, or repine;  
No, gracious God! take what thou please,  
To thee I all resign.

159 8s. 6s. ROM. 7. 14. HARRISON.

1 **N**OW whilst I try my heart  
By this unerring word,  
My conscience can assert  
I truly fear the Lord;  
I cannot tread the paths of sin;  
I long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart  
I would more largely share;  
I mourn with inward smart,  
The evils that are there:  
I hate my thoughts because they're vain,  
I would from ev'ry sin abstain.

3 I hate this wretched pride,  
These covetous desires,  
I'd have them crucified,  
For God my heart requires.  
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,  
O make me more sincere and true.

4 I'd live alone to thee,  
I love t' obey thy word,  
Well pleas'd that thou shouldst be  
My Saviour and my Lord:  
To thee I now resign my heart,  
Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

160 C. M. PSALM 133. 1. SWAIN.

1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word!

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part:  
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from ev'ry scorn, and pride,]  
 Our wishes fix above,  
 May each his brother's failing hide,  
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
 Through every bosom flow;  
 And union sweet, and dear esteem  
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
 The happy souls above;  
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds  
 His bosom glow with love.

## 161 L. M. GEN. 49. 10. DAN. 9. 26.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who reigns above,  
 Who dwells in light, whose name is love,  
 Ye saints and angels, if you can,  
 Declare the love of God to man!
- 2 O, what can more his love commend,  
 Than his dear only Son to send?  
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
 And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
 In Jesus, that most wond'rous child!  
 His birth, his life, his death, combine  
 To prove his character divine.
- 4 Jesus, thy Gospel firmly stands,  
 A blessing to these favor'd lands;  
 No infidel shall be our dread,  
 Since thou art risen from the dead.

## 162 C. M. PHIL. 3. 8. NEWTON.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil;  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.

163-164 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
 And made his glories known;  
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
 Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
 A sense of pard'ning love;  
 A hope that triumphs over death,  
 Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
 To know that God is mine;  
 Are springs of joy that never fail,  
 Unspeakable! divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
 And sanctify the mind;  
 Which make the spirit mount on high,  
 And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
 But if you are the Lord's,  
 Resign to them that know him not,  
 Such joys as earth affords.

163 S. M. EPH. 2. 8. BEDDOME.

- 1 **F** AITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
 Where'er it is bestow'd!  
 It boasts of a celestial birth,  
 And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns a king—  
 An all atoning priest:  
 It claims no merit of its own,  
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
 When fill'd with deep distress:  
 ' Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free;  
 Lord, send the spirit of thy Son,  
 To work this faith in me.

164 C. M. PROV. 14. 26. NEEDHAM.

- 1 **H** APPY beyond description he  
 Who fears the Lord his God;

GRACES OF THE SPIRIT. 165-166

Who hears his threats with holy awe,  
And trembles at his rod.

- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells  
With its fair partner, love;  
Blending their beauties, both proclaim  
Their source is from above,
- 3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,  
The child with joy appears;  
Cheerful he does his father's will,  
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God!  
Possess this soul of mine;  
Then shall I worship thee aright,  
And taste thy joys divine.

165 C. M. JOHN 21. 15. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love:  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,  
My Saviour's voice to hear!
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of thy name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death,  
To damp the immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

166 C. M. JOB 4. 19. COWPER.

- 1 **O**LORD! my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign

- Life, health and comfort, to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize, to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor all my journey through  
Thou art engag'd to grant:  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth?
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee?  
The fullness of thy promise prove?  
The seal of thine eternal love.
- 2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind;  
An helpless soul I come to thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;  
I want, do thou enrich the poor;  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O, lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;  
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;  
An helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

168

C. M. ROM. 4. 13.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**H for a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sov'reign king!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascend on high;  
His heavenly guards around,  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge guide the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race,  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,  
There Abraham's God is known;  
While powers and princes, shields and swords  
Submit before his throne.

169

L. M. ROM. 4. 25.

WATTS.

- 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 Come, saints and drop a tear or two  
For him who groaned beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see.  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live forever wond'rous King,"  
"Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
Then ask the monster, "where's the sting?"  
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

## 170 L. M. 1 PETER 2. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal son!  
Awake my voice, in heavenly lays,  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above;  
How swift and joyful was his flight,  
On wings of everlasting love,
- 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
He came to raise our nature high:  
He came to atone Almighty wrath;  
Jesus, the God, was born to die.
- 4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs;  
The son of God exalted reigns,  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

## 171 S. M. PSALM 147. 1. WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.

- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head;  
Yet he arose, to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
- 4 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.
- 5 There the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's throne;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- 6 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes  
To everlasting days.

## 172 C. M. LUKE 15. 3. 4. NEEDHAM.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold  
Has lost a straying sheep,  
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,  
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But oh! the joy, the transport sweet,  
When he the wand'rer finds!  
Up in his arm he takes his charge,  
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,  
And make his bliss complete;  
The neighbors hear the news, and all  
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy,  
When but one sinner turns;  
And the poor wretch with broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns.

173-174 RESIGNATION.

5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,  
 In songs their tongues employ;  
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears  
 The conscious sinner weep;  
 Jesus receives him in his arms,  
 And owns him for his sheep.

173 L. M. LUKE 15. 7. WATTS.

1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
 Through all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love;  
 The Son with joy looks down and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.

3 The spirit takes delight to view  
 The holy soul he form'd anew!  
 And saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King

174 L. M. GEN. 22. 2. WATTS.

1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,  
 Give up your comfort to the Lord;  
 He shall restore what you resign;  
 Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abram with obedient hand,  
 Led forth his son at God's command;  
 The wood, the fire, the knife he took,  
 His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abram forbear," the angel cried,  
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;  
 "Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
 "Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,  
 The Lord displays deliv'ring power,  
 The mount of danger is the place  
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

## 175 L. M. PSALM 47. 6. STENNETT.

- 1 **T**O God my Saviour and my King,  
Fain would my soul her tribute bring;  
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
Just breathing all my life away;  
He saw me weltering in my blood,  
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,  
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief:  
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,  
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,  
Deep in my breast I will record:  
The life, which I from thee receive,  
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,  
Through the remainder of my days:  
And, when I join the powers above,  
My soul shall better sing thy love.

## 176 C. M. JOHN 6. 66. NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me:  
To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 The help of men and angels join'd,  
Could never reach my case:  
Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart:

177-178 A WEDDING HYMN.

No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.

- 6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
If I will also go?  
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer, no!

177 C. M. JOB 1. 24. WATTS.

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors, borrowed now  
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave,  
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then!  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sovereign will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too,  
That strikes our comforts dead.

178 C. M. JOHN 2. 46.

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear,  
To grace a marriage feast:  
O Lord! we ask thy presence here,  
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands,  
Their union with thy favor crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow  
Of all rich dowries best!

Their substance bless, and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.

- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,  
In prayer, and faith, and hope;  
And see with joy a Godly seed,  
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give  
A pattern chaste and kind,  
So may this married couple live,  
And die in friendship join'd.
- 7 On every soul assembled here,  
O make thy face to shine;  
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,  
Than richest food or wine.

179 S. M. 1 COR. 5. 7. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see,  
The burden thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove:  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

## 180 L. M. JOHN 3. 16. 18. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ the son of God appear,  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
Nor flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of men so well,  
He sent his son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name, and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hand a thousand blessings give.

## 181. L. M. 1 COR. 5. 7. WATTS.

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night,  
Till we arrive at heaven our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

## 182 C. M. PSALM 73. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in One;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.

- 3 His promise stands forever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings—  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things,  
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I forever hope to dwell,  
Near my Redeemer's face.

## 183 S. M. PSALM 27. 14. TOPLADY.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take:  
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord  
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
When we shall clearly see,  
Not only that he shed his blood,  
But each shall say, "for me."
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then:  
Wait the appointed hour:  
Wait, till the Bridegroom of your souls  
Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God!  
That stays himself on thee;  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

## 184 L. M. PSALM 139. 6.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through,  
Thine eyes command with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My soul, my flesh, and all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

## 185 L. M. MATT. 5. 4. DOBELL.

- 1 **W**HY, mourning soul, why flow these tears?  
Why thus indulge thy doubts and fears;  
Look to thy Saviour on the tree  
Who bore the load of guilt for thee.
- 2 Then cease thy sorrows, banish grief,  
Tho' thou of sinners art the chief;  
The wounds that make poor sinners grieve,  
Are heal'd when they in Christ believe.
- 3 Whom Jesus wounds, he wounds to heal—  
O'tis a mercy thus to feel,  
There's none can mourn while dead in sin,  
'Thine are the marks of life within.
- 4 Be of good cheer, on him rely;  
He'll pass thy great transgressions by,  
And guide thee safely by his hand,  
'Till thou shalt reach fair Canaan's land.

5 There shalt thou sing his dying love,  
 With all the ransom'd throng above;  
 And in exalted, joyful lays,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, praise.

186 C. M. JOHN 23. 3.

1 **O** COULD I find, from day to day,  
 A nearness to my God;  
 Then should my hours glide sweet a—  
 And live upon thy word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
 Anew from day to day,  
 In joys the world can never give,  
 Or ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
 And I'll be wholly thine;  
 And never, never more depart.  
 For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore:  
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
 My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend  
 An everlasting day,  
 In the embraces of my friend,  
 Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,  
 To whom all praise is due:  
 While angels and archangels gaze  
 On scenes forever new.

187 L. M. JOHN 6. 67. STEELE.

1 **T**HOU only sov'reign of my heart,  
 My refuge, my almighty Friend—  
 And can my soul from thee depart,  
 On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,  
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?  
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,  
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,  
 On these my fainting spirit lives;

Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.

- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
While thou art near, in vain they call;  
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,  
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name, my inmost powers adore,  
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;  
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more—  
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Lo! at thy feet, my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine!  
Still let me live beneath thine eye,  
For life, eternal life is thine.

188

C. M. JOHN 4. 24.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne,  
With honor can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground.  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

189

L. M. PSALM 65. 5.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone,  
My rock, and refuge, is his throne:  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face;  
When helpers fail and foes invade,  
God is our all sufficient aid

- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity:  
Laid in the balance both appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God has spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
"All power is his eternal due;"  
He must be feared and trusted too.

## 190 L. M. PSALM 55. 6. HARRISON.

- 1 **O** COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,  
Where sin hath neither place nor pow'r;  
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,  
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
He stands between my God and me;  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,  
To view the heights of Jesus' love;  
This monster seems to mount the skies,  
And veil his glory to mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;  
I long to dwell in heav'n, my home,  
Where not one sinful thought can come.

## 191 L. M. ISA. 26. 8.

- 1 **L** ORD, I confess my guilt and shame,  
Which separates my soul from thee,  
Yet the remembrance of thy name  
Is dear, supremely dear to me.
- 2 Break down the separating wall,  
O rid me of this earthly mind;  
My soul would soon obey the call,  
And run and leave her fears behind.
- 3 Jesus allure me by thy grace,  
Why should I grovel in the dust?

Thee, would my arms of faith embrace,  
Thou art the object of my trust.

- 4 Draw me from unbelief and pride,  
From ev'ry sin, from ev'ry snare;  
Fain would I in thy chambers hide,  
And banish every mortal care.
- 5 With thee, my Lord, I would retire,  
And spend the remnant of my days:  
Draw me, I burn with strong desire;  
Draw me, and I will sing thy praise.
- 6 Draw me, my Jesus, with thy love,  
I cannot bear thy awful frown;  
O draw my heart and soul above,  
And let me tread the tempter down!

192 L. M. MATT. 5. 48.

- 1 **L**ORD! I would be a child of thine,  
And thy bless'd image ever bear;  
Deeply impress this heart of mine,  
With glories which I cannot share.
- 2 Let these my admiration raise,  
And fill me with religious awe;  
Tune both my heart and tongue to praise,  
And bend me to the holy law.
- 3 But where I may resemble thee,  
And in the god-like nature share,  
Thy humble follower let me be,  
And somewhat of this likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may I be, averse to sin,  
Just, holy, merciful and true:  
And let thine image form'd within,  
Shine out in all I speak or do.

193 C. M. PSALM 119. 117. WATTS.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts begone,  
And leave me to my joys;  
My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
And drown'd my head in tears,

'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,  
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all divine,  
When Jesus told me I was his,  
And my beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain;  
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,  
Revives my joys again.

194 C. M. HEB. 12. 7.

1 **H**EAR this, ye fav'rites of the Lord,  
Who mourn beneath his rod;  
Hear, and rejoice at every word,  
And trust your living God.

2 Hear, and dismiss your gloomy fears,  
And tune your joyful songs;  
Each word rebukes your flowing tears,  
And your complaining tongues.

3 Come, ye that doubt Jehovah's love  
Because you're sore distress,  
Here is a cordial from above,  
To ease your troubled breast.

4 Thus saith the Lord, the only wise,  
"I will my children prove;  
"I will rebuke, I will chastise  
"As many as I love.

5 " I'll punish and subdue their pride,  
"I will be known their God;  
"Love to their precious souls shall guide  
"My sin avenging rod.

6 "To them I'll manifest my care,  
"As faithful fathers do;  
"I'll teach them reverence and fear,  
"And they shall love me too."

195 L. M. PHIL. 1. 21.

1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
Rise from the vanities of time;  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth,  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

196

C. M. ISA. 26. 1.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O, the joyful sound;  
'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky,  
Conspire to raise the sound.

197

C. M. TITUS 3. 3.

WATTS.

- [1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been;  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,  
Forever love his name;  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,  
Of folly, sin and shame.]

- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness,  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are saved by sov'reign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,  
That all our hopes begin:  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew  
And justifi'd by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

198 L. M. 2 TIM. 1. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honors given;  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die!  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies!—and in that dreadful night,  
Did all the powers of hell destroy:  
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

199 L. M. PSALM 85. 9. NOEL.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is forever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;

And grace descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ, the Lord, came down from  
Heaven;

By his obedience, so complete,  
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heavenly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

200 S. M. MATT. 5. 6. NEWTON.

1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,  
Behold us, Lord, again  
Assembled at thy mercy's door,  
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,  
Or we must starve indeed;  
For we no money have to buy,  
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,  
Thy hand alone can give;  
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant  
That we may eat and live.

201 L. M. MATT. 11. 28. WATTS.

1 **C**OME hither all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy laden sinners come:  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;  
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;"  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES. 202-203

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

202 C. M. PSALM 35. 3. -DODDRIDGE.

1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound  
To wretched dying men!  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,  
From fiends, and fires, and chains;  
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,  
My feeble heart o'erbears;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise;  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn my prayer to praise.

203 C. M. JOHN 16. 33. MEDLEY.

1 **Y**E saints, attend the Saviour's voice,  
And hear his words of grace;  
He says—and let your hearts rejoice—  
"In me ye shall have peace."

2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar  
And foes and fears increase,  
He says—and what could he say more,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

3 What tho' corruption dwell within  
Nor does the conflict cease;

He says, in spite of hell and sin,

“In me ye shall have peace.”

4 Tho’ you should pass through death’s cold flood

To gain your wish’d release,

He says, and sure he’ll make it good,

“In me ye shall have peace.”

5 When you his face in glory view,

Where joy can ne’er decrease;

Eternity shall prove it true,

In him ye shall have peace.

204

C. M. NAHUM 1. 7.

STEELE.

1 **Y**E humble souls approach your God

With songs of sacred praise,

For he is good, immensely good,

And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,

In him we live and move:

But nobler benefits declare

The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,

To ransom rebel worms;

’Tis here he makes his goodness known

In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;

’Tis here our hope relies:

A safe defence, a peaceful home,

When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,

The souls who trust in thee;

Their humble hope thou wilt reward

With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,

What honors shall we raise?

Not all the raptured songs above

Can render equal praise.

205

L. M. GEN. 14. 28.

HOSKINS.

1 **Y**E mourning souls dry up your tears,

Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,

And let your hearts with this revive,

That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

- 2 His saints he loves, and never leaves;  
The chief of sinners he receives,  
Let then your hearts with this revive,  
The sinner's friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill—  
His largest promises fulfil:  
Then let your hearts with this revive,  
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 4 What tho' you fear to launch away,  
And quit this tenement of clay;  
O let your hearts with this revive,  
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 5 Abundant grace he will afford,  
'Till you are present with the Lord;  
And prove what you have heard before,  
That Jesus lives forevermore .

206 C. M. PROV. 17. 17. SWAI

- 1 **C**OME, let our hearts and voices join,  
To praise the Saviour's name;  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,  
This friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace  
To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sovereign will,  
He never takes away our all—  
Himself he gives us still!
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains,

The wildest storm his word obeys—  
His word its rage restrains.

207 L. M. ZACH. 9. 12. HOSKINS.

- 1 **P**RIS'NERS of sin and Satan too,  
The Saviour calls, he calls for you;  
Ye, who have sold yourselves for nought,  
Shall have your liberty unbought.
- 2 He came to set the captives free,  
He came to publish liberty,  
To bind the broken hearted up,  
And give despairing sinners hope.
- 3 Pris'ners of hope, why will you die?  
Why from the only refuge fly?  
Jesus, our hiding place and tower,  
Invites the guilty and the poor.
- 4 He came to comfort all that mourn;  
He sweetly says to sinners, turn!  
Pris'ners of hope, his voice attend,  
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.
- 5 The great Redeemer lived and died;  
The Prince of life was crucified;  
He shed his own most precious blood  
To purchase captive souls to God.
- 6 To this redeeming God be given,  
Immortal praise by earth and heaven:  
Pris'ners of hope, the Saviour bless,  
And every hour his love confess.

208 S. M. JOHN 5. 2. NEWTON.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool  
Appointed for the poor,  
From time to time my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen  
The healing waters move,  
And others round me stepping in,  
Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same;  
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
As when at first I came.

- 4 O, would the Lord appear,  
 My malady to heal;  
 He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
 And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,  
 Why should I longer lie?  
 Surely the mercy I have sought  
 Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?  
 There is no other pool  
 Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,  
 To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then from day to day,  
 I'll wait and hope, and try:  
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
 Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No! he is full of grace;  
 He never will permit  
 A soul, that fain would see his face.  
 To perish at his feet.

## 209 L. M. MATT. 15. 27.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord,  
 Encouraged by thy gracious word,  
 Would venture near to seek that bread,  
 By which thy children here are fed.
- 2 Do not the humble suit deny,  
 Of such a guilty wretch as I:  
 But let me feed on crumbs, tho' small,  
 Which from thy bounteous table fall.
- 3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own;  
 By sin and guilt I am undone;  
 Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray  
 Since none are empty sent away.

## 210 C. M. EPH. 2. 8. KELLY.

- 1 **T**HE Gospel comes with welcome news  
 To sinners lost like me;  
 Their various schemes let others choose,  
 Saviour, I come to thee.

- 2 Of sinners, sure I am the chief,  
But grace is rich and free;  
This lovely truth affords relief  
To sinners, e'en to me.
- 3 Of merit now, let others speak,  
But merit I have none;  
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,  
I'm saved by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my stubborn heart first won;  
'Tis grace that holds me fast:  
Grace will complete the work begun,  
And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace,  
What God hath done for me;  
And celebrate redeeming grace,  
Throughout eternity.

211 C. M. REV. 22. 17. MEDLEY.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls  
Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring!  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake!
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

212

L. M. JOHN 4. 29.

MEDLEY.

- 1 **J**ESUS, dear Lord, we bless his name,  
And joyful sing his glorious fame;  
He wrought salvation's wond'rous plan:  
Come, sinners, come, and see the man.
- 2 He kindly calls the sin-sick soul,  
Heals all his wounds, and makes him whole  
He saves, and none beside him can:  
Come, sinners, come, and see the man.
- 3 He tells them all things they have done,  
Shows them what dreadful lengths they've run;  
Has he in you the work began?  
Dear souls, then come, and see the man.
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of the Lord,  
Trust in his name, receive his word:  
Though in your sins you long have ran,  
There yet is hope, come see the man.
- 5 Thus Jesus, when at Jacob's well,  
Did to the woman all things tell;  
Smit with his love, at once she ran  
And other's call'd, come see the man.
- 6 Gladly she told to all around,  
What a dear Jesus she had found,  
And straight to preach his love began—  
Sure this is Christ, come see the man.

213

L. M. ISA. 1. 18.

STENNETT.

- 1 **'C**OME, sinners,' saith the mighty God,  
"Heinous as all your crimes have been;  
"Lo! I descend from my abode,  
"To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 "No clouds of darkness veil my face,  
"No vengeful lightnings flash around,  
"I come, proclaiming life and peace,  
"Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound!"
- 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,  
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;  
O make our crimson sins like wool,  
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.
- 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat  
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,

214-215-216 INVITATIONS, &c.

While, humbly prostrate at thy feet,  
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

214 C. M. REV. 22. 17.

- 1 **G**RACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they sinners are!  
Sunk and distress'd, they taste, and know  
Their heaven is only there.
- 2 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
Directly come who will;  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.
- 3 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us only poor;  
And O that nothing else but grace  
May rule for evermore!

215 L. M. JOHN 6. 37. BURNHAM

- 1 **N**E'ER was a sinner cast away,  
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray,  
He loves such souls by far top well,  
Ever to cast them down to hell.
- 2 Come, praying souls, thy God draws near,  
And listens to each broken prayer;  
Pleas'd he attends thy ev'ry groan,  
And soon in mercy will come down.
- 3 He ne'er was known to disappoint  
A praying, waiting, humble saint;  
But such a soul he'll ever bless,  
With all the glories of his grace.

216 L. M. CHRON. 22. 29.

- 1 **C**OME now, poor sinners share a part,  
And give the blessed Christ your heart:  
Come, we will take you by the hand;  
Come, go with us to Canaan's land.
- 2 Leave all your carnal loves and toys,  
And seek with us those solid joys;  
For soon in glory we shall rise,  
And there enjoy the lasting prize.
- 3 Poor sinner, wilt thou now reflect,  
Before eternally too late,

Thy soul is precious and must dwell  
 With saints above, or sink to hell.

- 4 But if with us ye will not go,  
 And seek our Saviour's love to know;  
 Then we must bid you all adieu,  
 For by his grace we'll him pursue.

217 S. M. 2 COR. 6. 2. DOBELL.

1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace;  
 Now sinners come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to day;  
 Tomorrow it may be too late,  
 Then why should you delay.

3 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Saviour bids you come;  
 And every promise in his word,  
 Declares there yet is room.

4 O watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er:  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.

218 C. M. JOHN 7. 37. STEELE.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear  
 Attend the heavenly sound,  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsting, longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
 To ease your every pain;  
 [Immortal fountain! full supplies!]  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,  
 The gracious call obey;  
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
 And can you yet delay?

- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts  
 To thee let sinners fly;  
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
 And drink, and never die.

219 C. M. JOHN 12. 21. STAUGHTON

- 1 **T**ELL us, ye servants of the Lord,  
 Where's your great master found;  
 Him would we see, whose pow'ful word  
 Can heal our ev'ry wound.
- 2 We would see Jesus, for we know  
 His sov'reign grace alone  
 Can on us hearts of flesh bestow,  
 And for our sins atone.
- 3 We would see Jesus: does not he  
 Bid contrite sinners come?  
 And to such guilty souls as we,  
 Proclaim, "there yet is room?"
- 4 Millions have hasten'd to his arms,  
 And now resound his name;  
 Him would we see, whose endless charms  
 Our anxious hearts inflame.
- 5 We would see Jesus, for his saints  
 May lean upon his breast;  
 Pour out, with confidence, their plaints,  
 And find celestial rest.
- 6 We would see Jesus, and would pray  
 For those unhappy friends,  
 Who choose, alas! that crooked way,  
 Which in perdition ends.
- 7 We would see Jesus, gracious friend,  
 From him derive our bliss;  
 And wait till we the heav'ns ascend,  
 And see him as he is.

220

C. M. HEB. 4. 15.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our high priest above;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble frame,

He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
He did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

221 C. M. LUKE 15. 19. RIPPON.

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
When prodigals return;  
To see desponding souls rejoice,  
And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come, saints, and hear what God hath done,"  
Is a reviving sound:  
O may it spread from sea to sea,  
E'en all the globe around!
- 3 Often, O sovereign Lord, renew  
The wonders of this day;  
That Jesus here may see his seed,  
And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all thine own,  
Thine be the praises too;  
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
Give thee the glory due.

222 L. M. MATT. 11. 28. STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME weary souls, with sins distress  
Come and accept the promis'd rest  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load;  
O! come and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift! how free the grace.
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

223 L. M. DEUT. 33. 25. FAWCETT:

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
How shall I stand the trying day?  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong:  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue.

He comes to set thy spirit free;  
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

224 C. M. MATT. 11. 28. DOBELL.

- 1 **Y**E burden'd souls to Jesus come,  
You need not be afraid;  
He loves to hear poor sinners cry,  
He loves to hear them plead.
- 2 Ye humble souls, to Jesus come,  
'Tis he who made you see  
Your wretched, ruin'd, helpless state—  
Your guilt and misery.
- 3 Christ is a friend to mourning souls,  
Then why should you despair,  
Since Saul and Mary Magdalene  
Found Grace and mercy here.

225. L. M. JOHN 6. 37. BURNHAM.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners come, of every name,  
Come to the great atoning Lamb;  
From his dear arms no longer stay,  
For none that come are cast away.
- 2 O'er a lost world his mercies roll,  
He smiles on every coming soul;  
His heart o'erflows with boundless grace,  
And contrite sinners he'll embrace.
- 3 All who behold the lamb of God,  
And pray for mercy through his blood,  
Surely shall free salvation prove,  
With all the joys of pard'ning love.
- 4 Ye vilest of the human race,  
Try the exalted Prince of Peace;  
Ne'er of his promise dare to doubt,  
For he'll in no wise cast thee out.
- 5 Jesus at thy dear feet we fall,  
Constrain'd to come at mercy's call;  
Drawn by thy soul attracting charms,  
We come, and rest in thy kind arms.
- 6 How do we prize thy smiling face,  
And bless thee for thy wond'rous grace;  
Now we would serve thee all our days,  
And spend a life of prayer and praise.

## 226 L. M. JOHN 5. 7. THWAITES

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I,  
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?  
When shall the means of healing be  
The channels of thy grace to me.
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,  
And wash away their pain and sin;  
But I, an helpless, sin-sick soul,  
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down!  
To-day, thine own appointments crown;  
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,  
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool—  
I would, thou know'st I would be whole;  
Oh! let the troubled waters move,  
And minister thy healing love.

## 227 S. M. MATT. 4. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims  
His Godhead from his throne;  
"Mercy and Justice are the names  
"By which I will be known.
- 2 "Ye dying souls that sit  
"In darkness and distress,  
"Look from the borders of the pit,  
"To my recov'ring grace."
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;  
Their thankful tongues shall own,  
"Our righteousness and strength is found  
"In thee, the Lord alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,  
And see their guilt forgiv'n;  
God will pronounce the sinner just,  
And take the saints to heav'n.

## 228 L. M. REV. 3. 17.

- 1 **I** HEAR the counsel of a friend,  
And to his soothing voice attend:  
"Come, sinners, wretched, blind and poor,  
"Come, buy from my unbounded store.

- 2 "I only ask you to receive,  
 "For freely I my blessing give;"  
 Jesus! and are thy blessings free?  
 Then I may dare to come to thee.
- 3 I come for grace, like gold refin'd,  
 T' enrich and beautify my mind;  
 Grace, that will trials well endure,  
 And in the furnace grow more pure.
- 4 Naked I come, for that bright dress,  
 Thy perfect, spotless righteousness;  
 That glorious robe, so richly dy'd  
 In thine own blood, my shame to hide.
- 5 Like Bartimeus, now to thee  
 I come and pray, that I may see;  
 E'en clay is eye-salve in thy hand,  
 If thou the blessing but command.
- 6 Here, wretched, poor and blind I came;  
 O! let me not return the same;  
 Let me depart, all gracious Lord!  
 Happy, enrich'd, to sight restor'd.

229 C. M. PSALM 37. 4. RYLAND.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dry'd,  
 Thy fulness is the same;  
 May I with this be satisfy'd,  
 And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
 Who has a fountain near;  
 A fountain, which will ever run  
 With waters sweet and clear.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,  
 But may be found in thee;  
 I must have all things, and abound,  
 While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith!  
 To look within the veil,  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose word can never fail.

- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich can I be poor,  
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
I triumph and adore;  
Henceforth my great concern shall be,  
To love and please thee more.

230

L. M. ISA. 55. 6.

UPTON.

- 1 **P**OOOR sinner, here lift up your voice,  
Loud in your Saviour's name rejoice;  
Bless him for mercy's joyful sound,  
And seek him while he may be found.
- 2 His gospel still invites the poor,  
To ask for mercy at his doör:  
Mercy and love in him abound,  
O seek him while he may be found!
- 3 Come with your guilty burdens all,  
Low at his footstool humbly fall,  
Though foes and fears your hearts surround,  
Yet seek him, for he will be found.
- 4 Though you the chief of sinners are,  
He'll not despise your humble pray'r,  
Your hopes, your wishes may be crown'd,  
O seek him while he may be found!
- 5 And when you test his pard'ning love,  
And all his tender mercies prove,  
Entreat poor sinners all around,  
To seek him while he may be found.'

231

S. M. JUDE 24. 25.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

- 3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed,  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,  
Wisdom and power belong,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting song.

**232** L. M. PSALM 42. 11. NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, these anxious cares?  
Why thus cast down with doubts and  
fears?  
How canst thou want if God provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 2 When first before his mercy seat  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
He gave the warrant from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom love and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shall overcome at last?
- 4 He who has help'd me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.

**233** S. M. ISA. 3. 10. KENT.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these?  
Their sweetness who can tell?  
In time, and to eternity,  
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye,  
'Tis well with them while life endures,  
And well when call'd to die

- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,  
 'Tis well when sorrows flow.  
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 ['Tis well when on the mount  
 They feast on dying love:  
 And 'tis as well in God's account,  
 When they the furnace prove.]
- 5 'Tis well when at his throne,  
 They wrestle weep and pray,  
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan,  
 Yet bring their wants away.

## 234 C. M. 2 COR. 3. 3.

- 1 **I**F, Lord, in thy fair book of life,  
 My worthless name doth stand;  
 And in mine heart the law is writ  
 By thine unerring hand.
- 2 If I 'm secure by grace divine,  
 Of crowns above the skies;  
 And on the road from thy rich stores,  
 Shall meet with fresh supplies.
- 3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,  
 My grateful voice I'll raise,  
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,  
 To show forth half thy praise.
- 4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,  
 Not one should silent be;  
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,  
 I'd give them all to thee.]

235 L. M. PSALM 55. 17. **KEM.**

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light;  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath thy 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  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If 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.

236 L. M. JOHN 3. 10. BEDDOME.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray:  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen:  
Arise, thou sun of righteousness,  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,  
To sinners weary and distrest;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart,  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart.

237 C. M. PSALM 55. 17.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening's sacrifice,  
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere;

- But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Extort the cry, what must be done  
To save a wretch like me?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?
- 5 I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep to wake,  
And turn to God, and every sin  
Continually forsake.
- 6 I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle Lord, with thee;  
I must be born again, or die  
To all eternity.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
O may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

FAMILY WORSHIP. 239-240-241

239 L. M. PSALM 4. 8. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days.  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 Faith in his name forbids my fear:  
O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

240 L. M. GEN. 18. 19. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace;  
From thee they spring, and by thy hand  
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd:  
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows;  
Our servants there, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim  
The honors of thy glorious name!  
While pleas'd and thankful we remove  
To join the family above.

241 S. M. PSALM 55. 17. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death;  
But in the worship of my God,  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,  
When morning brings the light;

I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,  
And pay my vows at night.

- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God!  
While sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel;  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love;  
The ground on which their safety stands,  
No earthly power can move.

242 C. M. PSALM 31. 15. BEDDOME.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand,  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine;  
Before they were possess'd by me,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its stores?  
'Tis but a bitter sweet:  
When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
A piercing thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mix'd with gall;  
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
Be thou my all in all.

## 243 C. M. PSALM 42. 5. STEELE.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall,  
The wonders of thy grace;  
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid;  
Ah vile ungrateful heart!  
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd,  
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
True pleasure, peace and rest;  
When absent from my Lord, I live  
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
My wand'ring soul restores:  
He bids the mourning heart partake  
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
The penitential sigh;  
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
With pity in thine eye.
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,  
Rejoice to seek thy face;  
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
Thy condescending grace.

## 244 C. M. ROM. 13. 13. BROWN.

- 1 **A**ND now my soul, another year  
Of thy short life is past,  
I cannot long continue here,  
And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake my soul, with utmost care  
Thy true condition learn;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy great concern?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,  
Set on afresh for heaven,

245-246      TIMES AND SEASONS.

Seek pardon for thy former sins,  
In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his grace depend;  
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,  
Nor doubt a happy end.

245      L. M.    DEUT. 8. 2.      MEDLEY.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! God of love!  
Whose kind compassion still we prove:  
Our praise accept and bless us here,  
Thus brought to see—another year.
- 2 What shall we render to thy name,  
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim:  
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care,  
Has brought us to—another year.
- 3 Thy bounty, pity, patience too,  
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review;  
And own we've had a plenteous share  
To bring us to—another year.
- 4 Our souls, our all, we here resign,  
Make us, and keep us, ever thine:  
And grant that in thy love and fear  
We may begin—another year.
- 5 Be this our sweet experience still,  
To know and do thine holy will;  
Then shall our souls with joy sincere,  
Bless thee for this—another year.
- 6 Help us to walk, as in thy sight,  
With growing pleasure and delight;  
Then whether life or death appear,  
We'll bless thee for—another year.
- 7 Still, Lord, through life thy love display,  
And then in death's approaching day  
We'll joyful part with all that's here,  
Nor wish on earth—another year.

246      L. M.    PSALM 46. 10.      MEDLEY.

- 1 **L**ET me, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
Low at thy footstool humbly fall;  
And while I feel affliction's rod,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

CHOICE OF A DEACON. 247-248

- 2 When or wherever thou shalt smite,  
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right;  
And underneath the heaviest load  
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 3 Dost thou my earthly comforts slay,  
And take beloved ones away?  
Yet will my soul revere the rod,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 4 Let me not murmur, nor repine,  
Under those trying strokes of thine;  
But while I walk the mournful road,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 5 Still let this truth support my mind,  
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind;  
And thus may I improve the rod,  
Be still, and know that thou art God.

247 L. M. ZACH. 14. 6. WATTS. S.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O, let me then at length be taught,  
(What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
Be shame and self abhorrence mine.

248 L. M. 1 TIM. 8. 13. RIPPON.

- 1 **F**AIR Zion's King we suppliant bow,  
And hail the grace thy church enjoys,  
Her officers are all thy own,  
With all the gifts thy love employs.

- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice,  
Of such whose generous, prudent zeal,  
Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,  
May they his sacred table spread;  
The table of their pastor fill,  
And fill the holy poor with bread.
- 4 [When pastors, saints, and poor they serve,  
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd:  
While patience, sympathy, and joy  
Adorn, and through their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,  
O! may they win a good degree  
Of boldness in the Christian faith,  
And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—  
The work of love, is fully done;  
Call them from serving tables here,  
To sit around thy glorious throne.

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

2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

1 **Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.

- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense,  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense
- 3 Jesus to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet!  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign;  
With joy I would resign them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart  
Of this dear gift possess'd;  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be forever bless'd.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.

## 251 L. M. JOHN 21. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW while the gospel net is cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;  
From num'rous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.
- 2 May this be a much favor'd hour  
To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
O clothe thy word with sov'reign power  
To break the rocks and raise the dead!
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O hear our prayer and give us hope,  
That when thy voice shall call us home,  
Thou still will raise a people up,  
To love and praise thee in our room.]

## '52 7s. PSALM 84. 1. D. TURNER.

**L**ORD of Hosts, how lovely fair,  
E'en on earth thy temples are;

253-254 BEFORE SERMON.

Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heav'n, and much of thee.

- 2 From thy gracious presence flows,  
Bliss that softens all our woes;  
While the Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,  
Here thou mak'st thy glories known,  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy,  
We our happy lives employ;  
Love and long to love thee more,  
Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

253 L. M. MATT. 6. 11. HOSKINS.

- 1 **M**OST gracious Father, God of all,  
To thee we come, on thee we call  
By whom both man and beast are fed,  
Give us this day our daily bread.
- 2 All our supplies on thee depend,  
Whate'er we want, in mercy send;  
Thou art the glorious fountain head,  
Give us this day our daily bread.
- 3 Nothing, O Lord, do we deserve;  
The thought of merit we would dread:  
'Tis alms alone we humbly crave;  
Give us this day our daily bread.
- 4 Forgiving grace do thou impart  
To cheer and sanctify each heart;  
May we in death, join with each head,  
And feed on Christ the living bread.

254 L. M. ZACH. 13. 1. FELLOWS.

- 1 **T**HE food on which thy children live,  
Great God, is thine alone to give;  
And we, for grace receiv'd would raise,  
A sacred song of love and praise.
- 2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,  
Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be;  
To the full fountain of our joys,  
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord,  
 For this we listen to thy word,  
 Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,  
 Nor let our souls attend in vain.

255 C. M. ISA. 53. 1. NEWTON.

1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
 And make thy glory known;  
 Now let us all thy presence feel,  
 And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,  
 And plead a Saviour's name:  
 For all that we can call our own,  
 Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy spirit from above,  
 That saints may love thee more;  
 And sinners now may learn to love,  
 That never lov'd before.

4 And when before thee we appear,  
 In our eternal home,  
 May growing numbers worship here,  
 And praise thee in our room.

256 C. M. PHIL. 3. 12. DODDRIDGE.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey:  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,  
 Have we our race begun;  
 And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 We'll lay our laurels down.

## 257 S. M. PSALM 138. 5. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join  
 To form a sacred song;  
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,  
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
 How open and how fair!  
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet!  
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
 In rich profusion spring;  
 The Son of glory gilds the path,  
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
 In beauteous prospect rise;  
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name  
 Who marks the shining way!  
 To him who leads the wand'ers on  
 To realms of endless day.

## 258 C. M. ACTS 10. 35. BEDDOME,

- 1 **H**OW free and boundless is the grace  
 Of our Redeeming God,  
 Extending to the Greek and Jew,  
 And men of every blood.
- 2 The mightiest king and meanest slave  
 May his rich mercy taste;  
 He bids the beggar and the prince  
 Unto the gospel feast.
- 3 None are excluded thence, but those  
 Who do themselves exclude;  
 Welcome the learned and polite,  
 The ignorant and rude.
- 4 Come then, ye men of every name,  
 Of every rank and tongue;  
 What you are willing to receive  
 Doth unto you belong.

259

C. M. ACTS 8. 34.

PERRY.

- 1 **L**ET earth and seas, with all the skies,  
In grateful songs conspire;  
Since Christ the Lord for sinners dies,  
To pluck them from the fire.
- 2 Satan accuses all the saints,  
And roars as lions do;  
But Jesus hears their long complaints,  
And says, "I die for you."
- 3 'Tis Christ that plucks our souls as brands  
From everlasting fire;  
And safely keeps us in his hands,  
Till death shall raise us higher.
- 4 In filthy garments we were drest, ]  
To purity estrang'd;  
Nor did we differ from the rest,  
"Till grace the heart had changed."
- 5 O may our souls with rapture think,  
While with our tongues we tell,  
How Jesus pluck'd us from the brink  
Of misery and hell.
- 6 Victorious grace and boundless love,  
To God alone belong;  
Praise him below, praise him above,  
In every tuneful song.

260

C. M. PROV. 23. 26.

HOSKINS.

- 1 **W**HAT language now salutes the ear?  
It is our Father's voice!  
Let all the world attentive hear,  
And every soul rejoice.
- 2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,  
However vile thou art;  
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,  
And suffered dreadful smart;  
For thee the Lord was crucified—  
My son, give me thy heart.

- 4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,  
And said to me "Depart;"  
I claim the purchase of my blood—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 5 I'll form thee for myself alone,  
And every good impart;  
I'll make my great salvation known—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,  
Set up in me thy throne;  
Bid sin and Satan hence depart,  
And claim me as thine own.

## 261

S. M. REV. 15. HAMMOND.

- 1 **A** WAKE and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing:  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
Ye blessed children come;  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his pilgrims home.

## 262

C. M. JER. 3. 19.

NEWTON.

- 1 **A** LAS! by nature how depraved,  
How prone to every ill?  
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,  
How obstinate our will!
- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd,  
Such rebels reconcil'd?  
Can grace itself the means afford  
To make a foe a child?

- 3 Jesus for sinners undertakes,  
 And died that we may live :  
 His blood a full atonement makes,  
 And cries aloud , "Forgive."
- 4 Yet one thing more must grace provide,  
 To bring us home to God ;  
 Or we shall slight the Lord, who died,  
 And trample on his blood.
- 5 The Holy Spirit must reveal  
 The Saviour's work and worth :  
 Then the hard heart begins to feel  
 A new and heavenly birth.
- 6 Thus bought with blood, and born again  
 Redeem'd and sav'd by grace ;  
 Rebels, in God's own house obtain,  
 A son's or daughter's place.

## 263 C. M. LUKE 4. 18. DODDRIDGE.

- 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 prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray ;  
 And on the eyes opprest 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,

264

C. M. REV. 15. 3.

STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your king, your Saviour's crown'd,  
With glories all divine;  
And tell the wondring nations round  
How bright his glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace;  
In him unite their rays;  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King;  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

265

C. M. 1 COR. 16. 9.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessings we implore,  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power!  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear;  
Come then, and in thy people's eyes,  
With all thy wounds appear.

- 4 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,  
 To trample down their sin;  
 Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,  
 To take thy murd'ers in.
- 5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
 And prove the record true:  
 And all thy wounds to sinners cry,  
 "I suffered this for you!"

## 266 L. M. ISA. 4. 4. CRUTTENDEN.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?  
 Am I forbid to trust thy blood!  
 Hast thou not pardons rich and free;  
 And grace, an overwhelming flood!
- 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul  
 From thee, to regions of despair?  
 Who has survey'd the sacred roll,  
 And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought to fix the bound—  
 To limit mercy's sovereign reign:  
 What other happy souls have found  
 I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess:  
 Can men or devils make them more?  
 Of crimes already numberless,  
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,  
 While I remember thou hast dy'd,  
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight  
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Lo at thy feet I'll cast me down;  
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear,  
 And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—  
 I'll be the first who perish'd there.

## 267 L. M. HEB. 10. 22. BEDDOME.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,  
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;  
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,  
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign,  
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;  
And while my faith beholds it near,  
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;  
With courage sing, with fervor pray;  
And though myself a wretch undone,  
Hope for acceptance through thy son.
- 4 Thy Son, who on the 'cursed tree,  
Expired to set the vilest free;  
On this I build my only claim,  
And all I ask is in his name.
- 5 O, raise my heart and tune my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice;  
And spend the remnant of my days.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life;  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love—  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight—  
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey  
The Lord will food provide

BEFORE SERMON. 269-270-271

For such as put their trust in him,  
And see their needs supply'd.

269 L. M. 2 COR. 1. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring,  
Accept thy well deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be,  
Like our espousal, Lord, to thee;  
Like the blest hour when from above,  
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever, stay!  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor hope decline nor love grow cold!
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

270 L. M. REV. 11. 15. BEDDOME.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,  
And spread thy glories all abroad;  
Let thine own arm salvation bring,  
And thou be known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,  
Let humble mourners seek thy face,  
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,  
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world  
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;  
Let saints and angels praise thy name,  
Be thou through heaven and earth ador'd.

271 S. M. 1 JOHN 5. 1. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

272-273 BEFORE SERMON.

- 2 God pities all our griefs:  
He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are;  
What varied stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,  
We bless thy faithful care;  
Our advocate before the throne,  
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!  
Here wait, my warmest love!  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

272 L. M. LUKE 8. 18. FAWCETT.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word:  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfy'd with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will:  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

273 L. M. MATT. 28. 18.

- 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 your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,

By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

- 3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
Go cast out devils in my name;  
Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 Teach all the nations my commands;  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted in my hands,  
I can destroy and can defend."

## 274 C. M. ISA. 55. 1.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins!
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

## 275 C. M. 1 COR. 7. 31.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,  
Your glories I despise,

- Your friendship I no more pursue,  
Your flatt'ries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,  
Nor can you satisfy;  
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,  
And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, east and west,  
And riches of the sea,  
Without my God I could not rest,  
For he is all to me.
- 4 Then let my soul rise far above,  
By faith I'll take my wing  
To the eternal realms of love,  
Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste,  
There's treasures that endure;  
There's pleasures that will always last,  
When time shall be no more.

276 L. M. LUKE 23. 42. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they whose feet have found  
The way into Immanuel's ground;  
And steadfast walk the blissful road,  
Far from the paths by sinners trod.
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest,  
Contentedly on Jesus' breast;  
They so much of his mercy prove,  
As wins their grateful souls to love.
- 3 His spirit shows their sins forgiv'n,  
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n;  
And gives them patience here to wait,  
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 4 He arms them for the evil day,  
That they in heart with him might stay;  
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,  
And brings them through the trying hour.
- 5 Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,  
E'en Jesus Christ, the living word;  
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,  
'Till it break out in endless day.

277 C. M. JER. 6. 16. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,  
That leads to Zion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,  
Your pious march to join;  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favor there;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer.
- 4 O come and join your souls to God  
In everlasting bands;  
Accept the blessing he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands.

278 L. M. PHIL. 1. 23. SWAIN.

- 1 **M**Y soul, whene'er thou shalt arrive  
On those bright hills where angels live:  
What object first will draw thine eyes?  
And where wilt thou begin thy joys?
- 2 Methinks when I (releas'd from sin)  
My everlasting work begin,  
When on my new fledg'd wings I rise,  
And tread the shores beyond the skies—
- 3 I'll run through every golden street,  
And ask each happy soul I meet,  
'Where is the Lord whose praise you sing?  
Direct a stranger to the King.'
- 4 I'll search the blissfull mansions round;  
Nor rest till I my Lord have found;  
Till on his wounded side I gaze,  
And see my Saviour face to face.
- 5 There will I fix my wond'ring eyes:  
There I'll begin eternal joys,  
And look and love away my soul,  
While everlasting ages roll.

279

L. M. CANT. 7. 5.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace  
Appears the King, and thus he says;  
"How fair my saints are in my sight,  
My love how pleasant for delight!"
- 2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,  
There's heavenly grace in every word;  
From that dear mouth a stream divine  
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine,
- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip  
Of saints that were almost asleep,  
To speak the praises of thy name,  
And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know,  
In fields and villages below;  
Gives us a relish of his love,  
But keeps his noblest feasts above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the gates,  
An higher entertainment waits;  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
Where we shall feed; but thirst no more!

280

S. M. PSALM 95.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,  
The universal King,
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are his works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod,  
Come like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse  
The language of his grace,

And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
That unbelieving race.

- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,  
Will lift his hand and swear—  
“You that despise my promised rest,  
Shall have no portion there.”

281 L. M. EPH. 3. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the Lord whose power can do  
More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

282 L. M. PSALM 34. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:  
My soul shall glory in thy grace;  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Let ev'ry heart exalt his name:  
I sought the eternal God, and he  
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
With heavenly joy their faces shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and love divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
Oh fear and love him all his saints,  
Taste of his grace, and trust his word,

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.

283

C. M. PSALM 116.

WATTS.

1 **I** LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pity'd ev'ry groan;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away;  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray!

3 The Lord beheld me sore distress,  
He bade my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

4 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
And dry'd my falling tears;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

284

L. M. ACTS 9. 6.

FAWCETT.

1 **W**ITH melting hearts and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries;  
What shall I do or whither flee,  
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now I saw no danger nigh;  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in self deceit and pride,  
'I shall have peace at last,' I cry'd.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine,  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth and growing years,  
Before thy pure discerning eye,  
Lord what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue.  
Death and destruction are my due,

Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.

- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free in Jesus' name?  
To him I look and humbly cry,  
'O save a wretch condemned to die!'

285 C. M. PSALM 102. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice;  
Behold the promis'd hour:  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,  
Are precious in our eyes;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes;  
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.
- 4 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;  
And when his saints complain,  
It shan't be said, that praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain.
- 5 This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record;  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.

286 L. M. PSALM 117. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
In songs of praise, divinely sing:  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

- 4 In ev'ry land begin the song,  
To ev'ry land the strains belong,  
In cheerful sounds your voices raise.  
And fill the world with sounding praise.

## 287 L. M. CANT. 1. 7. WATTS

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest; among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:  
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be:  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood;  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my beloved leads me home.]

## 288 L. M. CANT. 5. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know  
Why should I love my Jesus so:  
"What are his charms," say they, "above  
The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight  
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my beloved meet and shine.
- 3 [White is his soul, from blemish free,  
Red with the blood he shed for me.  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,  
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 Compassions in his heart are found,  
Near to the signals of his wound;

His sacred side no more shall bear,  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

- 5 All over glorious is my Lord,  
Must be beloved and yet adored;  
His worth, if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

289 C. M. PSALM 115. 1. RIPPON.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,  
Bless'd Lamb, be glory giv'n:  
Here shall thy praises be begun,  
And carried on in heav'n.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee,  
Eternal anthems sing;  
To imitate them here, lo! we  
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,  
Like theirs our songs should rise:  
Like them, we never should be tir'd,  
But love the sacrifice.
- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,  
Accept our weaker lays;  
And when we reach thy Father's throne,  
We'll give thee nobler praise.

290 C. M. PHIL. 1. 6. MEDLEY.

- 1 **M**Y soul, arise in joyful lays,  
Renounce this earthly clod;  
Tune all thy powers to sweetest praise,  
And sing thy gracious God.
- 2 When in my heart his heav'nly love  
He sweetly sheds abroad,  
How joyfully he makes me prove  
He is my gracious God.
- 3 In all my trials here below,  
I'll humbly kiss his rod,  
For this thro' grace I surely know,  
He's still my gracious God.
- 4 In all the ways thro' which I've pass'd,  
And all the path's I've trod,  
It ever has appear'd at last,  
He's still my gracious God.

5 When in my last departing hour,  
I pass through deaths cold flood;  
Upheld by sov'reign love and pow'r,  
I'll sing my gracious God.

6 And when he shall my spirit bring  
To heav'n, my blest abode,  
There in eternity I'll sing,  
Thou art my gracious God.

291 C. M. PSALM 124. 1. WATTS. S.

1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long;  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.

2 There the blest Man, my Saviour sits;  
The God, how bright he shines!  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around;  
And move and charm the starry plains,  
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;  
Jesus, my love, they sing;  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

292 L. M. 1 COR. 15. 3. PERRY.

1 **S**INNERS rejoice, 'tis Christ that died;  
Behold his blood flows from his side,  
To wash your souls and raise you high,  
To dwell with God above the sky.

2 'Tis Christ that died, O love divine!  
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine;  
God reconcil'd, and sinners bought  
With Jesus' blood—how sweet the thought.

3 'Tis Christ that died, a truth indeed,  
On which my faith would ever feed:  
Nor let the works that I perform,  
Be nam'd to swell a haughty worm.

4 'Tis Christ that died, 'tis Christ was slain  
To save my soul from endless pain.

AFTER SERMON. 293-294-295

'Tis Christ that died, shall be my theme,  
While I have breath to praise his name.

293 C. M. HEB. 5. 6 CENNICK.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,  
In mercy to us speak;  
And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay:  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all thy favor'd throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

294 C. M. MATT. 13. 3. 23. NEEDHAM.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,  
Be it thy servant's care,  
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,  
By humble, fervent prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water too in vain:  
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,  
Send down thy heav'nly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues,  
Begin this song divine;  
Thou, Lord hast giv'n the rich increase,  
And be the glory thine.

295 L. M GAL. 1. 4. FAWCETT.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
His life my wretched soul to save:  
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove,  
Till melted and constrain'd by love:

With sin and self I freely part,  
The love of Christ has won my heart.

3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,  
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;  
My debts he pays, and sets me free,  
And makes his riches o'er to me.

4 Lost in astonishment, I see,  
Jesus! thy boundless love to me;  
With angels, I thy grace adore,  
And long to love and praise thee more.

5 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride!  
O Saviour, keep me near thy side!  
I fain would give thee all my heart,  
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

## 296 S. M. 1 COR. 6. 17. DODDRIDGE.

1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine,  
By everlasting bands;  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee our head;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;  
But love shall keep us near thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

## 297 L. M. 1 COR. 15. 57. WATTS. L.

1 **B**ELIEVER, lift thy drooping head,  
Thy Saviour has the vict'ry gain'd;  
See all thy foes in triumph led,  
And everlasting life obtain'd.

- 2 God from the grave has rais'd his Son,  
Death and the powers of hell are spoil'd;  
Justice declares the work is done,  
And God and man are reconcil'd.
- 3 Lo! the Redeemer leaves the tomb;  
Behold "Salvation's Captain" rise!  
His mighty arms their strength resume,  
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.
- 4 Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,  
Give to his name the glory due;  
O let his love your hearts constrain  
To live to him who died for you.
- 5 Earth's empty toys no more esteem,  
Your minds from worldly thoughts remove;  
Let your affections rise with him,  
And set your hearts on things above.

298 C. M. ACTS 20. 24. NEWTON.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please;  
No more content afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen 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,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee,  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me.
- 6 Yes—tho' of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refused thee still.

299-300-301 AFTER SERMON.

299 C. M. MATT. 11. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners come,  
And wipe away your tears;  
Adieu to all your sad complaints,  
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,  
And sing the Saviour's love;  
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,  
In loftier strains above.
- 3 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift  
His bounteous hands bestow;  
And thanks eternal for that love  
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 4 Forever let my grateful heart  
His boundless grace adore,  
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,  
And bids me hope for more.
- 5 Transporting hope! still on my soul  
Let thy sweet glories shine,  
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,  
Immortal and divine.

300 L. M. MATT. 13. 23.

- 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 court to seek thy face;  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

301 C. M. REV. 15. 4.

- 1 **Y**E saints of ev'ry rank, with joy,  
To God your off'rings bring;  
Let towns and cities, hills and vales,  
With loud hosannas ring.
- 2 Let him receive the glory due  
To his exalted name;  
With thankful tongues and hearts inflam'd,  
His wond'rous deeds proclaim.

- 3 Praise him in elevated strains,  
 And make the *world* to know,  
 How *great* the master whom you serve,  
 And yet how gracious too.

302 C. M. PSALM 115. 6.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
 While you rehearse his deeds;  
 But the great work of saving love  
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
 Proclaim your Maker blest,  
 Yet when my voice expires in death,  
 My soul shall praise him best.

303 L. M. 2 COR. 12. 9. NEWTON.

- 1 **I**ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace;  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r:  
 But it has been in such a way,  
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,  
 At once he'd answer my request,  
 And by his love's constraining power,  
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart;  
 And let the angry powers of hell,  
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more—with his own hands he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my woe;  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried,  
 Wilt thou pursue a worm to death?

304-305 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

'Tis in this way the Lord replied,  
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

- 7 These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

304 C. M. PSALM 122. WATTS.

1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
*In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day.*

2 I love the gates, I love the road;  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown,  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest!  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,  
Be her attendants bless'd.

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

305 L. M. PSALM 84. WATTS.

1 **G**REAT GOD! attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs:  
To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace;

Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day:  
God is our shield—he guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King! whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey:  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

## 306 C. M. PSALM 27. WATTS.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,  
Ye children seek my grace,  
My heart replied without delay,  
I'll seek my Father's face.
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
Nor frown my soul away;  
God of my life I fly to thee  
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God will make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,  
Had not my soul believed  
To see thy grace provide relief,  
Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

## 307 C. M. PSALM 116. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?

My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My off'rings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are,  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move,  
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

308

C. M. PSALM 1.

WATTS.

1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place,  
Where sinners love to meet:  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,  
Has placed his chief delight;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust:  
What vain designs they form!  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.

- 5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
 Among the sons of grace,  
 When Christ the judge, at his right hand  
 Appoints his saints a place.
- 6 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
 His heart approves it well;  
 But crooked ways of sinners lead  
 Down to the gates of hell.

## 309 C. M. PSALM 84. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul how lovely is the place,  
 To which thy God resorts!  
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
 Tho' in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies,  
 His saving power displays;  
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
 With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the Heavenly Dove  
 Descends and fills the place;  
 While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,  
 And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There Mighty God! thy words declare  
 The secrets of thy will;  
 And still we seek thy mercy there,  
 And sing thy praises still.

## 310 C. M. PSALM 90. WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR GOD, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame;  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
 "Return ye sons of men;"  
 All nations rose from earth at first,  
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising dawn.
- 6 Our God our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

## 311 C. M. PSALM 111. 8. WATTS.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his works of might  
 Demand our noblest songs;  
 Let his assembled saints unite  
 Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
 He gives his children food;  
 And, ever mindful of his word,  
 He makes his promise good.
- 3 His son, the great Redeemer, came  
 To seal his cov'nant sure;  
 Holy and reverend is his name,  
 His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,  
 Must with his fear begin;  
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
 In hating every sin.

## 312 C. M. REV. 15. 8. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God,  
 Who would not fear thy name!  
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are,  
 Who would not love the Lamb!
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,  
 Our Prophet and our King;  
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
 And taught our lips to sing.

- 3 When through the desert Israel went,  
 With manna they were fed;  
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
 And calls it living bread.
- 4 Moses beheld the promis'd land,  
 Yet never reach'd the place;  
 But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
 To see his Father's face.
- 5 Then will our love and joy be full,  
 And feel a warmer flame;  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

## 313 L. M. PSALM 122. WATTS.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,  
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;  
 We leave this worthless world afar,  
 And wait and worship at thy feet.
- 2 Lord in the temple of thy grace,  
 We see thy feet and we adore;  
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
 And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
 United groans ascend on high:  
 And prayers produce a quick return  
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage and sin grow strong,  
 Here we receive some cheering word:  
 We gird the gospel armor on,  
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,  
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)  
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise,  
 With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 6 Father my soul would still abide  
 Within thy temple, near thy side;  
 But if my feet must hence depart,  
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

## 314 L. M. ISA. 57. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the High and Lofty One—  
 I sit upon my holy throne;

My name is God; I dwell on high:  
Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 But I descend to worlds below;  
On earth I have a mansion too;  
The humble spirit and contrite,  
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive,  
I bid the mourning sinner live;  
Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 [When I contend againt their sin,  
I make them know how vile they've been;  
But should my wrath forever smoke,  
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke!
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair and die!  
Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chastning love.]

315 L. M. PROV. 8. 34. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord—  
Bless'd is the man that hears my word;  
Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain:  
Immortal life is his reward,  
Life and the favor of the Lord.
- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me  
Doth his own soul an injury:  
Fools that against my grace rebel,  
Seek death, and love the road to hell.

316 L. M. 2 CHRO. 6. 18. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HY favors, Lord, surprise our souls!  
Will the Eternal dwell with us?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles,  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;  
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

- 3 Great God what poor returns we pay,  
 For love so infinite as thine;  
 Words are but air, and tongues but clay, }  
 But thy compassion's all divine.

## 317 C. M. MATT. 10. 37. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!  
 How false, and yet how fair!  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
 And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
 Give but a flatt'ring light;  
 We should suspect some danger nigh,  
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and dearest friends,  
 The partners of our blood,  
 How they divide our wavering minds,  
 And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love;  
 How strong it strikes the sense!  
 Thither the warm affections move,  
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be  
 My soul's eternal food;  
 And grace command my heart away  
 From all created good.

## 318 C. M. EPH. 2. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more,  
 Who grow profanely great,  
 Though they increase their golden store  
 And rise to wond'rous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
 Upon this earthly clod!  
 Well! they may search the creature thro'  
 For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too, }  
 And think your life your own,  
 But death comes hastening on to you;  
 To mow your glory down.

## 319-320 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head  
    Away your spirit flies,  
And no kind angel near your bed  
    To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
    And tell how bright you shine:  
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,  
    And my Redeemer's mine.

### 319 C. M. PSALM 34. WATTS.

- 1 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day to day,  
    How good are all his ways!  
Ye humble souls that use to pray,  
    Come help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honor of his name,  
    How a poor suff'rer cried;  
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,  
    Nor was his suit denied.
- 3 O sinners, come and taste his love,  
    Come, learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
    The sweetness of his grace.
- 4 O love the Lord, ye saints of his;  
    His eyes regard the just:  
How richly blest their portion is,  
    Who make the Lord their trust!

### 320 S. M. PSALM 84. STENNETT.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,  
    Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
    And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
    To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
    Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,  
    With radiant glory crown'd,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
    And smile on all around.

- 4 To him their prayers and cries  
 Each humble soul presents;  
 He listens to their broken sighs,  
 And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will  
 He graciously imparts:  
 And in return accepts with smiles  
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
 Within thy blest abode,  
 Among the children of thy grace  
 The servants of my God.

321

L. M. PSALM 24.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;  
 With long desire my spirit faints  
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode?  
 My panting heart cries out for God!  
 My God! My King! why should I be  
 So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
 And for her young provides her nest:  
 But will my God to sparrows grant  
 That pleasure which his children want?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
 Around thy throne of majesty;  
 Thy brightest glories shine above,  
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
 Within the temple of thy grace:  
 There they behold thy gentler rays,  
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
 To find a way to Zion's gate;  
 God is their strength; and thro' the road  
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
 Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there.

322

C. M. PSALM 5.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
 My voice ascending high;  
 To thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone  
 To plead for all his saints,  
 Presenting at his Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
 To taste thy mercies there;  
 I will frequent thine holy court,  
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness,  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.

323

S. M. PSALM 19.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way;  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,<sup>3</sup>  
 It spreads diviner light;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!  
 And all thy judgments just;  
 Forever sure, thy promise, Lord, <sup>7</sup>  
 And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions given;  
 O may I never read in vain,  
 But find the path to heaven.

324

C. M. PSALM 63.

WATTS.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink, or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,  
Through all thy temple shine,  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

325

S. M. ISA. 66. 23.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to day:  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,

And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## 326 L. M. PSALM 92. WATTS.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his work, and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine;  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired, or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

## 327 C. M. PSALM 118. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
' To day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son;  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God, his Father's name,  
' To save our sinful race.

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

328 L. M PSALM 118. WATTS.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious Corner-stone  
 The Jewish builders did refuse!  
 But God hath built his church thereon,  
 In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
 The joy and wonder of our eyes;  
 This is the day that proves it thine,  
 The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;  
 Hosanna, let his name be blest;  
 A thousand honors on his head,  
 With peace and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
 Salvation to our dying race;  
 Let the whole Church address their King  
 With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

329 S. M. PSALM 99. WATTS.

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

330

C. M. ACTS 20. 7.

MASON.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,  
 On this sweet day of rest;  
 O bless this flock, and make this fold  
 Enjoy an heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome, and precious to my soul  
 Are these sweet days of love;  
 But what a sabbath shall I keep,  
 When I shall rest above.
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,  
 Here, in thine own appointed way,  
 I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
 On which my Lord I've seen;  
 And oft when feasting on his word,  
 In raptures I have been.
- 5 O if my soul, when death appears,  
 In this sweet frame be found:  
 I'd clasp my Saviour in mine arms,  
 And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 I long for that delightful hour,  
 When from this clay undrest,  
 I shall be clothed in robes divine,  
 And made forever blest.

331

L. M. ISA. 66. 23.

HARRISON.

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart! my soul arise!  
 This is the day believers prize;  
 Improve this sabbath then with care;  
 Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought!—Lord give me power,  
 Wisely to fill up every hour;  
 O for the wings of faith and love  
 To bear my heart and soul above.
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
 To worship thee within the veil!  
 To glorify thy matchless grace,  
 To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to day,  
 And tune my heart to praise and pray;

Command thy word to fall, like dew,  
Refreshing, quickening all anew.

- 5 Call forth my thoughts and let them rove  
O'er the green pastures of thy love;  
O let not sin prevent my rest,  
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.
- 6 Give to thy church a large increase,  
Send her prosperity and peace;  
May all the saints in Zion say,  
O happy, happy, happy day!

332

L. M. PSALM 84.

STENNETT.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six day's work is done,  
Another sabbath is begun;  
Return my soul, enjoy the rest,  
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
In various scenes, both old and new;  
With praise we think on mercies past—  
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

333

C. M. ISA. 66.

CENNICK.

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene  
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,  
Without a veil between!

- 2 Assist me while I wander here,  
Amidst a world of cares;  
Incline my heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 [Release my soul from every chain,  
No more hell's captive led,  
And pardon a repenting child,  
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
That gives itself to thee;  
Take all that I possess below,  
And give thyself to me.]
- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
To be my guide and friend;  
To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
To sabbaths without end.

## 334 C. M. ISA. 66.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quick'ning beams;  
And yet how slow devotion burns,  
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties Lord forgive;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend,  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine.

## 335 C. M. LUKE 24. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join with one accord,  
In hymns around the throne;  
This is the day our rising Lord  
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,  
The brightest of the seven,

Type of that everlasting rest,  
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,  
And hasten to that day,  
When our Redeemer shall come down,  
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,  
Let us in hymns employ;  
And in our Lord rejoicing go  
To his eternal joy.

**336** S. M. PSALM 66. 16. STENNETT.

1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense  
Assail'd my foolish heart,  
While Satan, with malicious skill,  
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,  
But fell to rise again;  
My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.

5 At length to God I cried,  
He heard my plaintive sigh;  
He heard and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head he rais'd,  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile  
The gracious pardon seal'd.

7 O, may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

337

L. M. JOHN 10. 9.

KELLY.

- 1 **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
Enter in Jesus' precious name:  
We welcome thee with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove:  
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known,  
We'll share each others hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's case our own.

338

C. M. HEB. 11. 13.

- 1 **G**O on, ye pilgrims, while below,  
In the pure paths of peace;  
Determined nothing else to know,  
But Jesus and his grace.
- 2 Observe your leader, follow him;  
He through this world has been  
Often revil'd, but like a lamb,  
Did ne'er revile again.
- 3 O take the pattern he has given,  
And love your enemies;  
And learn the only way to heaven,  
In self denial lies.
- 4 Remember you must watch and pray,  
While journeying on the road,  
Lest you should fall out by the way,  
And wound the cause of God.
- 5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,  
That feeds th' immortal mind;  
For fruitless leaves no more dispute,  
But leave them to the wind.
- 6 Go on rejoicing night and day,  
Your crown is yet before;  
Defy the trials of your way,  
The storm will soon be o'er.

339 S. M. EPH. 2. FELLOWS.

1 **D**EAR friends, as you have own'd  
The Saviour for your Lord;  
And to his people join'd yourselves,  
According to his word.

2 In Zion you must dwell,  
His people ne'er forsake;  
Must come to all his solemn feasts,  
And all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,  
And your increasing care:  
Her welfare be your constant wish,  
And her increase your prayer.

340 L. M. PSALM 66. 16. BURNHAM.

1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear,  
To hear the happy saints declare,  
The free compassions of a God,  
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell  
What they have felt and now they feel;  
O Saviour help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done;  
We'll join to praise eternal love,  
And heighten all the joys above.

341 L. M. 2 COR. 3. 2. BURNHAM.

1 **F**IRST have these lovers of the word  
Yielded their souls to Christ the Lord;  
Now to the Church themselves they give,  
Now to the Saviour may they live.

2 Lord, may these honor'd saints of thine  
Ever upon thy breast recline;  
Thy name revere, thy word obey;  
And O! forever watch and pray.

3 May they continue in thy ways,  
Delight to pray—delight to praise;  
May they with us abide in love,  
And shortly soar to realms above.

342

7s. ACTS 8. 39.

PEARCE.

- 1 **O** HOW sweet it is to me  
 'Fore my gracious Lord to fall,  
 Talk with him continually,  
 Make my blessed Jesus all.
- 2 Other pleasures I have sought,  
 Tried the world a thousand times;  
 Peace pursued, but found it not,  
 For I still retain'd my crimes.
- 3 Never could my heart be blest,  
 Till from guilt I found it freed;  
 Jesus, now, has me releas'd,  
 I in him am free indeed.
- 4 Saviour bind me to thy cross;  
 Let thy love possess my heart;  
 [ All besides I count but dross—  
 Christ and I will never part.
- 5 In his blood such peace I find,  
 In his love such joy is given;  
 He who is to Jesus join'd,  
 Finds on earth a little heaven.

343

L. M. GEN. 24. 31.

GODWIN.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,  
 Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood,  
 Welcome with us, thine hand to join  
 As partner of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,  
 We're travelling to a blissful place;  
 The holy Ghost, who knows the way,  
 Conducts thee on from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross and bear it on,  
 It shall be light, and not be long;  
 Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,  
 And wear an everlasting crown.

344

L. M. PROV. 13. 4.

- 1 **R**ENEW'D by grace, we love the word  
 And yield our souls to Christ the Lord;  
 Then to the Church ourselves we give,  
 In holy fellowship to live.

2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,  
And sweetly on thy breast recline;  
Thy name revere, thy word obey,  
And never cease to watch and pray.

3 May we continue in thy ways,  
Delight to pray, delight to praise,  
Among the saints abide in love,  
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

345 L. M. LUKE 15. 10. STENNETT.

1 **W**HENE'ER a sinner turns to God  
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,  
The happy news makes angels smile,  
And tell the joys above the skies.

2 Well may the Church below rejoice,  
And echo back the heavenly sound:  
This soul was dead, but now's alive,  
This sheep was lost, but now is found.

3 Glory to God, on high be given,  
For his unbounded love to men  
Let saints below and saints above,  
In concert join their loud amen.

346 L. M. EPH. 2. 19. HART.

1 **L**ORD, bless thy saints assembled here,  
In solemn cov'nant now to join;  
Unite them in thy holy fear,  
And in thy love their hearts combine.

2 May they thy living members prove,  
Tho' all by nature once were dead:  
Be thou their Lord, their life, their love,  
Their husband and their living head.

3 Thus constituted, may they be  
Part of thy general church below;  
Yet independent, but on thee,  
For thou alone their wants can know.

4 O give this church a large increase  
Of such as thou wilt own and bless:  
Lord fill their hearts with joy and peace,  
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

# 347-348-349 CHURCH MEETINGS.

## 347 L. M. PROV. 13. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy sovereign grace,  
Who crown'st thy gospel with success;  
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,  
And bringing to the fold thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confest,  
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,  
From day to day still more increase,  
In faith, in love, and holiness.
- 3 As living members may they share  
The joys and griefs which others bea  
And active in their stations prove,  
In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations now defend,  
And keep them stedfast to the end;  
While in thy house they still improve,  
Until they join the church above.

## 348 C. M. NOEL.

- 1 **O**H! with what pleasure we behold  
Sinners to canaan move,  
Leaving the fleeting things of earth,  
For greater things above.
- 2 These having openly confest  
The great Immanuel's name,  
With sacred pleasure we receive,  
As lovers of the Lamb.
- 3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,  
And grow in heavenly love;  
Still may they fight the fight of faith,  
Till crown'd with thee above.

## 349 C. M. BURNHAM.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear  
Poor sinners sweetly tell  
How thou art pleas'd to save from sin,  
From sorrow, death, and hell.
- 2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name  
For grace so freely given:  
Still may they keep in Zion's road,  
And dwell at last in heaven.

350

6s.

5s.

LYON.

- 1 **C**OME tell us your troubles, ye saints of the  
 Lord, [word:  
 And tell us what comfort you've found in his  
 Although you're unworthy, in Jesus be bold,  
 Tell what a kind Saviour has done for your soul.
- 2 Tell how you discovered the state you were in,  
 How weary you felt your burden of sin;  
 Come tell us your sorrows, your doubts, and  
 your fear,  
 Your brethren are waiting and longing to hear.
- 3 Come, now we'll attend to the glorious news,  
 Plead not your unworthiness for an excuse;  
 But speak while we try to assist you by pray'r  
 And the angels above will rejoice for to hear.

351

C. M. PSALM 133.

HOLMAN.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy presence here we meet,  
 May we in thee be found;  
 O, make the place divinely sweet  
 O, let thy grace abound.
- 2 To day the order of thy house  
 We would in peace maintain;  
 We would renew our solemn vows,  
 And heavenly strength regain.
- 3 Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart,  
 Our faith and hope increase;  
 Display thy love in every heart,  
 And keep us all in peace.
- 4 Let no discordant passions rise  
 To mar the work of love;  
 But hold us in those heavenly ties,  
 That bind the saints above.
- 5 With harmony and union bless,  
 That we may own to thee,  
 How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,  
 When brethren all agree.
- 6 May Zion's good be kept in view,  
 And bless our feeble aim,  
 That all we undertake to do  
 May glorify thy name.

352

C. M. GEN. 24. 56.

RYLAND.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue;  
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Thro' floods and flames if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes;  
Hinder me not shall be my cry,  
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 3 ['Stay,' says the world and taste awhile,  
'My very pleasant sweet;'  
Hinder me not, my soul replies,  
Because the way is great.
- 4 'Stay,' Satan, my old master, cries,  
'Or force shall thee detain;'  
Hinder me not, I will be gone—  
My God hath broke my chain.
- 5 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,  
I'll go at his command;  
Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be—  
Hinder me not—come welcome death—  
I'll gladly go with thee.

353

L. M. ROM. 6. 3. 4.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye sons of God, and view  
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you,  
Behold him sink with heavy woes,  
And give his life to save his foes!
- 2 Here in the pure baptismal wave,  
You see the emblem of his grave:  
Come all who would his laws obey,  
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 When you ascend above the flood,  
Then call to mind your rising God;  
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,  
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 4 Ye too are bury'd with your Lord,  
Who in the water own his word;

And joyfully perceive therein,  
An emblem of your death to sin.

- 5 Ascending from the stream, behold  
An emblem of your life restor'd;  
Live unto him who died for you,  
And all his just commandments do.

354 C. M. ACTS. 8. 38. BEDDOME.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work  
Which we attend to day!  
Now for a holy, solemn frame,  
O God, to thee we pray.

- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,  
When pain'd and griev'd of heart,  
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,  
Reliev'd our every smart,

- 3 Let graces then in exercise  
Be exercis'd again:  
And nurtur'd by celestial power,  
In exercise remain.

- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,  
Wake fortitude and joy:  
Vain world, begone; let things above  
Our happy thoughts employ.

- 5 Instruct our mind, our will subdue,  
To heaven our passions raise,  
That hence our lives, our all may be  
Devoted to thy praise.

355 L. M. COL. 2. 12. LELAND.

- 1 **C**OME saints and sinners, now behold  
How Jesus was baptiz'd of old;  
Like him, we now despise the shame  
To be baptiz'd in his dear name.

- 2 We here are come the world to tell,  
How Jesus sav'd our souls from hell;  
And shall we not his love proclaim,  
And be baptiz'd in his dear name.

- 3 The Saviour's grave before us lies,  
From whence he did triumphant rise;  
We cheerful venture through the same  
And rise baptiz'd in his dear name.

- 4 Then would our grateful hearts express  
His ways are ways of pleasantness;  
Our souls would feel a joyful frame,  
And live baptiz'd in his dear name.
- 5 Come, ye that love the Lord, and say,  
We will no longer disobey;  
If love divine your souls inflame,  
Come, be baptiz'd in Jesus' name.

356

8s. 6s. ACTS 2. 38.

BURNHAM.

- 1 **R**EPENT, and be baptiz'd,  
Saith your redeeming Lord,  
Ye all are now appriz'd,  
That 'tis your Saviour's word;  
Arise, arise, without delay,  
And his divine command obey.
- 2 Ye penitential race,  
Who fall at Jesus' feet,  
Sav'd by his glorious grace,  
Come, to his will submit;  
And be baptiz'd without delay,  
And his divine command obey.
- 3 Come ye believing train,  
No more this truth withstand;  
No longer think it vain  
To honor God's command;  
But haste, arise without delay,  
And be baptiz'd in Jesus' way.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,  
To thy great name we pray;  
Make the converted race  
Thine ordinance obey;  
O may thy love their souls o'ercome,  
And draw them to the liquid tomb.

357

C. M. ROM. 1. 16.

RIPPON.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and has thy pard'ning love  
Embrac'd a wretch so vile!  
Then kindly bid each cloud remove,  
And bless me with thy smile!

- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,  
 And all its shame despis'd?  
 And shall I be asham'd O Lord,  
 With thee to be baptiz'd?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
 In Jordan's swelling flood!  
 And shall my pride disdain the deed  
 That's worthy of my God!
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love  
 Reproves my cold delays:  
 And now my willing footsteps move  
 In thy delightful ways.

**358** 8s. 6s. MATT. 3. 6. 16.

- 1 **O** GLORIOUS God of grace,  
 Look from thy radiant throne;  
 And with approving smiles  
 This institution own;  
 In streams of rapture may we sing,  
 While we confess our Lord and King.
- 2 Jordan we call to mind,  
 Where Jesus was baptiz'd;  
 Where the eternal God  
 Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd;  
 Whose brightest rays of glory shone  
 Around his own belov'd Son.
- 3 Inspir'd with love and zeal,  
 The grateful saints pursue  
 Th' appointed paths of God,  
 With Jesus in their view!  
 They own their Saviour strong to save;  
 They own him in the watery grave.
- 4 Now while thy saints attend  
 This ordinance of thine:  
 O bless their waiting souls,  
 With comforts all divine;  
 Give them a soul refreshing sight  
 Of the blest realms of heavenly light.

**359** L. M. MATT. 3. 6. 16. RIPON.

- 1 **C**OME, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
 Come and obey his sacred word;

- He died and rose again for you,  
 What more could the Redeemer do?
- 2 We to this place are come to show  
 What we to boundless mercy owe;  
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,  
 And tread the path he trod before.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly dove,  
 On these baptismal waters move;  
 That rising from this watery tomb,  
 Our souls may go rejoicing home.

## 360 C. M. MARK 16. 15. NEWTON.

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wond'rous  
 grace,  
 "To all the sons of men:  
 "He that believes and is baptiz'd,  
 "Salvation shall obtain."
- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
 Who hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declar'd,  
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the christian race;  
 And through the troubles of the way,  
 Find all sufficient grace.

## 361 7s. MARK 8. 38. LELAND.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, if your hearts are warm;  
 Ice and snow can do no harm;  
 If by Jesus you are priz'd,  
 Rise, believe, and be baptiz'd.
- 2 Jesus drank the gall for you,  
 (Bore the curse to mortals due)  
 Children prove your love to him;  
 Never fear the frozen stream.
- 3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,  
 All on earth is worthless dross,  
 If the Saviour's love you feel  
 Let the world behold your zeal,
- 4 Fire is good to warm the soul,  
 Water purifies the foul;

Fire and water both agree,  
Winter, soldiers, never flee.

- 5 Every season of the year,  
Let your worship be sincere;  
When the storm prevents your roam,  
Serve your gracious Lord at home.
- 6 Read his sacred word by day,  
Ever watching, always pray;  
Meditate his law by night,  
This will give you great delight.

362

L. M. MARK 8. 38.

FRANCIS.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee!  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glory shines through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus, just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.
- 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! yes I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!  
And O! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,  
Take up my cross—the shame despise;  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.]

# 363-364-365 BAPTISM.

**363** C. M. COL. 2. 12. STENNETT.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd  
In Jordan's swelling flood,  
To show he must be soon baptized  
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid,  
Beneath the yielding wave;  
Thus was his sacred body rais'd  
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,  
In thy own footsteps tread;  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living head.

**364** 8s. 7s. MATT. 3. 6. 16. FAWCETT.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation,  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
Hear the voice of revelation,  
Tread the paths that Jesus trod,  
Flee to him your only Saviour,  
In his mighty name confide;  
In the whole of your behaviour,  
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,  
Listen to his gracious voice:  
Dread no ills that can befall you,  
While you make his ways your choice.  
Jesus says, "let each believer,  
Be baptized in my name;"  
He himself in Jordan's river,  
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
Follow him without delay:  
Gladly his command embracing,  
Lo! your captain leads the way.  
View the rite with understanding,  
Jesus' grave before you lies;  
Be interr'd at his commanding;  
After his example rise.

**365** L. M. ACTS 2. 41. 42. STENNETT.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,  
Who came the lost to seek and save,

Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

- 2 Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
All righteousness, he meekly said,  
Why should we then to do his will,  
Or be asham'd, or be afraid.
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,  
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;  
'Tis wond'rous grace that gives us room  
To lie interr'd with such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,  
To let us see the light again;  
So, on the resurrection day,  
The bands of death proved weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,  
The gates of death shall open wide;  
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
And rise and triumph at thy side.

366 L. M. MATT. 28. 19. RIPPON.

- 1 **G**O teach the nations, and baptize,  
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries;  
His glad apostles took the word;  
And round the nations preach'd their Lord;
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
We to his holy laver bring  
These happy converts, who have known  
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,  
O bless them with peculiar grace;  
Refresh their souls with love divine,  
Let beams of glory round them shine.

367 L. M. MATT. 28. 10.

- 1 **W**HATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,  
Is always worthy of our songs:  
And all thy works, and all thy ways,  
Demand our wonder and our praise.
- 2 All ye that love Immanuel's name,  
And long to feel the increasing flame,  
'Tis you, ye children of the light!  
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

- 3 Ye, who your native vileness mourn,  
And to the great Redeemer turn,  
Who see your wretched state by sin,  
"Ye blessed of the Lord come in."
- 4 Hosanna to the Church's Head,  
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!  
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,  
And then immers'd in sweat and blood.
- 5 Amazing grace! and shall I still  
Prove disobedient to thy will?  
Ah! no; dear Lord, the watery tomb  
Belongs to thee, and there I come.
- 6 Apostles trod this holy ground;  
This is the road believers go,  
My Jesus in this way was found,  
I charge my soul to tread it too.

## 368 L. M. COL. 2. 13. WATTS.

- 1 **D**O we not know the solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord;  
Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again;  
The various lusts we served before,  
Shall have dominion now no more.

## 369 L. M. MATT. 3. 6. 16. SWAIN.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace  
The path their great Redeemer trod;  
And follow through his liquid grave,  
The meek, the lowly Son of God.
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire;  
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,  
They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite! by thee, the name  
Of Jesus we to own begin,

This is our resurrection pledge,  
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

- 4 Glory to God on high be given,  
Who shows his grace to sinful men;  
Let saints on earth, and saints in heaven,  
In concert join their loud amen.

**370** L. M. MATT. 8. 12. NOEL.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our Saviour, God,  
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!  
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,  
And then immers'd in sweat and blood!
- 2 Behold the grave where Jesus lay,  
Before he spilt his precious blood!  
How plain he mark'd the humble way  
To sinners, through the mystic flood!
- 3 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Come, and obey his sacred word;  
He died, and rose again for you;  
What more could the Redeemer do?
- 4 We to this place are come, to show  
What we to boundless mercy owe;  
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,  
And tread the path he trod before.

**371** L. M. ACTS 8. 12.

1. **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear  
With humble joy and holy fear,  
Thy wise injunctions to obey;  
Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,  
Great things for us thy grace has done;  
Constrain'd by thy Almighty love,  
Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,  
Obedient to thy great command;  
The sacred flood is full in view,  
And thy sweet voice invites us thro'.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,  
Must not invite and be denied;  
Was not the Lord, who came to save,  
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

372-373-374 WORSHIP.

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,  
Receive us rising from the stream;  
Then to thy table let us come,  
And dwell in Zion as our home.

372 C. M. MARK 8. 38. KIRKHAM.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And make me truly bold;  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 "Let mockers scoff, let men defame,  
And treat me with disdain;  
Still may I glorify thy name,  
And count their slander gain."
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,  
And all my powers resign;  
Let wisdom point out what is fit,  
And I'll no more repine.

373 C. M. MATT. 3. 6. 16.

- 1 **B**URIED in Jordan was our Lord,  
As well as in the tomb;  
And in obedience to his word,  
We imitate the Lamb.
- 2 This ordinance is plainly given,  
'Tis left upon record;  
Though not to save, or take to heaven,  
But show we love the Lord.

374 C. M. PSALM 103. 1. 5. ADDISON.

- 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 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,

- When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran;  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll adore;  
 And after death in distant worlds,  
 Thy mercy still explore.
- 7 Thro' all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 But O, eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

375 L. M. ROM. 5. 21.

WATTS.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,  
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own;  
 Great God! we own the unhappy name,  
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 Adam the sinner; at his fall,  
 Death like a conqueror seiz'd us all;  
 A thousand new-born babes are dead,  
 By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,  
 Behold the terrors of thy law,  
 We sing the honors of thy grace,  
 That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
 Who join'd our nature to his own;  
 Adam the second from the dust,  
 Raises the ruins of the first.

5 Where sin did reign and death abound,  
 There have the sons of Adam found  
 Abounding life : there glorious grace  
 Reigns through the Lord, our righteousness.

**376** C. M. JOHN 10. 28. WATTS.

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

2 His honor is engaged to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All that his heavenly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
 His fav'rites from his breast;  
 In the dear bosom of his love  
 They must forever rest.

**377** S. M. PSALM 63. WATTS.

1 **M**Y God permit my tongue  
 This joy to call thee mine;  
 And let my early cries prevail,  
 To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
 Thy mercy doth implore;  
 Not travellers in desert lands  
 Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
 I long to find a place;  
 Thy power and glory to behold,  
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life without thy love  
 No relish can afford;  
 No joy can be compared with this,  
 To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,  
 And praise thee while I live;  
 Not the rich dainties of a feast,  
 Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,  
 I call my God to mind;

I think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.

- 7 Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies;  
And on thy watchful providence;  
My cheerful hope relies.

378 C. M. LUKE 10. 42. TOPLADY.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see;  
The one thing needful dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy redeeming love  
Into my soul convey;  
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,  
My all in all I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
My comfort to restore;  
More than thyself I cannot crave,  
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again  
With love intenc I'd burn;  
Chosen of thee ere time began,  
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
O teach me to resign:  
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
If thou, O God, art mine.

379 L. M. REV. 5. 11. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood:  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning priest,  
To Jesus, our superior king,

Be everlasting power confess'd,  
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
'Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once;  
Then he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day;  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

380 C. M. LUKE 14. 22. DODDRIDGE.

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

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given;  
'Thro the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.

3. Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from your most obscure retreats  
And grace shall find you room.

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

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the whole assembled world  
O'erfill the spacious room.

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

381 C. M. CANT. 5 1. STENNETT.

1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place.

- 2 I that was all defiled with sin  
A rebel to my God;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room!  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 Eat, O my friends! the Saviour cries,  
The feast was made for you:  
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,  
And rose and triumph'd too.
- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love:  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,  
What will it be above!
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers:  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to thee;  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

## 382 C. M. JOHN 6. 53. 66. STENNETT.

**H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet  
To feed on food divine;  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.

- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies!  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,  
O what delightful food!  
We eat the bread and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler good.
- 4 The bitter torments he endured,  
Upon the accursed tree,

Each welcome guest may truly say,  
We're borne from love to me.

- 5 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour so divine;  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

383 C. M. LUKE 14. 22. STEELE.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come:  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
There love and pity meet;  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled,  
Invites your souls to come:  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love;  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There with united heart and voice  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstacies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come:  
Ye longing souls the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room.

384 C. M. MATT. 26. 27. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine;  
The Lord will his own tables bless,  
And make the feast divine.

- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Drest in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky;  
Christ will provide our souls with grace;  
He bought a large supply.
- 5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast;  
We love the memory of his name,  
More than the wine we taste.

## 385 C. M. JOHN 6. 7.

- 1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath;  
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise;  
The sinner views the atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heavenly crowns;  
Our highest gains spring from thy loss,  
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O!'tis impossible that we  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

## 386 L. M. 1 COR. 11. 23. WATTS.

- 1 **I**T WAS on that dark and doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest, and brake,

What love through all his actions ran!  
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake.

- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;  
 Receive, and eat the living food;"  
 Then took the cup and blest the wine:  
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn;  
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
 And justice pour'd upon his head  
 Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
 To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
 When for black crimes of biggest size,  
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.

387 C. M. LUKE 14. 17. 22. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
 With Christ within the doors;  
 While everlasting love displays  
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 Here every bowel of our God  
 With soft compassion rolls:  
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood,  
 Is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts and all our songs  
 Join to admire the feast,  
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,  
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room;  
 When thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come?"
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
 That sweetly forced us in;  
 Else we had still refused to taste,  
 And perished in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God!  
 Constrain the earth to come;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

## 388 L. M. GAL. 6. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown? ]
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
 Then am I dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 389 L. M. JOHN 16. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
 Where our weak senses reach him not,  
 And carnal objects court our eyes,  
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
 Apt to forget his lovely face;  
 And to refresh our minds he gave  
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life his table spread,  
 With his own flesh and dying blood:  
 We on the rich provision feed,  
 And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
 And earth grow less in our esteem;  
 Christ and his love fill every thought,  
 And faith, and hope, he fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight;  
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,

That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live forever near his face.

- 6 Our eyes look upward to the hills,  
Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels  
To fetch our longing spirits home.

390

C. M. ISA. 53. 5.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,  
Drew forth his dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
Without a murmuring word.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love;  
Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record;  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

391

C. M. ISA. 58. 6.

RIPPON

- 1 **S**EE gracious God, before thy throne,  
Thy mourning people bend!  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display;

Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spared,  
Ungrateful as we are?  
O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries "forbear!"
- 4 What land so favor'd of the skies,  
As these apostate states?  
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,  
Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- 5 How changed, alas! are truths divine,  
For error guilt and shame!  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name.

392 C. M. HEB. 13. 17. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd the Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls which must forever live  
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, where should we appear?
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

393 L. M. 1 COR. 15. 58. RIPPON.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,  
Thy ministers their tribute bring;

- Their tribute of united praise,  
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,  
And publish loud thy healing word;  
While angels sound thy glorious name,  
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem  
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;  
And while we feel thy heavenly love,  
We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise  
With us, an equal song of praise;  
They are the noblest work of God,  
But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 5 Still in thy work would we abound,  
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;  
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,  
Our care below, and crown above:  
Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
Thy presence, our eternal joy.

394

7s. 1 TIM. 6. 13.

SWAIN.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear;  
Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
One that loves us to the end.
- 2 Forward then, with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your father calls—come home.
- 3 In the world a thousand snares  
Lay to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part.
- 4 But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

- 5 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet;  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes we have within.
- 6 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then, the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

## 395 L. M. JAMES 2. 18.

- 1 **I**N vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death,  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, in all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;  
Commits his work to God alone,  
And seeks his will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root:  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"
- 4 Never did men by faith divine  
To selfishness or sloth incline;  
The christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can work no more.

## 396 C. M. ISA. 43. 1. WATTS. L.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the christian's state,  
His sins are all forgiven;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hope to heaven.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life,  
He heaves the pensive sigh;  
Yet trusting in his God, he finds  
Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels his chast'ning rod,  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes  
 To call his soul away,  
 His soul, in raptures, shall ascend  
 To everlasting day.

397 C. M. HEB. 12. 7. STEELE.

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

2 I would submit to all thy will  
 For thou art good and wise;  
 Let every anxious thought be still,  
 Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
 And bid me wait serene,  
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
 And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father"—O permit my heart  
 To plead her humble claim,  
 And ask the bliss those words impart,  
 In my Redeemer's name.

398 L. M. SOL. 6. 9. BEDDOME.

1 **M**Y rising soul with strong desires,  
 To perfect happiness aspires,  
 With steady steps would tread the road  
 That leads to heav'n—that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmingled love,  
 From the pure fountain-head above:  
 My dearest Lord, I long to be  
 Empty'd of sin and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn,  
 Art thou withdrawn? again return,  
 Nor let me be the first to say,  
 Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

399 L. M. HEB. 1. 5. NEWTON.

1 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,  
 With heav'n my journey's end in view,  
 Supported by his staff and rod,  
 My road is safe and pleasant too.

- 2 I travel through a desert wide,  
Where many round me blindly stray;  
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,  
And keeps me in the narrow way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand,  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his Almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,  
But God for my support prepares;  
Provides me ev'ry needful good,  
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,  
Great as he is I dare be free;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,  
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints,  
At once my soul revives and sings,  
And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 7 I pity all the worldling's talk  
Of pleasures that will quickly end,  
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk  
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

## 400 L. M. JER. 17. 9.

- 1 **T**HIS wretched heart will still backslide,  
O what deceit is treasur'd here!  
'Tis full of vanity and pride;  
What fruits of unbelief appear!
- 2 My base ingratitude I mourn,  
My stubborn will, my earthly mind;  
My thoughts how vain—to rove how prone,  
To every evil how inclin'd!
- 3 Who can, amongst the sons of men,  
Find out the vileness of my heart!  
None can the depths of guilt explain,  
'Tis all corrupt through every part.
- 4 Could creatures look into my breast,  
How would they gaze with strange surprise!

They'd hate me with a sore detest,  
And turn away their frighted eyes.

- 5 But what are creatures, Lord, to thee?  
They can't forgive one single sin;  
Were they dispos'd to pity me,  
They could not work one grace within.
- 6 To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan,  
O cease this filthy sink of sin!  
Jesus, thou can'st, and thou alone;  
O condescend to make me clean.

401 C. M. 1 PETER 2. 7. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes! thou art precious to my soul!  
My transport and my trust:  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed her fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last laboring breath;  
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

402 L. M. 2d SAMUEL 16. 17. NEWTON.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak and worthless though I am,  
I have a rich Almighty Friend  
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;  
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes control'd;

He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies:  
O! what a friend is Christ to me!

403 C. M. 1 COR. 9. 24.

1 **O**H, let me run the christian race  
With diligence and speed!  
God's word, his Spirit and his Grace,  
Do all to duty lead.

2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss  
To save from sin and hell?  
A love so wonderful as this  
Calls for a glowing zeal.

3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,  
Should in his footsteps tread;  
Our Prophet, Priest, and King should be  
Both trusted and obey'd.

404 L. M. HEB. 11. 38. KELLY.

1 **P**OOOR and afflicted, 'Lord are thine,  
Among the great unfit to shine;  
But tho' the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange.

2 "Poor and afflicted." Yes they are;  
They're not exempt from grief and care:  
But he who saved them by his blood,  
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.

3 "Poor and afflicted." 'Tis their lot;  
They know it, and they murmur not:  
'Twould ill become them to refuse,  
The state their master deign'd to choose.

4 "Poor and afflicted." Yet they sing,  
For Jesus is their glorious King:  
'Thro' suff'ring perfect.' Now he reigns,  
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 "Poor and afflicted." But ere long,  
They'll join the bright celestial throng:  
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,  
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

- 6 And while they walk the thorny way,  
They're often heard to sigh and say:  
'Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come!  
And take thy mourning pilgrims home.'

## 405 L. M. 1. PETER 1. 18. STENNET. S.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, and my God,  
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;  
By ties, both nat'ral and divine,  
I am, and ever will be, thine.
- 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me,  
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate:  
The guilt, the shame I deprecate  
And yet so mighty are my foes,  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty dearest Lord,  
Grace in the needful hour afford;  
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine  
With fortitude and love divine.
- 6 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears;  
So shall I to the world proclaim  
The honors of the Christian name.

## 406 L. M. MATT. 9. 27.

- 1 **B**E merciful O God to me,  
Thy mercy is my only plea;  
Look with compassion on my woes,  
And let not judgment interpose.
- 2 Guilty before thy face I stand,  
And fear thy sin-avenging hand;  
Hell as my just desert I own,  
But mercy plead before thy throne.
- 3 Mercy through Jesus crucified,  
I ask, and can I be denied?  
Mercy, O God!—I ask no more,—  
Thrust not my soul from mercy's door.

- 4 O God, as powerful as just,  
 In thee, in thee alone I trust:  
 Vain does the help of men appear,  
 Vain is the help of angels here!
- 5 Nothing will give my spirit rest,  
 Till pard'ning mercy makes me blest;  
 Behold I faint beneath the frown,  
 O send the cheering cordial down.

## 407 C. M. PSALM 27. 7. WATTS. S.

- 1 **T**AKE my poor heart just as it is,  
 Set up therein thy throne;  
 So shall I love thee above all,  
 And live to thee alone.
- 2 Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,  
 That I may faithful prove;  
 And listen to that small still voice,  
 Which only whispers love.
- 3 Which teaches me what is thy will,  
 And tells me what to do;  
 Which covers me with shame, when I  
 Do not thy will pursue.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,  
 This teaching from my Lord,  
 And learn obedience to thy voice,  
 Thy soft reviving word!

## 408 L. M. PSALM 73. 25. WATTS.

- 1 (**U**P to the fields where angels lie,  
 And living waters gently roll,  
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,  
 Can make this world of guilt remove;  
 And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,  
 On thy kind wings, Celestial Dove!
- 3 O might I once mount up and see  
 The glories of th' eternal skies!  
 What little things these worlds would be!  
 And despicable to my eyes!)
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;

Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave;  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.<sup>1</sup>

6 Great All in All! eternal King!  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

409 C. M. 1 JOHN 2. 16. WATTS.

1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more;  
The happiness that I approve  
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,  
That suits my large desire;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth  
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heavenly road!  
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,  
And there my smiling God.

410 S. M. ROM. 6. 1. WATTS.

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds,  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it mighty God!  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we, whose sins are crucifi'd,  
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free.

Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

411 C. M. 1 COR. 2. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)  
And following their incarnate God  
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses,  
Show the same path to heaven.

412 L. M. ISA. 40. 28. 31. WATTS.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, (away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone,)  
Awake and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power,  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,

While such as trust their native strength,  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

413 C. M. HOSEA 14. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee  
My God, my chief delight?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rise  
Where can such sweetness be,  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The savour of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flattering world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 'Trifles of nature, or of art,  
With fair deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thy arms.
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul  
That I should leave thee so;  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,  
In chase of false delight!  
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.

414 C. M. PSALM 40. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,  
He bow'd to hear my cry;

- He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!  
Thy mercies Lord how great!  
We have not words nor hours enough  
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart.

## 415 S. M. PSALM 61. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN, overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

## 416 L. M. MATT. 5. 3. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESS'd are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart,  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness :  
 They shall be well supplied and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,  
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
 The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 5 [Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake,  
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
 Glory and joy are their reward.]

## 417 C. M. Job. 7. 19. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD what a wretched land is this,  
 That yields us no supply,  
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
 Nor streams of living joy ?
- 2 But piercing thorns through all the ground,  
 And mortal poisons grow ;  
 And all the rivers that are found,  
 With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,  
 Lies through this horrid land ;  
 Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,  
 And run at thy command.
- 4 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
 With scarce a twinkling ray ;  
 But the bright world to which we go,  
 Is everlasting day.]

- 5 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
 - But we march upward still;  
 Forget these troubles of the ways,  
 And reach at Zion's hill.

418 C. M. PSALM 7. 7. WATTS.

1 **M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun!  
 He is my soul's bright morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine.  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
 And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way  
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

419 L. M. PSALM 13. 8. WATTS

1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence Lord,  
 My life expires if thou depart;  
 Be thou my heart still near my God,  
 And thou my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth nor sin,  
 Nor can I live on things so vile;  
 Yet I will stay my father's time,  
 And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,  
 Let me resign my fleeting breath;  
 And with a smile upon my face.  
 Pass the important hour of death.

420 C. M. PSALM 46. 1. SEE

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of the weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief;  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word affords a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No: still the ear of sov'reign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer;  
O may I ever find access,  
To breathe my sorrows there.
- 5 Thy mercy seat is open still;  
Here let my soul retreat;  
With humble trust attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

421 L. M. PSALM 34. 1. 22. DOBELL.

- 1 **W**HILE here on earth I'm call'd to stay,  
I'll praise my God from day to day:  
Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,  
And made my soul complete in him.
- 2 When I am brought before his throne,  
I'll sing the wonders he hath done;  
And join with all the ransom'd race,  
To praise the riches of his grace.
- 3 Thro' all eternity I'll view  
My Jesus, and admire him too:  
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,  
And grace, free grace, be all my song.

422 L. M. 1 COR. 10. 13. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song;  
His shield is spread o'er every saint;  
And, thus supported, who shall faint?

- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage!  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word he will display  
A strength proportioned to our day;  
And, when united trials meet,  
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,  
Which JÉSUS ratified with blood;  
Still is he gracious, wise and just;  
And still in him let Israel trust.

## 423 C. M. MATT. 26. 41. STEELE.

- 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise;  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven, O let me lift my 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.

## 424 L. M. 1 PETER 2. 7. STEELE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, what shall I do to show,  
How much I love thy charming name.

Let my whole heart with rapture glow,  
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.

2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee,  
Can give such sweet, such vast delight  
What must the joy, the triumph be,  
To dwell forever in thy sight!

3 If Jesus Christ is precious here,  
In heav'n more precious he'll appear.  
And still more precious he'll be found,  
As endless years are rolling round.

425 L. M. 2 COR. 12. 7. WATTS.

1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me  
When I am weak, then am I strong;  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there.  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

426 L. M. PSALM. 147. WATTS.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise;  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 Great is our Lord, and great his might  
And all his glories infinite;  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 But saints are lovely in his sight!  
 He views his children with delight;  
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
 And looks and loves their image there.

427 C. M. HEB. 10. 25.

- 1 **G**ATHER my saints together! speaks  
 The great Eternal Three:  
 Join them in bonds of sacred peace,  
 And let them worship me.
- 2 Let them in flock together meet,  
 Together pray and praise:  
 Cleave to each other, cleave to me,  
 And walk in all my ways.
- 3 Never forsake my dwelling place,  
 But love fair Zion's hill;  
 Feast on the thing my house affords,  
 And all my comforts feel.
- 4 Pastor and people all agree  
 To live in constant peace,  
 Watch for each other's mutual good,  
 And each fill up his place.
- 5 Lord we'd obey the great command,  
 'Tis wise, 'tis just and right;  
 Tends to promote the sweetest love,  
 And each to each unite.
- 6 Lord, may this church rise up in grace,  
 And in affection shine;  
 Prove the pure joys that ever flow  
 From harmony divine.

428 C. M. PHIL. 4. 19. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **M**Y God! how cheerful is the sound,  
 How pleasant to repeat!  
 Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
 Where God hath fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply,  
 From his redundant stores?  
 What streams of mercy from on high,  
 An arm almighty pours!
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,  
 These ample blessings flow;

Prepare my lips his name to sing,  
Whose heart has loved us so.

- 4 Now to our Father and our God  
Be endless glory given;  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

429 L. M. EPH. 5. 15.

- 1 **Y**E highly favor'd who profess  
To love and practice holiness,  
You stand expos'd to earth and hell,  
And seriousness becomes you well.
- 2 Be circumspect in all your ways,  
And spread your great Redeemer's praise;  
Let the commands be your delight,  
This is well pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Labor to prove your faith sincere,  
In purity and holy fear;  
Let all your conduct still express  
The truth and power of godliness.
- 4 Look up to him whose blood was spilt—  
To purchase pardon for your guilt;  
His grace can all your sins subdue,  
And help you both to will and do.
- 5 O love and reverence his name,  
And let his glory be your aim;  
So shall your souls escape distress,  
And glory in his righteousness.

430 L. M. PSALM 17. 8. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine—but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love;  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below,  
'Tis all the happiness they know;  
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control,  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## 431 C. M. ACTS 9. 6.

- 1 **I**S there, in heav'n or earth, who can  
A wretched mortal save?  
Make a poor lep'rous sinner clean,  
Redeem an helpless slave?
- 2 Who can appease an angry God?  
Relieve a burden'd mind?  
In whom a soul o'erwhelm'd with guilt,  
May ease and safety find?
- 3 Yes! there is one who dwells on high;  
That can do this and more!  
A being of unbounded love,  
And uncontrolled power.
- 4 Immanuel, his name; who once  
Upon th' accursed tree  
Bore the vast weight of all their sins,  
Who, burden'd, to him flee.
- 5 But now he lives, he ever lives,  
And pleads what he hath done:  
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,  
Through his atoning Son.
- 6 Jesus! I to thy feet repair,  
And there will prostrate lie:  
Be thou propitious to my prayer,  
And I shall never die.

## 432 C. M. PSALM 142. WATTS.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
From God I sought relief,

- In long complaints before his throne,  
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, who all my burdens knows,  
Beholds the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast my eye,  
And found my helpers gone;  
While friends and strangers pass'd me by,  
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And call'd thy mercy near;  
Thou art my portion when I die,  
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord I am brought exceeding low,  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes, who vex me, know  
I've an Almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name;  
And holy men shall join with me,  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

## 433 C. M. PSALM 46. 11. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
We know that there is happiness,  
For us, beyond the skies.
- 2 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Tho' prostrate in the dust.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No: still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there!

- 5 Thy mercy seat is open still,  
Here let my soul retreat;  
With humble hope attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.

434 L. M. PSALM 13. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
Canst thou thy face forever hide,  
And I still pray and be denied?
- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,  
As one whom thou regardest not?  
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest;  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death, conclude my grief;  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost!  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
We yet shall feel thy love, and raise  
Our cheerful notes to songs of praise.

435 C. M. PSALM 119. 67. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HY people Lord, have ever found  
'Tis good to bear thy rod;  
Afflictions make us learn thy will,  
And live upon our God.
- 2 This is the comfort we enjoy,  
When new distress begins;  
We read thy word, we run thy way,  
And hate our former sins.
- 3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,  
Though they may seem severe:

The sharpest sufferings we endure,  
Flow from thy faithful care.

- 4 Before we knew thy chastening rod,  
Our feet were apt to stray;  
But now we learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

436 L. M. LUKE 10. 42. DODDRIDGE.

1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand:  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
To fix on Christ the better part;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;  
Secure when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

437 L. M. PSALM 125. WHITEFIELD.

1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!  
How blind are we, how mean our praise!  
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;  
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Thy purposes from creature-sight  
Are hid in shades of awful night;  
Amid the lines, with curious eye,  
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God! I do not ask to see  
What in futurity shall be;  
Let light and bliss attend my days,  
And then my future hours be praise.

4 Are darkness and distress my share?  
Give me to trust thy guardian care;  
Enough for me, if love divine  
At length through every cloud shall shine.

- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
 Be this my only wish below;  
 "That Christ is mine!" this great request  
 Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

438 L. M. ISA. 43. 25. WATTS.

- 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 Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,  
 Thy help and comfort still afford;  
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 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.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
 Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemned to die.

439 C. M. 1 PETER 2. 2. WATTS.

- 1 **A**S new born babes desire the breast  
 To feed, and grôw, and thrive;  
 So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
 And by the gospel live.
- 2 They find access at every hour,  
 To God within the veil;  
 Hence they derive a quick'ning power,  
 And joys that never fail.
- 3 O happy souls! O glorious taste  
 Of overflowing grace;  
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
 And see his lovely face.

4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;  
 Call me a child of thine;  
 Send down the spirit of thy Son  
 To form my heart divine.

5 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,  
 And make my comforts strong:  
 Then shall I say, "My father God,"  
 With an unwavering tongue.

440 C. M. ISA. 41. 10. WATTS.

1 **B**EGIN my tongue, some heavenly theme  
 And speak some boundless thing,  
 The mighty works or mightier name  
 Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
 And sound his power abroad;  
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
 And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,  
 For wretched dying men;"  
 His hand has writ the sacred word  
 With an immortal pen.

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

5 His very word of grace is strong,  
 As that which built the skies;  
 The voice that rolls the stars along  
 Speaks all the promises.

441 L. M. PSALM 92. MEDLEY.

1 **I**N all my trials and my fears,  
 In all my sorrows and my tears,  
 In all my dark and gloomy days,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.

2 Thro' Christ I view thy wrath appeas'd,  
 In him I see thee fully pleas'd,  
 My soul on this foundation stays;  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

3 Be this my glory when I rise,  
 To that bright world above the skies;

Forever there this song I'll raise,  
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

442 S. M. ROM. 7. 24. HART.

- 1 **I**NNUMERABLE foes  
 Attack the child of God,  
 He feels within the weight of sin,  
 A grievous galling load.
- 2 But though the host of hell  
 Be neither weak nor small;  
 One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,  
 And hurts beyond them all.
- 3 'Tis pride, accursed pride,  
 That spirit by God abhorr'd:  
 Do what we will it haunts us still,  
 And keeps us from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd:  
 When not perceiv'd 'tis worse:  
 Unseen or seen it dwells within,  
 And works by fraud or force.
- 5 Against its influence pray,  
 It mingles with the prayer;  
 Against it preach, it prompts the speech,  
 Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 6 This moment while I sing  
 I feel its power within;  
 My heart it draws to seek applause,  
 And mixes all with sin.

443 C. M. PSALM 118. WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone  
 Which God in Zion lays,  
 To build our heavenly hopes upon  
 And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
 And saints adore thy name:  
 They trust their whole salvation here,  
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest  
 Reject it with disdain;  
 Firm on this rock the church shall rest,  
 And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
 Yet must this building rise:  
 'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,  
 And wond'rous in our eyes.

## 444 L. M. PSALM 87. WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
 Foundation for his heavenly praise;  
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house  
 That pays their night and morning vows,  
 But makes a more delightful stay  
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old!  
 What wonders are in Zion told!  
 Thou city of our God below,  
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
 Shall there begin their lives anew;  
 Angels and men shall join to sing  
 The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
 Of natives in his holy mount,  
 'Twill be an honor to appear  
 As one new born and nourish'd there.

## 445 L. M. PSALM 92. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
 In gardens planted by thy hand;  
 Let me within thy courts be seen,  
 Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
 Blest with thine influence from above;  
 Not Lebanon with all its trees,  
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;  
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive)  
 Time that doth all things else impair,  
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show  
 The Lord is holy, just and true;

None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

446 S. M. PSALM 48. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne  
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy the people stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thy holy ground,  
And mark the building well:
- 4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.
- 5 The God we worship now,  
Will guide us till we die;  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

447 L. M. PSALM 135. WATTS.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
While in his earthly courts ye wait,  
Ye saints that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good,  
To praise his name is sweet employ:  
Israel he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;  
He treats his servants as his friends;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares  
 His name and breaks th' oppressor's rod;  
 He gives his suffering servants rest,  
 And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,  
 People and priests exalt his name;  
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells;  
 His church is his Jerusalem.

## 448 L. M. PSALM 48. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;  
 The holy courts are his abode,  
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
 Against his throne in vain they rage,  
 Like rising waves with angry roar,  
 That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
 Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;  
 His arms embrace this happy ground,  
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield and God our sun,  
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
 And we reflect his highest praise.

## 449 L. M. JER. 3. 15. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,  
 With constant care, thy humble sheep;  
 By thee inferior pastors rise,  
 To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
 Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;  
 Whose courage, watchfulness and love,  
 Men may attest and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
 Heal'ful may all thy sheep appear.

And by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pasture tread.

- 4 Here hast thou listened to our vows,  
And scattered blessings on thy house;  
Thy saints are succor'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And bless this tribute of our praise.

450 C. M. CANT. 5. 1. PEARCE.

- 1 **A** GARDEN fenc'd from common earth,  
By special sov'reign grace,  
Enrich'd with plants of heav'nly birth,  
The church of Jesus is.
- 2 His gospel is the open sky,  
His love the shining sun;  
Rivers of peace which never dry,  
Through all his garden run.
- 3 His Spirit is the heav'nly wind,  
That o'er his garden blows;  
And op'ning each renewed mind,  
The Saviour's image shows.
- 4 Faith like an ivy to the rock,  
That stands forever cleaves;  
And thro' the tempests loudest shock,  
Eternal calm perceives.
- 5 Assurance, like a cedar, rears  
Its stately branches high,  
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,  
And blossoms in the sky.

451 C. M. 2 COR. 12. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **I**N all my troubles sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies,  
My anchor hold is firm in him  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,  
I trust a faithful God;

452-453 THE CHURCH.

The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To my Redeemer's name;  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.

452 C. M. MIC. 7. 6. MEDLEY.

1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King,  
Now will my soul draw near;  
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,  
That thou, my God, wilt hear.

2 Tho' I am poor and needy too,  
And scarce know what to say;  
And tho' my words are faint and few,  
My God will hear me pray.

3 Thro' Christ I come, and mercy claim,  
Who lives to intercede;  
For in his dear adored name,  
My God will hear me plead.

4 Tho' oft with sins, and doubts and fears,  
My soul is much cast down,  
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tear,  
My God will hear me groan.

453 C. M. JOHN 12. 32. STENNETT.

1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
Th' incarnate Son of God,  
Expiring on th' accursed tree,  
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run  
Down from his hands and head;  
The crimson tide puts out the sun,  
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,  
Proclaim the truth aloud;  
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,  
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,  
May well my hope revive,

If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.

- 5 O that those cords of love divine,  
Might draw me Lord to thee!  
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—  
Thine it shall ever be!

454 C. M. PSALM 104. 34. TOPLADY.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect how grace divine,  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid.
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of Grace,  
For all things to depend.
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet, to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be?  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee.

455 L. M. PSALM 46. 11. WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsion shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow,  
 Supplies the city of our God!  
 Life, love and joy still gliding thro'  
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
 Supports our faith, our fear controls;  
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Saviour's love,  
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;  
 Nor can her firm foundation move,  
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

456

C. M. PSALM 126.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN God revealed his gracious name,  
 And changed my mournful state,  
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did thy hand confess;  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 *Great is the work*, my neighbors cried,  
 And own'd the power divine,  
*Great is the work*, my heart replied,  
*And be the glory thine.*
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies;  
 Can give us day for night;  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait,  
 Till the fair harvest come,  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
 It shan't deceive their hope;  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 For grace ensures the crop.

457

L. M. LUKE 15.

MEDLEY.

- 1 **J**ESUS, th' incarnate God of love,  
Rules all the shining worlds above;  
And though his name the heavens transcend,  
Yet he is still the sinner's friend.
- 2 Before the rolling skies were made,  
Or nature's deep foundations laid,  
He saw our fall, and did intend  
To show himself the sinner's friend.
- 3 Behold! the condescending God  
Awhile forsakes his bright abode:  
To our mean world see him descend,  
And groan and die the sinner's friend.
- 4 When the appointed hour was come  
He burst the barriers of the tomb;  
Then to the skies did he ascend,  
Where still he lives the sinner's friend.
- 5 Ye mourning souls, to Jesus come—  
Cast off despair, there yet is room;  
To his dear hands your cause commend,  
Who only is the sinner's friend.

458

C. M. CANT. 1. 3.

NEWTON.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place!  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

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

459 C. M. JOHN 1. 29. HosKINS.

1 **S**INNERS, behold the Lamb of God,  
Who takes away our guilt:  
Look to the precious, priceless blood,  
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From Heaven he came to seek and save,  
Leaving his bless'd abode;  
To ransom us himself he gave:  
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 He came to take the sinner's place,  
And shed his precious blood;  
Let Adam's guilty, ruin'd race,  
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Sinners to Jesus then draw near,  
Invited by his word;  
The chief of sinners need not fear:  
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 In every state, and time, and place,  
Nought plead but Jesus' blood,  
However wretched be your case,  
Behold the Lamb of God.

6 Spirit of Grace, to us apply,  
Immanuel's precious blood,  
That we may, with thy saints on high,  
Behold the Lamb of God.

460 L. M. HEB. 13. 14. KELLY.

1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here,  
This may distress the worldling's mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 We've no abiding city here,  
Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here,  
We seek a city out of sight:  
Zion its name—we'll soon be there,  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!  
Secure she smiles at all her foes:  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 7 But hush my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here to do his will be *mine*,  
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

461 C. M. ISA. 49. 13. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb;

And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,  
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change  
And mothers monster's prove,  
Sion still dwells upon the heart  
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands  
I have engraved her name;  
My hands shall raise her ruined walls,  
And build her broken frame."

462 L. M. 1 JOHN 3. 2. SWAIN.

1 **A**ND am I blest with Jesus' love?  
And shall I dwell with him above?  
And will the joyful period come  
When I shall call the heavens my home?

2 Think, O my soul, what it must be  
A world of glorious minds to see;  
Drink at the fountain head of peace,  
And bathe in everlasting bliss.

3 To hear them all at once proclaim,  
Eternal glories to the Lamb;  
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,  
That new, that never ending song.

4 And does the happy hour draw near,  
When Christ will in the clouds appear;  
And I without a veil shall see  
The Man, the God that bled for me?

5 If in my soul such joy abounds,  
While weeping faith explores his wounds  
How glorious will those scars appear,  
When perfect bliss forbids a tear.

6 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet  
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet;  
What must it be to wear a crown,  
And sit with Jesus on the throne?

463 C. M. 2 COR. 12. 9. NEEDHAM.

1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint;  
"My grace sufficient is for you,  
Though nature's powers may faint.

- 2 "My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove;  
Your weakness shall the triumph tell  
Of boundless power and love.
- 3 What though my griefs are not removed,  
Yet why should I despair?  
While my kind Saviour's arms support,  
I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name;  
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,  
Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace,  
I all things can perform;  
And smiling triumph in thy name,  
Amid the raging storm.

## 464 L. M. MARK 9. 24. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,  
In thee believing we rejoice;  
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive,  
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust;  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious hands hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame;  
Reveal the glories of thy name;  
And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
As shades dispers'd by opening night.

## 465 L. M. PSALM 87. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we to thy honor raise  
These walls, to echo forth thy praise;  
Do thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace;
- 2 Here let the Great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train.

While power divine his words attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

- 3 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here!

## MISSIONARY.

## 466. L. M. PSALM 72. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 While western empires own their Lord,  
And savage tribes attend his word,  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

## 467. L. M. MATT. 6. 10. RIPPON.

- 1 **T**O distant lands thy Gospel send,  
And thus thy empire wide extend;  
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,  
Thou King of Grace! salvation show.
- 2 Where'er the sun or light arise,  
Thy name, O God, immortalize;  
May nations yet unborn confess  
Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.
- 3 The untaught heathen wait to know  
The joy the Gospel will bestow;  
The exiled slave waits to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Invite the globe to come and prove  
A Saviour's condescending love;

And humbly fall before his feet,  
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

## 468 L. M. ACTS 1. 26.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, to thee we pray,  
Be with us on this solemn day;  
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,  
By which we seek to speak thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,  
And love unite our hearts in one;  
Let all we have and are combine  
To aid this glorious work of thine.
- 3 Great let the bands of those be found,  
Who shall attend the gospel sound,  
And let barbarians, bond and free,  
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 4 Where Pagan altars now are built,  
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,  
There be the bleeding cross high reared,  
And God, our God, alone revered.

## 469 8s. 7s. 4s. ISA. 11. 7.

- 1 **Y**ES, we trust the day is breaking,  
Joyful times are near at hand;  
God, the mighty God is speaking,  
By his word in every land:  
When he chooses,  
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,  
Let us hail the rising ray;  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day;  
At his presence  
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad;  
Every language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 O! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
To our hearts, to hear each day,

Joyful news from far arriving,  
 How the gospel wings its way;  
 Those enlightening  
 Who in death and darkness lay.

- 5 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
 Let thy people see thy hand;  
 Let thy gospel be victorious,  
 Through the world, in every land;  
 And the idols  
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

470 L. M. Luke 10. 3. DOBELL

1 **L**ORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,  
 And see on heathen altars slain,  
 Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,  
 To purge their parent's dismal stain!

2 We can't behold such horrid deeds,  
 Without a groan of ardent prayer;  
 And while each heart in anguish bleeds,  
 We cry, Lord send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait,  
 To them thy great salvation show;  
 Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
 But faithful labourers are few.

4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,  
 Among that dark, bewilder'd race;  
 Open their eyes, and bless thy word,  
 And call them by thy sovereign grace.

5 Then they shall shout thy honored name,  
 And sound thy matchless name abroad,  
 And we will join them in the theme,  
 Salvation to our risen God.

471 8s. 7s. 4s. ISA. 9. 4. 5.

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace:  
 Blessed jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian see

That divine and glorious conquest,  
 Once obtained on Calvary :  
 Let the gospel  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night ;  
 And redemption  
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 [May the glorious day approaching,  
 On their grossest darkness dawn,  
 And the everlasting gospel  
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;  
 All the borders  
 Of the great Immanuel's land.]

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease ;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
 Multiply and still increase ;  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

472 C. M. PSALM 2. 8. GIBBON.

1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd,  
 To thine exalted Son,  
 That through the nations of the earth  
 Thy word of life shall run ?

2 "Ask, and I give the heathen's land  
 For thine inheritance :  
 And to the world's remotest shores,  
 Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews  
 Shall their Redeemer own ;  
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,  
 And bow before his throne ?

4 [Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,  
 Under th' expanse of heaven,  
 To the dominion of thy Son,  
 Without exception given ?

5 From east to west, from north to south,  
 Then be his name adored !

Europe, with all thy millions, shout  
Hosannas to the Lord.

- 6 Asia and Africa resound  
From shore to shore his fame;  
And thou, America, in songs  
Redeeming love proclaim.]

## 473 S. M. MARK 16. 15.

VOKE.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey;  
Arise and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend his way.
- 2 The master whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow:  
Depending on his promis'd aid  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose;  
The cause is God's and must prevail  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go spread the Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you in his name  
The most divine success;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavor's bless.
- 6 [When you from us depart  
To cross the boisterous main;  
We then will bear you on our hearts  
And hope to meet again.]

## 474 L. M. ISA. 58. 1.

KELLY.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey,  
The glories of the latter day;  
Its dawn already seems begun,  
And promises a future sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,  
(A humble, consecrated band:)

The standard of thy cross display,  
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;  
He fixes there his lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place his own.

4 'Behold the way.' Ye heralds cry;  
Spare not, but lift your voices high;  
Convey the sound from shore to shore,  
And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 Swift on the wings of heavenly zeal  
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel:  
But faithful to their Master's will,  
Their sacred embassy fulfil.

475 C. M. PSALM 2. 8. GIBBON.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth,  
Are by creation thine:  
And in thy works by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind;  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe, and every soul,  
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Smile Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays:  
And build on sin's demolish'd throne  
The temples of thy praise.

476 L. M. ISA. 43. 6.

1 MILLIONS there are on heathen ground  
Who never heard the gospel sound;  
Lord send it forth and let it run,  
Swift and reviving as the sun.

## 477-478 LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.

- 2 Guide thou their lips who stand to tell  
Sinners the way that leads from hell;  
To those who give, do thou impart,  
A generous, wise, and tender heart.
- 3 Lord crown their zeal, reward their care,  
That in thy grace they all may share,  
And those who now in darkness dwell,  
Deliverance sing, from death and hell.

### 477. C. M. MARK 16. 16.

- 1 **G**O and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
Ye messengers of God:  
Go publish, through Immanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.
- 2 What tho' your arduous task may lie  
Thro' regions dark as death;  
What tho' your faith and zeal to try  
Perils beset your path;
- 3 Yet with determined courage go,  
And, armed with power divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labors shine.
- 4 He who has call'd you to the war  
Will recompense your pains:  
Before Messiah's conquering car,  
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, tho' earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause,  
Nor doubt that even your mighty foes  
Shall bow before the cross.

### 478 S. M. PSALM 133. FAWCETT.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent pray'rs:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign,  
Through all eternity.

479 C. M. 1 JOHN 4. 7. WESLEY.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
But we are joined in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
We wait his will to know,  
That we in his right steps may tread,  
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace;  
Expect his fullness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

480 L. M. HEB. 13. 1. BURNHAM.

- 1 **H**OW good, how glorious 'tis to see,  
The church of Jesus kind and free;  
Appearing like a new born race.  
Proving the power of sov'reign grace.
- 2 How does the saviour's love cement  
Brother to brother, saint to saint;

481 LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.

Each feels the other's care and grief,  
And runs to give a kind relief.

3 In paths of peace they sweetly move,  
And traverse o'er the fields of love;  
Kindly they help each other on,  
And press towards the heav'nly throne.

4 Now Lord, may we thy favor'd train,  
Ever in purest love remain;  
May discord evermore subside,  
And we appear like Jesus' bride.

5 May we in peace be ever found,  
And grace in every heart abound;  
Soon may we mount the heights above,  
And live in all the blaze of love.

6 Then will we sing with all our might,  
Through the refulgent courts of light:  
Highest hosannas shall we raise,  
And spend eternity in praise.

481 L. M. GEN. 24. 31. NEWTON.

1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffered for us here below;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
 And hasten on the glorious day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

482 C. M. PSALM 4. 8. WATTS.

1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song  
 Like holy incense rise;  
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
 Thy hand was still my guard,  
 And still to drive my wants away,  
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around,  
 But O how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died,  
 To save my wretched soul?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
 To thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign  
 To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 As in the embraces of my God,  
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

483 C. M. 1 COR. 7. 29. HOSKINS.

1 **T**HE time is short! the season near  
 When death will us remove:  
 To leave our friends, however dear,  
 And all we fondly love.

- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,  
Nor trifle time away,  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels now  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—  
The Lord will quickly come:  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—  
The hour is just at hand,  
When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wish'd for land.
- 6 The time is short! the moment near,  
When we shall dwell above;  
And be forever happy there,  
With Jesus, whom we love.

484

L. M. PSALM 39.

STEELE.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY MAKER of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;  
A little point my life appears;  
How frail at best is dying man!  
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!  
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine,  
My God! I bow before thy throne;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

485

L. M. ISA. 57. 15.

STEELE.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand;  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity! tremendous sound!  
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound;  
 But O! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
 My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain,  
 The rising doubt how sharp its pain!  
 My fears, O Gracious God remove—  
 Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

486

C. M. DEUT. 34. 5.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dress'd in living green:  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea;  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.]

- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## 487 C. M. JOB 7. 1. WATTS.

- 1 **H**ARK, from the tomb a doleful sound,  
 My ears attend the cry:  
 "Ye living men come view the ground  
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 In spite of all your towers;  
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downward to the tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.

## 488 C. M. JOHN 14. 1. STEELE.

- 1 **W**HEN those we love are snatch'd away,  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, impress'd  
 With awful power—*I too must die*—  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more:  
 Behold the gaping tomb!  
 It bids us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May every heart obey;

Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

489 C. M. 1 COR. 15. 54. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
And soften'd every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose ascending high,  
And show'd our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our feet shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

490 C. M. PSALM 39. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still  
As months and days increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round and steals away  
The breath that first it gave,  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
The eternal state of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe,  
Attend on every breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go,  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

491 C. M. JOHN 11. 25. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow, gaping tomb;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O! could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,

And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

492 C. M. PSALM 39. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou maker of my frame!  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
Like shadows o'er the plain;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
From creature's earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

493 L. M. HEB. 2 & 3 chap. WATTS.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward,  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath given  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their memory and their sense is gone,  
'like unknowing and unknown.

- 4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device or work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

494 C. M. GEN. 47. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR days, alas! our mortal days  
Are short and wretched too;  
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,  
That heaven allows to men;  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of three score years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

495 C. M. JOB 7. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapor 'tis!  
And days how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say, "They're here,"  
But only say, "They're past."
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh;

The moment when our lives begin  
We all begin to die.

- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favors share;  
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,  
Thou load'st the rolling year.

496 L. M. HEB. 2. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

497 C. M. 2 COR. 5. 1. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
 But we had rather see;  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present, Lord, with thee.

## 498 C. M. PSALM-102. 23.

- 1 **M**Y Father calls me to his arms,  
 And willingly I go:  
 With cheerfulness I bid farewell  
 To every thing below.
- 2 My tender parents kind and dear,  
 I bid farewell to you;  
 Tho' nature feels, and I can find  
 'Tis hard to say adieu!
- 3 My friends and kindred love me much,  
 Ye hold me near your heart;  
 And still I feel that I can love,  
 And find it hard to part.
- 4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,  
 And love I also feel;  
 I see your tender passions move—  
 Your grief you can't conceal.
- 5 But do not weep or grieve for me,  
 You know I must go home;  
 I was upon a visit here,  
 And now I must return.
- 6 [Farewell, thou world, with all thy toys  
 For thou hast been to me  
 A world of tranistory joys,  
 Of sin and vanity.
- 7 Now I rejoice to leave this world  
 Of sorrow, sin, and pain;  
 I know I'm wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
 And shall a crown obtain.
- 8 I'm going to my heavenly friend,  
 My Jesus and my all;  
 He calls to take me to his arms—  
 I will obey the call.

## 499 S. M. PSALM 90.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
 Is this our mortal frame;

Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the name.

- 2 Alas! the brittle clay  
That built our body first:  
And every month and every day  
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
Nor will our minutes stay;  
Just like a flood our hasty days  
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
We'll keep their end in sight;  
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea:  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
Of blest eternity.

500 C. M. PSALM 39. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life,  
How vast our soul's affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay:  
Just like a story or a song  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on;  
And ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell  
That slight the joys above!  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
'That break such cords of love.
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

## 501 C. M. JOHN 17. 24.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares,  
 To those in Christ who die!  
 "Released 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 gives sin condemning 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,  
 In Christ our life we'll sing,  
 "Where is thy victory, O grave?  
 And where, O death, thy sting?"

## 502 C. M. JOB 14. 1.

- 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 Few are thy days, and full of woe,  
 O man, of woman born;  
 Thy doom is written—dust thou art,  
 To dust thou shalt return.
- 3 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.
- 4 To serve thy God no longer wait,  
 To-day his voice regard;  
 To-morrow mercy's open gate,  
 May be forever barr'd.
- 5 And thus the Lord reveals his grace;  
 Thy youthful love to gain—

The soul that early seeks my face,  
Shall never seek in vain.

503 C. M. EPH. 3. 15.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle's wings of love,  
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our king,  
In heaven and earth are one—
- 3 One family we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow,  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now—
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour be our constant guide,  
Then when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide  
And land us safe in heaven.

504 8s. PHIL. 1. 21. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **H**OW blest is our brother, bereft  
Of all that could burden his mind;  
How easy the soul that has left  
This wearisome body behind.  
Of evil incapable thou,  
Whose relics with envy I see,  
No longer in misery now,  
No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more  
With sickness or shaken with pain;  
The war in his members is o'er,  
And never shall vex him again.

- No anger henceforward nor shame,  
 Shall redden his innocent clay;  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanished away.
- 3 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
 This quiet immoveable breast,  
 Is heaved by affliction no more;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain,  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Sealed up in eternal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep;  
 These fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free,  
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

505 L. M. MATT. 25. 46. MEDLEY.

- 1 **G**REAT Judge of all! that day will come,  
 When mortals must receive their doom:  
 Oh hear our cry, and grant we may,  
 Of thee find mercy in that day!
- 2 The awful summons shall go forth  
 From east to west, from south to north:  
 Devils and men to judgment come,  
 And hear your everlasting doom!
- 3 Think, oh my soul, thou must appear  
 And pass the judgment at this bar;  
 What now does God and conscience say?  
 Wilt thou find mercy in that day?
- 4 Dost thou by faith to Jesus flee?  
 Is his dear image stamp'd on thee?  
 If so let nothing thee dismay,  
 Thou shalt find mercy in that day.
- 5 Eternal Judge! Almighty Lord!  
 Seal home, and bless thy solemn word!

And Oh, that we poor sinners may,  
Of thee find mercy in that day.

## 506 C. M. MATT. 25. 31.

1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou sov'reign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice,  
Pronounce the sound "Depart!"

3 O! wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee  
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy book  
Where my salvation stands.

6 [Give me one kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her three score years and ten.]

## 507 C. M. 1 COR. 2. 9. WATTS.

1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come;  
The beams of glory in his word,  
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;

508-509 HELL AND HEAVEN.

No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heavenly ground.

508 C. M. ROM. 6. 14. WATTS.

1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be,  
And like a violent sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise,  
How loud the tempests roar;  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of every song.

509 C. M. 1 JOHN 3. 2. WATTS.

1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode;  
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight;

- But to abide in thine embrace  
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,  
To gaze upon thy throne;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigor in,  
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear,  
Th' adoring armies fall;  
With joy they shrink to nothing there,  
Before the eternal all.
- 6 There would I vie with all the host  
In duty and in bliss;  
While *less than nothing* I could boast,  
And *vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie;  
Thus while I sink my joys shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

510 C. M. 1 COR. 15. 54. WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise  
And run eternal rounds.  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself out-brave;  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns  
In heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine  
 Shall fresh endearments bring!  
 And thousand tastes of new delight  
 From all thy graces spring. -

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul  
 Up to thy bless'd abode;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour and my God.]

511 C. M. ACTS 29. 38. BURNHAM.

1 **F**ROM the dear flock of Jesus' saints  
 How painful 'tis to go!  
 But such must be our sad complaints,  
 While trav'ling here below.

2 If parting now so grieves each heart,  
 That's knit to Zion's head,  
 Then surely Jesus ne'er will part  
 With those for whom he bled.

3 True must his word forever stand;  
 Then he'll ne'er leave his sheep;  
 But in the hollow of his hand,  
 Their souls he'll ever keep.

4 He'll train them up thro' grace divine,  
 A kingdom to possess:  
 There shall their souls forever shine,  
 In perfect love and peace.

5 What a delightful company  
 Shall meet on Canaan's shore!  
 O! what a meeting that will be,  
 When parting is no more.

6 Then round the shining throne above,  
 We'll sing in cheerful strains:  
 Sound the dear Saviour's dying love,  
 O'er all the heav'nly plains.

512 7s. ACTS 20. 32.

1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend,  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever present Friend,

- 2 Jesus hear our humble prayer!  
Tender shepherd of thy sheep!  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every cross and pain;  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who our poor petitions heard.

513 L. M. ACTS 18. 21. BERNARD.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day! when saints shall meet  
To part no more—the thought is sweet;  
No more to feel the rending smart,  
Oft felt below when christians part.
- 2 O happy place, I still must say,  
Where all but love is done away;  
All cause of parting there is past;  
Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,  
As there, in every heart will reign;  
'There separation can't compel  
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,  
And find the passing moments sweet;  
Time's rapid motions soon compel,  
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The happy season soon will come,  
When saints shall meet in heaven, their home;  
Eternally with Christ to dwell,  
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

514 C. M. ACTS 20. 32.

- 1 **L** ORD! when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heav'nly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,

O let thy precious presence still  
With every one remain.

2 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we around thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyous meet above.

4 Where sin and sorrow from each heart,  
Shall then forever fly,  
And not a thought that we shall part,  
Once interrupt our joy.

515      6s.    5s.    ACTS 20 38.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, loving christians, the time is at  
hand,  
When we must be parted from this social band;  
Our several engagements do call us away,  
Separation is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell my dear brethren, farewell for awhile,  
We'll soon meet again if kind providence smile;  
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,  
We'll pray for each other when wrestling with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-  
charged,  
The war's almost over, the crown is enlarged,  
With singing and praising, tho' Jordan may roar,  
You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for war,  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;  
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to rest.
- 5 Farewell, seeking mourners, ye broken in heart,  
O, go to the Saviour, and choose the good part;  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,  
His arms are extended, your souls he'll receive.
- 6 Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,  
To think of your danger and great unconcern;  
You've heard of the Judgment where all must  
appear,  
O, there you'll stand trembling with tormenting  
fear.

Your frolics and pastimes in which you delight,  
 Will serve to torment you in that dread affright;  
 You'll think of the sermons that you've heard in  
     vain,  
 When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

Farewell fellow travellers, farewell all around,  
 Should we ne'er meet again till we wake under  
     ground;

To meet you in glory I give you my hand,  
 The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

516

8s. 7s. 4.

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,  
     Travelling 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.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away;  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
     Glad to leave our cumbrous clay:  
     May we ready  
     Rise and reign in endless day.

517

S. M.

1 **O**NCE more, before we part,  
 We'll bless the Saviour's name;  
 Record his mercies every heart,  
     Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,  
 And feed thereon and grow:  
 Go on and seek to know the Lord,  
     And practise what you know.

- 3 And if we meet no more  
 On Zion's earthly ground,  
 O may we reach that blissful state  
 Where all thy saints are bound.

518: L. M. HART.

1 **D**ISSMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy word:  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art Good;  
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
 Give every fettered soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

519 6s. 5s. HAMMOND.

1 **I**F Jesus is ours we have a true friend!  
 His goodness endures the same to the end;  
 Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline,  
 We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.

2 Though God may delay to show us his light,  
 And heaviness may endure for a night,  
 Yet joy in the morning shall surely abound,  
 No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.

520 L. M.

1 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

521 C. M. PSALM 115. 1. CENNICK.

1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,  
 Blest Lamb, be glory given,  
 Here shall thy praises be begun,  
 And carried on in heaven.

2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,  
 Accept our weaker lays;  
 And when we reach thy blissful throne,  
 We'll give thee nobler praise.

522

C. M.

1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be everlasting honors paid,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

523

7s.

1 **S**ING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

524

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

525

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

526

S. M.

DOBELL.

1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, ye saints,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
He will redress your long complaints,  
And swift deliverance bring.

527

S. M.

FAWCETT.

1 **O**'TIS a sweet employ  
To join in worship here;  
But when in heaven, how great the joy  
To see each other there!

528

P. M.

1 **G**LORY, honor, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever;  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

529-530-531 PRAYER MEETINGS.

529 C. M. MATT. 6. 7. NEEDHAM.

1 **L**ORD, in thy courts we now appear,  
And bow before thy throne;  
Before our lips begin to move,  
Our wants to thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,  
The meaning of a sigh;  
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,  
And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our prayers,  
While we together meet;  
Short duties keep religion up,  
And make devotion sweet.

530 L. M. 1 JOHN 2. 1. STEELE.

1 **W**HERE is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire,  
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathings of desire,  
The weak petition, if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire,  
But reaches thy all gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands;  
The glorious advocate on high,  
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer;  
Recline thy hope on him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call thee mine,  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father, God, with joy divine.

531 S. M. 1 PETER 1. 17. MEDLEY

1 **C**OME, praying souls, rejoice,  
And bless our Father's name;  
Joyful to him lift up your voice,  
And all his love proclaim.

- 2 Your mournful cry he hears,  
 He marks your feeblest groan;  
 Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,  
 And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints  
 He ever will attend;  
 And to their sorrows and complaints,  
 Will timely succour send.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord,  
 Who has not turned away  
 His mercy, nor his precious word,  
 From those who love to pray.
- 5 No, still he bows his ear  
 In gentle pity down;  
 For praying breath he loves to hear,  
 And praying souls he'll crown.
- 6 Then let us still go on  
 In his appointed ways,  
 Rejoicing in his name alone,  
 In prayer and humble praise.

## 532 C. M. ACTS 2. 17. HOSKINS.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come  
 To worship at thy feet,  
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice;  
 Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,  
 Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
 And understand thy word;  
 To feel thy blissful presence near,  
 And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,  
 And saints rejoice in thee;  
 Let rebels be subdued by love,  
 And to the Saviour flee.
- 5 This house with grace and glory fill,  
 This congregation bless;

Thy great salvation now reveal,  
Thy glorious righteousness.

533 L. M. 1 THES. 5. 17. HART.

1. **P**RAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?  
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,  
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress—  
If cares distract, or fears dismay—  
If guilt deject—if sin distress—  
The remedy's before thee—pray!
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken—language lame;  
Pray if thou cans't, or cans't not speak,  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 6 Depend on Christ—thou cans't not fail;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known:  
Fear not—his merit must prevail;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

534 C. M. 1 SAM. 1. 18. NEWTON.

- 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 fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

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

## 535 8s. 6s. -1 SAM. 1. 18. NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah, prest with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burden there;  
Like her in every trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pained and sad;  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad:  
In trouble what a resting place  
Have they who know the throne of grace.
- 3 Though men and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour;  
The saints from age to age,  
Are safe from all their power:  
Fresh strength they gain to run the race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Men have not power or skill,  
With troubled souls to bear;  
Though they express good will,  
Poor comforters they are:  
But swelling sorrows sink apace,  
When we approach the throne of grace.
- 5 Numbers before have tried,  
And found the promise true;  
Nor yet one been denied,  
Then why should I or you?

## 536-537 PRAYER MEETINGS.

Let us by faith their footsteps trace,  
And hasten to the throne of grace.

### 536 C. M. MATT. 18. 28. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen 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;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold! he prays."
- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone—  
The holy spirit pleads;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.

### 537 C. M. LUKE 11. 1. NEWTON.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforced by mighty grace,  
 Awaken many sinners round,  
 To come and fill the place.

538 S. M. PSALM 51. 17. RIPPON.

- 1 **U**NTO thine altar, Lord,  
 A broken heart I bring;  
 And wilt thou graciously accept  
 Of such a worthless thing.
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,  
 My faith directs its eyes;  
 Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,  
 But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost  
 The law was satisfied;  
 And now to its most rigorous claims,  
 I answer "Jesus died."

539 7s. GEN. 32. 26. NEWTON.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?  
 Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;  
 Yet the question gives a plea  
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
 In rebellion blindly bold;  
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—  
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy seat by prayer;  
 Mercy heard, and set him free;  
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then,  
 Many changes I have seen;  
 Yet have been upheld till now;  
 Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast helped in every need;  
 This emboldens me to plead,

## 540-541 PRAYER MEETINGS.

After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last?

**540** L. M. EXOD. 17. 11. COWPER.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there!
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words! ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear,  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent;  
Your cheerful songs would oftener be  
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

**541** 7s. JER. 29. 13. HAMMOND.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

542 C. M. LUKE 11. 13.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! mighty Lord,  
Jehovah is thy name:  
Thy glories here will we record,  
And sing thy wond'rous fame.

2 'Twas thy Almighty power and love,  
Which call'd our souls from death,  
O raise our hearts to thee above,  
In praise, while we have breath.

3 Of heavenly love thou art the pledge,  
The witness and the seal;  
O that, in prayer when we engage,  
We may their influence feel.

4 Our faint attempts, Lord, kindly own,  
And for us intercede;  
Hear every sigh, and every groan,  
Which from our hearts proceed.

5 View every pained, throbbing heart,  
That would but cannot pray;  
Thy gracious liberty impart,  
'To teach them what to say.

6 Great searcher of the heart, to thee  
Let every groan ascend;  
Thou know'st the Spirit's mind, and we  
Upon his help depend.

543 C. M. MATT. 15. 25.

1 **D**EAR Saviour! let thy gracious eye  
In pity now look down,  
While unto thee for help we cry,  
And all our vileness own.

2 Often beset with shame or fear,  
When we attempt to pray,  
Or such confusion interfere,  
We scarce know what to say.

## 544-545 PRAYER MEETINGS.

- 3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,  
And Satan's craft and rage,  
Make us our sinful faces hide,  
And often fear t' engage.
- 4 Lord, let thy mighty pow'r and love  
Upon us be display'd,  
O send thy spirit from above,  
And grant us timely aid.
- 5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord!  
Remove them far away,  
And let thy gracious help afford  
Renewed grace to pray.
- 6 Still, Lord, uphold us in thy strength,  
And we'll go on in prayer,  
Till we arrive in heaven at length,  
To praise our Saviour there.

### 544 C. M. PSALM 27. 14.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the work the Lord commands,  
And owns and honors too,  
To him we'll lift our hearts and hands,  
And worship is his due.
- 2 Nor shall our labors be in vain,  
In Christ our loving Lord,  
Who will our faith and hope maintain,  
According to his word.
- 3 Wait on him then, each praying soul,  
And humbly trust his grace;  
The happy end will crown the whole,  
For you shall see his face.
- 4 There to eternity you'll sing,  
In raptures all divine,  
The boundless glories of our king,  
And like him ever shine.

### 545 L. M. MATT. 18. 20. STENNETT.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn pray'r and praise.

2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.'

3 We meet at thÿ command dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## 546 S. M. PSALM 27. 7.

1 **D**EAR Lord, attend our pray'r,  
And all our wants relieve;  
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,  
That thou in us may'st live.

2 In weakness we draw nigh  
Unto the throne of grace;  
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,  
And fill us with thy peace.

3 Thou read'st the naked breast;  
For liberty we groan;  
We sigh in thee, our Lord to rest,  
And worship thee alone.

4 If trials vex our mind,  
Close to thy wounds we'll flee;  
No refuge may we elsewhere find  
But what we find in thee.

5 To thee we come, our friend,  
As sinners poor indeed;  
On thee for future grace depend,  
Our help in every need.

## 547 L. M. PSALM 73. 25. SWALN.

1 **J**ESUS, thy saints assemble here  
Thy power and goodness to declare;  
Oh, may these happy seasons prove  
That we have known redeeming love!

2 And, while of mercies past we speak,  
And sing of endless joys to come,  
Let thy full glories on us break,  
And every thought give Jesus room!

3 No other food may we desire,  
No other theme our bosoms fire,

# 548-549-550 PRAYER MEETINGS.

But sov'reign rich, redeeming love,  
While here, and when we dwell above!

548 C. M.

- 1 **W**ELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name;  
Come let us now rejoice,  
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim  
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,  
Except thy face we see;  
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,  
Whene'er we meet with thee.

549 C. M. CANT. 4. 16.

- 1 **W**ITHIN these doors assembled now  
We wait thy blessing, Lord!  
Appear within the midst we pray,  
According to thy word.
- 2 May some sweet promise be apply'd  
When we attempt to read:  
For this alone can give support  
In all our times of need.
- 3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,  
And raise our drooping hearts;  
That we may see thy smiling face  
Ere we from hence depart.
- 4 And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,  
Be thou thyself so near,  
If Satan fright our trembling souls,  
Thy mercy may appear.
- 5 Behold thy Lambs, and bear them Lord,  
Upon thy gracious breast;  
And gently lead inquiring souls  
To view the promis'd rest.
- 6 And now, O blessed Spirit, come,  
We long to see thee move,  
Oh north wind, blow! and breathe, O south,  
And fill the place with love.

550 S. M. JUDGES. 8. 4.

- 1 **A**ND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?

- Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace!
- 2 Preserv'd by power divine,  
To feel salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen!  
What conflicts have we past!  
Fightings without and fears within,  
Since we assembled last.
- 4 But out of all, the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love!  
And still he doth his help afford,  
And hide our life above.
- 5 Then let us make our boast  
Of his redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we shall sin no more.
- 6 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain,  
And gladly reckon all things lost,  
So we but Jesus gain.

551

7s. JAMES 5. 16.

NEWTON.

- 1 **N**OW may fervent prayer arise,  
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;  
Fervent prayer shall bring us down  
Gracious answers from the throne.
- 2 Give, O Lord, the hearing ear,  
To each soul assembled here;  
Clothe thy word with power divine,  
Make us willing to be thine.
- 3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,  
Teach the stony heart to weep,  
Let the blind have eyes to see,  
See themselves, and look on thee.
- 4 Let the minds of all our youth  
Feel the force of sacred truth:  
While the gospel call they hear,  
May they learn to love and fear.

## 552-553 PRAYER MEETINGS.

5 Show them what their ways have been,  
Show them the desert of sin;  
Then thy dying love reveal,  
This shall melt a heart of steel.

6 Where thou hast thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run;  
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

### 552 C. M. JOB 23. 3. WATTS' S.

1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain:  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.

### 553 C. M. HEB. 4. 16.

1 **D**EAR Lord! to us assembled here,  
Reveal thy smiling face;  
While we by faith, with love and fear,  
Approach thy Throne of Grace.

2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer,  
A solemn sacred place;  
O! let us now thy presence share,  
While at the Throne of Grace.

- 3 With holy boldness may we come,  
 Though of a sinful race,  
 Thankful to find there yet is room  
 Before the Throne of Grace.
- 4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,  
 And all our faith increase,  
 While we our heavenly friend address  
 Upon a Throne of Grace.
- 5 His tender pity and his love  
 Our every fear shall chase,  
 And all our help we then shall prove  
 Comes from a Throne of Grace.
- 6 We bless thee for thy word and laws,  
 We bless thee for thy peace;  
 And we do bless thee, Lord, because  
 There is a Throne of Grace.

## 554

L. M. ISA. 45. 19.

- 1 **M**Y soul, take courage from the Lord,  
 Believe and speak his holy word;  
 To him alone do thou complain,  
 Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 2 Upon him call in humble prayer,  
 Thou still art his peculiar care;  
 He'll surely turn and smile again,  
 Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 3 However sinful, weak and poor,  
 Still wait and pray at mercy's door:  
 Faithful Jehovah must remain,  
 Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 4 Though the corruption of thy heart,  
 Daily new cause of grief impart,  
 Pray that thy lusts may all be slain,  
 Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- 5 Though sharp afflictions still abound,  
 And clouds and darkness thee surround,  
 Still pray, for God will all explain,  
 Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.
- In him, in him alone confide,  
 Still at the Throne of Grace abide;

## 555-556 PRAYER MEETINGS.

Eternal vict'ry thou shalt gain,  
Nor shalt thou seek his face in vain.

### 555 C. M. MICAH 6. 6.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH shall we approach the  
Lord,  
And bow before his throne;  
By trusting in his faithful word,  
And pleading Christ alone.
- 2 The blood, the righteousness and love  
Of Jesus, will we plead;  
He lives within the veil above,  
For us to intercede.
- 3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,  
We find in Jesus' name,  
Herein we every blessing view,  
And every favor claim.
- 4 Then let his name for ever be  
To us supremely dear;  
Our only all prevailing plea,  
For all our hope is there.
- 5 This is the name the Father loves  
To hear his children plead;  
And all such pleading he approves,  
And blesses them indeed.

### 556 C. M. JER. 3. 22. STEELE.

- 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 sov'reign mercy calls, 'return;'  
Dear Lord, and may I come!  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a 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 pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

557 C. M. GEN. 32. 26.

- 1 **A**S Jacob did in days of old,  
So will my soul do now:  
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,  
Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,  
And overwhelm'd with wo;  
Lord, hear and pity my complaint,  
For I'll not let thee go.
- 3 I come encourag'd by thy word,  
That mercy thou wilt show:  
Except thou bless me dearest Lord,  
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to ask forgiveness free,  
Tho' I have been thy foe;  
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,  
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come to tell thee of my fears,  
And conflicts here below;  
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,  
I will not let thee go.
- 6 Thus, will I wrestle while I live,  
A pilgrim here below;  
And when in glory I arrive,  
I will not let thee go.

558 S. M. JOHN 6. 68.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I fly to thee  
For mercy, pardon, grace:  
Thro' thee alone poor sinners may  
Approach the Father's face.
- 2 Let thy atoning blood  
Encourage me to speak;  
That all my wants, O Lamb of God!  
I may to thee relate.

559-560 PRAYER MEETINGS.

- 3 I want a Godly fear,  
 A quick discerning eye;  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
 To pray, and never cease;  
 Never to murmur or repine,  
 Nor wish my suff'rings less.
- 5 This blessing above all,  
 Always to pray, I want,  
 Out of the deep on thee I call,  
 And never, never faint.

559 C. M. MATT. 26. 41.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve  
 In this our evil day;  
 To all thy tempted followers give  
 The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
 Long as the cross we bear;  
 O let our souls on thee be cast  
 In never ceasing prayer!
- 3 The spirit of redeeming grace,  
 Give us in faith to claim;  
 To wrestle till we see thy face,  
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
 Till thou thyself bestow;  
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,  
 I will not let thee go.
- 5 Then let me on the mountain top,  
 Behold thy open face;  
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
 And pray'r in endless praise.

560 7s. 1 KINGS 3. 5. NEWTON.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin,  
 Lord remove this load of sin!

- Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 4 As the image in the glass  
Answers the beholder's face;  
Thus unto my heart appear,  
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer:  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Shew me what I have to do,  
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

## 561 S. M. LUKE·18. 1.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell,  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
But pray and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait?  
He bids us never give him rest,  
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His people when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 His nature, truth, and love,  
Engage him on their side;  
When they are griev'd his bowels move,  
They will not be deny'd.

## 562-563 PRAYER MEETINGS.

6 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in pray'r:  
He sees, he hears, and from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

562 8s. 7s. 1 THESS. 4. 17. BURNHAM.

1 **D**EAREST Lord, thou hast commanded  
All thy family to pray;  
Promis'd good thou hast appointed  
Thro' this medium to convey.  
Yes, to all thy praying people,  
Thou hast promis'd to appear;  
And thy wondrous condescension  
Honors much the path of prayer.

2 Jesus, thou exalted Saviour,  
On thy promise we rely;  
Comfort ev'ry mourning spirit,  
Answer ev'ry feeble cry.  
From thy glorious throne of mercy,  
Heav'nly cordials now impart;  
Exercise thy tender pity  
O'er the sinner's broken heart.

3 May we all, who love the Saviour,  
Often to his throne repair:  
Feel the sweets of his compassion,  
While engag'd in solemn pray'r.  
Lord, attend our supplications,  
Let thy mercies on us roll:  
Come; O come, thou kind Redeemer,  
Smile on every praying soul.

563 7s. MATT. 18. 20. BURNHAM.

1 **J**ESUS, sov'reign of the skies!  
'Tis to thee we lift our eyes;  
All our supplications hear,  
Answer ev'ry fervent pray'r.

2 Jesus, come, and don't delay,  
Show us mercy while we pray,  
Show us now thy tender heart,  
And thy kindness now impart.

3 Rain down blessings from above,  
Let it be a time of love;

Then we may rejoice, and say,  
Oh! 'tis good, to meet and pray.

## 564 S. M. MATT. 18. 20. BURNHAM.

- 1 **C**OME all who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care;  
And every praying soul shall find  
He loves to answer pray'r.
- 2 See, how he looks and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne;  
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry pray'r,  
And sends rich blessings down!
- 3 Ye hung'ring, thirsting souls,  
O pray, and never faint;  
Fresh scenes of love our Lord displays  
To ev'ry praying saint.
- 4 And whither should we fly,  
But to a throne of grace?  
For there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.
- 5 Lord, from thy throne behold  
Thy saints assembled here,  
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
To feel thy presence near.
- 6 Thro' all the glooms of sin,  
May thy rich mercy blaze;  
And make it known, thou hearest pray'r,  
And worthy art of praise.

## 565 S. M. HEB. 4. 16. NEWTON.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace,  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 My soul ask what thou wilt,  
'Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold.
- 3 Beyond thy utmost wants,  
His love and pow'r can bless;  
To praying souls he always grants  
More than they can express.

## 566-567 PRAYER MEETINGS.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

566 L. M. MATT. 18 19. SWAIN.

1 **W**ELCOME, dear brethren, to this place,  
Be banish'd ev'ry slavish fear!  
Ye come to seek Immanuel's face,—  
And he has promised to be here.

2 Seek him in pray'r—he'll surely come,  
To do us good before we part;  
Each humble breast he'll make his home,  
And dwell in ev'ry waiting heart.

3 He'll come with all his gracious train  
Of lively graces bright and strong;  
Then shall the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Sound loud and sweet from ev'ry tongue.

4 Oh then be earnest, take no nay,  
He'll answer ev'ry good desire;  
Give him your hearts—tho' cold as clay,  
They'll melt like wax before the fire!

567 C. M. PSALM 107. 8.

1 **O**FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne:  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 **O** for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part,  
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human wo;  
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

568 7s. MATT. 15. 22. 28.

- 1 **P**RAY'R an answer will obtain,  
Though the Lord awhile delay;  
None shall seek his face in vain,  
None be empty sent away.
- 2 When the woman came from Tyre,  
And for help to Jesus sought;  
Though he granted her desire,  
Yet at first he answer'd not:
- 3 From his words she draws a plea;  
Though unworthy children's bread,  
"Tis enough for one like me,  
If with crumbs I may be fed."
- 4 Jesus then his heart reveal'd—  
"Woman, can'st thou thus believe?  
I to thy petition yield,  
All that thou canst wish, receive.
- 5 'Tis a pattern set for us,  
How we ought to wait and pray?  
None who plead and wrestle thus,  
Shall be empty sent away.

569 C. M. MATT. 19. B.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS I see some bow the knee,  
While others lift their eyes  
To heaven, and there we all agree  
To pay our sacrifice.
- 2 The hour of prayer, just as the day  
Is closing to the eye;  
Deep on our hearts the cause shall lay,  
To heaven our fervent cry.

## 570-571 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 3 Poor sinners are the cause for whom  
Our fervent prayers ascend,  
That God would bless and save them all,  
And be their constant friend.

570 L. M. JOHN 6. 37. SMITH.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,  
Come, trembling soul dispel thy fear;  
He saith, and who his word can doubt,  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,  
And tell you, Christ will cast away:  
It is a truth, why should you doubt?  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,  
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?  
If black as hell, why should you doubt?  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 4 The Publican and dying Thief  
Applied to Christ and found relief:  
Nor need you entertain a doubt,  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,  
He waits to welcome you to day:  
His mercy, try, no longer doubt,  
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 6 "Lord, at thy call behold I come,  
A guilty soul, lost and undone;  
On thy rich blood I now rely,  
O, pass my vile transgressions by."

571 7s. JOHN 13. 7. COWPER.

- 1 **T**HIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall,  
But—with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.

- 3 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain and toil;  
These spring up and choke the weeds,  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet—  
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 5 Did I meet no trials here—  
No chastisement by the way;  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should be a cast away?

572 L. M. MARK 8. 37. MEDLEY.

- 1 **P**OOOR sinner, stop, don't madly go  
Down to the shades of endless wo;  
Reflect a moment on thy state,  
Before reflection comes too late.
- 2 Poor sinner, think thy fleeting breath,  
Departing, plunges thee in death;  
And wilt thou take a dreadful leap,  
In tenfold darkness, to the deep?
- 3 Poor sinner pause, an instant may  
Launch thine immortal soul away,  
Down to an horrible abode,  
With all thy sins—a ponderous load.
- 4 Poor sinner, canst thou bear the pains  
Of wrath to come, and galling chains?  
The full perfection of despair,  
And spend unnumbered ages there?
- 5 Poor sinner count the dreadful cost,  
If once thy deathless soul be lost;  
No gleam of respite will survive,  
To keep one spark of hope alive.
- 6 Poor sinner, wilt thou now reflect,  
Before eternally too late?  
Thy soul is precious, and must dwell,  
With saints above or sink to hell.
- 7 Poor sinner, dost thou feel within,  
A sense of aggravated sin;  
There yet is life and hope for thee,  
Then flee by faith to Jesus flee.

573-574 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

573 C. M. JER. 8. 22.

- 1 **W**HO knows but such an one as I  
May grace and mercy find!  
I hear the God of Israel  
Is merciful and kind.
- 2 My soul has many ghastly wounds,  
Yet dare I not despair,  
While there is balm in Gilead,  
And a physician there.
- 3 That I might march to Canaan's land,  
The gospel trumpet sounds;  
My day still shines, my tent is fixed  
Within salvation's bounds.
- 4 The door is shut but is not barr'd,  
And he that is within  
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,  
And strive to enter in.
- 5 Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,  
Until the door he ope;  
Nor will I stir a foot from hence,  
It is a door of hope.

574 C. M. MATT. 7. 14.

- 1 **T**HERE is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray;  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.
- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And dangers must be past;  
But those who boldly walk therein,  
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 While the broad road where thousands go,  
Lies near, and opens fair;  
And many turn aside I know,  
To walk with sinners there.
- 4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from thy way,  
Lord condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.

575

L. M. LUKE 15. 22.

- 1 **R**ETURN! O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He heard thy deep repenting sigh,  
He heard thy soften'd spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And cast away thy slavish fear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;  
Jehovah's melting bowels yearn  
To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

576 C. M. MARK 10. 46. 50. HOSKINS.

- 1 **L**IKE Bartimeus, we are blind,  
Enwrapt in nature's night;  
The grossest darkness veils our mind,  
For sin prevents the sight.
- 2 But lo! the Lord from heaven is come,  
To open sinner's eyes;  
To make his wond'rous mercy known,  
And heal their maladies.
- 3 Come then, ye blind, and beg and pray,  
And in the Lord believe:  
For who can tell? perhaps to day  
You may your sight receive. ;
- 4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by—  
He is the sinner's friend;

577-578 SPIRITUAL SONGS

Call on his name, and wait and cry,  
He will your suit attend.

5 Should sinners say, hold ye your peace,  
Nor dare to make so free!  
The louder cry, and never cease,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

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

577 L. M. MATT. 2. 10. H. K. WHITE.

1 **W**HEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd  
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose—  
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
And, through the storm and dangerous thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
For ever and forever more,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

578 8s. ROM. 5. 1. TOPLADY.

1 **A**DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing,  
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
My person and off'rings to bring.

The terrors of law and of God,  
 With me can have nothing to do;  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,  
 The arm of his strength will complete  
 His promised is Yea and Amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet.  
 Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,  
 Eternity will not erase;  
 Impress'd on his heart it remains,  
 In marks of indelible grace;  
 Yes! I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is given;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

579 C. M. 2 TIM. 1. 12. WATTS.

1 **I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honor of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
 His name is all my trust;  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame  
 Nor let my hopes be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands  
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

580 C. M. 2 COR. 4. 9. WATTS.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,

- I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## 581 S. M. ACTS 2. 37.

- 1 **W**HEN God his work revives,  
And sinners learn his ways,  
The saints are happy, and their lives  
Are vocal in his praise.
- 2 Their ears rejoice to hear,  
Poor sinners ask the way,  
That truth and justice can appear  
In mercy's bright display.
- 3 To God, the Spirit's throne,  
They raise their grateful songs,  
The glory of this work alone  
To this great power belongs.
- 4 Believing in the name  
Of Zion's glorious King,  
Behold! the happy converts claim  
Their place with saints to sing.
- 5 Zion with love receives  
The new born sons of grace;  
Each sinner who the truth believes,  
Is welcome to a place.
- 6 Saviour, thy sceptre sway!  
O spread thy kingdom wide,  
Till all thy families obey,  
And in thy love confide.

582 C. M. MATT. 11. 28. NEWTON.

- 1 **T**O those who know the Lord, I speak,  
Is my beloved near?  
Jesus my friend, my soul doth seek,  
Oh! when will he appear?
- 2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,  
Yet now he fills a throne;  
And bears the greatest sweetest name,  
That earth or heaven have known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends  
His steps where'er he goes;  
Tho' none can see him but his friends,  
And they were once his foes.
- 4 He speaks—obedient to his call  
Our warm affections move;  
If sinners did but know his love,  
They all would love him too.
- 5 Then love in ev'ry heart would reign  
And war would cease to roar;  
And cruel and blood thirsty men,  
Would thirst for blood no more.
- 6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace,  
O may he shine on you!  
And tell him, when you see his face  
I long to see him too.

583 C. M. JOHN 19. 26. NEWTON.

- 1 **I**N evil, long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame and fear,  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never, to my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;

584-585 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5 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?

6 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is filled;  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I killed.

584 C. M. PSALM 51. 14. RIPPON

1 **D**EAR Lord! why should I doubt thy love  
Or disbelieve thy grace?  
Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,  
Although thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,  
My drooping spirits cheer'd:  
And wilt thou not appear again,  
Where thou hast once appear'd?

3 Hast thou not form'd my soul anew,  
And told me, I am thine?  
And wilt thou now thy work undo,  
Or break thy word divine?

4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny  
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?  
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,  
Which once so freely flow'd?

5 Lord! let not groundless fears destroy  
The mercies now possess'd;  
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,  
And trust for all the rest.

585 L. M. JOHN 9. 25. HOSKINS.

1 **N**OW let my soul with wonder trace  
The Saviour's miracles of grace;  
Now let my lips and life record  
The loving kindness of the Lord.

- 2 Till late I fancied all was well,  
Tho' walking in the road to hell;  
But now thro' grace divinely free,  
I who was blind, am brought to see.
- 3 Long had I slept in nature's night,  
But Jesus came and gave me light!  
Ten thousand praises, Lord, to thee,  
That tho' once blind, yet now I see!
- 4 Long I had wallow'd in my sin,  
Blind to the danger I was in;  
But now appeal, great God, to thee,  
That tho' once blind yet now I see!
- 5 Long did I on the law rely,  
And pass the friend of sinners by;  
But, what a glorious mystery!  
Tho' I was blind, yet now I see.
- 6 Strengthen, O Lord, my mental sight;  
Increase my faith, increase my light;  
Then shall I praise the sacred Three,  
In time and in eternity.

## 586 C. M. MATT. 24. 44.

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—  
Repent; thy end is nigh:  
Death at the farthest can't be far:  
O! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,  
Thy, sins how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence,  
His time there's none can tell;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume;  
But ah! destruction stops not there,  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To day, the gospel calls, to day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you:  
Let every one forsake his way  
And mercy will ensue.

587

P. M. REV. 6. 16.

NEWTON

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
 Before you further go;  
 Can you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting woe?  
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
 Vengeance waits the dread command,  
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
 And sink you with the damn'd.

## CHORUS.

Then be entreated now to stop—  
 For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware you'll drop  
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose?  
 Fear you not that iron rod,  
 With which he breaks his foes?  
 Can you stand in that great day,  
 When He judgment will proclaim  
 When the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame!
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
 And drag you to the bar;  
 There, to hear your final doom,  
 Will fill you with despair;  
 All your sins will round you crowd  
 Sins of a blood crimson dye,  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what will you reply?
- 4 Though your hearts be made of steel,  
 Your foreheads lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass;  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 Though they now despise his grace,  
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face."
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,  
 You may his mercy know;  
 Though his arm be lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow:

It was for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners he invites to come;  
 None who come shall be denied;  
 He says there still is room.

588 8s. 8s. 6s. ISA. 1. 18.

- 1 **Y**E broken hearted sinners come,  
 Jesus the Lord invites you home:  
 O whither can you go?  
 What! are your crimes of crimson hue?  
 His promise is forever true,  
 He'll wash you white as snow.
- 2 Backsliders, fill'd with your own ways,  
 Where weeping nights and wretched days  
 In bitterness are spent:  
 Return to Jesus—he'll reveal  
 His lovely face, and sweetly heal  
 What you so much lament.
- 3 Tried souls look up—he says 'tis I;  
 He loves you still but means to try  
 If faith will bear the test;  
 The Lord has given the chiefest good,  
 He shed for you his precious blood—  
 O trust him for the rest!
- 4 Ye tender souls draw hither too,  
 Ye grateful highly favor'd few,  
 Who feel the debt you owe:  
 Press on, the Lord hath more to give;  
 By faith upon him daily live,  
 And you shall find it so.

589 C. M. ESTHER 4. 16.

- 1 **C**OME humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve;  
 Come with your guilt and fear opprest,  
 And make this last resolve—
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess;

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

## 590 L. M. LUKE 23. 42.

- 1 **O** GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn;  
My sins, which have thy body torn;  
Give me with broken heart to see  
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,  
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!  
O that with Salem's daughters I  
Might stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd hang upon his breast and cry,  
Lord save a soul condemned to die!  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
And plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercies drop thy frown,  
And let me shelter in thy Son:  
O! with my earnest suit comply,  
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 5 O Lord deny me what thou wilt,  
Only relieve me of my guilt;  
Good Lord! in mercy hear me cry,  
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 6 Show pity, Lord, and send relief,  
To a poor sinner drown'd in grief,  
Who has no plea to bring him nigh—  
Lord, save a soul condemned to die!

591

C. M. COL. 2. 2.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,  
 Cemented, mix'd in one;  
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
 'Tis heav'n on earth begun:  
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spakē,  
 And glow'd with sacred fire;  
 He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,  
 And fill'd the enlarged desire.

## CHORUS

- A Saviour! let creation sing,  
 A Saviour! let all heaven ring:  
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,  
 His fullness in our souls he pours:  
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,  
 We're joining them who're gone before,  
 We soon shall meet to part no more.
- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
 Let trembling cowards fly;  
 We stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd  
 With Christ to live and die:  
 Let devils rage and hell assail,  
 We'll cut our passage through;  
 Though foes unite, and friends all fail,  
 We'll seize the crown we view.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain,  
 We haste to catch the teeming show'rs,  
 And all its moisture drain  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
 But pour a mighty flood  
 Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God.
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And set'st thy starry crown;  
 When thy all sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd by thee thy own;  
 May we, a little band of love,  
 Be sinners saved by grace;  
 From glory into glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face.

592 L. M. LUKE 14. 22. HART.

1 **P**ITY a helpless sinner, Lord  
 Who would believe thy gracious word,  
 But own my heart with shame and grief,  
 A mass of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,  
 And vent'ring hard, behold I come;  
 But can there, tell me, can there be,  
 Amongst thy children, room for me?

3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,  
 And I'm a sinner, vile indeed!  
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free;  
 O magnify that grace in me.

593 8s. 8s. 6s. 1 THESS. 4. 16.

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall  
 come,

To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all;  
 But can I bear the piercing thought!  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
 In this th' accepted day;  
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear;  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er th'archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face:  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

594

7s. JOHN 7. 37.

HAWEIS.

- 1 **F**ROM the cross uplifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
 What melodious sounds I hear,  
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear!  
 "Love's redeeming work is done!  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
 On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owns the ransom paid;  
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 3 "Spread for thee the festal board,  
 See with richest dainties stor'd;  
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,  
 Yet again, a child confess'd;  
 Never from this house to roam;  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
- 4 "Soon the day of life shall end;  
 Lo! I come! your Saviour friend—  
 Safe your spirits to convey  
 To the realms of endless day;  
 Up to my eternal home,  
 Come and welcome, sinners, come!"

595

7s. JOHN 21. 16.

COWPER

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word:  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,  
 And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease toward the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above;

Deeper than the depths beneath—  
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done:  
Partner of my throne shall be,  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint:  
Yet I love thee, and adore,  
O, for grace to love thee more!

596

7s. ISA. 12. 3.

WILKS.

1 **J**ESUS' precious name excels,  
Jordan's streams, and Salem's wells;  
Thirsty sinners, come and draw,  
Flames are quench'd of Sinai's law.

2 Fearful sinners, come and try—  
Draw and drink with inward joy;  
Christ is fresh, and full, and free;  
Sinners come, whoe'er you be

3 See the waters springing up,  
To revive your languid hope;  
Fill your vessels, as it rolls,  
And refresh your weary souls.

4 Lo! the Spirit now invites!  
Lo! the happy bride unites!  
Jesus calls, be not afraid,  
Lo! for you the well was made.

5 Justice made it in the Lamb,  
Mercy grants it thro' his name,  
Faith receives a full supply;  
Those who drink it cannot die.

6 [Careless sinner, let me tell,  
Not a drop is found in hell;  
Not a drop to ease your smart,  
Not a drop to cool your heart.

7 Haste you to the Lamb of God,  
Seek salvation in his blood;  
In it there is boundless store,  
For ten thousand thousands more.]

8 Constant tribute let us bring,  
For this soul refreshing spring;

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 597-598

Constant let our praises rise,  
Till we drink above the skies.

597 C. M. EPH. 2. 8. NEWTON.

- 1 **A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,)
 

That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd:  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures:  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God who call'd me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

598 C. M. ISA. 55. 1.

- 1 **C**OME to the glorious gospel feast,  
Ho, ev'ry one that will!  
O come ye starving souls and taste  
Those joys that none can tell.
- 2 Arise ye mortals that are sad,  
And bord'ring on despair,  
Lo, there is balm in Gilead,  
And a Physician there.
- 3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,  
Behold the purple gore;  
It was for wounded souls he died,  
The sin-sick to restore.

- 4 Behold him on the cursed tree,  
 With arms extended wide,  
 For sinners such as you and me,  
 The bleeding Saviour died.
- 5 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,  
 He conquer'd death and hell,  
 That rebels doom'd to endless death,  
 Might in his bosom dwell.
- 6 Come, then receive his grace, and tell  
 The wonders of his love;  
 Till we arise with him to dwell,  
 In the bright worlds above.
- 7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,  
 Or wound our peaceful breast;  
 But boundless love, unmingled joy,  
 And everlasting rest.

599

L. M. ROM. 13. 11.

SWAIN.

- 1 **P**ILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,  
 Our journey lies along this road;  
 This wilderness we travel round  
 To reach the city of our God.
- 2 And here as travellers we meet,  
 Before we reach the fields above,  
 To sit around our master's feet,  
 And tell the wonders of his love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise;  
 The world and Satan, hell and sin,  
 Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies  
 With scarce a gleam of hope between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,  
 Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,  
 And that strong arm shall guard us home,  
 Which thus protects us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,  
 In this dark desert to complain;  
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,  
 And we shall bid adieu to pain!

600 8s. 6s. MATT. 7. 7. NEWTON.

- 1 **E**NCOURAGED by thy word  
Of promise to the poor;  
Behold a beggar, Lord,  
Waits at thy mercy's door!  
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine  
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,  
Relief from men to gain,  
If offered unto thee,  
I know thou would'st disdain;  
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,  
That though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day  
When I possessed more;  
Thou know'st that from my very birth  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Tho' great is my distress,  
My faults have been but few;  
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,  
It would be what I well deserve,
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend  
I never begg'd before;  
Or if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more;  
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 6 Nor can I willing be,  
Thy bounty to conceal,  
From others who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel;  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.
- 7 Thy thoughts, thou only wise,  
Our thoughts and ways transcend,  
Far as the arched skies  
Above the earth extend;

Such pleas as mine, men would not hear,  
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

601

7s. JOHN 21. 16.

NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild:  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 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?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the way I once abhorr'd,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
Thou who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin to day.

602

12s. MATT. 9. 13.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, escape to the  
 mountain,  
 For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a foun-  
 tain;  
 For sin and transgression, and every pollution,  
 His blood it flows freely as streams from the  
 ocean.

## CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
 By whom we find pardon,  
 We will perfectly praise him  
 When we've passed over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear, by which we find favor,  
 From Jesus' side flows, and proves him the Sa-  
 viour:

Though your sins were increased as high as a  
 mountain,  
 His blood it flows freely as streams from a fountain.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
 O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make us victori-  
 ous: [tion,  
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congrega-  
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest  
 shore, [more;  
 With our harps in our hands we'll praise him ever  
 We will range the blest fields on the banks of the  
 river,  
 And sing hallélujah for ever and ever.

603

6s 5s. JOHN 21. 17.

1 **O**H! Jesus, my Saviour,  
 To thee I submit,  
 With love and thanksgiving  
 Fall down at thy feet;  
 The sacrifice offered,  
 My soul, flesh, and blood:  
 Thou art my Redeemer,  
 My Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee—I love thee—  
 I love thee, my Lord!

I love thee, my Saviour,  
 I love thee, my God.  
 I love thee—I love thee—  
 And that thou dost know;  
 But how much I love thee  
 I never can show.

3 I'm happy—I'm happy—  
 O wond'rous account!

My joys are immortal,  
 I stand on the mount.

I gaze on my treasure,  
 And long to be there,  
 With angels my kindred,  
 And Jesus my dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour,  
 In thee I am blest;  
 My life and my treasure,  
 My joy and my rest.  
 Thy grace is my theme,  
 And thy name is my song;  
 Thy love doth inspire  
 My heart and my tongue.

5 All human expressions  
 Are empty and vain,  
 They cannot unriddle  
 The heavenly flame.  
 I am sure if the tongue  
 Of an angel I had,  
 I could not the mystery  
 Completely describe.

6 O, who is like Jesus!  
 He's Salem's great king!  
 He smiles and he loves me,  
 He learns me to sing!  
 I'll praise my dear Jesus,  
 I love his dear name;  
 I'll love and I'll praise him,  
 When the world's in a flame.

604 . 8s. . PSALM 73. 25. NEWTON.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see;

- Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me.
- 2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 3 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.
- 4 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.
- 5 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.
- 6 While blessed with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?
- 8 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

605 L. M. PROV. 4. 1.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,  
While I address you in God's name,  
You who in sin and folly live,  
Come hear the counsel of a friend:  
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,  
I've ranged the alluring scenes of life,  
But never found substantial joys,  
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spoke at once my sins forgiven,  
And took my load of guilt away;

He gave me glory, peace and heaven,  
 And thus I found the good old way.  
 And now with trembling sense I view  
 Your awful state, unthinking youth,  
 While death eternal waits for you,  
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone—  
 By fleeting time, or conquering death;  
 Your morning sun may set at noon,  
 For God may soon demand your breath.  
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks,  
 Must wither like the blasted rose;  
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,  
 Must soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones, who wildly stroll,  
 The grave must soon become your bed;  
 There darkness reigns and vapours move  
 In solemn silence round your head.  
 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,  
 And with a sigh move slow along,  
 Still gazing at those spires of grass  
 Which will be o'er your bodies grown.

5 But oh! the soul, where vengeance reigns,  
 It sinks in groans and ceaseless cries;  
 It moves amidst the burning flames,  
 In boundless woes and agonies.  
 There swallowed up in blackest night,  
 Where devils dwell and thunders roar,  
 To sink in deep despair and guilt,  
 When thousand thousand years are o'er.

6 Oh, thoughtless youth! this is the state  
 Of all who do free grace abuse;  
 And soon with you 'twill be too late  
 The way of life in Christ to choose.  
 Come lay your carnal weapons by,  
 No longer fight against your Lord;  
 And with my message now comply,  
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

606 8s. 8s. 6s. PSALM 90. 15. LEONARD.

1 **T**HE sun is set, the day is closed,  
 The night is come, the world's compos'd,

- And cares are laid aside;  
 So fly my days without control,  
 Like rolling spheres around the pole,  
 Or swift as meteors glide.
- 2 My life at best is but a span,  
 The days are few laid up for man,  
 To number here in pain:  
 Each moment clips the little space,  
 Contracts the'span, cuts short the race,  
 And winds the mortal chain.
- 3 Soon will the wheel to pieces break,  
 The fountain dry, the fabric shake,  
 The silver cord untie;  
 My day will end, my night will come,  
 My body lodged in yonder tomb,  
 My soul above the sky.
- 4 Well, if my days must end so soon,  
 The morning sun go down at noon,  
 The present I'll improve:  
 I'll watch the moments as they fly,  
 And none misspent shall pass me by,  
 While I have power to love.
- 5 I'll strive to make my calling sure,  
 To reach the mark, the prize secure,  
 And wait the crown in view:  
 I'll take the cross, the shame despise,  
 And seek my mansion in the skies,  
 And bid the world adieu.

607 8s. 8s. 6s. PROV. 8. 34. WESLEY.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
 How free from anxious care and thought.  
 From worldly hope and fear:  
 Confined to neither court nor cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,  
 Already saved from self-design,  
 From every creature love—  
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
 And seeks the things above.

- 3 The things eternal I pursue,  
 And happiness beyond the view  
 Of those who basely pant  
 For things by nature felt and seen;  
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
 A stranger to the world unknown,  
 I all their goods despise;  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a city out of sight—  
 A city in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair,  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home:  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord! replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heavenly rest:  
 Now let the Pilgrim's journey end;  
 Now—O my Saviour, brother, friend!  
 Receive me to thy breast.

608 8s. 6s. 5s. CANT. 2. 1. SWAIN.

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes  
 delight,  
 On whom in affliction I call;  
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon tide resort with thy  
 To feed on the pastures of love? [sheep,  
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,  
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee?  
 Or cry in the desert for bread?  
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
 see,  
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
 The star that on Israel shone;

- Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flocks he nas gone?
- 5 This is my beloved—his form is divine,  
His vestments shed odours around;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;  
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,  
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 7 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death,  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace; [know;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall  
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 9 Love sits on his eye-lids and scatters delight  
Through all the bright mansions on high;  
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,  
And praise him with fulness of joy.
- 10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

609 7s. NUMB. 10. 29. BENEDICT.

- 1 **H**AIL, ye followers of the Lamb,  
Ye who love the Saviour's name,  
Who are cleansed by pardoning blood,  
Go with us—the way is good:  
Canaan's land we have in view,  
While we on our way pursue;  
March with joy the heavenly road,  
Go with us—the way is good.  
O glory hallelujah, praise ye the Lord;  
Praise him in his bright abode.
- 2 Come ye sinners sick and sore,  
Flee from sin and Satan's power,  
Walk the path which Jesus trod  
Go with us—the way is good.

- Leave the world and seek the Lord,  
 Read and meditate his word;  
 Take it for your constant guide,  
 Go with us—the way is good.
- 3 Come ye aged, come ye young,  
 Every nation learn the song;  
 Sound your Saviour's name abroad,  
 Go with us—the way is good:  
 Doubting souls dismiss your fears,  
 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Christ for you has shed his blood,  
 Go with us—the way is good.
- 4 Burden'd souls, oppress'd with grief,  
 Jesus freely grants relief;  
 H'ell remove your heavy load,  
 Go with us—the way is good:  
 Needy sinners doubt no more,  
 Jesus hath an ample store,  
 Richest wine and choicest food;  
 Go with us—the way is good.
- 5 Ye who know your Saviour's love,  
 Now your faithfulness approve,  
 Follow him in Jordan's flood,  
 Go with us—the way is good:  
 Saints begin the heavenly song,  
 Join in concert every tongue;  
 Walk with joy the heavenly road,  
 Go with us—the way is good.

610 C. M. ISA. 43. 6.

LELAND.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,  
 When Zion's light shall come;  
 She shall arise and shine on high,  
 Bright as the rising sun.
- 2 The north and south their sons resign,  
 And earth's foundation bend,  
 When, like a bride, Jerusalem,  
 All glorious shall descend.
- 3 The King who wears that glorious crown,  
 The azure flaming bow,  
 The holy city shall bring down,  
 To bless the church below.

- 4 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King,  
Shall sin and death destroy,  
The morning stars together sing,  
And Zion shout for joy.
- 5 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,  
Nor think his reign is long;  
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,  
Their great Redeemer's strong.
- 6 He is their shield and hiding place,  
A covert from the wind,  
A stream of light from Christ *the rock*,  
Runs through this weary land.
- 7 A thousand years shall roll around,  
The church shall be complete;  
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound  
Their Saviour they shall meet.
- 8 They'll rise with joy and mount on high,  
They'll fly to Jesus' arms;  
And gaze with wonder and delight,  
On their beloved's charms.

611 C. M. ROM. 8. 37. WATTS: S.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follow'r of the Lamb!  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flow'ry beds of ease;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:  
Increase my courage Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain;  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;

They see the triumph from afar,  
And sieze it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

612 8s. 6s. LUKE 19: 6. NEWTON.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,  
And thought himself unknown;  
But how surpris'd was he  
When Jesus call'd him down!  
The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,  
And by a word his power reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once  
Were painted in his face;  
"Does he my name pronounce,  
And does he know my case?  
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?  
Lord, I with all I have, am thine."
- 3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,  
And sinners come to hear,  
The hearts of some are reach'd,  
Before they are aware:  
The word directly speaks to them,  
And seems to point them out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity  
Oft brings them in the way,  
Only the man to see,  
And hear what he can say;  
But how the sinner starts to find  
The preacher knows his inmost mind!
- 5 His long forgotten faults  
Are brought again in view,  
And all his secret thoughts,  
Reveal'd in public too:  
Though compass'd with a crowd about,  
The searching word has found him out.
- 6 While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow fills his heart,  
He hears a voice again  
That bids his fears depart:

Then like Zaccheus he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

613 6s. 5s. REV. 3. 20.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, here comes and knocks at thy  
door,  
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor;  
Blind, lame, and forsaken, in nature I stood,  
At length overtaken, while running from God.
- 2 To ask children's bread, I dare not presume,  
But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I come;  
Some crumbs from thy table, O let me obtain,  
For sure thou art able my soul to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve no favour to see,  
I hated thy cause and wander'd from thee,  
Till brought by thy Spirit my follies to mourn,  
Now stripp'd of all merit to thee I do come.
- 4 Great God, my desert is nothing but death,  
From thee to depart forever in wrath,  
Yet Lord, to the city of refuge I flee,  
O let thine eye pity a sinner like me.
- 5 For since thou hast said thou wilt cast out none  
Who flee to thy aid as sinners undone,  
I come, precious Jesus condemned to die,  
And on thy sweet promise would humbly rely.
- 6 Nor can I depart dear Jesus, nor yield,  
Till feels my poor heart, thy promise fulfill'd;  
That I may forever a monument be,  
To praise thee, dear Saviour of sinners like me.
- 7 Help me to believe and trust in thy name,  
Thou wilt not deceive me nor put me to shame,  
But fully supply me from thy gracious store,  
Nor ever deny me because I am poor.

614 7s. MATT. 11. 28. HEWITT.

- 1 **C**OME poor sinner, come and see,  
All thy strength is found in me,  
I am waiting to be kind,  
To relieve thy troubled mind.
- 2 Dost thou feel thy sins a pain?  
Look to me and ease obtain;

All my fulness thou mayst share,  
And be always welcome here.

3 Boldly come, why dost thou fear?

I possess a gracious ear,  
I will never tell thee nay,  
While thou hast a heart to pray.

4 Try the freeness of my grace,  
Sure, 'twill suit thy trying case;  
Mourning souls will ne'er complain,  
Having sought my face in vain.

5 Knock, and cast all doubt behind,  
Seek, and thou shalt surely find,  
Ask and I will give thee peace,  
And thy confidence increase.

6 Will not this encourage thee,  
Vile and poor, to come to me?  
Sure, thou canst not doubt my will?  
Come and welcome, sinner, still.

615

7s. ESTHER 4. 16.

HEWETT.

1 **I**F I perish, I will go  
Trembling to the Saviour's feet,  
Perhaps his favor he'll bestow,  
Perhaps I may forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish I will go:  
He perhaps may pity me,  
Unbelief still answers—no  
He will not a wretch like thee.

3 If I perish, I must own,  
God is just to banish me;  
But I'll venture near his throne,  
For his pardons all are free.

4 If I perish, I will go,  
Though distress'd I can but try;  
Should he mercy never show,  
Begging I will live and die.

5 Dearest Saviour, let me live,  
Stretch thy sceptre out to me;  
All my sins, though great, forgive;  
Speak the word and set me free.

6 Shall I perish, Satan?—no:  
 There's a new and living way,  
 Fly then, tempting, subtle foe,  
 Jesus will not tell me nay.

616 L. M. MATT. 11. 28.

1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!  
 O that I could at last submit,  
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 When shall my eyes behold the Lamb?  
 The God of my salvation see?  
 Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
 Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
 Saviour, if mine indeed thou art;  
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,  
 Thy light and easy burden prove,  
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood  
 The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,  
 My heart from ev'ry sin release;  
 Bring near, bring near the happy hour,  
 And fill my soul with heavenly peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
 Nor let my Jesus long delay;  
 Appear, in my poor heart, appear,  
 My God, my Saviour, come away.

617 7s. 6s. LUKE 19. 10. NEWTON.

1 **H**OW lost was my condition,  
 Till Jesus made me whole!  
 There is but one Physician  
 Can cure a sin sick soul.  
 Next door to death he found me,  
 And snatch'd me from the grave,  
 To tell to all around me,  
 His wond'rous power to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases  
Is light compar'd with sin:  
On ev'ry part it seizes,  
But rages most within;  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness—all combin'd;  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,  
I sought a cure to gain,  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain:  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost,  
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were crost.
- 4 At length this great Physician—  
How matchless is his grace!  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case;  
First gave me sight to view him—  
For sin my eyes had seal'd—  
Then bid me look unto him;  
I look'd and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen, Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death:  
Come then to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only—look and live.

## 618 L. M. MATT. 13. 24. 30.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,  
In which the sowers came to sow,  
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,  
For so the word of truth declares.

## CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

- 2 Most awful truth. And is it so?  
Must all mankind the harvest know?  
Is every one a wheat or tare?  
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare!
- 3 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all are wheat,  
But to the Lord's all-seeing eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 4 The tares are spar'd for various ends,  
Some for the sake of praying friends;  
But though they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long.
- 5 Will it relieve their horror's there  
To recollect their stations here,  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How long among the wheat they grew?
- 6 To love my sins, a saint t'appear,  
To grow with wheat and be a tare,  
May serve me whilst on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow.
- 7 Then all who truly righteous be,  
Shall soon their Father's kingdom see;  
But tares in bundles shall be bound,  
And cast in hell—O dreadful sound!

619 L. M. HABAK. 3. 2.

- 1 **I** LONG to see the season come,  
When sinners shall come flocking home  
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,  
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! how the glorious gospel sounds,  
Inviting sinners all around;  
Behold, your loving Saviour stands—  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Attend, poor sinners, to this word,  
Trust him, yea, own him as your Lord;  
He'll wash you in atoning blood,  
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go  
To realms of joy or endless woe;

In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,  
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come then, poor sinners, counsel take,  
And all your sinful ways forsake;  
The world give o'er, leave friends behind,  
In Christ you may redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,  
And your connexion's in a band,  
And give them up at Jesus' call,  
To pardon, bless, and save them all.

7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come,  
And he collect his children home;  
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,  
And join the bright angelic band.

8 O what a glorious company;  
May I be there that sight to see!  
And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
All glorious in Jerusalem.

620      8s. 7s. 4s.    ISA. 51. 1.      HART.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh;  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,—  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody tree behold him!  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Sinners will not this suffice?

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

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his name.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

621 11s. 10s. LUKE 2. 16.

1 **H**AIL the blest morn when the great Medi-  
 ator,  
 Down from the regions of glory descends;  
 Shepherds! go worship the Lord in the manger,  
 Lo! for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

- 2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Shine on our darkness, and lend us your aid,  
 Star in the East! the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where the infant Redeemer was laid.
- 3 Lo! on his cradle the dew drops were shining,  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,  
 Angels adore him with slumbers reclining,  
 Maker, Redeemer, and Saviour of men.
- 4 Say, shall we yield him, with costly devotion,  
 Odours of Eden, an offering divine:

Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

- 5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

622 C. M. 1 JOHN 3. 2.

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home:  
O, how I long for thee!  
When will my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 If heaven be thus, O glorious Lord,  
Why should I stray from thence?  
What folly 'tis that I should dread,  
To die and go from hence.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbath's never end.

5 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below,  
Will soon come after me.

6 My friends I bid you all adieu;  
I leave you in God's care,  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.

7 There we shall meet and no more part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise,  
While Jesus' love in ev'ry heart,  
Shall tune the song, free grace.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

## 623 L. M. REV. 2. 10.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,  
A heaven where pleasure never dies:  
A heaven, I sometimes hope to see,  
But fear again 'tis not for me.  
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,  
O hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.
- 2 I travel through a world of woes,  
Thro' conflicts sore, my spirit goes;  
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,  
To reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 3 There are the footsteps of my Lord,  
There on the cross he bore my load;  
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,  
With streaming blood he mark'd the way.
- 4 Come life, come death, come then what will,  
His footsteps I will follow still,  
Through danger's thick, and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.
- 5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,  
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend, and King;  
With pleasing smiles he now looks on,  
And cries, press on, and win the crown.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber under ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

## 624 Ss. 8s. 6s. PHIL. 3. 8.

- 1 **O**NE smile from God will warm the heart,  
And bid all sinful joys depart,  
To reach the realm above;  
Immortal glories round me shine,  
I drink the streams of joy divine,  
And sing redeeming love.
- 2 O, could I wing my way in haste,  
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,  
And join their sweet employ:

I'd glide along the heavenly stream,  
 And join their most exalted theme  
 Of everlasting joy.

3 Too mean this little globe for me,  
 Nor will I e'er contented be,  
 With things that are so vain:  
 Its greatest treasures are but dross,  
 Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd;  
 Its joys all mixed with pain.

4 But resting in my Saviour's arms,  
 My soul enjoys transporting charms  
 Of everlasting love:  
 There's life, there's joy, there's settled peace,  
 A friendship that will never cease,  
 A rock that cannot move.

5 Soar then, my soul, stretch every thought,  
 To meet within the heavenly court,  
 Above this mortal orb;  
 There with angels let me rise,  
 And find my seat above the skies,  
 Where sins no more disturb.

625 P. M. PSALM 72. 15.

1 **T**HE glorious light of Zion, is spreading far  
 and wide, [tide;  
 And sinners they are coming upon the gospel  
 The conquests of King Jesus in glorious triumph  
 rise,  
 And sinners crowd around him with grief and  
 weeping eyes.

2 The sufferings of the Saviour upon Mount Cal-  
 vary. [see;  
 Are sounding sweet to sinners, as we may plainly  
 And while the glorious message was circulating  
 round,  
 Some souls exposed to ruin, redeeming grace have  
 found.

3 And of that happy number I hope that I am one,  
 For Jesus will accomplish the work he has begun;  
 He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll for-  
 ever be  
 A monument of mercy through all eternity.

- 4 I am but a young convert, who lately did enlist,  
 A soldier under Jesus, my prophet, king and  
 priest; [dress,  
 I have received my bounty, with it my martial  
 A ring of love and favor, a robe of righteousness.
- 5 Then down into the water, where the young con-  
 verts go,  
 We serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts  
 below; [wave,  
 We lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding  
 An emblem of the Saviour, when he lay in the  
 grave.
- 6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus has done for you  
 and me,  
 Behold his mangled body upon the cursed tree,  
 His head, his hands, his bleeding side, to you we  
 now portray,  
 Come tell me brother sinner, how can you stay  
 away?
- 7 Come all ye elder brethren, and soldiers of the  
 cross,  
 Who for the love of Jesus have counted all things  
 dross;  
 Come, pray for us young converts, that we may  
 travel on, [gone.  
 To meet you all in glory, where our Redeemer's

## 626 8s. 8s. 6s. CANT. 5. 16.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden's come,  
 The spices yield a rich perfume,  
 The lilies grow and thrive;  
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
 From Jesus flow on every vine,  
 And make the dead alive.
- 2 Behold! this dry and barren ground  
 With springs of water doth abound,  
 A fruitful soil become;  
 The desert blossoms like the rose,  
 Believers do the church compose,  
 When party zeal is gone.
- 3 The glorious day is rolling on,  
 The gracious work is now begun,

Your sins he will forgive:

O taste, and see that grace is free  
For all mankind who willing be,  
To come to Christ and live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour, piteous and kind,  
Who will them all receive;  
None are too bad who do repent,  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew the Lord,  
And were acquainted with his word,  
His sweet forgiving love,  
They'd rush through storms of every kind,  
And leave all earthly things behind,  
To gain a crown above.
- 6 Come brethren, you who love the Lord,  
Observe with care his holy word,  
In Jesus' ways go on:  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 7 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the glorious throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high:  
It comes like floods, we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet for more we cry.

627 L. M. 2 COR. 6. 2.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all, in blooming days,  
Hear what your Lord and Saviour says:  
"Now is the time to seek my face,  
And to receive my gospel grace."
- 2 In gospel banner now he stands,  
With peace and pardon in his hands,  
Offering to sinners in their prime,  
Come, now is the accepted time.
- 3 "Come, you that mourn, lament and weep,  
Who long to be among my sheep;  
'Tis my delight to set you free  
From sin, and death, and misery."

- 4 The happy day will soon appear,  
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,  
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,  
To call the nations great and small.
- 5 "Poor broken hearts, why do ye mourn,  
Like to some lonesome dove forlorn?  
I am your Saviour, come rejoice,  
I bore your sins upon the cross."
- 6 Forsake this world and all its fame,  
Take up the cross, despise the shame;  
And now pursue the living way,  
That leads to everlasting day.

## 628 8s. 7s. 4s. PSALM 48. 14. ROBINSON.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,  
In this barren wilderness;  
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,  
Be my robe of righteousness:  
Fight and conquer  
All my foes by sovereign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

## 629 8s. 8s. 6s. LUKE 13. 24. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty!  
To thee, against myself, to thee,

- A sinful worm I cry,  
 An half awakened child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Yet how insensible!  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God! my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart,  
 Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And save me ere it be too late:  
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in bright array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.
- 630      8s. 8s. 6s.    JAMES 4. 14.
- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years  
 Fly rapid like the whirling spheres,  
 Around the steady pole:  
 Time, like a tide, its moment keeps,  
 Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,  
 Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle scene,  
 How swift the moments pass between,  
 And whisper as they fly;  
 Unthinking man! remember this,  
 Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,  
 Must groan, and gasp, and die.

- 3 Long ere the sun shall run its round,  
 We may be buried under ground,  
 And there in silence rot:  
 Alas! one hour may close the scene,  
 And ere twelve months may roll between  
 My name be quite forgot.
- 4 But shall my soul be then extinct,  
 Or cease to live, or cease to think?  
 It cannot, cannot be;  
 Thou, my immortal, cannot die,  
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
 When death shall set thee free?
- 5 Will mercy then its arm extend?  
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
 And heaven thy dwelling place?  
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
 To drag thee down to dark despair  
 Beyond the reach of grace?
- 6 A heaven or hell for those alone  
 Beyond this mortal life are known—  
 There is no middle state;  
 To-day attend the call divine,  
 To-morrow may be none of thine,  
 Or it may be too late.

631 8s. 7s. 4s. PSALM 85. 6. NEWTON.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless thou return again;  
 Lord revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
 Shine upon us from on high,  
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd.  
 Every part look'd gay and green;  
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,  
 Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
 And a sad decline we see;

- Lord thy help is greatly needed,  
 Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?  
 Old professors, tall as cedars,  
 Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,  
 We shall meet no more below;  
 Some alas! we fear are blighted,  
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,  
 Covered thick with blossoms stood;  
 But they cause us grief at present,  
 Frosts have nipt them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;  
 O, permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers;  
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh.

**632** L M PROV. 3. 17.

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord indeed,  
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,  
 Submit to all the ways of God,  
 And walk this narrow, happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,  
 But soon shall walk the golden street;  
 Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,  
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,  
 When you shall Gabriel's trumpet hear,  
 Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell,  
 To call the nations great and small,

- 4 Behold the skies in burning flames,  
The trumpet louder still proclaims;  
The world must hear and know their doom,  
The separation now is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,  
And all the angels bid them come;  
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,  
Here come my saints, I own their names.
- 6 In grandeur see the royal line,  
Whose glittering robes the sun outshine;  
See saints and angels join in one,  
And march in splendor round the throne.

**633**      8s. 6s.    ISA. 27. 13.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God;  
The sin-atonng Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim.  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live;  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face;  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made:  
Ye weary spirits, rest—  
Ye mournful souls, be glad!

## 634-635 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home,

**634** 8s. 8s. 6s. ISA. 28. 16. CHATHAM.

- 1 **H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,  
And build on him alone;  
For no foundation is there given,  
On which I'd place my hopes of heaven,  
But Christ the corner stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,  
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,  
And sanctity complete;  
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh  
Before the ruler of the sky,  
And all his justice meet.
- 3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,  
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,  
But Christ th'appointed road;  
O may we tread the sacred way,  
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,  
Till we sit down with God.
- 4 The types and shadows of the word,  
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,  
The Saviour just and true:  
Oh, may we all his word believe!  
And all his promises receive,  
And all his precepts do.
- 5 As he above forever lives,  
And life to dying sinners gives,  
Eternal and divine;  
O may his Spirit in me dwell!  
Then, saved from sin, and death, and hell,  
Eternal life is mine.

**635** C. M. LUKE 15. 1. 24. NEWTON.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent;  
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
And forced him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt  
Till he had spent his store;

- His stubborn heart began to melt  
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame and fear?  
My Father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.
- 4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
And fall before his face;  
Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.
- 5 His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!"  
"I've heard enough," he said;  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around;  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a Father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.
- 9 Come then, poor sinners, come away,  
We call you all around;  
'Tis the accepted, promised day,  
When gospel grace abounds.
- 10 Come, mourning souls, to Jesus come,  
Whose blood for you atoned;  
His heart, his hands and church have room,  
Wē, therefore, bid you come.

636

L. M. JOHN 1. 46.

MEDLEY.

- 1 **J**ESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!  
Replete with balm for all my wounds;  
His word declares his grace is free,  
Come, needy sinners, come and see.

- 2 He left the shining courts on high,  
Came to our world to bleed and die:  
Jesus, the God, hung on a tree;  
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,  
Till death had done its dreadful part;  
Yet his dear love still burns for thee;  
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,  
And make the filthy leper clean;  
This fountain open stands for thee,  
Come guilty sinner, come and see.
- 5 The garments of his shining grace,  
His glorious robe of righteousness;  
In this array thou bright shalt be;  
Come, naked sinner, come and see.
- 6 No tongue can tell what glories shine  
In our Immanuel, all divine:  
O that in sweetest melody,  
Each heart may sing, "He died for me."

637

7s. LUKE 12. 32

CENNICK.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banished seed be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made—  
Us to save our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest.  
There your seat is now prepar'd  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,  
On the borders of your land;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

- 6 Lord! submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

638 8s. 6s. PHIL. 4. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King;  
Your God and King adore;  
Mortals give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns—  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purg'd our stains,  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given.  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

639 7s. 1 TIM. 3. 16.

- 1 **G**OD with us! O glorious name!  
Let it shine in endless fame:

God and man in Christ unite,  
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love  
Brought him from his courts above:  
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,  
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not  
With the first transgressor's blot;  
Yet did he our sins sustain,  
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wond'rous grace!  
Let us see him face to face,  
That we may Immanuel sing  
As we ought our God and King.

640 6s. 5s. 2 PETER 1. 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 In every condition,  
In sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale,  
Or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad,  
On the land, on the sea,  
'As thy days may demand,  
Shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee,  
O be not dismay'd,  
I, I am thy God,  
And will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee,  
And cause thee to stand  
Upheld by my righteous  
Omnipotent hand.

4 'When through the deep waters  
I call thee to go,

- The rivers of wo  
 Shall not thee o'erflow;  
 For I will be with thee,  
 Thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee,  
 Thy deepest distress.
- 5 '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.
- 6 'Even down to old age,  
 All my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal,  
 Unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs  
 Shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still  
 In my bosom be borne.
- 7 'The soul that on Jesus  
 Hath lean'd for repose,  
 I will not, I will not  
 Desert to his foes:  
 That soul, though all hell  
 Should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no never,  
 No never forsake.'

641 S. M. 1 TIM. 6. 12.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, be bold,  
 In Zion's ways stand fast,  
 Cleave to the Lord and you shall find  
 All will be well at last.
- 2 Numbers will you oppose,  
 And many snares be laid;  
 But Christ will be your strong defence;  
 Then never be dismay'd.
- 3 Upon the throne of grace,  
 Jesus will soon appear;

Fight the good fight, ye ransomed throng,  
And never, never fear.

4 Fear not your num'rous foes,  
O'er all you shall prevail;  
And live, and sing redeeming love,  
When they'll lament and wail.

5 Hark, hark, ye ransom'd race,  
Your Captain cries, 'fight on;'  
Soon ye shall mount the lofty skies,  
And stand around the throne.

6 Great God, send down thy pow'r,  
And make thy saints arise,  
Boldly to fight and conquer all,  
And then receive the prize.

642 C. M. LUKE 23. 42. BURNHAM.

1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,  
I yield myself to thee,  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then in thy all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creatures help all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,  
I pray remember me.

643      8s. 7s.      MARK 10. 47.      NEWTON.

- 1 **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David,  
Thus blind Bartimeus cry'd;  
"Others by thy grace are saved,  
O vouchsafe to me thine aid."  
For his crying, many chid him,  
But he cried the louder still,  
Till his gracious Saviour bid him,  
"Come and ask me what you will."
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging us'd to live;  
Yet he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms that none but he could give;  
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let mine eyes behold the day;"  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 3 Now me thinks I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around;  
"Friends, is not my case amazing,  
What a Saviour I have found!  
O that all the blind but knew him,  
Or could be advised by me;  
Sure if they were brought unto him,  
He would cause them all to see.
- 4 "Now I freely leave my garments,  
Follow Jesus in the way;  
He'll direct me by his counsel,  
Bring me to eternal day;  
There shall I behold my Saviour,  
Spotless, innocent and pure;  
I shall reign with him forever,  
For his promises are sure.
- 5 "Don't you see my Jesus coming,  
See him now in yonder cloud,  
With ten thousand angels round him;  
O behold the glorious crowd!  
I will rise and go and meet him,  
And embrace him in my arms;  
In the arms of my dear Jesus,  
O! he hath a thousand charms.

644-645 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

644 8s. 6s. LUKE 13. 6. 9. NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HE church a garden is,  
     In which believers stand,  
     Like ornamental trees  
         Planted by God's own hand;  
     His Spirit waters all their roots,  
     And ev'ry branch abounds with fruit.
- 2 But other trees there are,  
     In this enclosure grow;  
     Which though they promise fair,  
         Have only leaves to show:  
     No fruits of grace are on them found,  
     They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.
- 3 The under gard'ner grieves,  
     In vain his strength he spends,  
     For heaps of useless leaves,  
         Afford him small amends:  
     He hears the Lord his will make known,  
     To cut the barren fig-tree down.
- 4 Spare them and let me try,  
     What further means may do;  
     I'll fresh manure apply,  
         My digging I'll renew;  
     Who knows but yet they fruit may yield!  
     If not—'tis just they should be fell'd.
- 5 If under means of grace,  
     No gracious fruit appear;  
     It is a dreadful case,  
         Tho' God may long forbear;  
     At length he'll strike the threaten'd blow,  
     And lay the barren fig-tree low.

645 7s. PSALM 111. 9.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme;  
     Sing aloud in Jesus' name!  
     Ye, who his salvation prove,  
     Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
     Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
     As to Canaan on ye move,  
     Praise and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to his sacred rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
We shall all the fulness prove,  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

646

7s. 2 COR. 5. 21.

HART.

- 1 **C**OME, ye humble sinner train,  
Souls for whom the Lord was slain;  
Cheerful, let us raise our voice,  
We have reason to rejoice.
- 2 Let us sing with saints in heav'n;  
Life restor'd and sins forgiv'n;  
Glory and eternal laud  
Be to our incarnate God.
- 3 Now look up with faith and see  
Him that bled for you and me,  
Seated on his glorious throne,  
Interceding for his own.
- 4 What can christians have to fear  
When they view their Saviour there;  
Hell is vanquish'd, heaven pleas'd;  
God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.
- 5 Snares and dangers may beset,  
For we are but trav'lers yet:  
As the way indeed is hard,  
Let us keep a constant guard.
- 6 Neither lifted up with air,  
Nor dejected to despair;

647-648 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Always keeping Christ in view;  
He will bring us safely through.

647 8s. 7s. MARK 5. 39. 42. NEWTON

- 1 **C**OULD the creatures help or ease us,  
Seldom should we think of pray'r;  
Few, if any, come to Jesus,  
Till reduced to self-despair.
- 2 Long we either slight or doubt him,  
But when all the means we try,  
Prove we cannot do without him,  
Then at last to him we cry.
- 3 Thus the ruler, when his daughter  
Suffer'd much tho' Christ was nigh,  
Still deferr'd it, till he thought her,  
At the very point to die.
- 4 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,  
How determin'd is thy love!  
Not this rude unkind behaviour,  
Could thy gracious purpose move.
- 5 Fear not, then, distrest believer,  
Venture on his mighty name;  
He is able to deliver,  
And his love is still the same.
- 6 Can his pity or his power  
Suffer thee to pray in vain?  
Wait but his appointed hour,  
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.

648 C. M. NUMB. 10. 29. MAYO.

- 1 **I**F worldlings ask the reason why  
We do so often meet;  
In love to them we do reply,  
To wait at Jesus' feet.
- 2 We tell them 'tis our greatest joy,  
To meet, and sing, and pray;  
The noblest, rational employ,  
Of each succeeding day.
- 3 To man in nature this is strange,  
For want of better light;  
There must be an entire change,  
To worship God aright.

- 4 Ah did you know the joys we feel,  
 In our despised way;  
 You also would a moment steal,  
 And join to sing and pray.
- 5 But if determin'd still to run  
 In ruin's mad career,  
 We must your ways and person shun,  
 And weeping leave you here.
- 6 We must press forward in the race,  
 Appointed for our feet;  
 And long to see our Saviour's face,  
 Where worship is complete.

649 8s. 8s. 6s. ACTS 9. 6. NEWTON.

- 1 **L**ORD thou hast won, at length I yield,  
 My heart by mighty grace compell'd,  
 Surrenders all to thee;  
 Against thy terrors long I strove,  
 But who can stand against thy love?  
 Love conquers even me.
- 2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,  
 Thy patience scorn'd, thy power defy'd,  
 And trampled on thy laws:  
 Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,  
 Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,  
 Than I in satan's cause.
- 3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,  
 And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,  
 I can resist no more:  
 Could'st thou for such a sinner bleed?  
 Could'st thou for such a rebel plead?  
 I wonder and adore.
- 4 My will conform'd to thine would move,  
 On thee my hope, desire and love,  
 In fix'd attention join;  
 My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
 Have Satan's servants been too long,  
 But now they shall be thine.
- 5 And can I be the very same,  
 Who lately durst blaspheme thy name  
 And on thy gospel tread?  
 Surely each one who hears my case,

650-651 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Will praise thee and confess thy grace,  
For such amazing love.

- 6 Now Lord, I would be thine alone,  
Come take possession of thy own,  
For thou hast set me free:  
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers awaiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.

650 8s. 7s. LUKE 19. 10.

- 1 **H**AIL my ever blessed Jesus,  
Only thee I wish to sing:  
To my soul thy name is precious,  
Thou, my prophet, priest and king.
- 2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,  
O! what joy and happiness!  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I 'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 [Once in Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Saviour passed by.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.]
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;  
Whilst astonish'd I admire,  
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That blest moment I received him,  
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace!  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

651 8s. SOL. SONG 5. 9. B. FRANCIS.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name;  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ.

- And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell!  
To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints, and with seraph's to sing,  
To view with eternal delight,  
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Meshec, as yet I reside,  
A darksome and restless abode!  
Molested with foes on each side,  
And longing to dwell with my God:  
Oh, when shall my spirit exchange  
This cell of corruptible clay,  
For mansions celestial, and range  
Through realms of ineffable day!
- 4 My glorious Redeemer! I long  
To see thee descend on the cloud,  
Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
And mix with the triumphing crowd:  
Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
To join in thy praises above;  
To gaze on thee world without end,  
And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
Shall ever molest me again;  
Perfection of glory reigns there:  
This soul and this body shall shine  
In robes of salvation and praise,  
And banquet on pleasures divine,  
Where God his full beauty displays.
- 6 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away:  
The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
My joy everlastingly flows,  
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

652-653 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

652 8s. 6s. LUKE 8. 22.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep;  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;  
My compass is thy word:  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord:  
I trust thy faithfulness and power,  
'To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep,  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guide me with his eye:  
My anchor hope shall firm abide,  
And I each boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest;  
My soul thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast:  
O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where wind and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss,  
Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss:  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
Waft me from all below,  
To heaven—my destin'd place;  
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

653 7s. DEUT. 33. 27.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,

- While the raging billows 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 help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
 All in all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sins—  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

654 8s. 7s. 4s. ROM. 8. 37. FAWCETT.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
 Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
 Bid thy restless fears be gone;  
 Look to Jesus,  
 And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations,  
 Vex and tease thee day by day;  
 And thy sinful inclinations,  
 Often fill thee with dismay;

- Thou shalt conquer,  
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
 But will save from hell and sin:  
 He is faithful  
 To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
 His right hand shall still defend thee,  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God;  
 Therefore praise him,  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who forever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love;  
 Happy songsters!  
 When shall I your chorus join?

655 C. M. DEUT. 32. 49. STENNETT.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O, the transporting rapt'rous scene,  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son forever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.

- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face  
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

## 656 8s. 8s. 6s. CANT. 5. 8. RIPPON.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst and faint, and die to prove  
The greatness of Redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger is love than death or hell,  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see,  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart;  
For love I sigh, for love I pine,  
'This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary, at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice,  
My only care, delight and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that with humbled Peter, I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
My faithfulness to prove:  
Thou know'st, (for all to thee is known;)  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone;  
Thou know'st that thee I love.
- 6 O that I could, with favored John,  
Recline my weary head upon

The dear Redeemer's breast!  
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee  
 My everlasting rest.

- 7 Thy only love do I require,  
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in heaven above:  
 Let earth and heaven, and all things go,  
 Give me thy only love to know,  
 Give me thy only love.

657 L. M. ISA. 32. 2

- 1 **H**AIL sovereign Love! that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
 Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul an hiding place
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hand uplifted high:  
 Despised his rich, abounding grace,  
 Too proud to seek an hiding place.
- 3 [Enwrapt in thick, Egyptian night,  
 And fond of darkness more than light,  
 Madly I ran the sinful race,  
 Secure without an hiding place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,  
 "Almighty love, arrest that man;"  
 I felt the arrows of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view,  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
 But justice cried with frowning face  
 "This mountain is no hiding place."
- 6 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And mercy's angel form appear'd;  
 She led me on with gentle pace,  
 To Jesus, as my hiding place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
 That must have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for our sinful race,  
 And thus became our hiding place.

8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole;  
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,  
For Jesus is my hiding place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;  
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding place.

658 L. M. PSALM 119. 60.

1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er,  
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!  
Now rouse him from his senseless state!  
O let him not thy counsel spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

659 8s. 6s. 5s. ACTS 8. 39.

1 **H**OW happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And whose treasures are laid up above;  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart it believed,

- What a joy I received,  
 What a heaven in Jesus's name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
 My Redeemer to know;  
 And the angels could do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the Saviour of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
 Was my joy and my song;  
 Oh! that more his salvation might see;  
 He hath lov'd me I cried,  
 He hath suffered and died,  
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
 I was carried above  
 All sin, and temptation, and pain!  
 I could not believe  
 That I ever should grieve—  
 That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 O, the rapturous height  
 Of that holy delight,  
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
 Of the Saviour possess'd,  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 Overwhelm'd in the goodness of God.
- 7 Now, my remnant of days  
 Would I spend in his praise,  
 Who hath died my poor soul to redeem.  
 Whether many or few,  
 All my years are his due:  
 May they all be devoted to him.
- 8 What a mercy is this!  
 What a heaven of bliss!  
 How unspeakably happy am I!  
 Gathered into the fold,  
 With believers enroll'd,  
 With believers to live and to die.
- 9 Lo! the day's drawing nigh,  
 When, my soul, thou shalt fly  
 To the place thy salvation began;

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 660-661-662

Where the Three and the One,  
 Father, Spirit, and Son,  
 Laid the scheme of redemption for man.

660 7s. ISA. 53. 10. CALVARY.

1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent!  
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd.  
 See his body, mangled, rent,  
 Covered with a gore of blood:  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
 Murdered God's eternal Son.

2 Yes! your sins have done the deed;  
 Drove the nails and fixed him there;  
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,  
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,  
 Made his soul a sacrifice,  
 For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain,  
 Still to death pursue our God,  
 Open all his wounds again,  
 Trample on his precious blood?  
 No! with all our sins we'll part,  
 Saviour, take each broken heart.

4 Mourning souls look up and see,  
 Jesus hanging on a tree;  
 See the blood flow from his veins,  
 For to wash away our stains;  
 Mourning souls now doubt no more,  
 Come and wash in Jesus' gore.

661 7s. MARK 8. 36.

1 **'T**IS religion that can give,  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live:  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity!  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 Then my bliss shall never end.

662 8s. 7s. ISA. 33. 20. RIPPON.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken;  
 Zion, city of our God!

He whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode:  
 On the Rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near;  
 Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night and shade by day;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood;  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God!  
 'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings;  
 And as priests, his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,  
 I through grace a member am;  
 Let the world deride and pity,  
 I will glory in thy name:  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show!  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know.

663 8s. 8s. 6s. PROV. 8. 17.

1 **W**HILE I am blest with youthful bloom  
 I will adore the sacred Lamb,  
 Who bled and died for me:

If God inspires my heart with grace,  
And lets me see his shining face,  
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys  
And seek those far superior joys,  
That do in Jesus dwell;  
If Jesus be my God and King,  
Immortal triumph I will sing,  
O'er all the powers of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,  
And all those flattering charms deny,  
If Jesus stands my friend:  
Not long I have this storm to stand,  
Of this ensnaring barren land;  
My conflicts soon will end.

4 Jesus, my friend, my cause will plead,  
Conduct my steps, supply my need,  
And never let me fall.  
Jesus will all my foes destroy—  
Will be my life, my strength, my joy;  
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,  
To sound abroad his heavenly praise,  
And tell the world his love;  
And when I quit this mortal stage,  
I shall in sacred strains engage,  
Among the saints above.

6 When I shall with my Jesus dwell,  
In joys beyond what tongue can tell,  
On that immortal shore;  
Jesus, my love, shall be my joy,  
His praises be my sweet employ,  
And part from him no more.

664 6s. 5s. PSALM 85. 6.

OH how I have longed for the coming of God,  
And sought him by praying and searching  
his word:

With watching and praying my soul was oppress'd,  
Nor could I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,  
According to promise he answer'd my prayer;  
And glory is opened in floods on my soul,  
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is sounding aloud,  
And sinners come crying and weeping to God;  
They're mourning and praying at home and a-  
broad,  
And many find favor through Jesus' blood.
- 4 Still more, my dear Saviour, here fall at thy feet!  
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great,  
O raise them, dear Jesus, to tell of thy love,  
And shout hallelujah with angels above.
- 5 I'll sing and I'll pray, and I'll pray and I'll sing,  
O God! make the nations in praises to ring,  
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,  
And carry us all to the city above.
- 6 We wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw near,  
O come, thou dear Saviour, let glory appear!  
We long to be singing and praising above,  
With angels o'erwhelmed in oceans of love!

## 665      8s. 6s.      LUKE 14. 22.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,  
Immerg'd in sin and wo,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you;  
Ye perishing and guilty come,  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame;  
He bids you come to day,  
Tho' poor, and blind and lame;  
All things are ready, sinner, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word  
His messenger's proclaim;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is his name;  
Backsliding souls, return and come,  
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;  
 Christ calls you from above,  
 His charming accents hear!  
 Let whosoever will, now come;  
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

666 6s. 5s. ISA. 12. 2. NEWTON.

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief,  
 My Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief  
 Will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle,  
 And he will perform,  
 With Christ in the vessel,  
 I'd smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,  
 Since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey,  
 'Tis his to provide;  
 Though cisterns be broken,  
 And creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken  
 Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in times past,  
 Forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last  
 In trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer  
 I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure  
 To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,  
 He watch'd o'er my path,  
 When Satan's blind slave,  
 I sported with death;  
 And can he have taught me  
 To trust in his name,  
 And thus far have brought me  
 To put me to shame?

- 5 Why should I complain  
Of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?—  
He told me no less;  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live.  
His way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine;  
Did Christ, the Lord, suffer,  
And shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet,  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food:  
Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!

## 667 8s. 1 JOHN 3. 14.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love.  
It fastens our souls in such ties,  
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O! why then so loth for to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again,  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

- 5 And when we shall see that bright day,  
 And join with the angels above,  
 Leaving those vile bodies of clay,  
 United with Jesus in love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
 And all his bright glories shall see,  
 Singing hallelujah, amen,  
 Amen, even so let it be.

668

L. M. HEB. 3. 13.

- 1 **T**ODAY, if you will hear his voice,  
 Now is the time to make your choice!  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go,  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 2 Make now your choice, and halt no more,  
 For now he's waiting for the poor;  
 Say now, poor souls, what will you do,  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 3 Ye dear young friends for ruin bound,  
 Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Come, go with us and seek to prove  
 The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Your sports and all your glittering toys,  
 Compar'd with our celestial joys,  
 Like momentary dreams appear.  
 Come, go with us—your souls are dear.
- 5 Or must we leave you bound to hell!  
 Resolv'd with devils for to dwell!  
 Still we will weep, lament and cry,  
 That God may change you ere you die.
- 6 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell,  
 We're bound to heaven, but you to hell;  
 Still God may hear us while we pray,  
 And change you ere that awful day.
- 7 Once more we ask you in his name,  
 We know his love remains the same;  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go,  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 8 Come you that love the blessed Lord,  
 And feel redemption in his blood;

669-670 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Let's watch and pray, and travel on,  
Till Jesus come to call us home.

669 7s. LUKE 23. 29. 43.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN grace has power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the Lord was crucifi'd,  
Two transgressors with him died;  
One with vile blaspheming tongue,  
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,  
In the very jaws of death;  
Perish'd as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case;  
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 "Lord, (he prayed) remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be;"  
"Soon with me, (the Lord replies),  
Thou shalt rest in Paradise."
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace vouchsafed in time of need!  
Sinners trust in Jesus' name,  
You shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,  
Think upon the harden'd thief;  
If the gospel you disdain,  
Christ to you has died in vain.

670 S. M. ROM. 7. 14. NEWTON

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed  
By the Redeemer's grace!  
A rough and thorny path we tread,  
In hopes to see his face.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!  
We are on our journey home.

- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,  
But faith approves it well;  
This only leads to endless day,  
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promis'd land of peace  
Faith keeps in constant view;  
How diff'rent from the wilderness  
We now are passing through!
- 4 Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine;  
There shall we have unclouded skies,  
Our sun will always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
And fears, distress us sore;  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord pardon our complaints,  
We follow at thy call;  
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,  
Will make amends for all.

## 671 L. M. PSALM 27. 8. CENNICK.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,  
Opprest with fears, to thee I call;  
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,  
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"  
The invitation I embrace;  
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!  
O let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;  
If back I turn, hell is my doom;  
And begging, in his way I'll lie,  
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;  
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,  
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,  
And bid me seek thy face in vain?

Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive;  
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

- 6 [Then venture, O my soul, in pray'r,  
For none can perish pleading here:  
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,  
Shall wash my load of guilt away."]

672

8s. EPH. 3. 8.

MAXWELL.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?  
How shall I his beauties declare?  
Or how shall I speak of his worth,  
Or what his chief dignities are?  
His angels can never express,  
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,  
How rich are his treasures of grace;  
No! this is a myst'ry unknown.
- 2 In him, all the fullness of God  
For ever transcendantly shines;  
Though once like a mortal he stood,  
To finish his gracious designs:  
Though once he was nail'd to the cross,  
Vile rebels like me to set free,  
His glory sustained no loss,—  
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 His wisdom, his love, and his pow'r,  
Seem'd then with each other to vie,  
When sinners he stoop'd to restore,—  
Poor sinners condemned to die!  
He laid all his grandeur aside,  
And dwelt in a cottage of clay—  
Poor sinners he lov'd till he died,  
To wash their pollutions away.
- 4 O sinners, believe and adore  
This Saviour, so rich to redeem!  
No creature can ever explore  
The treasures of goodness in him.  
Come all ye who see yourselves lost,  
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,  
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,  
Believe, and your peace shall begin.
- 5 Now sinners, attend to his call—  
"Whoso hath an ear let him hear;"

He promises mercy to all,  
 Who feel their sad wants, far and near;  
 He riches has ever in store,  
 And treasures that never can waste;  
 Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more,  
 Here's glory eternal at last.

673            7s. ROM. 2. 4.    WESLEY.

- 1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,  
 Not in torments, not in hell!  
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive,  
 With the chief of sinners dwell!  
 Tell it unto sinners, tell,  
 I am, I am out of hell.
- 2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,  
 Will not of thy love despair;  
 Still, in spite of sin, I rise,  
 Still I bow to thee in pray'r.
- 3 O the length and breadth of love!  
 Jesus, Saviour, can it be?  
 All thy mercy's height I prove,  
 All the depth is seen in me.
- 4 See a bush that burns with fire,  
 Unconsum'd amid the flame!  
 Turn aside the sight t' admire—  
 I the living wonder am!
- 5 See a stone that hangs in air!  
 See a spark in ocean live!  
 Kept alive with death so near,  
 I to God the glory give;  
 Ever tell, to sinners tell,  
 I am, I am out of hell.

674    8s. 7s. 4s. JOHN 19. 30.    J. EVANS.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See! it rends the rocks asunder—  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finished! O what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford!

Heavenly blessings without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
"It is finish'd!"

Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
"It is finish'd!"

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table—  
Taste the soul-reviving food!

Nothing half so sweet and pleasant  
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:  
"It is finish'd!"

Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;

All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name:  
Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

675 L. M. PROV. 3. 6. WATTS. S.

1 **T**HERE is a God who reigns above,  
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas;  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,  
To teach us all what we must do;  
My soul, to his commands submit,  
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,  
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;  
How many, younger much than I,  
Have passed by death to hear their doom!

5 Let me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled;

There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

676 L. M. 2 COR. 13. 5.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,  
See where thy foes against thee rise;  
In long array a numerous host,  
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all that train,  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Clad in the armour from above,  
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love;  
Come now, my soul, the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell.

677 8s. MATT. 22. 42. NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HAT think ye of Christ? is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme;  
You cannot be right in the rest,  
Unless you think rightly of him.  
As Jesus appears in your view,  
As he is beloved or not,  
So God is disposed to you,  
And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some call him a Saviour in word,  
But mix their own works with the plan,  
And hope he his help will afford,  
When they have done all that they can!  
If doings prove rather too light,  
A little they own they may fail;  
They purpose to make up full weight,  
By casting his name in the scale.
- 3 Some take him a creature to be,  
A man, or an angel at most;  
Sure these have no feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.

## 678-679 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

So guilty, so helpless am I,  
I could not confide in his word,  
Unless I could make the reply,  
That Christ is my Lord and my God.

### 678 C. M. PROV. 15. 3. HEB. 4. 13.

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

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

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

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

### 679 S. M. NUMB. 23. 10.. NEWTON.

1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,  
When they resign their breath;  
No wonder Balaam wished to share  
In such a happy death.

2 Oh let me die, said he,  
The death the righteous do;  
When life is ended, let me be  
Found with the faithful few.

3 The force of truth how great,  
When enemies confess,  
None but the righteous, whom they hate.  
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,  
His heart was insincere;  
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,  
And sought a portion here.

5 May we, O Lord, Most High?  
Warning from hence receive;

If like the righteous we would die,  
To choose the life they live.

## 680 C. M. ISA. 35. 8.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,  
How holy, and how plain;  
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,  
Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road;  
Till to the sacred Mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 March then in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,  
While travelling up the hill.

## 681 C. M. LUKE 15. 10. NEEDHAM.

- 1 **O**H how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When but one sinner turns;  
And with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns.
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
But kindle with new fire;  
The sinner lost is found—they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre;

682

7s. MATT. 7. 7.

1. **P**ILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,  
Haste to Zion's gate to day;  
There till mercy let thee in,  
Knock and weep, and watch and pray.
- 2 Knock, for mercy lends an ear;  
Weep, she marks the sinner's sigh;  
Watch, till heavenly light appear;  
Pray, she hears the mourners' cry.
- 3 Mourning pilgrim, what for thee  
In this world can now remain?  
Seek that world from which shall flee  
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly,  
Shame shall never enter there,  
Tears be wiped from every eye,  
Pain in endless bliss expire.

683

C. M. PSALM 103. 8.

HYDE.

- 1 **A**H! what can I, a sinner, do,  
With all my guilt opprest?  
I feel the hardness of my heart,  
And conscience knows the rest.
- 2 Great God! thy good and perfect law  
Does all my life condemn;  
The secret evils of my soul,  
Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious sabbaths gone,  
I never can recall;  
And oh! what cause have I to mourn,  
Who misimproved them all?
- 4 How long, how often have I heard  
Of Jesus and of heaven!  
Yet scarcely listened to his word,  
Or prayed to be forgiven.
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
And grant renewing grace;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 684-685

684 C. M. ACTS 20. 38. SAFFREY.

- 1 **K**INDRED and friends, and native land,  
How shall we say farewell?  
How, when our swelling souls expand,  
Then will our bosoms swell.
- 2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,  
And tender ties we know;  
But love, more strong than death, unites,  
To him that bids us go.
- 3 Thus, when our easy passions moved,  
The gushing tear drop starts,  
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,  
Shall glow within our hearts.
- 4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,  
Where he is yet unknown,  
Might waft us to the distant poles,  
Or to the burning zone.
- 5 With the warm wish our passions swell;  
May his dear cause extend!  
Farewell, thus can we say farewell,  
Our friends and native land.

685 C. M. ACTS 16. 30. GALLAHER.

- 1 **M**Y conscious guilt is now so great,  
If I attempt to pray,  
The tempter tells me yet to wait,  
Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,  
I fear this long delay;  
And must I linger here and die,  
Ashamed to ask the way?
- 3 Ye christian pilgrims can ye tell  
A stranger to the road,  
The way that leads to Zion's hill,  
To find a pardoning God.
- 4 Yes, we are happy to declare  
That Jesus is the way;  
All other roads lead to despair,  
But Christ to endless day.
- 5 Then, trembling soul, come, boldly come;  
Why sink beneath thy load?

686-687 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Look up, for Jesus says there's room,  
Believe and praise the Lord.

686 7s. REV. 22. 17.

- 1 **C**OME and taste along with me  
Consolations running free,  
From the Father's gracious throne,  
Flowing through his only Son.
- 2 Saints in glory sing aloud,  
When they see an heir of God  
Coming in at heaven's door,  
Making up the number more.
- 3 When his truth to me appears,  
It removes my doubts and fears;  
The more come in with free good will,  
Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 4 Goodness, running like a stream  
Through the new Jerusalem,  
By its constant breaking forth  
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Wherefore should we feast alone?  
Mourning souls there yet is room,  
While there is a God to give,  
And a mourner to receive.
- 6 Sinful nature prone to vice,  
Cannot stop the power of grace;  
Drawn by Christ, we'll run to him,  
He alone can conquer sin.
- 7 [Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume;  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God.

687 7s. PSALM 133. 1.

LELAND.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, we have met again,  
Let us join to pray and sing,  
Jesus as the Saviour reigns,  
Praise him in the highest strains.
- 2 Many days and weeks are past  
Since we met together last;  
Yet our lives do still remain, }  
Here on earth we meet again.

- 3 Many of our friends are gone  
To their long eternal home,  
They have left us here below,  
Soon we after them shall go.
- 4 Brethren tell me how you do,  
Does your love continue true?  
Are you waiting for your king,  
When he shall return again.
- 5 Gracious is the Lord indeed,  
To my soul in time of need;  
Surely he hath won my heart,  
May I choose him for my part.
- 6 Jesus is my glorious king,  
May our hearts be turned to sing,  
Praise him, love him evermore,  
He's the God whom we adore.

688      8s. 7s.    REV. 22. 17.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Jubilee is sounding,  
O the joyful news is come;  
Free salvation is proclaimed,  
In and through God's only Son.  
Now we have an invitation  
To the meek and lowly Lamb.  
Glory, honor and salvation,  
Christ the Lord is come to reign.
- 2 Come ye sinners, don't neglect it,  
Come to Jesus in your prime;  
Great salvation, don't reject it,  
O receive it—now's your time:  
Now the Saviour is beginning  
To revive his work again.
- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning,  
Come and follow Christ, the way,  
Ye shall all receive a blessing,  
If ye come without delay:  
Great salvation, long neglected,  
Thousands seeking now obtain.
- 4 Let us run our race with patience,  
Looking unto Christ the Lord;  
For his throne shall stand forever,  
And his name shall be adored.

## 689-690 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

He is worthy to be praised,  
He is our exalted King.

- 5 Zion's children, praise your Jesus,  
Praise him, praise him evermore;  
May his love and grace constrain us,  
To rejoice and to adore:  
Oh, then let us join together  
To exalt his glorious name.

### 689 L. M. PSALM 88. 9. DWIGHT.

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given;  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound,  
Come sinners haste, O haste away  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.
- 3 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave;  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,  
In these forgetful realms appear;  
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,  
And hope shall never enter there.
- 6 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound;  
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

### 690 8s. 7s. GAL. 6. 14. ROBINSON.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend:  
Here I'll sit forever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood.

Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed in this station,  
Low before his cross I lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his gracious eye;  
Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Love I much! I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death:  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

691 8s. 7s. 1 SAM. 7. 12. ROBINSON.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 4 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love—

## 692-693 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above!

### 692 8s. CANT. 2. 16.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel divine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art.  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me the happiest place,  
That place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God:  
Thy love for lost sinners declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast,  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart:  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side  
Eternally held in thy heart.

### 693 C. M. JOHN. 3. 16.

- 1 **C**OME guilty souls and flee away  
To Christ, and heal your wounds;  
This is the welcome gospel day,  
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 Poor tired, tempest tossed souls,  
Are freely welcome here,  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like water free and clear.
- 3 God loved the world and gave his Son  
To drink the cup of wrath:  
And Jesus says he'll cast out none  
That come to him by faith.

694 8s. 6s. PHIL. 1. 6.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears!  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears;  
Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is forever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,  
Tho' dark may be my frame;  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same:  
My soul thro' many changes goes;  
His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou Lord, wilt carry on,  
And perfectly perform  
The work thou hast begun  
In me a sinful worm.  
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,  
Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace  
At first did freely move,  
I still shall see thy face,  
And feel that God is love!  
Myself into thy arms I cast  
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

695 C. M. LUKE 9. 33.

- 1 **O** HAPPY time, long waited for,  
The comfort of my heart,  
Since I have met the saints once more,  
May we in union part.
- 2 Temptations cease to break my peace,  
And all my sorrows die;  
When I with you my love renew,  
O what a heaven have I.
- 3 My sorrows past and I at last,  
Have heavenly comforts found;  
My heart to Jesus I have given;  
And I'm for Canaan bound.
- 4 If fellowship with saints below  
Is to our souls so sweet,

What heavenly raptures shall we know,  
When round the throne we meet.

5 While here we sit and sing his love,  
With raptures so divine;  
Our joys are more like those above,  
While in their songs we join.

6 Our hearts are filled with holy zeal,  
We long to see the King:  
We long to see those heavenly hills,  
Where saints and angels sing.

696

6s. 5s. NUMB. 10. 39.

1 **O**H, tell me no more of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me is now o'er,  
A Canaan I've found, where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
And me in that number will Jesus receive;  
My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort do after him go;  
Lo, onward I move to see Christ above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will  
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;  
And when I'm to die, receive me I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, to him I'm so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;  
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace,  
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbors may share  
These blessings; to seek them will none of you  
dare?

In bondage, Oh why, and death will you lie,  
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh.

- 1 **T**HE Canaanite still in the land,  
To harrass, perplex, and dismay,  
Brought Israel of old at a stand,  
For Anak was stronger than they.
- 2 What God had designed they possest,  
Supported and kept by his hand:  
Yet lest on their lees they should rest,  
The Canaanite dwelt in the land.
- 3 'Tis thus with thine Israel on earth,  
Who groan with a body of sin,  
Partake of a spiritual birth,  
The work of the Spirit within.
- 4 [To day with the taste of his love,  
Jehovah their souls will expand;  
To-morrow he'll give them to prove,  
The Canaanite still in the land.]
- 5 Yet all things shall work for their good,  
Afflictions, temptations, or pain;  
And still thro' the Lamb and his blood,  
Their cause they shall ever maintain.
- 6 [A thorn in the flesh they shall have,  
Their roving affections shall win;  
To teach them how Jesus can save,  
And show them the depth of their sin.]
- 7 Yes, down to the Jordan of death,  
His foes shall the Christian withstand;  
And feel, when resigning his breath,  
The Canaanite still in the land.
- 8 Their place of repose is on high,  
(No Canaanite enters therein,)  
To drink of the rivers of joy,  
Remote from the regions of sin.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,  
My requests vouchsafe to hear;  
Hear my never ceasing cry,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honor I disdain,  
Earthly comforts, Lord are vain;

- These can never satisfy,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my guilt:  
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 Thou dost freely save the lost,  
In thy grace alone I trust;  
With my earnest suit comply,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost promise to forgive,  
All who in thy Son believe;  
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Father, dost thou seem to frown?  
Let me shelter in thy Son,  
Jesus to thy arms I fly,  
Come and save me, or I die.

## 699      6s.      5s.      Heb. 13. 8.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the pleasures of life I'll resign;  
Of objects most pleasing I love thee the best,  
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm  
blest.
- 2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,  
No richer's possess'd by the angels above,  
For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego,  
And wander a pilgrim distressed below.
- 3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
Then taught me the way of salvation to find,  
And when I was sinking in darkest despair,  
My Saviour relieved me and bid me not fear.
- 4 Tho' poor and despised by faith I now stand,  
Upheld and supported, by heaven's kind hand,  
In Jesus supported I'll praise his dear name,  
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame.
- 5 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,  
In sweet meditation he always is near,

- My constant companion, O may we not part!  
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 6 If ever I loved, sure I love thee my Lord,  
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word,  
I love all creation, I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.
- 7 When millions of ages my soul shall employ,  
In praising my Saviour, my life, and my joy;  
The glorified angels and spirits around,  
Will all be delighted to join the glad sound.
- 700** 6s. 5s. PSALM 89. 1. 24. WHITFIELD.
- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart and the boast of my  
tongue;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair,  
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:  
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day  
To the poor and the needy who knock by the  
way:  
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'd sing, and its wonders I'd tell:  
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the  
tree,  
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
And the cov'nant love of thy crucified Son;  
And praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine,  
Seals mercy and pardon, and righteousness mine.

701-702 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

701 C. M. CANT. 2. 1. SWAIN.

- 1 **T**HE finest flow'r that ever blow'd,  
 Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,  
 When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,  
 For love of worthless me!
- 2 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,  
 No mortal can declare;  
 Nor can the tongue of angels tell  
 How bright the colours are.
- 3 Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,  
 Nor half its beauties show,  
 Nor could the world and Satan's pow'r  
 Confine its sweets below.
- 4 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,  
 This flow'r of glory blooms;  
 Transplanted to its native air,  
 And all the shores perfumes.
- 5 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd,  
 The seeds which from it blow,  
 Take root within the human mind,  
 And scent the church below
- 6 And soon on yonder banks above,  
 Shall every blossom here  
 Appear a full blown flow'r of love,  
 Like him, transplanted there.

702 8s. ROM. 1. 17. HART.

- 1 **T**HE moment a sinner believes,  
 And trusts in his crucified God,  
 His pardon at once he receives,—  
 Redemption in full through his blood.  
 Though thousands and thousands of foes  
 Against him in malice unite,  
 Their rage he through Christ can oppose,  
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
 And brings such salvation as this,  
 Is more than mere notion or name;  
 The work of God's Spirit it is;  
 A principle active and young,  
 That lives under pressure and load;

- That makes out of weakness more strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.
- 3 It treads on the world and on hell;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And oh! let us wonder to tell,  
It overcomes heaven by pray'r—  
Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
With God to commune as a friend;  
To hope his forgiveness as just,  
And look for his love to the end.
- 4 It says to the mountains, "depart,"  
That stand betwixt God and the soul;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes wounded consciences whole;  
Bids sins of a crimson like dye  
Be spotless as snow, and as white;  
And raises the sinner on high,  
To dwell with the angels of light.

**703** L. M. PSALM 63. 3. MEDLEY.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from Jesus to depart,  
But tho' I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;

## 704-705 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

O may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death!

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

### 704 C. M. MARK 16. 15.

- 1 **H**ARK! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found,  
My soul delights to hear,  
Of dying love that's from above,  
Of pardon bought most dear.
- 2 God's ministers, a flaming fire,  
Are passing through the land;  
Their voice is 'hear, repent and fear,  
King Jesus is at hand.'
- 3 Young converts sing, and praise their King,  
And bless God's holy name;  
Whilst older saints leave their complaints,  
And joy to join the theme.
- 4 Convinced of sin, men now begin  
To call upon the Lord;  
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day  
In which they scorn'd his word.
- 5 God's chariot rolls, and frights the soul's  
Of those who hate the truth;  
And saints in prayer, cry Lord draw near,  
Have mercy on the youth.
- 6 Pour down a shower of thy great power;  
On every aching heart;  
On all who try, and humbly cry,  
That they may have a part.
- 7 Come sinner's all, hear now God's call,  
And pray with one accord;  
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,  
To hail th' approaching Lord.

### 705 8s. ISA. 7. 14. 25.

- 1 **Y**E angels who stand round the throne,  
And view my Inmanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make him known,  
Tune all your soft harps to his praise.

- 2 He formed you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good;  
When others sunk down in despair,  
Confirm'd by his powers ye stood.
- 3 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercies relate.
- 4 He snatched you from hell and the grave,  
He ransom'd from death and despair,  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 5 Oh! when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song;  
I'm weary of lingering here,  
And I to your Saviour belong.
- 6 I'm fettered and chained up in clay,  
I struggle and pant to be free,  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see.
- 7 I want to put on my attire,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;  
I want to be one of his choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
- 8 I want, Oh! I want to be there,  
To sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you.

706 8s. 8s. 6s. 1 TIM. 6. 8. R. HILL.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
The things I loved before;  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Tell me no more of ease and health,  
For these have all their snares;  
Let me but know my sins forgiven,  
And see my name enrolled in heaven;  
And I am free from cares.

- 3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,  
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,  
 For these are trifling things;  
 The little room for me design'd,  
 Will suit as well an easy mind,  
 As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowded guests,  
 Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,  
 Extravagance and waste;  
 My little table, only spread  
 With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,  
 Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me the Bible in my hand,  
 A heart to read and understand,  
 And faith to trust the Lord;  
 I'd sit at home from day to day,  
 Nor urge my company to stay,  
 Nor wish to rove abroad.

707 S. M. PSALM 95. 15.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
 Be banish'd from the place:  
 Religion never was design'd  
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
 That never knew our God,  
 But children of the heavenly king  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;

We're marching through Inmanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

708 7s. 6s. PHIL. 1. 23.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reiga with him above;  
And from the flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er;  
His promises are faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers  
Eternally shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer though I die;  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly,  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you both adieu;  
And, O, my friends! prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And when you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your cares on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.  
Gird on the heavenly armour  
Of faith, and hope, and love;  
And when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend;  
And if you want more knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend;  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Though oftener you request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

## 709-710 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

709 S. M. LUKE 13. 23. NEWTON.

- 1 **D**ESTRUCTION'S dangerous road  
What multitudes pursue!  
While that which leads the soul to God,  
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way  
Through Christ the living gate;  
But those who hate this holy way,  
Complain it is too straight.
- 3 If self must be denied,  
And sin no more caress'd,  
They rather choose the way that's wide,  
And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompassed by a throng  
On numbers they depend;  
They say so many can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.
- 5 O hear the Saviour's word,  
"Strive for the heavenly gate;  
Many will call upon the Lord,  
And find their cries too late."
- 6 Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may;  
The flock of Christ is always small,  
And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinner's eyes,  
Their awful state to see;  
And make them, ere the storm arise,  
To thee for safety flee.

710 P. M. CANT. 2. 13. WHITFIELD.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Towards heav'n, thy native place!  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;

Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 Thus a soul new born of God,  
 Pants to view his glorious face;  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon the Saviour will return,  
 Triumphant in the skies:  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All your sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

711 8s. 6s. ISA. 1. 18.

- 1 **Y**E sin sick souls draw near,  
 And banquet with your King  
 His royal bounty share,  
 And loud hosannas sing:  
 Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,  
 Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds
- 2 Here's clothing for the poor,  
 Here's comfort for the weak;  
 Here's strength for tempted souls,  
 And cordials for the sick—  
 Here's all a soul can want or need,  
 Laid up in Christ the living Head.
- 3 But may a soul like mine,  
 All stain'd with guilt and blood,  
 Approach the throne of grace,  
 And converse hold with God?  
 Yes! Jesus calls—come sinners, come,  
 In Mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 4 He's on a throne of grace,  
 And waits to answer prayer;  
 What tho' thy sin and guilt  
 Like crimson doth appear;  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all thy woes;
- 5 On earth I'll sing his love—  
 In heaven I too shall join

## 712-713 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The ransomed of the Lord,  
In accents all divine;  
And see my Saviour face to face,  
And ever dwell in his embrace.

### 712 C. M. PROV. 18. 24.

- 1 **O** THAT I had a bosom friend,  
To tell my secrets to!  
On whose advice I might depend,  
In every thing I do.
- 2 How do I wander up and down,  
And no one pities me:  
I seem a stranger quite unknown,  
A child of misery.
- 3 None lends an ear to my complaint,  
Nor minds my cries or tears:  
None comes to cheer me tho' I faint,  
Nor my vast burden bears.
- 4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,  
And feel no want or wo:  
Through this waste howling wilderness  
I full of sorrows go.
- 5 O faithless soul to reason thus,  
And murmur without end:  
Did Christ expire upon the cross,  
And is not he thy friend?
- 6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,  
And think their state so blest?  
How great salvation hast thou seen,  
And Jesus is thy rest?
- 7 What can this lower world afford,  
Compared with gospel grace?  
Thy happiness is in the Lord,  
And thou shalt see his face.

### 713 P. M. REV. 2. 10.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds!  
Thro' all the world the echo bounds;  
And Jesus by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners home to God,  
And guides them safely by his word,  
To endless day.

- 2 Hail all victorious, conquering Lord,  
By all the heavenly hosts adored;  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee might live and reign  
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conquering saints, fight on!  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory you shall wear  
In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt  
To save our souls from sin and guilt;  
And sinners now may come to God,  
And find salvation through thy blood,  
And sail by faith upon that flood,  
To endless day.
- 5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,  
By feeble hope and gloomy fear,  
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more;  
We'll sing, our trials are all o'er,  
To endless day.

714 L. M. GEN. 24. 13. FELLOWS.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, ye who sing  
The lofty praises of your King;  
Who in his solemn temple dwell,  
And of his boundless glory tell—
- 2 Call to the converts at your gate,  
Why should they longer lingering wait?  
Why should they longer fear or doubt?  
Why should they longer stay without?
- 3 Gently reprove them for delay;  
In softest language chide their stay;  
Strive with your songs their hearts to win,  
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.
- 4 Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,  
Ye that believe his holy word;  
Come and receive his heavenly bread,  
The food with which his saints are fed.

## 715-716 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

5 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,  
And feast on his redeeming love:  
Come all ye happy souls that thirst,  
The last is welcome as the first.

6 Come to his table, and receive  
Whate'er a pardoning God can give!  
His love through every age endures,  
His promise and himself are yours.

### 715 L. M. EZEK. 34. 26. MEDLEY.

1 **L**ORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,  
Who gladly would to thee return;  
Thy tender mercies, O impart,  
And take away this stony heart.

2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,  
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;  
This causes all my woe and smart,  
Lord, take away this stony heart.

3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,  
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word;  
Which tempts me from thee to depart,  
Lord take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis this hard heart which, day by day,  
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray;  
Yea would from every duty start,  
Lord, take away this stony heart.

5 Sure the blest day will shortly come,  
When this hard heart will know its doom;  
When I no more shall sin retain,  
Nor of a stony heart complain.

### 716 8s. 7s. 4s. LUKE 2. 14.

1 **S**INNERS will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, O how tender,  
Every line is full of love:  
Listen to it,  
Every line is full of love.

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

How important!

Free forgiveness in his name.

- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour—  
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears—  
 And with news of consolation,  
 Chase away the falling tears:  
 Tender heralds  
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,  
 Callous hearers of the word!  
 While the messengers address you,  
 Take the warnings they afford;  
 We intreat you,  
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
 Offered to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it,  
 Offered to you by the Lord?
- 6 O ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits speed your way;  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay;  
 Rebel sinners,  
 Glad the message will obey.

717 C. M. LUKE 2. 10.

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning sinners now,  
 Lo! joyful news I tell,  
 The Lord hath sent salvation down,  
 For souls deserving hell.  
 The angels brought the tidings down  
 To shepherds in the field,  
 That God a Saviour hath proclaim'd,  
 His Son he had reveal'd.
- 2 Come all ye poor despised souls,  
 Unto his fold repair;  
 Where God his boundless love unfolds,  
 He says he'll meet you there,  
 His glorious presence fills our souls,  
 With songs of loudest praise;

## 718-719 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Let all that want a Saviour dear,  
Their hearts and voices raise.

- 3 When weeping Mary came to seek  
Her Lord with a perfume,  
She found the napkin and the sheet,  
Together in the tomb.  
The angels said, he is not here,  
He's risen from the dead;  
And streams of grace to sinners flow,  
As free as did his blood.

### 718 C. M. LUKE 12. 32.

- 1 **O**H! yonder see that narrow way,  
Which leads to endless bliss;  
There see a poor despised few  
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.
- 2 They from destruction's city came,  
To Zion upward tend,  
The bible is their precious map,  
And God himself their friend.
- 3 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be,  
Guide thou my feet aright,  
I would not for ten thousand worlds,  
Be banished from thy sight.
- 4 O Sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come learn his pleasant ways;  
And let your own experience prove,  
The sweetness of his grace.

### 719 P. M. REV. 2. 10.

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning souls,  
Who seek rest in Jesus' love,  
Who place your whole affections  
On things that are above;  
Come let us join together,  
And hand in hand go on,  
Till we arrive at Canaan,  
Where we no more shall mourn.
- 2 Behold how Satan rages,  
Temptations do abound;  
And often persecutions  
Beset us all around.

Our friends do oft forsake us,  
 They count us low and mean,  
 Because we love the name  
 Of the despised Nazarene.

- 3 To all created comforts  
 We freely bid farewell;  
 By faith we view the mansions  
 Where we do hope to dwell;  
 Our Saviour doth invite us,  
 He reaches out a crown;  
 To comfort and protect us,  
 The angels wait around.
- 4 A few more days of sorrow,  
 And Christ will call us home,  
 To dwell with him in glory,  
 In the new Jerusalem.  
 Until that glorious hour  
 Let's patiently endure;  
 For if we follow Jesus,  
 We know the prize is sure.

720. L. M. LUKE 18. 13. MEDLE

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,  
 For I have no where else to fly;  
 My hope, my only hope's in thee,  
 O God, be merciful to me.
- 2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,  
 And wait for mercy at thy door;  
 Indeed I've no where else to flee,  
 O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,  
 And scarce know how to pray or speak  
 From fear and weakness, set me free,  
 O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 To thee I come, a sinner vile,  
 Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile,  
 Mercy alone I make my plea,  
 O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 To thee I come, a sinner great,  
 And well thou knowest all my state:  
 Yet full forgiveness is with thee,  
 O God, be merciful to me.

## 721-722 SPIRITUAL SONGS.

6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,  
Nor have I aught whereon to trust;  
But where thou art, Lord, I would be,  
O God, be merciful to me.

7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,  
And there, when all my fears are past,  
With all the saints I'll then agree,  
God has been merciful to me.

721 C. M. PHIL. 2. 10. STEELE.

1 **J**ESUS! in thy transporting name  
What blissful glories rise!  
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme—  
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine!  
No thought of angels ever knew  
Compassion so divine.

3 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky  
For miseries and woes?  
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,  
For vile rebellious foes?

4 Victorious love! can language tell  
The wonders of thy power;  
Which conquer'd all the force of hell  
In that tremendous hour?

5 What glad return can I impart  
For favors so divine?  
O take this heart, this worthless heart  
And make it only thine.

722 L. M. ISA. 61. 3.

1 **W**HY, O my soul, these gloomy fears?  
Why all these sighs, and groans and  
tears?

O why this God-dishonoring grief?  
Why all this wretched unbelief?

2 Tho' helpless in myself I lie,  
And lost to all eternity,  
Yet I shall triumph o'er the grave,  
Since Jesus came to seek and save.

3 To save poor sinners such as me;  
To set the captive prisoners free;

To comfort those that mourn—to heal  
The wounds of all who misery feel.

4 To save the ruined and undone:  
To seek the lost—Lord I am one!  
I see, and mourn my guilt with shame—  
To seek out such the Saviour came.

5 Then let my gratitude abound—  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
I once was dead, but now I live;  
Praise, praise is all that I can give.

723

L. M. JER. 6. 16.

ANON.

1 **I**NQUIRING souls, who long to find  
Pardon of sin, and peace of mind,  
Attend the voice of God to-day,  
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood  
Of Jesus is the way to God;  
O may we then no longer stray,  
But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too,  
Pursued this path while here below;  
Then let not fear your soul dismay,  
But come to Christ, the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care,  
In this dear way I'll persevere;  
Nor doubt to meet, another day,  
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

724

L. M. PSALM 27. 8.

1 **J**EHOVAH speaks: "Seek ye my face?"  
My soul admires the wondrous grace;  
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!  
O let me see thy face, and live.

2 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come,  
(If I turn back how sad my doom!)  
And, begging, in his way I'll lie,  
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

3 Daily I'll seek, with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs, and fervent prayers,  
And if not heard, I'll weeping sit,  
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

## APPENDIX.

## 725 C. M. PSALM 95. WATTS.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high, and gods below,  
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand;  
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.

## 726 L. M. PSALM 89. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God—  
Infinite length beyond the bounds,  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet:  
In vain the tall archangel tries  
To reach thine height with wondering eyes
- 3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 4 Lord! what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too:  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
"The great, the holy, and the high."
- 5 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 727-728

But O! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

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

727 L. M. PSALM 148.

1 **G**OD! the eternal, awful name!  
That the whole heavenly army fears;  
That shakes the wide creation's frame,  
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,  
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;  
But, O ye fiery flames, declare  
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we  
To speak so infinite a thing;  
But your immortal eyes survey  
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,  
And clothes all heaven in bright array-  
Triumph and joy run thro' the place  
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,  
Let every distant nation hear;  
And while you sound his lofty praise,  
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

728 L. M. PSALM 136. WATTS.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,  
Mercy and truth are all his ways;  
"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
"Repeat his mercies in your song."

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown:  
"His mercies ever shall endure,  
"When lords and kings are known no more."

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high:  
"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

## 729-730 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
"His mercies ever shall endure,  
"When suns and moons shall shine no more."
- 5 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
And felt his pity move within:  
"His mercies ever shall endure,  
"When death and sin shall reign no more."
- 6 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;  
"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
"Repeat his mercies in your song."

### 729 L. M. PHILIP 2. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!  
Our spirits bow before thy seat;  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways,  
All nature with a sovereign word;  
And the bright world of stars obeys  
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,  
And smiling sit at thy right hand;  
Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity;  
But who, amongst the sons of light,  
Pretends comparison with thee?
- 5 Yet there is one, of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.

### 730 L. M. I. PETER. 1. 24. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,  
We can't behold thy bright abode;  
O! 'tis beyond a creature-mind  
To glance a thought half way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky  
The great Eternal reigns alone,

Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferably bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look through and cheer us from above;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

731 P. M. PSALM 89.

1 **T**HE Lord is great! ye hosts of heaven, adore  
him,  
And ye who tread this earthly ball;  
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,  
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious!  
Resound his praise from shore to shore;  
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,  
He rules and reigns for evermore.

3 The Lord is great—his mercy how abounding!  
Ye angels, strike your golden chords!  
O praise our God! with voice and harp resounding,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords!

732 L. M. PSALM 103. WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!  
How firm his truth! how large his grace!  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head;  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd  
The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slow his awful wrath to rise!  
On swifter wings salvation flies;

## 733-734 \_ PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

And if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

- 5 He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by every wind that flies;  
Like grass we spring and die as soon,  
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

### 733 C. M. PSALM 89. MONTGOMERY.

1 **T**HOUSANDS of thousands stand around  
Thy throne, O God most high!

Ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
Thy praise—but who am I?

2 Thy brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I thy footsteps trace:  
A sound of God comes to my ears,  
But they behold thy face.

3 How great a being, Lord, is thine,  
Which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
To sound so vast a deep

4 How good art Thou, whose goodness is  
Our Parent, Nurse and Guide:  
Whose streams do water Paradise,  
And all this earth beside!

5 How awful is thy searching eye,  
Witness to all that's true!  
Dark hell, and deep hypocrisy  
Lie plain before its view.

### 734 C. M. PSALM 111. WATTS.

1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my Almighty God;  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!  
How glorious in our sight!  
And men in every age have sought  
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!  
How wise th' Eternal Mind!  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts design'd.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 735-736-737

- 4 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill;  
And he's the wisest of our race  
That best obeys thy will.

735 L. M. PSALM 146. WATTS.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant, so divine;  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
While immortality endures:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust;  
Princes must die and turn to dust:  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Isr'el's God,—he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train:  
And none shall find his promise vain.

736 L. M. PSALM 103.

- 1 **O**H praise the Lord in that blest place,  
From whence his goodness largely flows:  
Praise him in heaven—where he his face  
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,  
Which he in our behalf hath done;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he doth to them afford,  
In just returns of praise employ:  
Let every creature praise the Lord.

737 L. M. PSALM 145. WATTS.

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

738-739 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear.  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine:  
Let every realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

738 S. M. PSALM 103.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;  
And, when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace,  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

739 P. M. PSALM 103.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps his courts below;

## PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 740-741

Praise him for his boundless love,  
And all his greatness show.

- 2 Praise him for his noble deeds;  
Praise him for his matchless power;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.
- 3 Publish, spread to all around  
The great Immanuel's name:  
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,  
Him Prince of Peace proclaim.
- 4 Praise him, every tuneful string:  
All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the power of music bring,  
The music of the heart.

### 740 S. M. PSALM 104. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join  
To praise th' eternal God:  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,  
And moon, with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wonderous frame;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.
- 4 By all his works above  
His honors be express'd!  
But saints, that taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best.

### 741 C. M. JOB, 9. 10-2. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race  
Be pure before their God!  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts  
I'll make no more pretence;  
Not one of all my thousand faults  
Can bear a just defence.

742-743 PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;  
 What vain presumers dare  
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
 Or 'tempt th' unequal war?
- 4 [Mountains, by his almighty wrath,  
 From their old seats are torn;  
 He shakes the earth from south to north,  
 And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;  
 Th' obedient sun forbears;  
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
 And seals up all the stars.

742 C. M. PSALM 148. WATTS.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
 And rouse up every tuneful sound  
 To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
 Jehovah fill'd his throne;  
 Or Adam form'd, or angels made,  
 The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
 But still maintain their prime;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling-place,  
 And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While, like a tide, our minutes flow,  
 The present and the past,  
 He fills his own immortal *now*,  
 And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
 And vast destruction come:  
 The creatures—look! how old they grow,  
 And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
 And flame melt down the skies,  
 My God shall live an endless day,  
 When th' old creation dies.

743 L. M. PSALM 89.

- 1 **W**ITH deepest reverence, at thy throne,  
 Jehovah, peerless and unknown,

PERFECTIONS OF GOD. 744-745

Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,  
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.

- 2 Who, by the closest search, can find  
Thy mighty, uncreated mind?  
Nor men nor angels can explore  
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.
- 3 We know thee not; but this we know,  
Thou reignest above, thou reignest below;  
And though thine essence is unknown,  
To all the world thy power is shown.
- 4 That power we trace on every side;  
O may thy wisdom be our guide!  
And while we live, and when we die,  
May thine almighty love be nigh.

744 L. M. JOHN 1. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **O** love! beyond conception great,  
That formed the vast stupendous plan!  
Where all divine perfections meet  
To reconcile rebellious man.
- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her right maintains—  
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too,  
In Christ they both harmonious meet;  
He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

745 C. M. EPH. 1. 2.

- 1 **K** EEP silence—all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 His providence unfolds his book,  
And makes his counsels shine;  
Each opening leaf—and every stroke,  
Fulfills some deep design.

## 746-747 CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

4 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate, with curious eyes—  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
Oh may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

### 746 L. M. PSALM 100. WATTS.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

### 747 L. M. PSALM 57. WATTS.

1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;  
The Lord will my desires perform:  
He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell;

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

748

L. M. DEUT. 8. 2.

- 1 **M**Y God! accept my grateful songs,  
 To thee my highest praise belongs.  
 My tribute here to thee I'll bring,  
 And joyful all thy mercies sing.
- 2 My life has ever been thy care,  
 Thy sov'reign goodness still I share;  
 In praises I'll exert my skill,  
 Mindful of all thy leading still.
- 3 Through all life's dark and rugged way,  
 What scenes of love does God display!  
 How wise, how kind his holy will!  
 Remember how he leads thee still.
- 4 Thro' storms and tempests, snares and death,  
 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath;  
 His faithful promise to fulfil;  
 Remember how he leads thee still.
- 5 'Tis all to humble thee, and prove  
 His wisdom, goodness, power, and love;  
 To try thy heart, and bow thy will;  
 Remember how he leads thee still.

749 C. M. HEBREWS 12. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power!  
 Be my vain wishes stilled;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;  
 To thee my thoughts would soar;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;—  
 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 conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

## 750 C. M. JOB, 5. 6, 8. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,  
 Nor troubles rise by chance;  
 Yet we are born to care and woes!  
 A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
 And still are upwards borne;  
 So grief is rooted in our souls,  
 And man grows up to mourn:
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
 And trust his promised grace;  
 He rules me by his well-known laws  
 Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
 Shall spoil my future peace,  
 For death and hell can do no more  
 Than what my Father please.

## 751 C. M. 1 PET. 5. 8. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,  
 And threatens to destroy;  
 He worries whom he can't devour  
 With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;  
 Resist, and h'ell be gone;  
 Thus did our dearest Lord engage  
 And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine!  
 Like innocence and love;

But the old serpent lurks within,  
When he assumes the dove.

- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,  
Ye sons of Adam, fly!  
Our parents found the snare too strong,  
Nor should the children try.

**752** L. M. ROM. 7. 19. CRUTTENDEN.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,  
Imperfect bliss, remaining sin;  
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,  
Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high:  
Sing a rebellious passion slain,  
Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,  
Borne upwards to my native skies;  
While faith assists my soaring flight,  
To realms of joy and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,  
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;  
I feel its sympathetic force,  
And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 Great God, assist me through the fight,  
Make me to triumph in thy might;  
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,  
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

**753** C. M. JAMES 1. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **S**IN hath a thousand treach'rous arts  
To practise on the mind;  
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.

- 4 So on a tree divinely fair,  
 Grew the forbidden food;  
 Our mother took the poison there,  
 And tainted áll her blood.

## 754 L. M. JEREM. 13. 23. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood  
 Put off the spots that nature gives,  
 Then may the wicked turn to God,  
 And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
 Wash out the darkness of their skin;  
 The dead as well may leave their graves,  
 As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
 'Twill not endure the least control;  
 None but a power divinely strong,  
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,  
 That works to change this heart of mine;  
 I would be form'd anew, and bless  
 The wonders of creating grace.

## 755 L. M. ROM, 1. 16. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And writ the blessing in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around  
 And search from pole to pole again,  
 There shall be no religion found  
 So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
 Some solid ground to rest upon;  
 With long despair the spirit breaks,  
 Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
 How wise and holy thy commands!  
 Thy promises, how firm they be!  
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 Should all the forms that men devise,  
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,

I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

756 L. M. HEBREWS 1. 1. WATTS.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;  
His spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirm'd the messages they brought;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word and must endure.

757 C. M. PSALM 119. 96. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book;  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;  
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call  
Perfection here below:  
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
And can no further go!
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,  
By works their hands have wrought;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to ev'ry thought.

758 C. M. JOSHUA 10. COWPER.

- 1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age—  
It gives, but borrows none.

- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise—  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

## 759 C. M. ROM. 2. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive;  
And do we yet rebel?  
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,  
That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames,  
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear;"  
And straight the thunder stays:  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,  
Too long indulg'd our sin:  
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall you command;  
No more will we obey:  
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,  
And drive thy foes away.

## 760 C. M. LUKE 15.

- 1 **O**'TIS a soul-transporting sight!  
It gladdens earth and heav'n!  
To see a sinful heart contrite,  
A sinner's sins forgiv'n!
- 2 God smiles to see a wretch, undone,  
To happy state restor'd;

## INGRATITUDE BEWAILED. 761-762

Meets gladly his returning son,  
And takes him to his board.

- 3 Whilst Jesus, with delighted eyes,  
Beholds his promis'd seed;  
Sees from his death new triumphs rise  
In Satan's captives freed.

### 761 C. M. LUKE 18. 13. STENNETT.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

### 762 S. M. ISAIAH 1. 2. WATTS.

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 [On us he bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays;  
For us the skies their circles run,  
To lengthen out our days.

## 763-764-765 JOY IN GOD.

- 4 The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men;  
But we, more base, more brutish things,  
Reject his easy reign.]

### 763 C. M. PSALM 149. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace;  
But our loud song shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to th' United Three,  
The Undivided One!
- 3 'Twas he, (and we'll adore his name)  
That form'd us by a word;  
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;  
Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound;  
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

### 764 C. M. PSALM 73. 24.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls  
Admire thy matchless grace;  
That thou wilt walk—that thou wilt dwell  
With Adam's sinful race.
- 2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace  
The desert with delight:  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days  
A restless pilgrim roam;  
Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
Shall soon convey me home.
- 4 Joyful my spirit will consent  
To drop its mortal load,  
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,—  
That break its way to God.

### 765 7s. PSALM 98. BARBAULD.

- 1 **J**OY to the followers of the Lord!  
Thus saith the sure, the eternal word,

Not of earth the joy it brings,  
Tempered in celestial springs.

2 'Tis the joy of pardoned sin,  
When conscience cries, 'Tis well within;  
'Tis the joy that fills the breast  
When the passions sink to rest.

3 'Tis a joy that, seated deep,  
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;  
It spreads itself in holy deeds,  
With sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.

766 C. M. JAMES 1. 17.

1 **F**ATHER, to thee our souls we lift,  
On thee our hope depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom, too;  
Without the spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.

3 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 power on thee to call;  
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live—  
Our God is all in all.

767 P. M. JEREM. 31. 3.

1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise  
Ye pilgrims! for Sion who press,  
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of Days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,  
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,  
When each in the cords of his kindness he drew,  
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,  
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [sin,  
You all would have liv'd, would have died too in  
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

768—770 CONFIDENCE IN GOD. FAITH.

- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey,  
While others were suffer'd to go  
The road which by nature we chose as our way!  
Which leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
To him all the glory belongs;  
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his fame,  
And crown him in each of your songs.

768 C. M. ISA. 40. 27. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?  
And where 's our courage fled?  
Has restless sin, and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name  
That formed the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Almighty strength and boundless grace  
In our Jehovah dwell!  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die;  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But we, that wait upon the Lord,  
Shall feel our strength increase.

769 C. M. JER. 31. 17.

- 1 **I** TAKE Thee at thy gracious word:  
Let it accomplish'd be:  
According to thy promise, Lord,  
In death remember me!
- 2 O seal it, Lord, upon my heart;  
And when I life resign,  
My hope if in my end Thou art,  
Thou art forever mine.

770 C. M. JOHN 3. 14. WATTS.

- 1 **S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high;

FAITH. HUMILITY. 771-772

The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,  
"And live," the prophet cries;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,  
High in the heavens he reigns;  
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
A dying world revives;  
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

771 S. M. REV. 12. 10.

1 **O**UR Captain leads us on,  
He beckons from the skies,  
He reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,  
Partake my victory,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord  
To every soldier saith;  
Eternal life is the reward  
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,  
The victor's meed receive;  
They claim a kingdom in his right,  
Which God shall freely give.

772 S. M. JOHN, 3. 16. MONTGOMERY.

1 **L**ESS than the least of all  
Thy mercies, Lord, are we;  
Yet, for the greatest we may call,  
The greatest are most free.

2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,  
Yet us Thou sparest still;  
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,  
Our righteousness fulfil.

773-774 LOVE. ADOPTION.

3 For such amazing grace,  
 What can poor sinners give?  
 At thy command, we seek thy face;  
 We meet our Judge, and live.

4 The world we would forsake,  
 Our all to Thee resign;  
 O save us for thy mercies' sake!  
 O save us,—we are thine!

773 L. M. 1 COR. 13. 1—3. WATTS.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
 And nobler speech than angels use,  
 If love be absent, I am found  
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
 All that is done in heaven and hell;  
 Or could my faith the world remove,  
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
 To feed the bowels of the poor,  
 Or give my body to the flame,  
 To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain;  
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

774 7s. 1 JOHN 3. 1, 2. HAMMOND.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God;  
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;  
 They are ransom'd from the grave—  
 Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 God did love them in his Son  
 Long before the world begun;  
 They the seal of this receive,  
 When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justifi'd by grace;  
 They enjoy a solid peace—  
 All their sins are wash'd away;  
 They shall stand in God's great day.
- 4 They are lights upon the earth—  
 Children of an heav'nly birth;

SANCTIFICATION. 775-776-777

Born of God, they hate all sin;  
God's pure seed remains within.

775 L. M. JOHN 1. 12. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
Such real dignity can claim  
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given  
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 On them, a happy chosen race,  
Their Father pours his richest grace;  
To them his counsels he imparts,  
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 When, through temptation, they rebel,  
His chastening rod he makes them feel;  
Then, with a father's tender heart,  
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.

776 C. M. GEN. 25. 8.

- 1 **I**S God's peculiar people mine?  
To them I then shall be  
Gather'd beneath the Saviour's sign,  
And Christ in glory see.
- 2 Gather'd into the Church above,  
Whoe'er to Christ belong  
Shall meet, to sing the song of love,  
The Lamb's eternal song.

777 C. M. 1 COR. 6. 10, 11. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! And such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardon'd thro' his name;  
And the Good Spirit of our God  
Hath sanctified our frame.

778, 79, 80 INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

- 4 O for a persevering pow'r  
To keep thy just commands!  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

778 C. M. ISA. 4. WATTS.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,  
To gather empty wind;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield  
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls,  
With more substantial meat;  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will every want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace;  
He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains;  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.

779 P. M. JOHN 7. 37. L. B. WATERBERRY.

- 1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel:  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish,  
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure:  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.

780 S. M. 2 COR. 6. 2.

- 1 **Y**E sinners, fear the Lord,  
While yet 'tis called to-day;  
Soon will the awful voice of death  
Command your souls away.
- 2 Soon will the harvest close;  
The summer soon be o'er;

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES. 781-782

And soon your injured, angry God,  
Will hear your prayers no more.

- 3 Then while 'tis called to-day,  
O hear the gospel's sound;  
Come, sinner, haste—oh haste away,  
While pardon may be found.

781 6s. 5s. MATT. 11. 28. L. B. WATERBERRY.

- 1 **O**FLY, mourning sinner, saith Jesus, to me,  
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free;  
From the chains that have bound thee, my grace  
shall release, [cease.  
And thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall
- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou been  
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;  
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and  
deceived, [hast grieved.  
While my counsel thou'st spurned and my spirit
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson thy  
guilt,  
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely  
spilt; [see  
Come, sinner, and prove me; come mourner, and  
The wounds that I bore, when I suffered for thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my will;  
Come, needy, come, helpless, thy soul I will fill;  
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,  
That he sued at my feet—but was driven away.

782 7s. ISA. 48. 22. L. B. WATERBERRY.

- 1 **S**INNER, is thy heart at rest?  
Is thy bosom void of fear?  
Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?  
Speaks not conscience in thine ear?
- 2 Can this world afford thee bliss?  
Can it chase away the gloom?  
Flattering, false, and vain it is;  
Tremble at the worldling's doom.
- 3 Think, O sinner, on thy end;  
See the judgment day appear!  
Thither must thy spirit wend,  
There thy righteous sentence hear.

## 783, 84, 85 INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

- 4 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,  
To a Saviour's blood apply;  
He alone can make thee whole;  
Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly!

### 783 C. M. ISA. 55. 6. 7. FAWCETT.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
He calls you by his sov'reign word,  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go?  
In pain you travel all your days,  
To reap immortal woe.
- 3 But he that turns to God shall live,  
Thro' his abounding grace;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
Of those that seek his face.
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing every sin;  
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.
- 5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,  
He pardons like a God;  
He will forgive your num'rous faults,  
Thro' a Redeemer's blood.

### 784 L. M. MARK 8. 37. WATTS.

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

### 785 C. M. PSALM 42. 11. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colors wear?

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES. 786-787

- What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
 And nourish your despair?
- 2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed  
 The stars that fill the skies,  
 And, aiming at th' eternal throne,  
 Like pointed mountains rise?
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond  
 The wide creation swell,  
 And hath its curs'd foundations laid  
 Low as the deeps of hell?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows,  
 Of never-failing grace;  
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
 The sacred flood increase?
- 5 It rises high and drowns the hills,  
 Has neither shore nor bound:  
 Now, if we search to find our sins,  
 Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
 That buries all our faults,  
 And pard'ning blood, that swells above  
 Our follies and our thoughts.

786 C. M. MATT. 11. 28. HART.

- 1 **P**OOOR sinner, come, cast off thy fear,  
 And raise thy drooping head:  
 Come, sing with all poor sinners here,  
 Jesus, who once was dead.
- 2 *Salvation* sing, no word more meet  
 To join to Jesu's name:  
 Let ev'ry thankful tongue repeat,  
*Salvation to the Lamb.*
- 3 Saints, from the garden to the cross  
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue;  
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,  
 Groan'd, bled, and died for you.

787 7s. ZACH. 13. 1. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **C**OME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
 Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;  
 Here a pure and healing fountain  
 Flows to you, to me, to all,  
 In a full, perpetual tide,  
 Open'd when our Saviour died.

788 789 INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness,  
 Come, defiled without, within;  
 From infection and uncleanness,  
 From the leprosy of sin,  
 Wash your robes, and make them white;  
 Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
 Wounded, impotent, and blind:  
 Here the guilty free remission,  
 Here the troubled peace may find:  
 Health this fountain will restore,  
 He that drinks shall thirst no more:

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;  
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood:  
 God is faithful;—God will never  
 Break his covenant in blood,  
 Sign'd when our Redeemer died,  
 Seal'd when he was glorified.

788 L. M. REV. 22. 17.

1 **I**S there no hope? O sinner, pause!  
 Turn not away from heaven thy face,  
 Despise no more God's holy laws,  
 Resist not his inviting grace.

2 Is there no hope? that word recall,  
 Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,  
 Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,  
 And hope forever flee away.

3 Is there no hope? yes, sinner, yes!  
 Repent, and to the Saviour fly:  
 Will he be deaf to your distress,  
 Who listens when the ravens cry?

4 Return,—the bow of promise mark  
 Above where Death's dark billows roar;  
 For soon, when sinks thy frail bark,  
 'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

789 L. M. PHIL. 3. 8. MONTGOMERY.

1 **T**HE cross, the cross, O that's my gain!  
 Because on that the Lamb was slain;  
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified,  
 'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

- 2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,  
When to our view the cross appears;  
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,  
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.
- 3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile  
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;  
Abased, I view what I have done  
To God's eternal, gracious Son.
- 4 Here I behold, as in a glass,  
God's glory with unveiled face;  
And by beholding, I shall be  
Made like to Him who loved me.
- 5 Here is an ensign on a hill,  
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;  
To look aside is pain and loss;  
I glory only in the cross.
- 6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim  
To all the world his saving name;  
Repenting souls, in Him believe;  
Ye wounded, look on Him and live.
- 7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,  
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace:  
All pilgrims who would heaven win,  
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

790      8s. 6s.    ISA. 27. 13. MONTGOMERY.

- 1      **F**AIR shines the morning star;  
The silver trumpets sound,  
Their notes re-echoing far,  
While dawns the day around:  
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2      Prisoners of hope, in gloom  
And silence left to die,  
With Christ's unfolding tomb,  
Your portals open fly;  
Rise with your Lord;—He sets you free;  
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3      Ye, who have sold for nought  
The land your Fathers won,  
Behold how God hath wrought  
Redemption through his Son;

## 791-792 INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

Your heritage again is free,  
It is the year of Jubilee.

- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold  
For debts to justice due,  
Ransom'd, but not with gold,  
He gave Himself for you:  
The blood of Christ hath made you free,  
It is the year of Jubilee.

**791** L. M. ISA. 1. 18. RIPPON.

- 1 **C**OME now, ye sinners, saith the Lord,  
And hear my kind inviting word;  
Come, reason with me, and embrace  
The plenitude of gospel grace.
- 2 I give the new, the feeling heart,  
The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The faith that tells your sins forgiven,  
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
The conscience clad with tenderness,  
The genuine meek humility,  
The wonder, *Why such love to me!*
- 4 I give, with every saving grace,  
Super-angelic righteousness;  
The pardon ratified with blood,  
The right to heaven, enthroned with God.
- 5 O rich bequests! and are they free?  
Lord, grant, O grant them all to me;  
The inviting COME has won my heart:  
I might have heard the sound—DEPART.

**792** 8s. 7s. 4s. 2 COR. 5. 20. FOUNTAIN.

- 1 **S**INNERS, you are now addressed  
In the name of Christ our Lord;  
He hath sent a message to you,  
Pay attention to his word.  
He hath sent it;  
Pay attention to his word.
- 2 Think what you have all been doing,  
Think what rebels you have been;  
You have spent your lives in nothing  
But in adding sin to sin:  
All your actions  
One continued scene of sin.

- 3 Yet your long-abused Sov'reign  
 Sends to you a message mild,  
 Loth to execute his vengeance,  
 Prays you to be reconcil'd;  
 Hear him woo you—  
 Sinners, now be reconcil'd.
- 4 Pardon now is freely publish'd  
 Through a Mediator's blood;  
 Who hath died, to make atonement,  
 And appease the wrath of God!  
 Wond'rous mercy!  
 See, it flows through Jesus' blood!

793 L. M. MAT. 9. 13.

- 1 **H**OW sweet thy invitations be;  
 But are they, Lord, for such as we,  
 We, who transgressors are, and vile;  
 And most unworthy of thy smile?
- 2 Unworthy of the ground we tread,  
 The liquid drop, the crumb of bread,  
 Of sight, of hearing, feeling, taste,  
 Then much more of thy saving grace.
- 3 Yet, though we all *unworthy* be,  
 Are we *unwelcome*, Lord, to thee;  
 For thou invitest us to come,  
 And find in thee our blissful home.
- 4 We hail thy invitations, Lord,  
 These are our *welcome* in thy word;  
 But higher praise is yet thy due,  
 If thou hast made us willing too.
- 5 As all are welcome to thy grace,  
 Th' unworthiest of the human race,  
 Make thousands willing, Lord, we pray,  
 Draw them by cords of love to-day.

794 L. M. LUKE 13. 24. GREGG.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the gate; but Jesus cries,  
 Sinners, set forth, and reach the skies,  
 The seats of bliss I long to fill,  
 Here's room for thousands, millions still.
- 2 What can the invited sinner say?  
 Say this—"Behold I come away!"

## 795-796 THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

I will provoke thy love no more!  
O do not rise and shut the door!"

- 4 Jesus the slighted call renews;  
O sinner, canst thou still refuse?  
Then to yon wider gate repair;  
Go, and resolve to enter there.
- 4 Resolve it not,—to Jesus fly,  
With breaking heart and streaming eye,  
With crimson shame thy sins deplore,  
Then he 'll not rise and shut the door.
- 5 Yes, fly! for in this journey know  
The rapid racer moves too slow;  
Jesus shall smile to see you soar,  
And wider throw th' eternal door.

### 795 S. M. HEB. 3. 7.

1 **A**LL yesterday is gone,  
To-morrow 's not our own;  
What day is better than to-day  
To bow before the throne?

2 Why should we yet delay,  
And not to God return?  
How sad to have our oil to buy,  
When we should have it burn.

3 O hear his voice to-day,  
And harden not your heart;  
To-morrow, with a frown, he may  
Pronounce the sound DEPART.

### 796 L. M. HEB. 1. 7.

1 **G**REAT God, to what a glorious height  
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son!  
Angels, in all their robes of light,  
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet their armies wait,  
And swift as flames of fire they move,  
To manage his affairs of state,  
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet  
Up to the gates of thine abode,  
Through all the dangers that we meet,  
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

- 4 Lord! when we leave this mortal ground,  
 And thou shalt bid us rise and come,  
 Send thy beloved angels down  
 Safe to conduct our spirits home.

797 L. M. REV. 22. 16. MEDLEY.

- 1 **A**LL hail, thou great Immanuel!  
 Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?  
 Angels, and all the heav'nly host,  
 Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 2 Among a thousand forms of love,  
 In which he shines and smiles above,  
 This with peculiar joy we view,  
 He 's David's root and offspring too.
- 3 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,  
 Shines, the great God, the wondrous man!  
 As God, the root of all our bliss,  
 As man, the branch of righteousness.
- 4 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!  
 All hail, thou co-essential word!  
 All hail, thou root and branch divine!  
 All hail, and be the glory thine!

798 8s. 6s. LUKE 2. 13.

- 1 **H**ARK—hark—the notes of joy,  
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains!  
 And seraphs find employ,  
 For their sublimest strains.  
 Some new delight in heaven is known,  
 Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,  
 The joyful hosts descend;  
 Jesus forsakes the sky,  
 To earth his footsteps bend,  
 He comes to bless our fallen race,  
 He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear—bear the tidings round,  
 Let every mortal know  
 What love in God is found,  
 What pity he can show.—  
 Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,  
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

4 Strike—strike the harps again,  
 To great Immanuel's name;  
 Arise, ye sons of men,  
 And loud his grace proclaim.  
 Angels and men, wake every string,  
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!

## 799      C. M.    LUKE 2.

- 1 **W**RAPT in the silence of the night,  
 Lay all the eastern world,  
 When bursting, glorious, heavenly light,  
 A wondrous scene unfurl'd!
- 2 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song:  
 Good will and peace are heard throughout  
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat:  
 Glory to God on high!  
 Good will and peace are now complete;  
 Jesus was born to die!
- 4 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!  
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!  
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end!

## 800      7s.    LUKE 2. 10.      C. WESLEY.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
 "Glory to the new-born king;"  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumphs of the skies,  
 With the angelic hosts proclaim,  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all he brings,  
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 4 Mild he lays his glory by,  
 Born, that man no more may die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth;  
 Born to give them second birth.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH. 801-802-803

801 L. M. HEB. 9. 19. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,  
 "Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries:  
 But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,  
 Speaks *peace* as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;  
 Behold, he lays his vengeance by;  
 And rebels, that deserve his sword,  
 Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
 Who gave his life a sacrifice:  
 Now he appears before his God,  
 And for our pardon pleads his blood.

802 C. M. HEB. 10. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,  
 The types are all withdrawn;  
 So fly the shadows and the stars  
 Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,  
 Nor kid, nor bullock slain:  
 Incense and spice, of costly names,  
 Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
 His mitre and his vest,  
 When God himself comes down to be  
 The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show  
 The wonders of his love;  
 For us he paid his life below,  
 And prays for us above.
- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,  
 "For I myself have died:"  
 And then he shows his open'd veins,  
 And pleads his wounded side.

803 L. M. JOHN 19. 30. STENNETT.

- 1 **T**IS finished! so the Saviour cried,  
 And meekly bow'd his head and died;  
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
 The battle fought, the victory won.

804-805 SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as was 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,  
The 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.

804 C. M. MAT. 28. 5.

1 **M**Y Saviour! on Mount Calvary,  
And near thy cross I stand,  
The most delightful place to me  
In all Judea's land.

2 In those pierc'd hands, and feet, and side,  
And that distressed face,  
With reverence let me always view  
The Lord, my Righteousness.

3 And were those pains endured for me?  
Lord, help my feeble tongue  
To spread the wonders of thy love  
In a melodious song.

805 C. M. ROM. 5. 6. L. HUNTINGTON.

1 **W**HAT object's this that meets my eyes,  
From out Jerus'lem's gate;  
Which fills my mind with such surprise,  
As wonders to create?

2 Who can it be that groans beneath  
A pond'rous cross of wood?  
Whose soul 's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,  
And body 's bath'd in blood?

3 Is this the Man, can this be He,  
The prophets have foretold,  
Should with transgressors number'd be,  
And for their crimes be sold?

4 Yes, now I know, 'tis he, 'tis he,  
E'n Jesus, God's dear son;

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH. 806-807

Wrapt in mortality to die,  
For crimes that I had done.

- 5 Oh! blessed sight, oh! lovely form,  
To sinful souls like me;  
I'll creep beside him as a worm,  
And see him die for me.

806 C. M. ZECH. 12. 10. WATTS.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the Jews conspire his death,  
And use the Roman sword.
- 2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,  
My dear Redeemer bore!  
When knotty whips and jagged thorns  
His sacred body tere!
- 3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns  
In vain do I accuse:  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And more the spiteful Jews:
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief a spear.

807 C. M. JOHN 19. 30. WATTS.

- 1 **I**SING my Saviour's wondrous death;  
He conquer'd when he fell;  
"Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done;  
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He press'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord;  
To heaven or hell his hands divide  
The veng'ance or reward.

808--809 SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

808 P. M. JOHN 3. 16. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
 Died He for me, who caused his pain?  
 For me, who him to death pursued?  
 Amazing love! how can it be,  
 That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!
- 2 'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!  
 Who can explore this strange design?  
 In vain the first-born seraph tries  
 To sound the depths of love divine!  
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,  
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,  
 (So free, so infinite, his grace!)  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
 'Tis mercy all—immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out *me!*
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:  
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—  
 I woke—the dungeon flamed with light;  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
 I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

809 C. M. LUKE 23. 33.

- 1 **B**Y faith my Christ I now behold,  
 On yonder gloomy tree,  
 He bleeds to put my sins away,  
 He died, my soul, for thee.
- 2 O see the bleeding Prince of life  
 On Calv'ry's mount expire;  
 Muse on the wond'rous scene of love,  
 And reigning grace admire,
- 3 Stretch'd on the cross thy Saviour hung,  
 Sustain'd thy heavy load,  
 Wash'd all thy dreadful crimes away,  
 In streams of richest blood.
- 4 Now in this consecrated road,  
 Oh, may we ever move,

Till heav'nly anthems fill our souls,  
In the pure realms above.

810 C. M. LUKE 23. 5. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
That clothed himself in clay;  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his bless'd abode:  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise,  
Let heaven and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

811 S. M. MARK 16. 6.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed:"  
And are the tidings true?  
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw Him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"  
Then Justice asks no more;  
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed:"  
Then is his work perform'd;  
The captive surety now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed:"  
Then hell has lost his prey:  
With Him is risen the ransom'd seed,  
To reign in endless day.

## 812--813 RESURRECTION.

- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed:"  
Attending angels hear;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.

### 812 7s. MAT. 28. 6.

- 1 **C**HRI**S**T, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Sons of men, and angels, say!  
Raise your songs of triumph high;  
Sing, ye heavens—and earth, reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight—the battle won:  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er—  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King—  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died, our souls to save—  
Where thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted head:  
Made like him—like him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

### 813 8s. 6s. REV. 5. 9.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns  
Among the sons of men:  
He breaks the pris'ners chains,  
And makes them free again:  
Let hell oppose God's only Son,  
In spite of foes, his cause goes on.
- 2 The baffled prince of hell  
In vain new projects tries,  
The gospel to repel,  
By cruelty and lies:  
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain;  
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.
- 3 He died, but soon arose  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
And now himself he shows  
Omnipotent to save:

Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,  
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

- 4 All pow'r is in his hand,  
His people to defend;  
To his most high command  
Shall millions more attend.  
All heav'n with smiles approve his cause;  
And distant isles receive his laws.

## 814 8s. 6s. MAT. 28. 6.

1 **Y**ES! the Redeemer rose,  
The Saviour left the dead,  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High raised his conquering head;  
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,  
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold th' angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet.  
Joyful they come, | From realms of day  
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly  
The joyful news to bear—  
Hark!—as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
Their anthems say— | Hath left the dead—  
“Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day.”

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound—  
Redeemed by him from hell,  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell;  
Transported, cry— | Hath left the dead,  
“Jesus, who bled, | No more to die.”

## 815 S. M. LUKE 24. 6. HART.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS dismiss your fear;  
Let hope and joy succeed;  
The great good news with gladness hear,  
The Lord is risen indeed.  
2 The promise is fulfill'd  
Salvation's work is done;

Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,  
For God hath rais'd his Son.

3 He quits the dark abode,  
From all corruption free;  
The holy, harmless child of God  
Could no corruption see.

4 Angels with saints above  
The rising victor sing;  
And all the blissful seats of love  
With loud hosannas ring.

816 8s. 7s. REV. 5. 11.

1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—  
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,  
Sacred themes to you belong:  
Come assist the choir of heaven;  
Join the everlasting song.

3 Saints and angels thus united,  
Songs imperfect still must raise;  
Though despised on earth and slighted,  
Jesus is above all praise.

4 See, the angelic host have crowned him,  
Jesus fills the throne on high:  
Countless myriads, hovering round him,  
With his praises rend the sky.

5 Peace and joy to every nation,  
Let us sing with those above:  
Sweet the theme—a free salvation!  
Fruit of everlasting love.

817 L. M. PSALM 68. WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:  
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law;  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
 When the rebellious powers of hell,  
 That thousand souls had captive made,  
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
 He sent his promised Spirit down  
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
 That God might dwell on earth again.

818 C. M. JOB. 19. 25.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
 And ever prays for me:  
 A token of his love He gives,  
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,  
 He brings salvation near;  
 His presence makes me free indeed,  
 And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be!  
 What can withstand his will?  
 The counsel of his grace in me  
 He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 The love of Christ I long to find,  
 In all its depth and height:  
 To comprehend the Eternal Mind,  
 And grasp the Infinite.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,  
 Of paradise possessed,  
 I taste unutterable bliss,  
 And everlasting rest.

819 C. M. PSALM 110. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
 And near the Father sit;  
 In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!  
 Thy converts shall surpass  
 The numerous drops of morning-dew,  
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,  
 "Nor changes what he swore;

## 820-821 CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

“Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
“When Aaron is no more.

4 “Melchisedek, that wond’rous priest,  
“That king of high degree,  
“That holy man who Abra’am blest,  
“Was but a type of thee.”

5 Jesus our priest forever lives  
To plead for us above;  
Jesus our king forever gives  
The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head  
And his high throne maintain;  
Shall strike the pow’rs and princes dead  
Who dare oppose his reign.

820 L. M. PHILIP. 3. 4. 11. WATTS.

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

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

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

821 L. M. ACTS 6. 12. STEELE.

1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,  
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—  
Jesus, no other name but thine  
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find  
The way to happiness and God;  
Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;  
 Thou art the true, the living way,  
 Ordained by everlasting love,  
 To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,  
 Nor from the heavenly path depart:  
 O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!  
 Direct our steps and cheer our heart.

822 8s. ROM. 5. 8. HAWEIS.

1 **O** JESUS! to tell of thy love,  
 My soul shall forever delight,  
 And join with the blessed above,  
 In praises by day and by night!  
 Whenever I follow thee, Lord,  
 Admiring, adoring, I see,  
 That love, which was stronger than death,  
 Flowing out to a sinner like me.

2 Descending from glory on high,  
 With men thou delightest to dwell,  
 Contented to die in their stead,  
 By dying to save them from hell,  
 Despising the cross and its shame,  
 I hear thy deep groan from the tree,  
 And see the rich blood trickling down,  
 It was shed for a sinner like me.

3 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
 This man so acquainted with grief,  
 Ye desperate, helpless, undone,  
 This sacrifice brings you relief,  
 Beneath the dark shade of his corpse,  
 Sin, death, and the grave we defy,  
 Since Jesus has suffered for us,  
 It is gain for believers to die.

823 L. M. JER. 23. ISA. 45. C. WESLEY.

1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise  
 To take my mansion in the skies;

824-825 CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
 While, through thy blood absolved I am  
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years:  
 No age can change its glorious hue;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!  
 Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

824 L. M. JER. 8. 22. STEELE.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?  
 In vain, alas! is nature's aid;  
 The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?  
 And is no kind physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 Yes, there 's a great physician near;  
 Look up, my fainting soul, and live!  
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
 Such help as nature cannot give!
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!  
 'Tis only that dear, sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain—and heal thy wo.

825 P. M. 1 PET. 2. 7. DAVIES.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how precious is thy name!  
 The great Jehovah's darling, thou!  
 Oh, let me catch the immortal flame,  
 With which angelic bosoms glow!  
 Since angels love thee, I would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 2 My *Prophet* thou, my heav'nly guide,  
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear;

CHARACTER AND OFFICES. 826-827

The words, that from thy lips proceed,  
 Oh, how divinely sweet they are!  
 Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,  
 And imitate the blessed above.

3 My great *High-priest*, whose precious blood,  
 Did once atone upon the cross;  
 Who now dost intercede with God,  
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause;  
 In thee I trust; thee I would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd above.

4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,  
 A willing subject at thy feet;  
 All other lords I disavow,  
 And to thy government submit:  
 My *Saviour-king* this heart would love,  
 And imitate the bless'd above.

826 S. M. JOHN 14. 6. HART.

1 I AM, saith Christ, *the Way*.  
 Now if we credit *Him*,  
 All other paths must lead astray,  
 How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, *the Truth*.  
 Then all that lacks this test  
 Proceed it from an angel's mouth,  
 Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, *the Life*.  
 Let this be seen by faith,  
 It follows without further strife,  
 That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,  
 The Holy Ghost apply;  
 The simplest Christian shall not *err*,  
 Nor be *deceiv'd*, nor *die*.

827 C. M. 1 COR. 9. 24.

1 I N duties and in sufferings too,  
 My Lord I fain would trace;  
 As Thou hast done, so would I do,  
 Depending on thy grace,

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight  
 To do thy Father's will;

828-829 PRAISE TO CHRIST.

May the same zeal my soul excite,  
Thy precepts to fulfil.

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

828 C. M. HEB. 7. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories, more  
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,  
To purge themselves from sin;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne.]
- 4 [But Christ, by his own powerful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God,  
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 5 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Sion's heavenly hill;  
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives, to intercede  
Before his Father's face;  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

829 L. M. SOL. SONGS 5. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, let us here rejoice to raise,  
A sacred song of solemn praise,  
Up to the heavens our voices send,  
And Jesus sing, our heavenly friend.
- 2 Sweet are the accents of his name,  
Vast as eternity his fame;  
What heart can fully comprehend  
The boundless glory of this friend!

PRAISE TO CHRIST. 830--831

- 3 O let us make his name our trust,  
 He is a Saviour wise and just;  
 On his almighty arm depend,  
 He is a try'd and faithful friend.
- 4 He will our every want supply,  
 In ev'ry trouble will be nigh;  
 Will love and save us to the end;  
 O bless and praise this precious friend!
- 5 Grant, dearest Lord! we each may prove  
 Thy power, thy presence, and thy love;  
 And everlasting ages spend  
 In sacred praise to thee, our friend,

830 C. M. ISAIAH 12. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
 And bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean;  
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive;  
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosen'd tongues employ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

831 S. M. 1 JOHN 2. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune,

- Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow;  
No bolts, to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent, with pardons, down  
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

## 832 C. M. REV. 5. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amidst his Father's throne:  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And those the hymns they raise:  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid:  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.

833

P. M. 1 COR. 1. 18.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world adieu,  
 With all of creature good,  
 Only Jesus I 'll pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood;  
 All thy pleasure I 'll forego,  
 I'll trample on thy wealth and pride,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified!
- 2 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end,  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his love abide;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified!
- 3 O that I could all invite,  
 This saving truth to prove;  
 Show the length, and breadth, and height,  
 And depth of Jesus' love;  
 Fain I would to sinners show,  
 His blood alone by faith applied;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified!

834

C. M. MARK 9. 24.

COWPER.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,  
 Waiting to feel thy touch;  
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,  
 Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Remember him who once applied,  
 With trembling for relief;  
 "Lord, I believe," with tears, he cried,  
 "Oh, help my unbelief."
- 3 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,  
 And healing virtue stole,  
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,  
 To touch thee if we may;

Oh, send us not despairing home,  
Send none unheal'd away.

835 P. M. DEUT. 32. 15.

- 1 **I**F life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,  
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;  
His favor seek, his praises speak,  
Fix here thy hope's foundation;  
Serve him and he will ever be  
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 2 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,  
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely  
    bless;  
To Jesus flee, thy prop he 'll be,  
Thy heavenly consolation:  
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow  
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 3 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,  
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from  
    harm,  
He near thee stands with mighty hands,  
To ward off each temptation;  
To Jesus fly, he 's ever nigh,  
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 4 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his  
    blow,  
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,  
For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
The grave no desolation;  
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,  
The Rock of thy Salvation.

836

L. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!  
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,  
"But swell my sails, and speed my way
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,  
"And loose my cable from below;  
"But I can only spread my sail;  
"Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale."

837 P. M. JOHN 5. 36.

1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,  
 Remember us for good;  
 O fulfil his faithful word,  
 And hear his speaking blood!  
 Give us that for which he prays;  
 Father, glorify thy Son:  
 Show his truth, and power, and grace,  
 And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness thou,  
 O Christ, thy Spirit give!  
 Hast thou not received him now,  
 That we might now receive?  
 Art thou not our living Head?  
 Life to all thy limbs impart;  
 Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,  
 In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
 The gift of Jesus, come;  
 Glows our heart to find thee near,  
 And swells to make thee room;  
 Present with us thee we feel,  
 Come, O Come, and in us be!  
 With us, in us, live and dwell,  
 To all eternity.

838 L. M. GEN. 6. 3.

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 steel'd my stubborn heart,  
 And still shook off my guilty fears;  
 And vex'd and urged Thee to depart,  
 For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all who e'er thy grace received;  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honor of my great High Priest;

839--840      HOLY SPIRIT.

Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

839    L. M.      PSALM 2.      WATTS.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 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.
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 4 Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

840    P. M.    ACTS 2. 1.

- 1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky!  
Christ, our ascended Lord,  
Sends down his Spirit from on high,  
According to his word:  
All hail the day of Pentecost,  
The coming of the Holy Ghost.
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,  
New life creates within;  
He quickens sinners from the death  
Of trespasses and sin:  
All hail the day of Pentecost,  
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,  
And shows them unto men;  
The fallen soul his temple makes,  
God's image stamps again:  
All hail the day of Pentecost,  
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
With thy celestial fire;  
Come, and with flames of zeal and love  
Our hearts and tongues inspire:

Be this our day of Pentecost,  
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

841 8s. MATH. 14. 30. TOPLADY.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine:  
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
I sink at thy feet with my load;  
All plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease:  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace—  
The rock that is higher than I:  
Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,  
Thy presence is fair to behold;  
Attend to my sorrows and cries—  
My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold of thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep:  
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,  
The tempter suggests, with a roar,—  
“The Lord has forsaken thee quite;  
“Thy God will be gracious no more.”
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd  
No covenant blessing for me,  
Ah! tell me how is it I find  
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?  
Almighty to rescue thou art;  
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r:  
Come succor and gladden my heart,—  
Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

842 8s. 6s. JONAH 3. 9. BEDDOME.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee I'll make  
My griefs and sorrows known;  
And with an humble hope  
Approach thine awful throne:

- Though by my sins deserving hell,  
I 'll not despair:—for who can tell?
- 2 To thee, who by a word  
My drooping soul canst cheer,  
And by thy spirit form  
Thy glorious image there—  
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—  
I 'll daily seek;—for who can tell?
- 3 Endanger'd or distress,  
To thee alone I 'll fly,  
Implore thy pow'rful help,  
And at thy footstool lie;  
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,  
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?
- 4 My heart misgives me oft,  
And conscience storms within;  
One gracious look from thee  
Will make it all serene:  
Satan suggests that I must dwell  
In endless flames;—but, who can tell?
- 5 Vile unbelief, begone;  
Ye doubts fly swift away;  
God hath an ear to hear,  
While I 've an heart to pray:  
If he be mine, all will be well—  
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

843 C. M. JOHN 16. 13. HART.

- 1 **W**HATEVER prompts the soul to pride,  
Or gives us room to boast,  
(Except in Jesus crucified)  
Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Spir't omits to speak  
Of what himself has done;  
And bids th' enlighten'd sinner seek  
Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He never moved a man to say,  
"By nature I am good,"  
But turns his eye another way,  
To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers,  
But all in Jesu's name:

He gladly dictates, gladly hears,  
 "Salvation to the Lamb."

844 L. M. PSALM 147. 11.

- 1 **S**INCE through the heaven-inspired lines  
 Mercy with signal splendor shines,  
 Help me, O Lord, to read and pray,  
 And drive desponding thoughts away.
- 2 Thy mercy pardons crying sins,  
 And washes out the-deepest stains,  
 'Tis free, and to the vilest given—  
 The vilest out of hell and heaven.
- 3 Then, why should I, bow'd down with pain,  
 Relinquish all my hope as vain—  
 Live without Christ, restraining pray'r,  
 Then sink and die in deep despair!
- 4 No! fly ye unbelieving fears;  
 Mercy, through Christ, shall wipe my tears;  
 Good hope has here its fullest scope—  
 Lord, in thy mercy I will hope.

845 8s. 6s. EXOD. 17. 15.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
 To aim the dreadful blow,  
 When he Goliath fought,  
 And laid the Gittite low?  
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
 Who sent him to the fight,  
 Who gave him strength to sling,  
 And skill to aim aright.  
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endure.  
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,  
 To storm the invader's camp,  
 With arms of little worth,  
 A pitcher and a lamp?  
 The trumpets made his coming known,  
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,  
 When with a single word,

God helping me to say,  
 My trust is in the Lord:  
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,  
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

- 5 But unbelief, self-will,  
 Self-righteousness, and pride,  
 How often do they steal  
 My weapon from my side!  
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,  
 Will help his servant to the end.

## 846 C. M. JOHN 1. 13.

- 1 **L**OST in the ruins of the fall,  
 I lay in awful night,  
 Till great Jehovah changed my heart,  
 And gave me heavenly light.
- 2 Born of the Lord, I rose from sin,  
 Flew to the Prince of Peace,  
 He lov'd the risings of my soul,  
 And show'd a smiling face.
- 3 Born of the Lord, I feel a power,  
 That draws to Jesus' blood,  
 Loosens my soul from chains of guilt,  
 And ties it fast to God.
- 4 Born of the Lord, I can't allow,  
 That sin should rule my heart:  
 But long that ev'ry evil thought  
 Might evermore depart.
- 5 Born of the Lord,—my happy soul  
 In flames of love arise;  
 Love my dear Father and his flock,  
 And love his holy ways.
- 6 Born of the Lord,—I soon shall fly,  
 Fly to his bright abode;  
 Rise to the honors of his throne,  
 To live and reign with God.

## 847 C. M. LUKE 7. 42. HART.

- 1 **M**ERCY is welcome news indeed,  
 To those who guilty stand;  
 Wretches that *feel* what help they need,  
 Will bless the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,  
 Must give them to the poor;  
 None but the *wounded* patient knows  
 The comforts of his cure.

3 We all have sinn'd against our God;  
 Exception none can boast;  
 But he that feels the heaviest load,  
 Will prize forgiveness most.

848 6s. 5s. GEN. 22. 8. NEWTON.

1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers af-  
 fright, [nite—  
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all u-  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
 The scripture assures us, the LORD will pro-  
 vide.

2 The birds without barn, or storehouse are fed:  
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
 His saints, what are fitting shall ne'er be de-  
 nied,  
 So long as 'tis written, the LORD will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,  
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:  
 For though we are strangers, we have a good  
 guide,  
 And trust, in all dangers the LORD will provide.

4 When Satan appears, to stop up our path,  
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
 He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
 This heart-cheering promise, the LORD will pro-  
 vide.

5 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain:  
 The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
 But when such suggestions our spirits have  
 plied, [vide.  
 This answers all questions, the LORD will pro-

849 P. M. GEN. 17. 7. C. WESLEY.

1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned 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 power,  
 And Him my only portion make  
 My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all his ways:  
 He calls a worm his friend!  
 He calls himself my God!  
 And He shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.

850 8s. 8s. 6s. 1 KINGS 8. 56.

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through the wilderness:  
 Who still your bodies feel;  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears,  
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
 And by his side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure;  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss—inspiring hope  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,

It brings to life the dead;  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last,  
 Triumphant with our Head.

851 8s. 8s. 6s. ROM. 7. 23. STEELE.

1 **A**H! why should this immortal mind,  
 Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,  
 And never, never rise?  
 Why, thus amused with empty toys,  
 And soothed with visionary joys,  
 Forget her native skies?

2 The mind was formed to mount sublime,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
 To everlasting things;  
 But earthly vapors cloud her sight,  
 And hang with cold oppressive weight  
 Upon her drooping wings.

3 The world employs its various snares,  
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,  
 And chained to earth I lie:  
 When shall my fettered powers be free,  
 And leave these seats of vanity,  
 And upward learn to fly.

852 P. M. ROM. 6. C. WESLEY.

1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;  
 I see from far thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose.

My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still,  
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,  
 And fain I would, but though my will  
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way:  
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
 My soul to seek her peace in thee:  
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
 No peace my wandering heart can see.  
 O when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

853 8s. 8s. 6s. PHILIP. 21.

- 1 **B**RIGHT scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,  
 Invite my soul—O could I rise,  
 Nor leave a thought below!  
 I 'd bid farewell to anxious care,  
 And say to every tempting snare,  
 Heaven calls, and I must go.
- 2 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?  
 Can aught on earth engage my stay?  
 Ah, wretched, lingering heart!  
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,  
 Assist and guide my upward flight,  
 And bid the world depart.

854 8s. 1 SAM. 7. 12. TOPLADY.

- 1 **W**HAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
 Continual watchings to keep,  
 And, punctual as midnight renews,  
 Demand the refreshment of sleep;  
 A sovereign Protector I have,  
 Unseen, yet forever at hand,  
 Unchangeably faithful to save,  
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,  
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,  
 And songs his kind presence indeed,  
 Shall in the night season supply;  
 He smiles, and my comforts abound,  
 His grace as the dew shall descend,  
 And walls of salvation surround  
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind author and ground of my hope,  
 Thee, thee for my God I avow,  
 My glad Ebenezer set up,  
 And own thou hast helped me till now:  
 I muse on the years that are past,  
 Wherein my defence thou hast proved,  
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last  
 A sinner so signally loved.

855 C. M. PSALM 121. 5. MONTGOMERY

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,  
 On Thee my hopes remain;

- And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who caused'st me to hope,  
When life began to beat;  
And when a stranger in the world,  
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age  
And evil days descend;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,  
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore;  
And after death will sing thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

## 856 C. M. PSALM 115. 1. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **A**H! give me, Lord, the single eye,  
Which aims at nought but Thee:  
I fain would live, and yet not I—  
But Jesus live in me.
- 2 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find  
But in thy ark of peace;  
Thy cross, the balance of my mind;  
Thy wounds my hiding-place.
- 3 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,  
If Thou my keeper art;  
Get thee behind me, God is near,  
My Saviour takes my part!
- 4 On Him my spirit I recline,  
Who put my nature on;  
His light shall in my darkness shine,  
And guide me to his throne.

857 8s. 7s. MARK 10. 28. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave, and follow Thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me:  
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come disaster, scorn and, pain,  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favor loss is gain.  
 I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father,  
 I have set my heart on Thee,  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather  
 All must work for good to me.

858 6s. 5s. JOB 7. 16.

- 1 **I** WOULD not live always: 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 always, 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 Oh, who would live alway, away from his God;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where 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!

859 C. M. 1 JOHN 3. 2.

- 1 **I** LOVE to see the Lord below;  
 His church displays his grace;  
 But upper worlds his glory know,  
 And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet,  
 Though sin annoy me there;  
 But saints, exalted near his seat,  
 Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet him in his Court,  
 And taste his heavenly love;  
 But still his visits seem too short,  
 Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines—and I am all delight;  
 He hides—and all is pain:  
 When will he fix me in his sight,  
 And ne'er depart again!
- 5 O Lord, I love thy service now;  
 Thy church displays thy power;  
 But soon in heaven I hope to view  
 And praise thee evermore.

860 L. M. PSALM 17. 15.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul! on wings sublime,  
 Above the vanities of time;  
 Remove the parting veil—and see  
 The glories of eternity!
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,  
 Why should I grovel here on earth?  
 Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,  
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

## 861-862 THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,  
While I am walking back to God?  
Or can I love this earth so well  
As not to long with God to dwell?
- 4 To dwell with God!—to taste his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;  
The glorious expectation now  
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

### 861 C. M. JOHN 1. 47.

- 1 **A**M I an Israelite indeed,  
Without a false disguise?  
Have I renounced my sins, and left  
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,  
Or is it form'd anew?  
What is the rule by which I walk,  
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,  
My real state to know!  
If I am wrong, O set me right!  
If right, preserve me so!

### 862 S. M. 1 TIM. 6. 20.

- 1 **A**CHARGE to keep I have,  
My God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
That I may live on high.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my pow'rs engage  
To do my master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And thus thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A good account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Oh let me ne'er my trust betray,  
But faithful live and die.

THE CHRISTIAN. 863-864-865

863 S. M. PSALM 27. 1.

- 1 **W**HEN earthly comforts die,  
And thorns o'erspread the road,  
Whither, O whither shall I fly,  
But unto thee, my God!
- 2 When anxious thoughts arise,  
And sorrows compass round,  
Amidst ten thousand enemies,  
In Thee my help is found.
- 3 Then at thy feet I 'll bow,  
And in thy mercy trust:  
If I am saved, how good art Thou!  
And if I perish, just!
- 4 Perish!—It cannot be,  
Since Jesus shed his blood;  
The promise is both rich and free,  
And he will make it good.

864 L. M. 1 TIM. 6. 17. WATTS.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
Down to the gulf of black despair;  
And whilst I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies!

865 C. M. MATT. 5. 16.

- 1 **I** ASK not honor, pomp, or praise,  
By worldly men esteem'd,  
I wish from sin's deceitful ways  
To feel my soul redeem'd.

866-867 THE CHRISTIAN.

2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,  
Dear Lord, to live to Thee,  
And by my words and walk to show,  
That Thou hast died for me.

3 O grant me through thy precious blood,  
Thy gospel thus to grace;  
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God;  
Thus shall my works Thee praise.

866 C. M. ISA. 40. 31. MONTGOMERY.

1 **Y**ES—I will bless thee, O my God!  
Through all my mortal days,  
And to eternity I'll sing  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honors of my God!  
My life with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,  
Though death will close my eyes:  
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights  
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise  
Their grateful tribute pay:  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

867 L. M. MATT. 7. 13. NEWTON.

1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road!  
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!  
None but the chosen tribes of God,  
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,  
One only leads to joys on high;  
By that my willing steps ascend,  
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

3 The joy that fades is not for me,  
I seek immortal joys above;  
There, glory without end, shall be  
The bright reward of faith and love.

## 868 C. M. PHILIP. 1. 23.

- 1 **L**ONG have I tried terrestrial joys,  
 But here can find no rest;  
 Far from its vanity and noise,  
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 2 'Tis desert here, and thorns and foes,  
 Do all the road infest;  
 The danger of the journey 's short,  
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 3 When earth can no delights afford,  
 He spreads a heavenly feast;  
 Such dainties crown his royal board,  
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 4 By this I fly the desert through,  
 And feel my soul refresh'd;  
 What can obstruct me when I know,  
 "To be with Christ is best."
- 5 There an eternity with thee,  
 I 'll think myself well blest;  
 I see thee here; but oh! to be,  
 "To be with Christ is best."

## 869 8s. 7s. MATT. 11. 28.

- 1 **W**ANDERING pilgrims, mourning christians,  
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
 Who endure great tribulation,  
 And with sin are sore distress'd:  
 Christ hath sent me to invite you,  
 To a rich and costly feast:  
 Let not shame or pride prevent you,  
 Come, the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,  
 And bemoan your wretched case,  
 Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,  
 He will give you gospel grace:  
 If you want a heart to fear him,  
 Love and serve him here below,  
 With your troubles now draw near him,  
 He the blessing will bestow.
- 3 If, like Peter, you are sinking,  
 In the sea of unbelief;

870-871 THE CHRISTIAN.

Wait with patient, constant praying,  
 Christ will grant you sweet relief:  
 Are you weary, heavy laden?  
 He will give you sweet repose;  
 Bear his light and easy burden,  
 He shall conquer all your foes.

870 P. M. HEB. 6. 19.

1 **W**HEN for eternal worlds we steer,  
 And seas are calm and skies are clear,  
 And faith in lively exercise,  
 And distant hills of Canaan rise;  
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,  
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
 CHORUS,—Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
 Each landmark on the distant shore;  
 The trees of life, the pastures green,  
 The golden streets, the crystal stream;  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,

3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
 More eager all her powers expand:  
 With steady helm and free bent sail,  
 Her anchor drops within the veil:  
 Again for joy she claps her wings,  
 And her celestial sonnet sings,

871 C. M. JOHN 16. 33.

1 **O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If pierced by sins and sorrows here,  
 We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes, are flown;  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy wing of love  
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 Our peace-branch from above!

4 Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright,  
 With more than rapture's ray;

As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.

872 P. M. JOHN 13. 7.

- 1 **O**NCE I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed, no more to move;  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love;  
Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power;  
Now I feel my sins anew;  
Now I feel the stormy hour!  
Sin has put my joys to flight,  
Sin has turn'd my day to night.
- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
Far away the tempter drive;  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.

873 L. M. EPH. 6. 10. WATTS.

- 1 [**S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.]
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage  
And waste the fury of his spite?  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps and endless night.]
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel!  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate:

## 874-875 THE CHRISTIAN.

There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

### 874 C. M. ROM. 6. 2.

- 1 **G**RACE, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,  
Do they perform his will;  
But with the noblest powers they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access at every hour  
To God within the veil;  
Hence they derive a quickening power,  
And joys that never fail.
- 4 Oh happy souls!—oh glorious state  
Of overflowing grace!  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face.

### 875 P. M. HEB. 13. 6. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **O**FT as I look upon the road  
That leads to yonder blest abode,  
I feel distress'd and fearful:  
So many foes the passage throng,  
I am so weak and they so strong,  
How can my soul be cheerful!
- 2 But when I think of Him, whose power  
Can save me in a trying hour,  
And place on Him reliance,  
My soul is then ashamed of fear;  
And though ten thousand foes appear,  
I bid them all defiance.
- 3 The dangerous road I then pursue,  
And keep the glorious prize in view;  
With joyful hope elated:  
Strong in the Lord, in Him alone,

Where he conducts I follow on,  
With ardor unabated.

- 4 O Lord, each day renew my strength,  
And let me see thy face at length,  
With all thy people yonder;  
With them in heaven thy love declare,  
And sing thy praise forever there,  
With gratitude and wonder.

876 C. M. PRO. 6. 6. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?  
Awake, my sluggish soul!  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing 's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
Labor, and tug, and strive;  
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,  
How negligent we live!

- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move!  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above:

- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labored for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!

- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts!  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.

- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We 'll fly and take the prize.

877 P. M. HEB. 13. 14.

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature com-  
plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

## CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot  
cease!  
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;  
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with thee at  
home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;  
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine;  
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my Home.*

878 C. M. PSALM 119. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning powers;  
Thy word, that I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,  
 And thou a faithful God?  
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
 To run the heavenly road?
- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
 And long to see thy face?  
 And yet how slow my spirits move  
 Without enlivening grace!
- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
 And ne'er forget thy word,  
 When I have felt its quick'ning power  
 To draw me near the Lord.

879 C. M. PSALM 42. 9. WATTS.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;  
 Earth is a tiresome place,  
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
 Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Thy wonders to thy seryant show,  
 Make thy own work complete;  
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
 And own thy love was great.
- 3 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
 In all thy beauty, Lord;  
 And the poor service we have done  
 Meet a divine reward.

880 7s. GAL. 3. 1. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see,  
 God descend in majesty,  
 To proclaim his holy law,  
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,  
 Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
 In the too-transporting light;  
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
 God in flesh made manifest  
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would forever stay,  
 Weep and gaze my soul away;

881-882 THE CHRISTIAN.

Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

881 C. M. ISA. 35. 10.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing:  
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road:  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue his footsteps still;  
With joyful hope still fix your eye  
On Zion's heavenly hill.

882 C. M. GEN. 22. 14. COWPER.

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,  
Nor sink in hopeless fear;  
For when they least expect his aid,  
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,  
God saw, and said "Forbear;"  
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;  
Behold the victim there.
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;  
But hark! the foe 's at hand;  
Saul turns his arms another way,  
T' save th' invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
He thought to rise no more;  
But God prepar'd a fish to save,  
And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,  
That meet us in his word!  
May every deep-felt care of mine  
Be trusted with the Lord.

- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
 And though it tarry, wait;  
 The promise may be long delay'd,  
 But cannot come too late.

883 S. M. GAL. 3. 28. BEDDOME.

- 1 **L**ET Christians all agree,  
 And peace among them spread;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
 Let fervent love be found;  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With common blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, (child of hell!)  
 Be banish'd far away;  
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,  
 And ev'ry heart is love.

884 7s. PHIL. 3. 8. TOPLADY.

- 1 **H**APPINESS, thou lovely name,  
 Where 's thy seat, O tell me, where?  
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
 All cry out,—'It is not here:'
- 2 Not the wisdom of the wise  
 Can inform me where it lies;  
 Not the grandeur of the great  
 Can the bliss I seek create.
- 3 Object of my first desire,  
 Jesus, crucified for me!  
 All to happiness aspire,  
 Only to be found in thee:
- 4 Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
 Constitute our bliss below;  
 Thee to see, and thee to love,  
 Constitute our bliss above.
- Lord, it is not life to live,  
 If thy presence thou deny;

885-886 THE CHRISTIAN.

Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die;

- 6 Source and giver of repose,  
Singly from thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are thine,  
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

885 L. M. PSALM 69. 15. COWPER.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that 's cast for me;  
I have an advocate with thee;  
They whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.

886 C. M. ISA. 40. 27.

- 1 **O** THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
There is no mercy here!
- 2 O grant me to desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
More than the world's supremest gain  
Succeeded by a frown!
- 3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see;  
The very hand that strikes the blow,  
Was wounded once for me.

887

C. M. PSALM 144.

WATTS.

1 **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield;  
He sends his spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,  
Does my weak courage raise;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

888

C. M. MARK 13. 37.

1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, awake and watch,  
The bridegroom may be near;  
How awful, should the summons catch  
His people slumb'ring here!

2 They who are ready to attend  
The Lord when he appears,  
With him to glory shall ascend;  
Eternal life is theirs.

3 With him they shall sit down, and feast  
On heav'n's unbounded store;  
Enjoy an everlasting rest,  
And never hunger more.

4 When once the chamber door shall close,  
Be sure, beyond a doubt,  
No further hope remains for those  
Who then are found without.

5 Awake, and be ye like to those  
Who wait the Lord's return,  
Awake, nor yield to that repose,  
Whose end it is to mourn.

889

L. M. 1 SAM. 3. 9.

1 **S**PEAK, Lord, to each of us this day,  
But from the mercy seat we pray;  
That all may with deep rev'ence hear,  
Receive thy word, adore, and fear.

- 2 May careless sinners now attend,  
And ponder well their latter end:  
And for this day have cause to praise  
While angels chant their endless lays
- 3 Bless those who are too bad, they say,  
For Christ to wash their sins away;  
But show the souls who mercy crave,  
He to the uttermost will save.
- 4 O let us all without delay,  
Hear the Redeemer's voice to-day;—  
Pardon and saving grace partake,  
With all we need, for Jesus sake.

890

L. M. EPH. 5. 19.

- 1 **O**H! may our ardent zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs:  
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,  
Begin to make his glories known,  
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound  
Throughout creation's utmost bound.
- 3 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:  
The highest notes that angels raise,  
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

891

8s. 6s.

PSALM 84.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode           | With warm desires  
My heart aspires       | To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wand'ring swallows long  
To find their wonted rest:  
My spirit faints,       | To rise and dwell  
With equal zeal,       | Among thy saints.
- 3 O, happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!

- O, happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there!  
 They praise thee still; | That love the way  
 And happy they | To Zion's hill!!
- 4 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in heaven appears:  
 O, glorious seat, | Shall thither bring  
 When God our King | Our willing feet!

892 L. M. PSALM 84. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
 A whole assembly worship thee!  
 At once they sing—at once they pray—  
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go:  
 'Tis like the dawn of heaven below:  
 Not all that careless sinners say,  
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 Oh write upon my memory, Lord,  
 The truths and precepts of thy word!  
 That I may break thy laws no more,  
 But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
 That, finding pardon through his blood,  
 I may lie down and wake with God.

893 P. M. JOHN 1. 29.

- 1 **L**AMB of God! whose bleeding love  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find:  
 Think on us, who think on thee,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Oh remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray—  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away:

Burst our bonds, and set us free,  
 From all sin do thou release;  
 Oh remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

- 3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,  
 Let sinners pardon feel;  
 Speak us freely justified,  
 And all our sickness heal:  
 By thy passion on the tree,  
 Let our griefs and troubles cease;  
 Oh remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace!

894 L. M. PSALM 73. 25. WATTS.

- 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 heavenly birth?  
 Why should I cleave to things below,  
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
 One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
 I would obey the voice divine,  
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
 Let noise and vanity be gone:  
 In secret silence of the mind,  
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

895 L. M. HEB. 4. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there 's a nobler rest above;  
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs,  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes:  
 No cares to break the long repose;

No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 4 Thine earthly Sabbath's, Lord, we love,  
But there 's a nobler rest above;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

896 8s. 7s. 1 COR. 15. 20.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou happy morn so glorious!  
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er;  
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,  
By his own almighty power:

Hallelujah,  
To the glorious Son of God.

- 2 Tell us, seraphs, ye that wander,  
When ye saw the Lord arise,  
When ye saw him soaring yonder,  
What were then your heavenly joys?

Then 't was "Glory  
To the conquering King of Kings."

- 3 Countless bands of angels glorious,  
Clothed in bright ethereal blue;  
Straight the sound of Christ victorious,  
From their silver trumpets flew:

Christ triumphant,  
Rises conqueror o'er the tomb.

- 4 See, my friends, is that the Saviour,  
Who was crown'd with cruel thorns?  
Glorious majesty and power,  
Now his sacred head adorns.

Hallelujah;  
That dear head no more shall bleed.

- 5 Is that he, who died on Calvary,  
Who was pierced with many a spear?  
Clad with countless suns of glory,  
See he rises through the air.

Hallelujah;  
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.

897 L. M. GEN. 28. 17.

- 1 **L**O, God is here!—let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!

898-899-900 AFTER SERMON.

Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face!

- 2 Lo, God is here!—him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing:  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Let saints their humble worship bring.
- 3 Lord God of hosts! oh may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

898 S. M. ZECH. 4. 6.

- 1 **T**HIS God the spirit leads  
In paths before unknown;  
The work to be performed is ours,  
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,  
We still pursue our way;  
And hope at last to reach the prize,  
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
'Tis he that works to do;  
His is the power by which we act,  
His be the glory too.

899 L. M. PSALM 71. 22.

- 1 **T**O him who on the fatal tree  
Pour'd out his blood, his life, for me,  
In grateful strains my voice I 'll raise,  
And in his service spend my days.
- 2 To listening multitudes I 'll tell  
How he redeem'd my soul from hell;  
And how, reposing on his breast,  
I lost my cares and found my rest.
- 3 Thro' him my sins are all forgiven,  
He ever pleads my cause in heaven;  
I 'll build an altar to his name,  
And to the world his grace proclaim.

900 8s. 7s. 4s.

EVANS.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed;

SOCIAL WORSHIP. 901-902-903

Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,  
Which thy word 's design'd to give;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live!

901

8s. 7s.

NEWTON.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

902

8s. 6s.

**O**N what has now been sown  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;  
The pow'r is thine alone,  
To make it spring and grow:  
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

903

L. M.

MAL. 3. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN those who fear'd the Lord of old  
Met oft and spake with one accord,  
A book was written, and enroll'd  
Their faithful names before the Lord.
- 2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,  
And as a signet on my hand,  
A crown of glory for my head,  
Among my chosen jewels stand.
- 3 And I will spare them in that day,  
Even as a father spares his son,  
When all the proud are swept away,  
The wicked, root and branch, undone.

## 904-905 SOCIAL WORSHIP.

4 Then shall my righteousness be shown :  
Then, by their good or evil lot,  
The sinner and the saint be known,  
Who served the Lord,—*who* served Him not.

### 904 L. M. PSALM 100. 5. STOWELL.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—  
Or how the host of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.
- 5 There! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

### 905 P. M. PSALM 84. 10.

- 1 **H**OW lovely the place where the Saviour ap-  
pears,  
To those who believe in his word ;  
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,  
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.
- 2 A day in his courts than a thousand beside,  
Is better and lovelier far—  
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,  
And all their delights I abhor.
- 3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of saints,  
For low at thy feet I would lie ;  
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints ;  
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

FAMILY WORSHIP. 906-907

- 4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon  
 O! come in thy chariot of love; [thee,  
 From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to  
 And set our affections above. [flee,

906 8s. 8s. 6s. JOSH. 28. 15. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **I** AND my house will serve the Lord:  
 But first obedient to his word  
 I must myself appear:

By actions, words, and temper show  
 That I my heavenly Master know,  
 And serve with heart sincere.

- 2 I must the fair example set:  
 From those that on my pleasure wait  
 The stumbling-block remove;  
 Their duty by my life explain,  
 And still in all my works maintain  
 The dignity of love.

- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,  
 Quickly appeased and reconciled,  
 A follower of my God;  
 A saint indeed I long to be,  
 And lead my faithful family  
 In the celestial road.

- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,  
 A vessel fitted for thy use  
 Into thy hands receive;  
 Work in me both to will and do,  
 And show them how believers true,  
 And real Christians live.

907 L. M. MAT. 6. 19. WATTS.

- 1 **M**AN hath a soul of vast desires,  
 He burns within with restless fires;  
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
 From vanity to vanity.

- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
 Some solid good to fill the mind:  
 We try new pleasures, but we feel  
 The inward thirst and torment still.

- 3 So when a raging fever burns,  
 We shift from side to side by turns;

And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.

- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

908 6s. 5s. 1 COR. 7. 31. HEBER.

- 1 **T**HE world is grown old, and her pleasures  
are past;

The world is grown old, and her form may not last;  
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear!  
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near!

- 2 The sun in the heaven is languid and pale;  
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;  
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,  
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

- 3 The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,  
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;  
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer;  
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

- 4 The world is grown old! but should we complain  
Who have tried her and know that her promise is  
vain?

Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,  
And we look for our crown when judgment is  
near!

909 C. M. GEN. 19. 16.

- 1 **T**HIS world is all enchanted ground,  
Oh, whither shall I fly!  
The vengeful flames are kindling round,  
And if I stop, I die.

- 2 When some kind hand has brought me forth  
How lingering is my pace!  
Lord, either drive me by thy wrath,  
Or draw me by thy grace.

- 3 Oh, let me not a moment waste,  
On this destructive plain;  
Hence let me flee with greater haste,  
'Till I the Zoar gain!

910 C. M. JONAH 4. 6.

- 1 **O**UR joy is a created good;  
How soon it fades away!  
Fades (at the morning hour bestow'd)  
Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by its violent excess,  
To certain ruin tends,  
And all our rapturous happiness  
In hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford  
A momentary shade;  
It rises like the prophet's gourd,  
And withers o'er my head.
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possess'd,  
No more for earth I pine;  
Secure of everlasting rest  
Beneath the heavenly vine.

911 11s. REV. 7. 14.

- 1 **O** ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
can save;  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,  
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine  
eyes!  
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,  
Thro' tempest and tossing I 'll bring thee to land.
- 3 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain!  
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 4 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure:  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power; †  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.
- 5 The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are my care,  
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;  
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they 'll  
sing."

## 912-913-914 THE CHURCH.

912 L. M. REV. 18. 20.

WATTS.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone  
Lies a fair type of Babylon!  
"Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,  
"God shall avenge your long complaints"
- 2 He said, and dreadful, as he stood,  
He sunk the millstone in the flood;  
"Thus terrible shall Babel fall,  
"Thus, and no more be found at all."

913 C. M. AMOS 7. 2.

- 1 " **B**Y whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
For Jacob's friends are few:  
And (what might fill us with surprise)  
They seem divided too.
- 2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
For Jacob's foes are strong;  
I read their triumph in their eyes,  
They think he 'll fail ere long.
- 3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"  
Can any tell by whom?  
Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,  
Again revive and bloom?
- 4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine;  
The help of man is vain:  
On Jacob now arise and shine,  
And he shall live again.

914 S. M. PSALM 48. 13.

WATTS

- 1 **H**OW honored is the place,  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of grace defend  
The city where we dwell,  
While walls of strong salvation made,  
Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up th' eternal gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of your King

LORD'S SUPPER. 915-916-917

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

915 L. M. PSALM 51. 18.

- 1 **O** GOD of Zion! from thy throne,  
 Look with an eye of pity down;  
 Thy church now humbly makes her pray'r;  
 Thy church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We are a building thou hast rais'd,  
 How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd;  
 Yet all to utter ruin falls,  
 If thou forsake our tott'ring walls.
- 3 We call to mind the happier days  
 Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,  
 When holy services gave birth  
 To joys resembling heav'n on earth.
- 4 But now the ways of Zion mourn,  
 Her gates neglected and forlorn:  
 Our life and liveliness are fled,  
 And many numbered with the dead.
- 5 We need defence from all our foes,  
 We need relief from all our woes:  
 If earth and hell should yet assail,  
 Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

916 C. M. ACTS 8. 39.

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declared,  
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the Christian race;  
 And, thro' the troubles of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

917 C. M. 1 PET. 3. 18. STEELE.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song!

- O may his love, (immortal flame,)  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead;  
For man, (O miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled!
- 3 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.
- 4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;  
'Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

## 918 L. M. PROV. 8.

- 1 **T**O us the voice of wisdom cries,—  
Harken, ye children, and be wise;  
Better than gold, the fruit I bear,  
Rubies with me may not compare.
- 2 Happy the man, who daily waits,  
To hear me, watching at my gates;  
Wretched is he, who scorns my voice,  
Death and destruction are his choice.
- 3 To them that love me I am kind,  
And those who seek me early find;  
My son, give me thine heart—and learn  
Wisdom from folly to discern.

## 919 C. M. - PRO. 8. 17. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds, draw near;  
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 "The soul that longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain;  
And those that early seek my face,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 3 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?

- 4 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind!  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
 And here true bliss I find.

920 C. M. PROV. 22. 6.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands  
 At melting pity's call,  
 And the rich blessings of whose hands  
 Like heavenly manna fall.
- 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 redeeming grace.
- 4 Be our's the bliss in wisdom's way  
 To guide untutor'd youth,  
 And lead the mind that went astray,  
 To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God! thy influence shed  
 To aid this good design:  
 The honors of thy name be spread,  
 And all the glory thine.

921 L. M. ECCLES. 12. 1. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,  
 Remember your Creator, God:  
 Behold, the months come hast'ning on  
 When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
 Down to the regions of the dead,  
 With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;  
 The soul in agonies of pain  
 Ascends to God; not there to dwell,  
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;  
 Teach me to know how frail I am;

And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

922 8s. 7s. ECC. 11. 9. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **S**EE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd to the ground;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound:—
- 2 “Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,)  
Where, like us, he blighted fell,  
Hear the lesson we are reading;  
Mark the awful truth we tell:
- 3 “Youth on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.
- 4 “What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace,  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you:  
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

923 L. M. 1 SAM. 3. 4. CAWOOD

- 1 **I**N Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,  
“Samuel!” it called, and thrice it spoke.  
He rose,—he asked, whence came the word?  
From Eli? no:—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod:  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blessed.
- 4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,  
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;  
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear,  
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

MORNING AND EVENING. 924-925-926

5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,  
And richly all his mercies prove;  
Your timely, friendly aid afford,  
That we may early serve the Lord.

924 . 7s. GEN. 47. 9.

1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here;  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below,  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon for our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view:  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love,  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

925 C. M. PSALM 3. 5.

1 **I**N mercy, Lord, remember me,  
This instant passing night;  
And grant to me most graciously  
The safe-guard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove:  
O, in the morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in thy love!

3 Or, if this night should prove the last,  
And end my transient days;  
Lord take me to thy promised rest,  
Where I may sing thy praise.

4 Thus I am sure to live or die  
To Thee the God of love;  
In life and death I do rely  
On Thee who reign'st above.

926 C. M. ISA. 45. 7. WATTS.

1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;

## 927-928 SICKNESS AND HEALTH.

And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

927 L. M. PSALM 116. 6. WATTS.

1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;  
Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,  
"What canst thou profit by my blood?  
"Deep in the dust can I declare  
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"

4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I said,  
"And bring me from among the dead;"  
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,  
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,  
Are turned to joy and praises now;  
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name:  
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,  
For sickness healed and sins forgiven.

928 7s. PSALM 31. 15. DR. RYLAND

1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies.  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.

TIME AND ETERNITY. 929-930

- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb,  
 Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:  
 All my times shall ever be  
 Ordered by thy wise decree:
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;  
 Times of penury and wealth;  
 Times of trial and of grief;  
 Times of triumph and relief:
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove,  
 Times to taste a Saviour's love;  
 All is fixed—the means and end,  
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly;  
 Till He bids, I cannot die;  
 Not a single shaft can hit,  
 Till the God of Love sees fit.

929 L. M. PSALM 30. 5. WATTS.

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,  
 At thy command diseases fly:  
 Who but a God can speak and save  
 From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove  
 How large his grace, how kind his love;  
 Let all your powers rejoice and trace  
 The wond'rous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;  
 His love is life and length of days:  
 Tho' grief and tears the night employ,  
 The morning star restores the joy.

930 L. M. PSALM 90. 10. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **A**T every motion of our breath,  
 Life trembles on the brink of death,  
 A taper's flame that upward turns,  
 While downward to the dust it burns.
- 2 A moment usher'd us to birth,  
 Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;  
 Moment by moment, years are past,  
 And one ere long will be our last.
- 3 'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,  
 And that which soon shall end in night,

## 931-932 TIME AND ETERNITY.

There is a point no-eye can see,  
Yet on it hangs eternity.

- 4 *This* is that moment,—who shall tell  
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?  
This is that moment,—*as* we choose,  
The immortal soul we save or lose.
- 5 Time past and time to come are not,  
Time present is our only lot;  
O God, henceforth our hearts incline  
To seek no other love than thine!

### 931 C. M. PSALM 49. 8.

- 1 **W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,  
The whole creation round?  
—That, which was lost in Paradise,  
—That, which in Christ is found.
- 2 The Soul of Man,—Jehovah's breath!  
That keeps two worlds at strife;  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare  
His well-beloved Son;  
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear  
The sins of all in One.

### 932 S. M. PSALM 90. WATTS

- 1 **T**HE pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel—  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower!  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

933 L. M. PSALM 90. FAWCETT.

- 1 **T**HE short-lived day declines in haste,  
The night of death approaches fast;  
With rapid speed the moments run,  
In which the work of life is done.
- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,  
So mortals hasten to the tomb;  
As ships that skim along the sea,  
Or eagles darting on their prey:
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade,  
As flowers before the evening fade,  
Such is the life of feeble man;  
His days are measured by a span.
- 4 Be this my one, my great concern,  
The way of life and peace to learn;  
To know my dear Redeemer's love,  
And his renewing grace to prove.

934 C. M. MATT. 10. 28.

- 1 **T**HE grave is not a place of rest,  
As unbelievers teach,  
Where grief can never win a tear,  
Nor sorrow never reach.
- 2 The eye that shed the tear is closed,  
The heaving breast is cold;  
But that which suffers and enjoys,  
No narrow grave can hold.
- 3 The mouldering earth and hungry worm  
The dust they lent may claim,  
But the enduring spirit lives  
Eternally the same.

935 C. M. REV. 14. 13. H. K. WHITE.

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We soldiers of an injured King  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil 's are no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.

## 936-937 DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Our labors done, securely laid  
In 'this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise and break  
The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise.

936 L. M. JOB 4. 17. WATTS.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, God?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne;  
Their natures, when compared with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!  
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight,  
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow:  
How frail are we, how glorious thou!  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

937 C. M. DEUT. 31. 49. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight  
To see thy lovely face,  
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,  
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name,  
With rapture on his tongue;

## DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN. 938-939

Moses the saint enjoys the same,  
And heav'n repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise  
From each eternal hill;  
Sweet odors of exhaling grace  
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love,—a sea without a shore,  
Spreads life and joy abroad;  
Oh, 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,  
To see a smiling God.

### 938 C. M. 1 THESS. 4. 13.

1 **W**HAT is it for a saint to die  
That we the thought should fear?  
'Tis but to pass the heav'nly sky,  
And leave pollution here.

2 True, Jordan's stream is wond'rous deep,  
And Canaan's walls are high:  
But he that guards us while we sleep,  
Can guide us when we die.

3 A parting world, a gaping tomb,  
Corruption and disease,  
Are thorny paths to heav'n our home,  
And doors to endless bliss.

4 Eternal glory just before,  
And Jesus waiting there,  
A heav'nly gale to waft us o'er,—  
What have the saints to fear?

### 939 C. M. 2 TIM. 4. 7. WATTS.

1 **L**ET death dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home:  
Why do my days move on so slow,  
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge, at that great day,  
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From every ill design;  
And to his heavenly kingdom take  
This feeble soul of mine.

## 940-941 DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

4 God is my everlasting aid,  
My portion and my friend;  
To him be highest glory paid,  
Through ages without end.

940 P. M. 1 COR. 15. 55.

1 **V**ITAL spark, of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away.—  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—  
Drowns my 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?

941 C. M. PSALM 23. 4. TOPLADY.

1 **T**HIS sweet to rest in lively hope,  
That when the change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my dis-imprisoned soul,  
Behold him and adore;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Shall see him wear that very flesh  
On which my guilt was lain;  
His love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.

4 These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The Christ that died for me;  
And all my rising bones shall say  
Lord, who is like to thee!

## DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN. 942-943

5 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above  
In Jesus' presence know!

6 O may the unction of these truths  
Forever with me stay,  
Till from her sinful cage dismissed,  
My spirit flies away!

942 C. M. LUKE 2. 27. &c. WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here;  
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was fill'd,  
When fondly in his withered arms  
He clasp'd the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world (he cried)  
"Behold thy servant dies;  
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord;  
"And close my peaceful eyes.

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine  
"Upon the Gentile lands;  
"Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope,  
"To break their slavish bands."

943 C. M. PSALM 37. 37.

1 **H**OW peaceful is the closing scene,  
When virtue yields its breath;  
How sweetly beams the smile serene,  
Upon the cheek of death.

2 The christian's hope no fear can blight,  
No pain his peace destroy;  
He views beyond the realms of light,  
A pure and endless joy.

3 O who can gaze with heedless sigh,  
On scenes so fair as this?  
Who but exclaims, "thus let me die,  
And be my end like his!"

944 8s. 7s. 4s. REV. 20. 11.

1 **D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say "This God is mine!"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call, the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea:  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!  
"Thou with Satan  
"And his angels, have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below:  
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
"See the kingdom I bestow:  
"You forever  
"Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought our courage raise:  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:  
May we triumph  
When the world is in a blaze.

945 8s. 7s. 4s. REV. 6. 16. OLIVER.

1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!

Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train;  
Hallelujah!

Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day:  
"Come to Judgment!  
Come to Judgment! come away!"

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air.  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!

946 8s. 6s. MAT. 25. 31.

1 **O**N yonder glorious height  
King Jesus doth appear,  
Upon the Judgment-seat,  
With millions at his bar;  
Behold the awful Judge is come,  
To fix their everlasting doom.

2 Sinners must now come forth,  
And stand before the Lord,  
Whose word they scorn'd on earth,  
Whose children they abhorr'd;  
Then speaks the Judge, "Ye sinners, go  
"From my blest face to endless wo."

3 But now, my soul, behold  
That host at his right hand;  
O see the blood-wash'd world  
Boldly before him stand;  
How pleased they look, how bright they shine!  
While Jesus cries "*These, these* are mine."

947-948-949 HEAVEN.

4 *These* are my holy race,  
*These* did resound my fame;  
*These* priz'd redeeming grace,  
*These* lov'd and fear'd my name;  
 And *these* shall now ascend with me  
 To mansions of eternal day.

947 S. M. JOHN 16. 33. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul?  
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
 Or pierce the either pole;
- 2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh;  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
 And all that life is love:—

948 C. M.

- 1 **L** ORD, let me see thy blissful face,  
 While sojourning below;  
 'Tis from thyself my joys arise,  
 And all my comforts flow.
- 2 A glimpse, a single glimpse of thee,  
 Would more delight my soul  
 Than this vain world, with all its joys,  
 Could I possess the whole.

949 7s. REV. 7. 14. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W** HO are those arrayed in white,  
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,  
 Foremost of the sons of light,  
 Nearest to the eternal throne?
- 2 These are they that bore the cross,  
 Nobly for their master stood;  
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,  
 Followers of their dying Lord.
- 3 Out of great distress they came,  
 Wash'd their robes by faith below,

In the blood of yonder LAMB,  
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore they are next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night;  
God resides among his own,  
God doth in his saints delight.

5 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er;  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now, and thirst, no more:

6 No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray;  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day.

950 P. M. 1 JOHN 3. 2.

1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is dark—but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given:  
There joys divine disperse the gloom:—  
Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

951 C. M. DEUT. 31. 49.

1 **S**WEET was the journey to the sky  
The holy prophet tried  
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die,"  
The prophet climb'd, and died.

- 2 Softly his fainting head he lay  
 Upon his Maker's breast,  
 His Maker sooth'd his soul away,  
 And laid his flesh to rest.
- 3 In God's own arms he left the breath  
 That God's own spirit gave;  
 His was the noblest road to death,  
 And his the sweetest grave.

## 952 L. M. PSALM 17. 15. WATTS.

- 1 **O**H! for a sight—a pleasing sight  
 Of our almighty Father's throne!  
 There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,  
 Cloth'd with a body like our own.
- 2 Adoring saints around him stand,  
 And thrones and powers before him fall;  
 The God shines gracious through the man,  
 And sheds bright glories on them all!
- 3 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,  
 While to their golden harps they sing,  
 And echo from each heavenly hill,  
 The glorious triumphs of their King!
- 4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
 That I shall mount to dwell above,  
 And stand and bow amidst them there,  
 And view thy face and sing thy love?

## 953 P. M. REV. 7. 14. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array?  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song?  
 —“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
 New dominion, every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
 These from great afflictions came;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his eternal name;  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,

Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

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

954 C. M. 1 COR. 2. 9.

- 1 **O**H, could our thoughts and wishes fly.  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim!  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise,  
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,  
Immortal in the skies.

955 Cs. 5s. JER. 2. 2. .

- 1 **T**HOU Greatest and Best, O bow down thine  
ear,  
Attend my request, and answer my prayer;  
*Remember me always, my God, for my good,*  
Thou, thou by the needy hast evermore stood.
- 2 O gracious reply, thou sayest, I will,  
*I earnestly do remember thee still;*  
*Thy kindness I saw in the days of thy youth;*  
*Thy love of espousals, when walking in truth.*
- 3 *Remember I do,* thy foes and thy fears,  
Thy praises and prayers, thy joys and thy tears;

Should others forget thee, my signet thou art,  
Yea, thou art engraved on my hands and my  
heart.

- 4 Then as thou art mine, my care, and my boast,  
Believing rejoice, and no more distrust,  
Rely on my promise, 'THOU NEVER SHALT BE,  
O ISR'EL, MY ISR'EL, FORGOTTEN OF ME.

956 P. M. MAT. 8. 25. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **W**HEN thro' 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 che-  
rish,  
We fly to our maker: 'Save, Lord! or we perish.'
- 2 O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the bil-  
low, [low,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pil-  
Now seated in glory the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, 'Save, Lord! or we pe-  
rish.'
- 3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is wa-  
ging, [rish,  
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to che-  
Rebuke the destroyer; 'Save, Lord! or we pe-  
rish.'

957 L. M. PSALM. 119.

- 1 **F**RRIEND of the friendless, and the faint!  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint,  
Where but with thee whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 3 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r;  
But a pray'r-hearing answering God,  
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 4 Fair is the lot that 's cast for me;  
I have an advocate with thee;

They whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.

- 5 Poor tho' I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the LORD vouchsafes to plead.

958

L. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER us, we pray thee, LORD,  
With those who love thy gracious name;  
And to our souls that good afford,  
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

- 2 To us thy great salvation show,  
Give us a taste of love divine;  
That we thy people's joy may know,  
And in their holy triumph join.

959

C. M. PSALM 71. 3.

- 1 **S**HOW me, O Lord, thy sacred way,  
Thy truths to me relate;  
For thou art God, whom I obey;  
On thee I daily wait.

- 2 Remember not in anger, Lord,  
The errors of my youth:  
But let thy mercy help afford,  
According to thy truth.

- 3 O Lord, on me compassion take,  
Who have despised thy word;  
And for thy name and mercy's sake,  
Thy pardoning love afford.

- 4 O keep my soul, and set me free,  
Preserve me, Lord, from shame;  
For I have placed my hope in thee,  
And trusted in thy name.

960

C. M. JOHN 6. 37. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **S**INNERS of Adam's fallen race,  
Sinners by practice too,  
In prayer, O God! we seek thy face,  
In prayer for mercy sue.

- 2 No trembling penitent to Thee  
E'er turn'd, and was denied:

Accept, O Lord! our only plea,—  
For us thy son hath died.

3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless:  
To us, for whom he died,  
Thro' faith impute his righteousness,  
And we are justified.

4 Nor rest we here. Thou God of love!  
May we for whom he died,  
Receive thy spirit from above,  
And thus be sanctified.

5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,  
Thro' Christ who for us died,  
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,  
With him be glorified.

961 S. M. ACTS 24. 25.

1 **S**AY, what is this I feel,  
This trembling in my frame,  
Does it a contrite heart bespeak?  
Sure, Felix felt the same.

2 When conscience is alarm'd,  
My numerous sins I trace:  
Thus far a trembling soul may go,  
Without renewing grace.

3 Do we our sins confess,  
And all our sins forsake?  
Do we to Jesus blood repair,  
And of his grace partake?

4 Lord, cleanse this soul of mine,  
And all its powers renew;  
Give me to know thy holy will;  
Thy holy will to do!

962 C. M. PSALM 94. 17. MILLMAN.

1 **O**H help us, Lord! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish tore,  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

- 3 Oh help us through the prayer of faith  
 More firmly to believe;  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,  
 Imploring at thy feet,  
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,  
 'Tis all we dare entreat.
- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,  
 So thou wilt grant but this;  
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,  
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

963 C. M. PSALM 6. 4. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case;  
 For mercy, Lord, I cry;  
 Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face  
 In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save;  
 At thy command I tread,  
 With failing step, life's stormy wave;  
 —The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just;  
 But wilt Thou leave me?—No:  
 I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;  
 I will not let Thee go.
- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,  
 And ever must abide;  
 Behold it written on thy hands,  
 And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave;  
 Thy word is all my plea;  
 That word is truth, and I believe;  
 —Have mercy, Lord, on me!

964 C. M. LUKE 18. 1.

- 1 **B**Y every means, in every way,  
 My soul shall seek the Lord;  
 At home, abroad, by night, by day,  
 Till he his grace afford.
- 2 Does he retire? I'll still pursue,  
 And mend my heavy pace,

Till with rejoicing eyes I view  
His lovely, smiling face.

- 3 I with his people will attend,  
Expecting Him to see;  
Jesus, my Saviour, and my friend,  
O come and visit me!
- 4 Were I of all the world possess'd,  
I would the whole resign,  
If I might only once be bless'd,  
And say that thou art mine.

965 S. M. MATT. 15. 23.

- 1 **O**NCE a poor sinner cried  
To Jesus Christ the Lord,  
Who seem'd his heart and face to hide.  
Nor answer'd her a word.
- 2 So, in distress, have I  
His gracious aid implor'd,  
Who yet seem'd deaf to all my cry,  
Nor answer'd me a word.
- 3 Affecting case indeed!  
Will he no help afford?  
Has he left off to intercede,  
Who answers not a word.
- 4 Oh! must I perish here!  
And will he not regard?  
He knows my overwhelming fear,  
But answers not a word.
- 5 Will he reject my soul?  
Is all his mercy barr'd?  
A look from him would make me whole,  
Who answers not a word.
- 6 No, I 'll entreat him still,  
This sha'nt my pray'r retard?  
I 'll trust his name, I 'll wait his will,  
Ere long he 'll speak the word.

966 L. M. ROM. 7. 15.

- 1 **H**OW sad, and awful is my state!  
The very thing I do I hate:  
When I to God draw near in pray'r,  
I feel the conflict even there!

- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,  
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;  
I grieve, because I cannot grieve,  
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Where shall so great a sinner run?  
I see I'm ruined and undone;  
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,  
And banish ev'ry rising fear.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,  
Can make this rocky heart to melt;  
Thy blood can make me clean within—  
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,  
I now approach to thee, my God:  
This is my hope, this is my claim,  
Jesus has died and wash'd me clean.

967 7s. 6s. ACTS 16. 9. HEBER.,

- 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  
The land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?—  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high—  
Shall we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny?—  
Salvation!—oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft—waft, ye winds his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 Returns in bliss to reign.

## 968 C. M. REV. 19. 12. BEDDOME.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye saints, behold your Lord,  
 With radiant glory crowned;  
 The wond'rous progress of his word  
 Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,  
 Or stops its swift career,  
 Both east and west, shall own his grace,  
 And Christ be honored there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show  
 The victories he has won;  
 Oh may his conquests ever grow,  
 While time its course shall run.
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,  
 And millions more subdue;  
 Destroy our unbelief and pride,  
 And we will crown thee too.

## 969 L. M. MARK 16. 15.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,  
 Before thy face, dread King! we stand:  
 The voice that marshalled every star  
 Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread,  
 The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
 Along the line—to either pole—  
 The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—  
 Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
 Our counsels aid—to each impart  
 The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;  
 Recall the wandering spirits home:

From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious earth around.

## 970 C. M. ACTS 8. 8.

- 1 **H**OW much the drooping hearts revive  
Of those who fear the Lord;  
When sinners dead are made alive  
By his reviving word!
- 2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,  
When souls receive the word—  
When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,  
Return and love the Lord.
- 3 The church of God their praises join,  
And of salvation sing;  
They glorify the grace divine  
Of their victorious King.
- 4 In heav'n above, th' angelic throng  
Around the throne rejoice;  
But sinners sav'd should swell the song  
With loudest—sweetest voice.

## 971 L. M. 1 COR. 15. 25. MORE.

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,  
Till all thy haughty foes submit;  
Till hell, and all her trembling train,  
Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then, rescued souls shall bless thy power,  
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;  
Thy saints in that illustrious hour,  
Shall conquer with their conquering king.
- 3 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,  
The Saviour's honors we 'll proclaim;  
While heaven's transported realms resound  
Thy glorious deeds and precious name.

## 972 L. M. MARK 16. 15. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **T**HE Heathen perish;—day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away!  
O Christians! to their rescue fly,  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,  
Yea, life itself, that they may live;

973-974-975 MISSIONARY.

What hath your Saviour done for *you*?  
And what for *Him* will ye not do?

- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,  
Call in the south, wake up the north;  
Of every clime, from sun to sun,  
Gather God's children into one.

973 S. M. ZECH. 14. 8. 9. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **N**OW living waters flow  
To cheer the humble soul;  
From sea to sea the rivers go,  
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,  
And grow on earth again:  
Jesus Jehovah be our King,  
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,  
The world shall hear his word;  
By one blest name shall He be known,  
The Universal Lord.

974 8s. 7s. ACTS 16. 9. JUDSON.

- 1 **H**ARK!—what mean those lamentations,  
Rolling sadly through the sky?  
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
“Come and help us, or we die!”
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining—  
Christians, hear their dying cry;  
And the love of Christ constraining,  
Join to help them, ere they die.
- 3 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,  
Shall his righteous throne extend:  
O'er the world the Saviour reigning.  
Earth shall at his footstool bend.
- 4 “In *these* deserts let me labor,  
“On *these* mountains let me tell  
“How he died—the blessed Saviour,  
“To redeem a world from hell.”

975 C. M. ISA. 60. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;

Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north!"
- 4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God his works destroy,  
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

976 8s. 7s. 4s. MAT. 28. 19. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **M**EN of God, go take your stations;  
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;  
Go—proclaim among the nations,  
Joyful news of heavenly birth:  
Bear the tidings—  
Tidings of the Saviour's worth.
- 2 Of his gospel not ashamed—  
'Tis the power of God to save;  
Go where Christ was never named,  
Publish freedom to the slave:  
Blessed freedom!—  
Freedom Zion's children have.
- 3 When exposed to fearful dangers,  
Jesus will his own defend:  
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,  
Jesus will appear your friend:  
He is with you—  
He will guide you to the end.

977 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD of Hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise;

## 978-979-980 CHURCH MEETINGS.

Thou thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

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

### 978 C. M. 1 COR. 6. 17.

- 1 **D**EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat  
My soul for shelter flies:  
'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
If thou, my God, art near;  
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector, and my Lord,  
Thy constant aid impart;  
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word  
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh! never let my soul remove  
From this divine retreat;  
Still let me trust thy power and love,  
And dwell beneath thy feet.

### 979 L. M. ROM. 6. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, that so poor a worm as I  
May to thy praise and glory live,  
Now all my nature sanctify,  
And all my thoughts and words receive;
- 2 Me for thy service wholly claim,  
Claim all I have and all I am,  
Take thou my soul and all my powers;  
O take my memory, mind and will,
- 3 Take all my goods and all my hours,  
Take all I know, and all I feel;  
Take all I think, and speak, and do;  
O take my heart, but make it new.

### 980 S. M. JOHN 6. 67.

- 1 **A**ND will ye go away  
From Christ, as some of old?

Who walk'd no more, the scriptures say,  
With him and with his fold.

2 And will ye go away?  
From Christ, his house, his friends,  
His table, his delightful day,  
And bliss that never ends?

3 And will ye go away?  
And whither will ye go?  
Will you in sin and bondage stray,  
To everlasting wo?

4 Did not your heart once say,  
Though others thee deny,  
Yea, should a world thy cause betray,  
Yet never, Lord, will I!

5 Dear Lord, one bliss impart,  
( 'Tis not for heav'n we pray, )  
But—let us not from thee depart,  
No, never go away.

981 P. M. PSALM 40. 2.

1 **I**N form I long had bow'd the knee  
But nought attractive then could see,  
To win my wayward heart to thee,  
My Saviour!

2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought,  
How I had sold myself for nought,  
But still against thy love I fought,

3 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard,  
From pleasure's path to be debarred,  
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,

4 At length, despairing to be free,  
A *willing* slave I meant to be,  
'Twas then thou didst appear for me,

5 Thou whom I had so long withstood,  
Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,  
And thou hast brought me nigh to God,

6 Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,  
Thy potent arm has held me fast,  
And thou wilt save me to the last,

My Saviour!

982-983 CHURCH MEETINGS.

982 7s. RUTH 1. 16. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns, a fugitive unblest'd;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine;  
Earth can fill my heart no more,  
Every idol I resign.
- 5 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power—  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
- 6 "Follow me;" I know thy voice;  
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light thy burden now to me.

983 C. M. ROM. 7. 15.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,  
Which of itself complains;  
And mourns with much and frequent smart,  
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam  
In quest of what they love!  
But ah! when duty calls me home,  
How heavily they move!
- 3 Oh cleanse me in my Saviour's blood,  
Transform me by thy power,  
Make me, O Lord, thy blest abode  
And let me rove no more!

984 8s. 7s. 4s. 2 COR. 6. 2.

- 1 **H**EAR, O sinner!—Mercy hails you,  
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
 Ere the hand of justice falls;  
 Hear, O sinner!—  
 'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering  
 O'er the path you dare to tread;  
 Hark! the awful thunders rolling  
 Loud, and louder o'er your head;—  
 Turn, O sinner!—  
 Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste! O sinner! to the Saviour,  
 Seek his mercy while you may;  
 Soon the day of grace is over;  
 Soon your life will pass away;  
 Haste, O sinner!—  
 You must perish—if you stay.

985 S. M. MATT. 11. 28.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,  
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint!  
 To whom should I my troubles show,  
 And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
 Ah! why do I delay?  
 He calls the weary sinner home,  
 And yet from him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back  
 From which I cannot part?  
 Which will not let the Saviour take,  
 Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown,  
 Must surely lurk within;  
 Some idol which I will not own,  
 Some secret bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
 Which I have feared to see;  
 And let me now consent to know  
 What keeps me back from thee.

## 986-987 SINNERS INVITED

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display:  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

7 In me is all the bar,  
Which thou wouldst fain remove;  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only love.

### 986 6s. 5s. EZEK. 33. 11.

- 1 **O** TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says, Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;  
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you  
be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
O how can you question if you will believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
As you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasures what can you obtain,  
To smooth your affliction or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There 's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

### 987 S. M. ROM. 6. 20.

- 1 **O**H, cease! my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door;  
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
 There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
 And every longing satisfied,  
 With full salvation blest.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, 'I quickly come:.'  
 Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;  
 O blest Redeemer, come!

988 L. M. GEN. 6. 3. HYDE.

1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,  
 Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,  
 Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path  
 Of worldliness and vanity,  
 And pointed to the coming wrath,  
 And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
 It was the spirit's gracious call,  
 It bade thee make the better choice,  
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive  
 With harden'd, self-destroying man:  
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
 May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner—perhaps this very day,  
 Thy last accepted time may be;  
 Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

989 8s. 7s. 4s. HEB. 3. 15.

1 **S**INNERS, hear your God, and Saviour,  
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;  
 Turn from all your vain behavior,  
 O repent, return, and pray.

CHORUS—Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?  
 Will you thrust him from your arms?  
 Once he died for your behavior,  
 Now he calls you to his arms.

2 O be wise, before you languish  
 On the bed of dying strife;

## 990-991 SINNERS INVITED, &c

Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,  
Turn upon the events of life.

- 3 Open now your hearts before him,  
Bid the Saviour welcome in;  
Now receive—and O adore him,  
Take a full discharge from sin.
- 4 Come, for all things now are ready,  
Yet there 's room for many more,  
O ye blind, ye lame, and needy,  
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

990 6s. 5s. EPH. 5. 14.

- 1 **W**HY sleep we, my brethren? come let us  
arise,  
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?  
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.
- 2 O how can we slumber? the master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;  
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 3 O, how can we slumber; our foes are awake  
To ruin poor souls every effort they make;  
To accomplish their object no means are untried,  
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 4 O how can we slumber, when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;  
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high  
prize,  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 5 O, how can ye slumber; ye sinners, look round,  
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall con-  
found,  
O fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day;  
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

991 8s. 7s. 1 JOHN 1. 7. WATERBERRY.

- 1 **M**ET, O God, to ask thy presence,  
Join our souls to seek thy grace  
O, deny us not, nor spurn us,  
Guilty rebels, from thy face;  
All is sin, we own, our Father,  
All our lives are mark'd with guilt;

Nought we plead our sins to cover,  
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

CHORUS—Lord revive us,  
All our hope must come from thee.

- 2 We have wander'd—long have wander'd,  
Much we need thy chastening rod;  
But we come to own our folly;  
Heal and pardon, O, our God;  
May thy people wake from slumber,  
Ere their lamps shall fail and die;  
Bridegroom of the church awake them;  
Rouse them by the “midnight cry.”
- 3 Let conviction seize the careless,  
Through their souls thine arrows dart;  
Let thy truth, so long rejected,  
Break and melt the flinty heart;  
Oh, thou kind, forgiving spirit,  
Comforter, on thee we call;  
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,  
Oh revive, revive us all.

992 S. M. 1 JOHN 2. 15. WATERBERRY.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, thou hast taught  
This heart to love but thee;  
The sweetest joys below are fraught,  
With emptiness to me.
- 2 If sorrow shades my eyes,  
It is when thou art fled;  
Deep in the dust my spirit lies  
And mourns its comforts dead.
- 3 The world has lost its power,  
To sooth this inward pain:  
'To me it is a faded flower,  
That cannot bloom again.
- 4 But when thy smile appears,  
To chase my gloom away,  
How bursts my song; how sink my fears,  
My night is turn'd to day.
- 5 Then, Lord, no more permit  
This heart from thee to rove;  
O that I might forever sit,  
At thy dear feet and love.

993-994-995 MISCELLANEOUS.

993 L. M. 1 COR. 2. 9.

- 1 **T**HERE is a world we have not seen,  
Which time shall never dare destroy;  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 There is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell, or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.
- 3 It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose;  
And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of sorrow never flows.

994 L. M. ISA. 43. 2. NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HAT man no guard nor weapon needs,  
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;  
But safe may pass, if duty leads,  
Thro' burning sand or mountain snows.
- 2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear;  
Redemption is his shield and tower,  
He sees his Saviour always near  
To help in every trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,  
And often to assault me tries;  
When Jesus is my shield and song,  
Abashed the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing, I am blest,  
Secure whatever change may come;  
Whither I go, to east or west,  
With him I still shall be at home.

995 L. M. 1 JOHN 2. 15. COWPER.

- 1 **O**H! from the world's vile slavery,  
Almighty Saviour, set me free;  
And as my treasure is above,  
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,  
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;  
In every lifeless prayer I find  
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

- 3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,  
That melts not at a Saviour's love?  
What can that sluggish spirit raise,  
That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

## 996 C. M. ISA. 2. 2. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise,  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
Up to the hill of God, they 'll say,  
And to his house, we 'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Zion towers  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Come, then—O come, from every land,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

## 997 L. M. PSALM 19. 11. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for wordly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;  
To Him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

998

C. M.

BARBAULD.

Gen. 13. Exo. 3. Numb. 10. Deut. 32.

- 1 **O**UR Canaan is Immanuel's ground,  
 We seek that promis'd soil:  
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
 While strangers here we toil.

CHORUS—I am bound for the promis'd land!  
 O who will come and go with me  
 I am bound for the promis'd land!

- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
 And oft are bath'd in tears;  
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
 And nought but sin our fears.

- 3 Our powers are oft dissolv'd away  
 In our Immanuel's love;  
 And while our bodies wander here,  
 Our souls are fix'd above.

- 4 He'll purge our mortal dross away,  
 Refining as we run;  
 But while we die to earth and sense  
 Our heaven is here begun.

- 5 Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,  
 And lands where Jordan flows,  
 With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,  
 And blossom as the rose.

## 999 P. M. ACTS 20. 36.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my friends, time rolls along,  
 Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;  
 I leave you here and travel on,  
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.

*Farewell, farewell, farewell,  
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
 To you, I'm bound in cords of love;  
 Yet we believe his gracious word,  
 That soon we all shall meet above.
- 3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven;  
 You've counted all things here but dross;  
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.

rewell, poor careless sinners too,  
 It grieves my heart to leave you here;  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;  
 O turn, and find salvation near.

*O turn, O turn, O turn,  
 And find salvation near.*

1000

8s. 7s. 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

- 1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee,  
 All thy scenes, I love them well,  
 Friends, connexions, happy country!  
 Can I bid you all farewell?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;  
 Joys no stranger-heart can tell!  
 Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!  
 Can I—can I say—*Farewell?*  
 Can I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
 Holydays and Sabbath-bell,  
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!  
 Can I say a last farewell?  
 Can I leave you,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,  
 From the scenes I loved so well!  
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;  
 Lovely native land, farewell!  
 Pleased I leave thee,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labor,  
 On the mountains let me tell,  
 How he died—the blessed Saviour—  
 To redeem a world from hell!  
 Let me hasten,  
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;  
 Let the winds my canvass swell—  
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion  
 While I go far hence to dwell.  
 Glad I bid thee,  
 Native land!—*Farewell—Farewell!*

1001—1004 MISCELLANEOUS.

1001 C. M.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,  
In glory now appear;  
Make this a place of thine abode,  
And shed thy blessings here.
- 2 Here let the blind their sight obtain;  
Here give the mourners rest:  
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,  
Enthroned in every breast.
- 3 Here let the voice of sacred joy  
And humble prayer arise,  
Till higher strains our tongues employ,  
In realms beyond the skies.

1002 C. M.

S. W. L.

FOR YOUNG PERSONS AT A CHURCH MEETING.

- 1 **T**O Jesus now my youthful heart  
I would forever give;  
Would from the world and sin depart  
And to his glory live.

CHORUS—I am bound for the promis'd land.

- 2 My young companions, come along,  
And seek the glorious prize;  
Thro' life we 'll sing the christian's song  
In death, mount up the skies.

1003 C. M.

S. W. L.

FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

- 1 **A**NOTHER brought through grace we trust,  
To bless the Saviour's name;  
An heir of God, though born of dust,  
Saints, shout aloud his fame.
- 2 Well we remember the glad hour,  
When sav'd from wrath we stood;  
Enraptur'd view'd the mighty pow'r,  
The pow'r of Jesus' blood.

1004 C. M. PROV. 22. 6.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND TEACHERS.

- 1 **L**ET children who are taught thy word,  
Their lost condition see,  
By saving faith, O may they, Lord,  
To Christ for pardon flee.

- 2 More of thy grace may teachers know,  
Thy Spirit's aid impart;  
Much patience, love, and zeal bestow,  
To stimulate each heart.
- 3 May children and their teachers rise  
In heaven's triumphant throng,  
And join to sing their Saviour's praise  
In one eternal song.

1005 C. M. PROV. 22. 6. S. W. L.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVERT.

- 1 **O**NCE a poor thoughtless child was I,  
Nor lov'd the Saviour's voice,  
But now to his embrace I fly,  
And all my powers rejoice.
- 2 Lord, I am young and feeble too,  
I've many foes to face;  
'Tis little that a child can do,  
But oh! I trust thy grace.
- 3 Fathers and Mothers in the Lord,  
My name with yours enrol,  
Instruct me in the sacred word,  
The word that saves the soul.
- 4 Watch o'er my path in early life,  
And breathe the pray'r of love;  
That grace may keep me through the strife,  
And land me safe above.

1006 L. M. ISA. 28. WATTS.

INTEMPERANCE.

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies  
From luxury and lust arise!
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;  
Till all his active powers are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat;  
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,  
Would yield to death to be released.

## 1007-1008 MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly  
To God for help with earnest cry!  
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath  
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No medicines could effect the cure  
So quick, so easy, or so sure;  
The deadly sentence God repeals,  
He sends his sovereign word, and heals:
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record  
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!  
And let their thankful offering prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.

1007 C. M. PROV. 20. 1. S. W. L.

### INTEMPERANCE.

1 " **W**INE is a mocker;" so the Word,  
Of heav'nly truth declares;  
"Strong drink is raging," saith the Lord,  
Man's powers it quick impairs.

2 Deluded soul, thou art not wise,  
To touch the subtle foe,  
Thy strength and beauty prostrate lies  
Beneath her deadly blow.

3 Take not the viper to thy breast,  
Nor with the serpent play;  
O harbor not the treach'rous guest,  
But flee whilst yet thou may.

4 Before the bending angel band,  
This day the temperance vow  
Record with firm and cheerful hand,  
And to thy Maker bow.

1008 L. M. PSALM. 133. S. W. L.

### CONVENTION OR ASSOCIATION.

1 **H**AIL, brethren, while together met,  
Welcome your counsels and your prayers:  
May kindred objects love beget,  
And love disperse our anxious cares.

2 May every heart with thanks abound,  
And courage take from mutual aims;  
May Zion's interests dear be found  
To every breast which truth inflames.

3 Here may the cause of Christ employ  
Our willing hearts and faithful hands:  
And all our powers engage with joy,  
To break the tempter's fatal bands.

4 May holy zeal our souls inspire,  
And self in noble deeds be lost—  
Christ and his cross our bosoms fire,  
Glory to God our only boast.

5 O Lord, thy blessing we implore  
On this alone, our hope relies;  
Grant us but this, we ask no more,  
No richer boon beneath the skies.

1009 8s. 6s. 2 TIM. 4. 2. S. W. L.

ORDINATION.

**T**HY servants, Lord, to-day,  
In solemn acts engage;  
With holy fervor pray,  
Nor fear the serpent's rage:  
Girded with strength, may they be found  
A band unmov'd on Zion's ground.

2 Revering thy commands,  
They would thy blessings claim,  
And set apart, with hands  
Impos'd, in thy great name,  
Our brother call'd by grace to preach  
The glorious news thy records teach.

3 On him thy spirit shed—  
Strengthen his heart, O Lord,  
To rouse the carnal dead,  
And wield the gospel sword:  
May sinners tremble, saints rejoice,  
And weeping souls lift up their voice.

4 Thy ministers with hope,  
Implore a gracious show'r,  
To heav'n their eyes lift up,  
And plead for holy pow'r—  
That all their lamps well-trimm'd may burn,  
And multitudes from error turn.

1010 C. M. S. W. L.

FOR A YOUNG PERSON AT A BAPTISM.

1 **O**F Jesus Christ I'm not ashamed,  
Although I am a child;

## 1011 -12 MISCELLANEOUS.

My soul through grace he has reclaim'd,  
By sin 'twas all defil'd.

CHORUS—I am bound for the promis'd land!  
O who will come and go with me,  
I am bound for the promis'd land!

2 Not fourteen years have roll'd away  
Since first I drew my breath;  
O God! sustain my vows to-day,  
And keep me firm till death.

3 Companions dear, it grieves my heart,  
To leave you still in sin;  
Farewell! farewell! I must depart,  
And heav'nly glories win.

### 1011 L. M. RUTH 1. 16.

1 **O**H thou, by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord, how full of sweet content,  
I pass my years of banishment.

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

3 To me remains no place, nor time,  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

### 1012 L. M. 1 COR. 3. 6.

1 **W**EARY of struggling with my pain,  
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,  
At length I give the contest o'er,  
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—  
God that creates must seal my peace;  
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,  
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,  
Thy gifts I only can receive;  
Here then to thee I all resign—  
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	No.
A charge to keep I have - - -	862
A debtor to mercy alone - - <i>Toplady</i>	578
A friend there is, your voices join - <i>Swain</i>	125
A garden fenced from common earth <i>Pearce</i>	450
A glory gilds the sacred page - <i>Cowper</i>	758
Adam, our father and our head - <i>Watts</i>	11
Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near - <i>Fawcett</i>	223
Afflictions, tho' they seem severe - <i>Newton</i>	635
Ah! give me, Lord, the single <i>Montgomery</i>	856
Ah! what can I, a sinner, do - <i>Hyde</i>	683
Ah! whither should I go - - -	985
Ah! why should this immortal mind - <i>Steele</i>	851
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed - <i>Watts</i>	154
Alas! by nature how depraved - <i>Newton</i>	262
Alas! what hourly dangers rise - <i>Steele</i>	423
All hail! incarnate God - - -	114
All hail! the power of Jesus name <i>Perronett</i>	119
All hail! thou great Immanuel - <i>Medley</i>	797
All ye that pass by - - -	805
All yesterday is gone - - -	795
Almighty Father, bless the word, - -	300
Almighty Father of mankind <i>Montgomery</i>	855
Almighty Maker of my frame - <i>Steele</i>	484
Am I soldier of the cross - - <i>Watts</i>	611
Am I an Israelite - - -	861
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound <i>Newton</i>	597
And am I blest with Jesus' love - <i>Swain</i>	462
And are we wretches yet alive - <i>Watts</i>	759
And are we yet alive - - -	550
And art thou with us, gracious Lord <i>Doddridge</i>	23
And can it be that I should gain <i>Montgomery</i>	808
And can my heart aspire so high - <i>Steele</i>	397
And have I, Christ, no love for thee <i>Stennett</i>	134
And is the gospel peace and love <i>Steele</i>	38
And may I hope that when no more <i>Swain</i>	66
And now, my soul, another year <i>Browne</i>	244
And will ye go away - - -	980
Another brought through - - <i>S. W. L.</i>	1003
Another six days' work is done - <i>Stennett</i>	332
Approach, my soul the mercy seat <i>Newton</i>	534

	No.
Arise my soul, my joyful powers -	<i>Watts</i> 45
Arise my soul, on wings sublime -	- 860
As Jacob did in days of old	<i>Medley</i> 557
As new-born babes desire the breast	<i>Watts</i> 439
As on the cross the Saviour hung	<i>Stennett</i> 51
Ascend thy throne, Almighty King	<i>Beddome</i> 270
Ashamed of Christ, my soul disdain	<i>Needham</i> 137
Assembled at thy great command -	- 969
Astonish'd and distress - -	<i>Toplady</i> 111
At anchor laid, remote from home	<i>Toplady</i> 836
At every motion of our breath	<i>Montgomery</i> 930
Attend, my soul, and search and see	<i>Medley</i> 83
Attend, my soul, the sacred page	<i>Medley</i> 117
Awake, and sing the song	<i>Hammond</i> 261
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound	<i>Ockum</i> 107
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue	<i>Watts</i> 60
Awake, my heart, my soul arise	<i>Harrison</i> 331
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	<i>Medley</i> 703
Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes -	- 676
Awake, my soul, stretch every	<i>Doddridge</i> 256
Awake our souls, away our fears	<i>Watts</i> 412
Awake ye saints, awake and watch	- 888
Away from every mortal care -	<i>Watts</i> 313
Be merciful, O God, to me, - -	- 406
Before Jehovah's awful throne -	<i>Watts</i> 746
Before thy throne, eternal King -	<i>Rippon</i> 393
Begin my tongue, some heavenly theme	<i>Watts</i> 440
Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near	<i>Newton</i> 666
Behold a sinner, dearest Lord	<i>Hawkins</i> 209
Behold the glories of the Lamb -	<i>Watts</i> 832
Behold the morning sun - -	<i>Watts</i> 323
Behold the mountain of the Lord	<i>Montgomery</i> 996
Behold the sin-atoning lamb	<i>Fawcett</i> 124
Behold the sure foundation stone -	<i>Watts</i> 443
Behold the throne of grace - -	<i>Newton</i> 565
Behold the woman's promised seed	<i>Watts</i> 87
Behold, what wond'rous grace - -	<i>Watts</i> 68
Believer, lift thy drooping head -	<i>Hart</i> 297
Beset with snares on every hand	<i>Doddridge</i> 436
Beside the gospel pool	<i>Newton</i> 208
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth	<i>Cowper</i> 104

	No.
Bless, O my soul! the living God -	<i>Watts</i> 3
Blest are the humble souls that see -	<i>Watts</i> 416
Blessed are the sons of God	<i>Hammond</i> 774
Blest are the souls that hear and know	<i>Watts</i> 29
Blest be the dear uniting love	<i>C. Wesley</i> 479
Blest be the everlasting God - -	<i>Watts</i> 97
Blest be the tie that binds - -	<i>Farcett</i> 478
Blest is the man, forever blest - -	<i>Watts</i> 64
Blest is the man who shuns the place	<i>Watts</i> 308
Blest is the man whose heart expands	- 920
Blest Jesus, source of grace divine	<i>Doddridge</i> 149
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	<i>Watts</i> 801
Blow ye the trumpet blow - -	<i>Anon.</i> 633
Brethren, we have met again - -	<i>Leland</i> 687
Brethren, while we sojourn here -	<i>Swain</i> 394
Bright King of glory, dreadful God -	<i>Watts</i> 729
Bright scenes of bliss unclouded -	- 853
Broad is the road that leads to death	<i>Watts</i> 13
Buried in Jordan was our Lord - -	- 373
Buried in shadows of the night -	<i>Watts</i> 80
But few among the carnal wise -	<i>Watts</i> 40
By every means in every way - -	- 964
By faith in Christ I walk with God	<i>Newton</i> 399
By faith my Christ I now behold -	- 809
By whom shall Jacob now arise - -	- 913
By whom was David taught - - -	- 845
Children of the heav'nly King	<i>Cennick</i> 637
Christ and his cross is all our theme	<i>Watts</i> 30
Christ is the way to heavenly bliss	<i>Dobell</i> 52
Christ the Lord is risen to-day -	- 812
Christians, dismiss your fears -	<i>Hart</i> 815
Christians, if your hearts are warm	<i>Leland</i> 361
Come all harmonious tongues - -	<i>Watts</i> 171
Come, all who love to pray - -	<i>Burnham</i> 564
Come all ye mourning sinners now,	- 717
Come all ye mourning souls - -	- 719
Come all ye sons of God, and view -	- 353
Come and taste along with me - -	- 686
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep	<i>Mason</i> 330
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	<i>Watts</i> 281
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove	- 145
Come guilty souls and flee away -	- 693

	No.
Come happy souls approach your God	<i>Watts</i> 95
Come hither, all ye weary souls -	<i>Watts</i> 201
Come, Holy Spirit, come - - -	<i>Hart</i> 143
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove -	<i>Watts</i> 138
Come humble sinner, in whose breast	<i>E. Jones</i> 589
Come humble souls, ye mourners come -	299
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord	<i>Kelly</i> 337
Come let our hearts and voices join	<i>Swain</i> 206
Come let us here rejoice to raise, -	829
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	<i>Watts</i> 90
Come, let us join our friends above -	503
Come, let us join with one accord -	335
Come, let us now unite to raise -	<i>Medley</i> 112
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare -	<i>Newton</i> 560
Come now, poor sinners, share a part	216
Come now, ye sinners, saith the Lord	<i>Rippon</i> 791
Come on my partners in distress, -	850
Come, poor sinners, come and see	<i>Hewitt</i> 614
Come, praying souls, rejoice - -	<i>Medley</i> 531
Come, saints and sinners, now behold	<i>Leland</i> 355
Come, sinners, come, of every name	<i>Burnham</i> 225
Come, sinners, saith the mighty God	<i>Stennett</i> 213
Come, sound his praise abroad - -	<i>Watts</i> 280
Come, tell us your troubles - - -	<i>Lyon</i> 350
Come, thou fount of every blessing	<i>Robinson</i> 691
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit	<i>Evans</i> 900
Come to Calvary's holy - - -	<i>Montgomery</i> 787
Come to the glorious gospel feast -	598
Come we that love the Lord - - -	<i>Watts</i> 707
Come we that love the Lord indeed -	632
Come weary souls, with sin distress	<i>Steele</i> 222
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er -	779
Come, ye humble sinner train - -	<i>Hart</i> 646
Come ye redeemed of the Lord - -	<i>Rippon</i> 359
Come ye sinners, poor and needy -	<i>Hart</i> 620
Come ye that fear the Lord - - -	<i>Stennett</i> 336
Come ye that know and fear the Lord	<i>Burder</i> 131
Come ye that love the Saviour's name	<i>Steele</i> 264
Compared with Christ in all beside	<i>Toplady</i> 378
Could the creature help or ease us	<i>Newton</i> 647

Daughter of Zion from the dust *Montgomery* 975  
 Daughter of Sion, ye who sing *Fellows* 714

	No.
Day of Judgment, day of wonders - -	944
Dear friends, as you have own'd <i>Fellows</i>	339
Dear Jesus, here comes and knocks at thy door	613
Dear Lord, accept a sinful heart, - -	983
Dear Lord, and has thy pard'ning love <i>Rippon</i>	357
Dear Lord, attend our prayer - - -	546
Dear Lord, to us assembled here - -	553
Dear Lord, why should I doubt - <i>Rippon</i>	584
Dear refuge of the weary soul - <i>Steele</i>	420
Dear Saviour, let thy gracious eye - -	543
Dear Saviour, we are thine <i>Doddridge</i>	296
Dear Farther to thy mercy seat. - -	978
Dear Saviour, we rejoice to hear <i>Burnham</i>	349
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recal <i>Steele</i>	243
Dear Shepherd of thy people here <i>Newton</i>	537
Dearest Lord thou hast commanded <i>Burnham</i>	562
Dearest of all the names above - <i>Watts</i>	46
Deep are the wounds which sin has made <i>Steele</i>	824
Deep in our hearts let us record - <i>Watts</i>	96
Deep in the dust before thy throne - <i>Watts</i>	375
Depraved minds on ashes feed - - <i>Fawcett</i>	129
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove <i>Watts</i>	141
Destruction's dang'rous road - - <i>Newton</i>	709
Did Christ o'er sinners weep - <i>Beddome</i>	249
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame <i>Kirkham</i>	372
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord <i>Hart</i>	518
Do not I love thee, O my Lord <i>Doddridge</i>	165
Do we not know the solemn word <i>Watts</i>	368
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song <i>Watts</i>	482
Early, my God, without delay - <i>Watts</i>	324
Earth has engrossed my love too long <i>Watts</i>	291
Emptied of earth I fain would be <i>Rippon</i>	148
Encompassed with clouds of distress <i>Toplady</i>	841
Encouraged by thy word - - - <i>Newton</i>	600
Eternal God, our wond'ring souls - -	764
Eternal Power, whose high abode - <i>Watts</i>	726
Eternal Sovereign, Lord of all - <i>Medley</i>	130
Eternal Spirit, mighty Lord - - -	542
Eternal Spirit, we confess - - <i>Watts</i>	139
Eternity is just at hand - - - <i>Steele</i>	485
Every moment brings me nearer - -	84
Exalt the Lord our God— - - <i>Watts</i>	329

	No.
Fair shines the morning star	<i>Montgomery</i> 790
Fair Zion's King, we suppliant bow	<i>Rippon</i> 248
Faith, 'tis a precious grace	<i>Beddome</i> 163
Far as thy name is known	<i>Watts</i> 446
Far from my tho'ts, vain world, begone	<i>Watts</i> 74
Farewell loving christians	515
Farewell, my friends, time rolls along	999
Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu	<i>Watts</i> 275
Father, I long, I faint to see	<i>Watts</i> 509
Father is not thy promise pledged	<i>Gibbons</i> 472
Father of all, thy care we bless	<i>Doddridge</i> 240
Father of mercies, God of love	<i>Medley</i> 245
Father of mercies, in thy house	<i>Doddridge</i> 113
Father of mercies, in thy word	<i>Steele</i> 22
Father of our dying Lord	837
Father to thee our souls	766
Father we wait to feel thy grace	<i>Watts</i> 384
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	<i>Watts</i> 433
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	<i>Watts</i> 376
Firm was my health, my day was bright	<i>Watts</i> 927
First have these lovers of the word	341
For a season call'd to part	512
Forever blessed be the Lord	<i>Watts</i> 887
Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound	<i>Gibbons</i> 65
Frequent the day of God returns	334
Friend of the friendless and the	957
From all that dwell below the skies	<i>Watts</i> 286
From deep distress and troubled tho'ts	<i>Watts</i> 61
From Egypt lately freed	<i>Newton</i> 670
From ev'ry stormy wind that	<i>Stowell</i> 904
From Greenland's icy mountains	<i>Heber</i> 967
From the cross uplifted high	<i>Haweis</i> 594
From the dear flock of Jesus' saints	<i>Burnham</i> 511
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	<i>Watts</i> 510
From whence doth this union arise	667
Gather my saints together, speaks	<i>Watts</i> 427
Give me the wings of faith to rise	<i>Watts</i> 411
Give to our God immortal praise	<i>Watts</i> 728
Glorious things of thee are spoken	<i>Rippon</i> 662
Glory, honor, praise, and power	528
Glory to God who reigns above	161
Glory to thee, my God, this night	<i>Kenn</i> 235

		No.
Go and the Saviour's grace proclaim	-	477
Go forth, ye saints, behold your	<i>Beddome</i>	968
Go on, ye pilgrims, while below	-	338
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	273
Go teach the nations and baptize	<i>Rippon</i>	366
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	<i>Watts</i>	89
God in his earthly temple lays	- <i>Watts</i>	444
God is a spirit just and wise	- - <i>Watts</i>	188
God is the refuge of his saints	- - <i>Watts</i>	455
God moves in a mysterious way	<i>Cowper</i>	7
God my supporter and my hope	- <i>Watts</i>	73
God of my life, to thee I call	- - <i>Cowper</i>	885
God the eternal, awful name	- - <i>Watts</i>	727
God who in various methods told	<i>Watts</i>	15
God with us! O glorious name	- - -	639
Grace, how exceeding sweet to those	-	214
Grace, like an uncorrupted	- - -	874
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	<i>Doddridge</i>	54
Gracious Lord, incline thine ear	<i>Hammond</i>	698
Great God! attend while Zion sings	<i>Watts</i>	305
Great God! how infinite are those	<i>Watts</i>	1
Great God! now condescend	<i>Stennett</i>	105
Great God! the nations of the earth	<i>Gibbon</i>	475
Great God! to thee I'll make	<i>Beddome</i>	842
Great God! to what a glorious height	<i>Watts</i>	796
Great God! we in thy courts appear	-	371
Great God! we to thy honor raise	- -	465
Great is the Lord, his works of might	<i>Watts</i>	311
Great Judge of all! that day will come	<i>Medley</i>	505
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	<i>Robinson</i>	628
Had I ten thousand gifts beside	<i>Chatham</i>	634
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	<i>Watts</i>	773
Hail! my ever blessed Jesus	- - -	650
Hail brethren while together met	<i>S. W. L.</i>	1008
Hail! sovereign love that first began	<i>Brewer</i>	657
Hail! the blest morn when the great Mediator		621
Hail! thou happy morn so glorious	- -	896
Hail! ye followers of the Lamb	<i>Benedict</i>	609
Happiness! thou lovely name	<i>Toplady</i>	884
Happy beyond description he	<i>Needham</i>	164
Happy the church, thou sacred place	<i>Watts</i>	448
Happy the heart where graces reign	<i>Watts</i>	132

	No.
Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound	<i>Watts</i> 487
Hark! hark! the notes of joy - - -	798
Hark! hear the sound on earth - - -	704
Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds - - -	713
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord - - -	<i>Couper</i> 595
Hark! the glad sound the Saviour	<i>Doddridge</i> 263
Hark! the herald angels sing	<i>C. Wesley</i> 800
Hark! the Jubilee is sounding - - -	688
Hark! the notes of angels singing - - -	816
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	<i>Burder</i> 674
Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear	<i>Smith</i> 570
Hark! what mean those lamentations	<i>Judson</i> 974
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise - - -	658
Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry	<i>Medley</i> 720
Hear, gracious sovereign, from	<i>Doddridge</i> 150
Hear, O sinner, Mercy hails you - - -	984
Hear this, ye fav'rites of the Lord	<i>Watts</i> 194
Hear what the voice from heaven	<i>Watts</i> 501
Hearts of stone, relent, relent	<i>Calvary</i> 660
He dies, the friend of sinners dies	<i>Watts</i> 169
Hence from my soul, sad tho'ts begone	<i>Watts</i> 193
Here at thy table, Lord, we meet	<i>Stennett</i> 382
Here, Lord, my soul convicted stands	<i>Rippon</i> 28
Heal us, Immanuel, here we	<i>Couper</i> 834
Holy Bible, book divine - - - - -	21
Hosanna to the Prince of Light - - -	<i>Watts</i> 810
Hosanna to our Saviour God - - -	<i>Noel</i> 370
How beauteous are their feet - - -	<i>Watts</i> 33
How blest are they whose feet have	<i>Watts</i> 276
How blest is our brother bereft	<i>C. Wesley</i> 504
How blest the righteous are - - -	<i>Newton</i> 679
How charming is the place	<i>Stennett</i> 320
How condescending and how kind	<i>Watts</i> 390
How did my heart rejoice to hear	<i>Watts</i> 304
How firm a foundation - - - - -	<i>Kennady</i> 640
How free and boundless is the grace	<i>Beddome</i> 258
How good, how glorious, 'tis to see	<i>Burnham</i> 480
How great, how solemn is the work	<i>Beddome</i> 354
How much the drooping - - - - -	970
How happy are they - - - - -	659
How happy is the christian state - - -	<i>Watts</i> 396
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	<i>C. Wesley</i> 607
How helpless guilty nature lies - - -	<i>Watts</i> 146

	No.
How helpless guilty nature lies -	<i>Watts</i> 146
How honored is the place -	<i>Watts</i> 914
How long, O Lord, shall I complain	<i>Watts</i> 434
How long, thou faithful God, shall I	<i>Thwaite</i> 226
How lost was my condition -	<i>Newton</i> 617
How lovely the place where the	- 905
How oft, alas! this wretched heart	<i>Steele</i> 556
How oft have sin and satan strove	<i>Watts</i> 43
How peaceful is the closing scene -	- 943
How pleasant, how divinely fair	<i>Watts</i> 321
How precious is the Book divine	- 19
How sad and awful is my state,	- 966
How sad our state by nature is	<i>Watts</i> 81
How shall I my Saviour set forth	<i>Maxwell</i> 672
How short the race our friend has run	- 502
How short and hasty is our life	- 500
How should the sons of Adam's race	<i>Watts</i> 741
How strong thy arm is, mighty God	<i>Watts</i> 312
How sweet and awful is the place	<i>Watts</i> 387
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	<i>Swain</i> 160
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	<i>Newton</i> 458
How sweet thy invitations be -	- 793
How tedious and tasteless the hours	<i>Newton</i> 604
How vain are all things here below	<i>Watts</i> 317
Humble souls who seek salvation	<i>Fawcett</i> 364
Hungry, and faint, and poor -	<i>Newton</i> 200
I am, said Christ, the way -	<i>Hart</i> 826
I and my house will serve -	<i>Montgomery</i> 906
I ask not honor, pomp, or praise	- 865
I asked the Lord that I might grow	<i>Newton</i> 303
I cannot bear thine absence, Lord	<i>Watts</i> 419
I hate the tempter and his charms	<i>Watts</i> 12
I hear the counsel of a friend -	- 228
I know that my Redeemer lives	- 818
I'll bless the Lord from day to day	<i>Watts</i> 319
I long to see the season come -	- 619
I love the Lord, he heard my cries	<i>Watts</i> 283
I love the sacred book of God -	<i>Kelly</i> 20
I love the windows of thy grace	<i>Watts</i> 120
I love to see the Lord below -	- 859
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	<i>Watts</i> 579
I send the joys of earth away -	<i>Watts</i> 834

		No.
I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death	<i>Watts</i>	807
I take thee at thy gracious word	-	769
I waited patient for the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	414
I will extol thee, Lord, on high	<i>Watts</i>	929
I would not live always; I ask not	-	858
If I perish, I will go	<i>Hewett</i>	615
If Jesus is ours, we have a true	<i>Hammond</i>	519
If life's pleasures charm thee	-	835
If Lord, in thy fair book of life	<i>Watts</i>	234
If worldlings ask the reason why	<i>Mays</i>	648
In all my Lord's appointed ways	<i>Ryland</i>	352
In all my trials and my fears	<i>Medley</i>	441
In all my troubles sharp and strong	<i>Watts</i>	451
In all my vast concerns with thee	<i>Watts</i>	2
In duties and in sufferings too	-	827
In evil long I took delight	<i>Newton</i>	583
In form I long had bowed	-	981
In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone	<i>Watts</i>	912
In God's own house pronounce his	<i>Watts</i>	302
In grateful songs we will record	<i>Watts</i>	6
In Israel's fane by silent night	<i>Cawood</i>	923
In mercy, Lord, remember me	-	925
In one harmonious, cheerful song	<i>Doddridge</i>	98
In songs of sublime adoration and	-	767
In the floods of tribulation	<i>Pearce</i>	85
In thy great name, O Lord, we come	<i>Hoskins</i>	532
In vain men talk of living faith	<i>Hart</i>	395
In vain we lavish out our lives	<i>Watts</i>	778
Indulgent God to thee we pray	-	468
Infinite excellence is thine	<i>Watts</i>	121
Infinite grief! amazing wo!	<i>Watts</i>	806
Innumerable foes	<i>Hart</i>	442
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way	<i>Doddridge</i>	277
Inquiring souls, who long to find	-	723
Is God's peculiar people mine	-	776
Is there in heaven or earth who can	-	431
Is there no hope, O sinner, pause	-	788
Is this the kind return	<i>Watts</i>	762
It is the Lord, enthron'd in light	<i>Greene</i>	158
Jehovah speaks! seek ye my face	<i>Rippon</i>	724
Jerusalem, my happy home	-	622
Jesus, and shall it ever be	<i>Francis</i>	362

	No.
Jesus, at thy command - - -	<i>Toplady</i> 652
Jesus, dear Lord, we bless his name	<i>Medley</i> 212
Jesus, dear name, how sweet - -	<i>Medley</i> 636
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep - -	56
Jesus, how precious is thy name	<i>Davies</i> 825
Jesus, I fly to thee - - - -	558
Jesus, I love thy charming name	<i>Doddridge</i> 401
Jesus, I my cross have taken	<i>Montgomery</i> 857
Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace	<i>Doddridge</i> 118
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold - -	<i>Watts</i> 828
Jesus, in thy transporting name	<i>Steele</i> 721
Jesus is gone above the skies - -	<i>Watts</i> 389
Jesus, lover of my soul - - -	<i>C. Wesley</i> 653
Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone	<i>Cennick</i> 128
Jesus, my love, my chief delight	<i>Beddome</i> 236
Jesus, my Saviour and my God	<i>Stennett</i> 405
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne	<i>Watts</i> 819
Jesus, our soul's delightful choice	<i>Doddridge</i> 464
Jesus' precious name excels - - -	<i>Wilks</i> 596
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	<i>Watts</i> 466
Jesus, since thou art still to-day	<i>Rippon</i> 155
Jesus, sovereign of the skies - -	<i>Burnham</i> 563
Jesus, the heavenly lover, gave	<i>Fawcett</i> 295
Jesus, th' incarnate God of love	<i>Medley</i> 457
Jesus, the man of constant grief	<i>Watts</i> 41
Jesus, the name high over all - - -	123
Jesus, the spring of joys divine	<i>Steele</i> 821
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord	265
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend	<i>Burnham</i> 642
Jesus, thou everlasting King - - -	<i>Watts</i> 269
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	<i>C. Wesley</i> 823
Jesus, thy saints assemble here	<i>Swain</i> 547
Jesus, to tell of thy love - - - -	832
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name	<i>Watts</i> 39
Jesus, what shall I do to shew - -	<i>Steele</i> 424
Jesus, who knows full well - - -	561
Jesus, with all thy saints above	<i>Watts</i> 44
Joy is a fruit that will not grow	<i>Swain</i> 162
Joy to the follow'rs of the Lord	<i>Barbould</i> 765
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	<i>Watts</i> 88
Keep silence all created things	745
Kind are the words that Jesus	<i>Needham</i> 463

		No.
Kindred and friends and native land	<i>Sheffrey</i>	684
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake	<i>Newton</i>	481
Laden with guilt and full of fears,	<i>Watts</i>	16
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love -	-	893
Less than the least of all -	<i>Montgomery</i>	772
Let all the heathen writers join -	<i>Watts</i>	757
Let christians all agree - - -	-	883
Let death dissolve my body now -	<i>Watts</i>	939
Let earth and seas, and all the skies	<i>Perry</i>	259
Let everlasting glories crown - -	<i>Watts</i>	755
Let every creature join - - -	<i>Watts</i>	740
Let every mortal ear attend - -	<i>Watts</i>	274
Let God the Father and the Son -	<i>Watts</i>	524
Let me but hear my Saviour say -	<i>Watts</i>	425
Let me, thou sovereign God of all	<i>Medley</i>	246
Let others boast how strong they be	<i>Watts</i>	8
Let children who are taught - - -	-	1004
Let plenteous grace descend - - -	-	916
Let sinners take their course - -	<i>Watts</i>	241
Let songs of praises fill the sky -	-	840
Let the wild Leopards of the wood,	<i>Watts</i>	754
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	<i>Watts</i>	763
Let worldly minds the world pursue	<i>Newton</i>	298
Let Zion and her sons rejoice - -	<i>Watts</i>	285
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	<i>Doddridge</i>	392
Life is the time to serve the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	493
Like Bartimeus we are blind	<i>Hoskins</i>	576
Like sheep we went astray - - -	<i>Watts</i>	93
Lo! God is here! let us adore - -	-	897
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	<i>Oliver</i>	945
Lo! what a glorious corner stone	<i>Watts</i>	328
Long as I live I 'll bless thy name	<i>Watts</i>	94
Long have I tried terrestrial joys -	-	868
Lord, all I am is known to thee	<i>Watts</i>	78
Lord, and am I yet alive	<i>C. Wesley</i>	673
Lord, at thy feet I prostrate fall	<i>Cennick</i>	671
Lord, at thy table I behold	<i>Stennett</i>	381
Lord, at thy temple we appear	<i>Watts</i>	942
Lord, bless thy saints assembled here	<i>Hart</i>	346
Lord, didst thou die, but not for me	<i>Crittenden</i>	266
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing -	-	516
Lord, hear a burden'd sinner mourn	<i>Medley</i>	715

		No.
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	<i>Watts</i>	892
Lord, how mysterious are thy	<i>Whitefield</i>	437
Lord, how secure my conscience was	<i>Watts</i>	14
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove	<i>Watts</i>	430
Lord, I cannot let thee go - -	<i>Newton</i>	539
Lord, I confess my guilt and shame	<i>Watts</i>	191
Lord, I have made thy word my choice	<i>Watts</i>	27
Lord, I lament my wretched heart - -	- -	110
Lord, I will bless thee all my days	<i>Watts</i>	282
Lord, I would be a child of thine	<i>Watts</i>	192
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	<i>Watts</i>	322
Lord, in thy courts we now appear	<i>Needham</i>	529
Lord, in thy presence here we meet	<i>Holman</i>	351
Lord, let me see thy blissful face - -	- -	948
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair - -	<i>Turner</i>	252
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise - -	- -	977
Lord of the worlds above - -	<i>Watts</i>	891
Lord, that so poor a worm as I - -	- -	979
Lord, thou hast made me know thy	<i>Watts</i>	77
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me	<i>Watts</i>	184
Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield	<i>Newton</i>	649
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand	<i>Watts</i>	445
Lord, 'tis an infinite delight - -	<i>Watts</i>	937
Lord, we adore thy matchless ways	<i>Upton</i>	67
Lord, we adore thy sovereign grace	- -	347
Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind	<i>Watts</i>	730
Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in sin	<i>Watts</i>	10
Lord, we come before thee now	<i>Hammond</i>	541
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	<i>Watts</i>	197
Lord, what a feeble piece - -	<i>Watts</i>	499
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace	<i>Watts</i>	75
Lord, what a wretched land is this	<i>Watts</i>	417
Lord, when thou didst - - -	<i>Watts</i>	817
Lord, when together here we meet - -	- -	514
Lord, when we cast our eyes abroad	<i>Dobell</i>	470
Lost in the ruins of the fall - -	- -	846
Man has a soul of vast desires	<i>Watts</i>	907
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	<i>Newton</i>	901
Men of God, go take your	<i>Montgomery</i>	976
Mercy alone can meet my case	<i>Montgomery</i>	963
Mercy is welcome news indeed	<i>Hart</i>	847
Mercy, O thou Son of David	<i>Newton</i>	643

		No
Met, O God, to ask thy	<i>J. B. Waterberry</i>	591
Methinks I see some bow the knee	- -	569
'Mid scenes of confusion and	- -	877
Millions there are on heathen	- -	476
Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven	<i>Watts</i>	92
Most gracious Father, God of all	<i>Hoskins</i>	253
My conscious guilt is now so great	<i>Gallaher</i>	685
My days, my weeks, my months	<i>C. Wesley</i>	630
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	<i>Watts</i>	820
My drowsy powers why sleep ye so	<i>Watts</i>	876
My Father calls me to his arms	- -	498
My God, accept my grateful songs	- -	748
My God, how cheerful is the	<i>Doddridge</i>	428
My God, how endless is thy love	<i>Watts</i>	926
My God, in whom are all the	- -	<i>Watts</i> 747
My God, my king, thy various	- -	<i>Watts</i> 737
My God, my life, my love	- -	<i>Watts</i> 72
My God, my portion, and my love	<i>Watts</i>	71
My God, permit me not to be	- -	<i>Watts</i> 894
My God, permit my tongue	- -	<i>Watts</i> 377
My God, the spring of all my joys	<i>Watts</i>	418
My gracious Lord, I own thy	<i>Montgomery</i>	997
My gracious Redeemer, I love	<i>B. Francis</i>	651
My Jesus, thou hast taught	<i>J. B. Waterberry</i>	992
My rising soul with strong desires	<i>Beddome</i>	398
My Saviour, my almighty friend	<i>Watts</i>	63
My Saviour, on Mount Calvary	- -	804
My spirit looks to God alone	- -	<i>Watts</i> 189
My soul arise in joyful lay	- -	<i>Medley</i> 290
My soul, come meditate the day	<i>Watts</i>	491
My soul forsakes her vain delight	<i>Watts</i>	409
My soul, how lovely is the place	<i>Watts</i>	309
My soul lies cleaving to the dust	<i>Watts</i>	878
My soul repeat his praise	- -	<i>Watts</i> 738
My soul, take courage from the	<i>Burnham</i>	554
My soul, whene'er thou shalt arrive	<i>Swain</i>	278
My soul, with sacred joy survey	<i>Kelly</i>	474
My tho'ts surmount these lower skies	<i>Watts</i>	182
My times of sorrow and of joy	<i>Beddome</i>	242
Naked as from the earth we came	<i>Watts</i>	177
Ne'er was the sinner cast away	<i>Burnham</i>	215
No! I shall envy them no more	- -	<i>Watts</i> 318

No more, my God, I boast no more	<i>Watts</i>	59
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard	<i>Watts</i>	507
Not all the blood of beasts - - -	<i>Watts</i>	179
Not all the nobles of the earth - -	<i>Watts</i>	775
Not all the outward forms on earth	<i>Watts</i>	47
Not from the dust affliction grows	<i>Watts</i>	750
Not the malicious or profane - -	<i>Watts</i>	777
Not to condemn the sons of men - -	<i>Watts</i>	180
Not unto us, but thee alone - - -	<i>Rippon</i>	289
Not with our mortal eyes - - -	<i>Watts</i>	133
Now begin the heav'nly theme - - -	-	645
Now for a tune of lofty praise - -	<i>Watts</i>	170
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal	<i>Newton</i>	255
Now in a song of grateful praise - -	<i>Medley</i>	9
Now in the galleries of his grace	<i>Watts</i>	279
Now in the heat of youthful blood	<i>Watts</i>	921
Now is th' accepted time - - -	<i>Dobell</i>	217
Now let my soul with wonder trace	<i>Hoskins</i>	585
Now let our souls on wings sublime	<i>Watts</i>	195
Now let our voices join - - -	<i>Doddridge</i>	257
Now let the feeble all be strong	<i>Doddridge</i>	422
Now, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown	<i>Needham</i>	294
Now may fervent prayer arise - -	<i>Newton</i>	551
Now satan comes with - - -	<i>Watts</i>	751
Now shall my inward joys arise - -	<i>Watts</i>	461
Now to the Lord a noble song - -	<i>Watts</i>	86
Now to the Lord that makes us know	<i>Watts</i>	379
Now to the power of God supreme	<i>Watts</i>	198
Now we are met in holy fear	<i>Burnham</i>	340
Now while the gospel net is cast	<i>Watts</i>	251
Now whilst I try my heart - - -	<i>Harrison</i>	159
Now, living waters flow - - -	<i>Montgomery</i>	973

O bless the Lord, my soul - - -	<i>Watts</i>	4
O blessed souls are they - - -	<i>Watts</i>	62
Oh cease! my wandering soul - - -	-	987
O could I find from day to day - -	-	186
O could I find some peaceful bower	<i>Harrison</i>	190
Of Jesus Christ I'm not - - -	<i>S. W. Lynd</i>	1010
O fly, mourning sinner - - -	<i>J. B. Waterberry</i>	781
O for a closer walk with God - - -	<i>Cowper</i>	147
O for a heart to praise my God - -	<i>C. Wesley</i>	567
O for a shout of sacred joy - - -	<i>Watts</i>	168
O for a sight, a pleasing sight - -	<i>Watts</i>	352

		No.
O for a thousand tongues to sing	<i>C. Wesley</i>	830
O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn	-	590
O glorious God of grace	- - -	358
O God of mercy, hear my call	- <i>Watts</i>	152
O God of Zion, from thy throne	- - -	915
O happy day, when saints shall	<i>Bernard</i>	513
O happy time, long waited for	- - -	695
O how sweet it is to me	- - <i>Pearce</i>	342
O Jesus, my Saviour, I know	- - -	699
O Jesus to tell of thy love	- - <i>Haweis</i>	822
O let me run the Christian race	- - -	403
O Lord, I would delight in thee	- <i>Ryland</i>	229
O Lord, my best desires fulfil	- <i>Cowper</i>	166
O love, beyond conception great	<i>Montgomery</i>	744
O love divine, how sweet thou art	<i>Rippon</i>	656
O may our ardent zeal employ	- - -	890
O my distrustful heart	- - -	694
O my soul, what means this sadness	<i>Fawcett</i>	654
O praise the Lord in that blest place	- - -	736
O praise the Lord, ye saints	- - <i>Dobell</i>	526
O that I had a bosom friend	- - -	712
O that I knew the secret place	- <i>Watts</i>	552
O that my load of sin were gone	- - -	616
O thou, by long experience tried	- - -	998
O thou, in whose presence my soul	<i>Swain</i>	608
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	<i>Watts</i>	438
O thou who driest the mourners	- - -	871
O thou whose mercy guides my way	- - -	886
O 'tis a soul-transporting sight	- - -	760
O 'tis a sweet employ	- - <i>Fawcett</i>	527
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will	- - -	986
O what amazing words of grace	- <i>Medley</i>	211
O when shall I see Jesus	- - -	708
O where shall rest be found	- <i>Montgomery</i>	947
O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave	- - -	911
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	- - -	471
Of all the joys we mortals know	- <i>Watts</i>	136
Oft as I look upon the road	<i>Montgomery</i>	875
Oh! if my soul were formed for woe	<i>Watts</i>	153
Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy	<i>Needham</i>	681
Oh! how I have longed for the coming of God	- - -	664
Oh! Jesus, my Saviour	- - -	603
Oh! help us, Lord, each hour of	<i>Milman</i>	962

	No.
Oh! tell me no more of this world - - -	696
Oh that the Lord would guide my ways <i>Watts</i>	79
Oh! with what pleasure we behold - <i>Noel</i>	348
Oh, could our thoughts and - - -	954
Oh! yonder see that narrow way - - -	718
Oh! from the world's vile - - <i>Cowper</i>	995
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand <i>Stennett</i>	655
On what has now been sown - - <i>Newton</i>	902
On yonder glorious height - - -	946
Once a poor sinner cry'd - - -	965
Once I thought my mountain - - -	872
Once more before we part - - <i>Hart</i>	517
Once more we come before our God <i>Hart</i>	144
Once a poor thoughtless child <i>S. W. Lynd</i>	1005
One smile from God will warm the heart -	624
Our captain leads us on - - -	771
Our days, alas! our mortal days <i>Watts</i>	494
Our God, how firm his promise stands <i>Watts</i>	42
Our God, our help in ages past <i>Watts</i>	310
Our heav'nly Father calls <i>Doddridge</i>	271
Our joy is a created good - - -	910
Our Lord is risen from the dead - <i>Watts</i>	99
Our sins, alas! how strong they be - <i>Watts</i>	508
Our souls by love together knit <i>C. Miller</i>	591
Our Canaan is Immanuel's ground <i>Barbauld</i>	998
People of the living God - <i>Montgomery</i>	982
Pilgrim burden'd with thy sin - - -	682
Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound <i>Swain</i>	599
Pity a helpless sinner, Lord - <i>Hart</i>	592
Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair <i>Watts</i>	91
Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine <i>Kelly</i>	404
Poor sinner come, cast off thy fear <i>Hart</i>	786
Poor sinners here lift up your voice <i>Upton</i>	230
Poor sinners stop, don't madly go <i>Medley</i>	572
Poor, weak, and worthless though <i>Newton</i>	402
Praise God, from whom all blessings <i>Kenn</i>	520
Praise the Lord, who reigns above - - -	739
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name <i>Watts</i>	447
Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall <i>Watts</i>	735
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise <i>Watts</i>	426
Prayer an answer will obtain <i>Newton</i>	568
Prayer is the soul's sincere <i>Montgomery</i>	536

	No.
Prayer is the work the Lord commands	544
Prayer was appointed to convey	<i>Hart</i> 533
Precious Bible! what a treasure	<i>Newton</i> 26
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need	<i>Watts</i> 25
Prisoners of sin and satan too	<i>Hoskins</i> 207
Proclaim, saith Christ, my wond'rous	<i>Newton</i> 360
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy	<i>Stennett</i> 761
Raise your triumphant songs	<i>Watts</i> 831
Rejoice believer in the Lord	<i>Newton</i> 57
Rejoice, the Lord is King	<i>Rippon</i> 638
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns	- - 813
Religion is the chief concern	<i>Fawcett</i> 116
Remember us, we pray thee, Lord	<i>Newton</i> 958
Renew'd by grace, we love the word	- 344
Repent and be baptised	<i>Burnham</i> 356
Return, O God of love! return	<i>Watts</i> 879
Return, O wanderer! return	<i>Collyer</i> 575
Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings	<i>Whitfield</i> 710
Rise, rise my soul, and leave	<i>Watts</i> 742
Saints at your heavenly Father's	<i>Watts</i> 174
Salvation is forever nigh	- - <i>Noel</i> 199
Salvation, O melodious sound	<i>Doddridge</i> 202
Salvation! O the joyful sound	- - <i>Watts</i> 196
Saviour divine, we know thy	<i>Doddridge</i> 127
Saviour visit thy plantation	- - <i>Newton</i> 631
Say, what is this I feel	- - - 961
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	- <i>Hyde</i> 988
See, gracious God, before thy throne	<i>Rippon</i> 391
See how the willing converts trace	<i>Swain</i> 369
See the leaves around us	<i>Montgomery</i> 922
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	<i>Watts</i> 936
Shall we go on to sin	- - <i>Watts</i> 410
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	- - 559
Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep	<i>Doddridge</i> 449
Shew pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive	<i>Watts</i> 151
Show me, O Lord, thy sacred way	- - 959
Sin, has a thousand treacherous arts	<i>Watts</i> 753
Sin has undone our wretched race	<i>Cowper</i> 102
Since Jesus freely did appear	- - 178
Since through the heaven-inspired lines	- 844
Sing all ye ransom'd of the Lord	- - 881

INDEX.

19

No.

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name	-	<i>Watts</i>	725
Sing we to our God above	-	-	523
Sing ye redeem'd of the Lord		<i>Doddridge</i>	680
Sinner, is thy heart at rest		<i>J. B. Waterberry</i>	782
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown		<i>Watts</i>	784
Sinners, behold the Lamb of God		<i>Hoskins</i>	459
Sinners, hear your God and Saviour	-	-	989
Sinners of Adam's fallen race		<i>Montgomery</i>	960
Sinners, rejoice, 'tis Christ that died		<i>Perry</i>	292
Sinners, the voice of God regard		<i>Fawcett</i>	783
Sinners, this solemn truth regard		<i>Hoskins</i>	106
Sinners, will you scorn the message		<i>Allen</i>	716
Sinners, you are now addressed		<i>Fountain</i>	792
Sitting around our Father's board		<i>Watts</i>	385
So did the Hebrew prophet raise		<i>Watts</i>	770
So let our lips and lives express		<i>Watts</i>	76
Soldiers of Christ, be bold	-	-	641
Songs of immortal praise belong	-	<i>Watts</i>	734
Sons we are through God's election		<i>Dobell</i>	53
Soon as I heard my Father say	-	<i>Watts</i>	306
Sovereign grace has power alone		<i>Newton</i>	669
Sovereign of all the worlds on		<i>Doddridge</i>	69
Sovereign Ruler of the skies		<i>Dr. Riland</i>	928
Speak, Lord, to each of us this day	-	-	889
Sprinkled with reconciling blood		<i>Beddome</i>	267
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears		<i>Watts</i>	873
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	-	-	838
Stay, sinner, hath a voice	-	<i>Hyde</i>	988
Stop; poor sinner, stop and think		<i>Newton</i>	587
Strait is the gate, but Jesus cries		<i>Gregg</i>	794
Strait is the way, the door is strait		<i>Watts</i>	48
Sweet is the work, my God, my King		<i>Watts</i>	326
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing		<i>Robinson</i>	690
Sweet was the journey to the sky	-	-	951

Take my poor heart, just as it is		<i>Watts</i>	407
Teach me the measure of my days		<i>Watts</i>	492
Tell me no more of earthly joys		<i>R. Hill</i>	706
Tell us ye servants of the Lord		<i>Staughton</i>	219
That awful day will surely come		<i>Watts</i>	506
That glorious day is drawing nigh		<i>Leland</i>	610
That man no guard or weapon needs		<i>Newton</i>	994
The Canaanite still in the land		<i>Kent</i>	697

		No.
The cause that is for me too hard	<i>Fawcett</i>	142
The Church a garden is - - -	<i>Newton</i>	644
The cross, the cross, O that's	<i>Montgomery</i>	789
The day is past and gone - - -	-	238
The eye of God is everywhere - -	-	678
The finest flower that ever blow'd	<i>Swain</i>	701
The food on which thy children live	<i>Fellows</i>	254
The glorious light of Zion - - -	-	625
The God of Abraham praise	<i>C. Wesley</i>	849
The gospel comes with welcome news	<i>Kelly</i>	210
The grave is not a place of rest - -	-	934
The great Redeemer we adore	<i>Stennett</i>	365
The heathen perish;—day by	<i>Montgomery</i>	972
The heavens declare thy glory Lord	<i>Watts</i>	18
The King of heaven his table	<i>Doddridge</i>	380
The law commands and makes us	<i>Watts</i>	17
The Lord descending from above	<i>Watts</i>	35
The Lord how wonderful are his	<i>Watts</i>	732
The Lord into his garden's come - -	-	626
The Lord is great, ye hosts - - -	-	731
The Lord is risen indeed - - -	-	811
The Lord my shepherd is - - -	<i>Watts</i>	70
The Lord on high proclaims - - -	<i>Watts</i>	227
The Lord will happiness divine - -	<i>Cowper</i>	109
The moment a sinner believes - - -	<i>Hart</i>	702
The pity of the Lord - - -	<i>Watts</i>	932
The saints should never be dismayed	<i>Cowper</i>	882
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear	<i>Steele</i>	218
The short-liv'd day declines	<i>Fawcett</i>	933
The soul that would to Jesus press	<i>Hart</i>	82
The sun is set, the day is clos'd	<i>Leonard</i>	606
The time is short, the season near	<i>Hoskins</i>	483
The true Messiah now appears - - -	<i>Watts</i>	802
The voice of free grace cries, escape	-	602
The wond'ring world enquires	<i>Watts</i>	288
The world is grown old - - -	<i>Heber</i>	908
Thee we adore, eternal name - - -	<i>Watts</i>	490
Thee will we praise, Eternal King	<i>Medley</i>	115
There is a fountain filled with blood	<i>Cowper</i>	126
There is a friend above all others - -	-	834
There is a God who reigns above	<i>Watts</i>	675
There is a heaven above the skies - -	-	623
There is a house not made with hands	<i>Watts</i>	497

	No.
There is a house of peaceful rest - -	950
There is a land of pure delight - <i>Watts</i>	486
There is a path that leads to God - -	574
There is a world we have not seen - -	993
There's joy in heaven and joy <i>Rippon</i>	221
'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love - -	895
This is the day the Lord hath made <i>Watts</i>	327
This is the field, the world below - -	618
This is the word of truth and love - <i>Watts</i>	32
This world is all enchanted ground - -	909
This wretched heart will still backslide - -	400
Tho' I have grieved thy spirit Lord - <i>Watts</i>	839
Tho' troubles assail and dangers - <i>Newton</i>	848
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb <i>Cennick</i>	293
Thou God of glorious majesty <i>C. Wesley</i>	629
Thou Greatest and Best, O bow down - -	955
Thou hidden love of God, whose <i>C. Wesley</i>	852
Thou only sov'reign of my heart <i>Steele</i>	187
Thou Shepherd of Israel divine - -	692
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes - -	237
Thou whom my soul admires above <i>Watts</i>	287
Thousands of thousands stand <i>Montgomery</i>	733
Thro' all the changing scenes of life <i>Tate</i>	268
Thro' sorrow's night and dangers <i>H.K. White</i>	935
Thus far the Lord has led me on <i>Watts</i>	239
Thus the Eternal Father spake - <i>Watts</i>	34
Thus saith the high and lofty one - <i>Watts</i>	314
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord <i>Watts</i>	315
Thus was the great Redeemer <i>Stennett</i>	363
Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls <i>Watts</i>	316
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord <i>Stennett</i>	103
Thy servants, Lord, to-day <i>S. W. Lynd</i>	1009
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme <i>Whitfield</i>	700
Thy people, Lord, have ever found <i>Watts</i>	435
Thy presence, gracious God, afford <i>Fawcett</i>	272
Thy way, O God, is in the sea <i>Fawcett</i>	157
Time, what an empty vapor 'tis - <i>Watts</i>	495
'Tis a point I long to know - <i>Newton</i>	601
'Tis by the faith of joys to come - <i>Watts</i>	181
'Tis finished! so the Saviour cried <i>Stennett</i>	803
'Tis God the spirit leads - - - -	898
'Tis my happiness below - - <i>Cowper</i>	571
'Tis religion that can give - - - -	661

	No.
'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope	<i>Toplady</i> 941
'To-day, if you will hear his voice	- - 668
To distant lands thy gospel send	<i>Rippon</i> 467
To Jesus now my youthful	<i>S. W. Lynd</i> 1002
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	- - 522
To God I made my sorrows known	<i>Watts</i> 432
To God, my Saviour and my King	<i>Stennett</i> 175
To God, the only wise	<i>Watts</i> 231
To him who on the fatal tree	- - 899
To our Redeemer's glorious name	<i>Steele</i> 917
To thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King	<i>Medley</i> 452
To those who know the Lord, I speak	<i>Newton</i> 582
To us the voice of wisdom cries	- - 918
'Twas by an order from the Lord	<i>Watts</i> 756
'Twas Jesus' last and great command	<i>Watts</i> 37
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	<i>Watts</i> 386
'Twas the commission of the Lord	- - 367
Unto thine altar, Lord	<i>Rippon</i> 538
Up to the fields where angels lie	<i>Watts</i> 408
Vain are the hopes the sons of men	<i>Watts</i> 49
Vain delusive world, adieu	- - 833
Vain man, on foolish pleasures	<i>Watts</i> 1006
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear	<i>Hart</i> 586
Vital spark of heav'nly flame	<i>Pope</i> 940
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will	<i>Beddome</i> 5
Wandering pilgrims, mourning	- - 869
Welcome, dear brethren, to this place	<i>Swain</i> 566
Welcome sweet day of rest	- - <i>Watts</i> 325
Welcome, thou well-beloved of God	<i>Godwin</i> 343
Well met, dear friends, in Jesus' name	- - 548
We've no abiding city here	- - <i>Kelly</i> 460
What are these in bright array	<i>Montgomery</i> 953
What cheering words are these	- - <i>Kent</i> 233
What is it for a saint to die	- - - 938
What is the thing of greatest price	- - - 931
What jarring natures dwell	<i>Crittenden</i> 752
What language now salutes the ear	<i>Hoskins</i> 260
What shall I render to my God	- - <i>Watts</i> 307
What shall the dying sinner do	- - <i>Watts</i> 31
What object's this that	- - <i>L. Huntington</i> 805

INDEX.

23

No.

What think you of Christ	- -	<i>Newton</i>	677
What tho' my frail eyelids refuse		<i>Toplady</i>	854
What thousands never knew the		<i>Cowper</i>	867
What various hindrances we meet		<i>Cowper</i>	540
Whate'er to thee, our Lord, belongs		-	367
Whatever prompts the soul to pride		<i>Hart</i>	843
When all thy mercies, O my God		<i>Addison</i>	374
When any turn from Zion's way		<i>Newton</i>	176
When darkness long has veiled my mind		<i>Watts</i>	247
When earthly comforts die	- - -		863
When for eternal worlds	- - -		870
When God his work revives	- - -		581
When God reveal'd his gracious name		<i>Watts</i>	456
When, gracious Lord, when shall		<i>Whitfield</i>	167
When Hannah, pressed with grief		<i>Newton</i>	535
When I can read my title clear		<i>Watts</i>	580
When I survey the wond'rous cross		<i>Watts</i>	388
When languor and disease invade		<i>Toplady</i>	454
When marshall'd on the mighty		<i>H. K. White</i>	577
When, O dear Jesus, when shall		<i>Cennick</i>	333
When on Sinai's top I see		<i>Montgomery</i>	880
When overwhelmed with grief		<i>Watts</i>	415
When Peter, through the tedious night		<i>Newton</i>	36
When some kind shepherd from		<i>Needham</i>	172
When those we love are snatch'd		<i>Steele</i>	488
When those who feared the Lord of old	-		903
When thou, my righteous judge shall	-		593
When thro' the torn sail	-	<i>Montgomery</i>	956
Where two or three with sweet		<i>Stennett</i>	545
Whence do our mournful thoughts		<i>Watts</i>	768
Whene'er a sinner turns to God		<i>Stennett</i>	345
Where is my God? does he retire		<i>Steele</i>	530
Wherewith shall we approach the Lord	-		555
While here on earth I'm called to stay		<i>Dobell</i>	421
While I am bless'd with youthful bloom	-		663
While life prolongs its precious light		<i>Dwight</i>	689
While thee I seek, protecting		<i>Montgomery</i>	749
While with ceaseless course the sun		<i>Newton</i>	924
Who are those array'd in white		<i>Montgomery</i>	949
Who can describe the joys that rise		<i>Watts</i>	173
Who is the trembling sinner, who?	-		58
Who knows but such a one as I	- -		573
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn		<i>Watts</i>	50

		No.
Why do we mourn departing friends	<i>Watts</i>	489
Why does your face, ye humble souls	<i>Watts</i>	785
Why is my heart so far from thee -	<i>Watts</i>	413
Why, mourning soul, why flow these	<i>Dobell</i>	185
Why, O my soul, these anxious cares,	<i>Newton</i>	232
Why, O my soul, these gloomy fears,	- -	722
Why, O my soul, why weepest thou	<i>Beddome</i>	108
Why should the children of a King	<i>Watts</i>	140
Why should the saints be filled with	<i>Swain</i>	55
Why should we start and fear to die	<i>Watts</i>	496
Why sleep we, my brethren, come let	-	990
With deepest reverence at thy throne	-	743
With joy we meditate the grace -	<i>Watts</i>	220
With melting hearts and weeping	<i>Fawcett</i>	284
Wine is a mocker, so the word	<i>S. W. Lynde</i>	1007
Within these doors assembled now	- -	549
Within thy house, O Lord, our God,	-	1001
Wrapt in the silence of the night	- -	799
Ye angels round the throne	- <i>Watts</i>	525
Ye angels who stand round the throne	-	705
Ye broken-hearted sinners come	- -	588
Ye burden'd souls to Jesus come	<i>Dobell</i>	224
Ye dying sons of men - -	<i>J. Boden</i>	665
Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu	<i>Steele</i>	250
Ye hearts with youthful vigor	<i>Doddridge</i>	919
Ye highly favored who profess	- -	429
Ye humble souls, approach your God	<i>Steele</i>	204
Ye little flock whom Jesus feeds	- -	24
Ye lovely bands of blooming youth	-	730
Ye messengers of Christ - -	<i>Voke</i>	473
Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears	<i>Hoskins</i>	205
Ye saints attend the Saviour's voice	<i>Medley</i>	203
Ye saints of ev'ry rank, with joy	- -	301
Ye servants of the Lord - -	<i>Doddridge</i>	100
Ye sinners fear the Lord - -	- -	780
Ye sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears	<i>Kent</i>	122
Ye sin-sick souls, draw near - -	- -	711
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your	<i>Beddome</i>	156
Ye virgin souls, arise - -	<i>Toplady</i>	101
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	<i>Steele</i>	383
Yes, I will bless thee, O my God	<i>Montgomery</i>	866
Yes, I would love thee, blessed God	<i>Turner</i>	135
Yes, my native land, I love thee	<i>S. F. Smith</i>	1000

## INDEX.

		25
		No.
Yes! mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign	<i>More</i>	971
Yes! the Redeemer rose	- - -	814
Yes, we trust the day is breaking	- <i>Kelly</i>	469
Yonder amazing sight I see	- <i>Stennett</i>	453
Young people all, attention give	- - -	605
Young people all, in blooming days	- - -	627
Your harps, ye trembling saints	<i>Toplady</i>	183
Zaccheus climbed the tree	- <i>Newton</i>	612

*Genesis.*

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.
49	10	161	<i>2nd Chronicles.</i>			27	7	407
5	24	147	6	18	316	7	7	418
18	19	240	33	11	85	27	3	268
22	2	174	<i>Esther.</i>			27	7	546
24	13	714	4	16	589	27	8	671
24	31	343-481	4	16	615	27	8	724
24	56	352	<i>Job.</i>			27	14	183
32	26	557-539	1	21	177	27	14	544
14	28	205	4	19	166	92		441
47	9	494	7	19	417	31	15	242
<i>Exodus.</i>			7	1	487	32	15	62
15	11	1	7	6	495	32	15	64
17	11	540	14	1	502	34	15	282
<i>Numbers.</i>			23	3	186	34	15	319
10	29	609	23	3	552	34	1	22
10	29	648	<i>Psalms.</i>			35	3	202
10	29	696	98		88	36	13	9
23	10	679	119	111	27	37	4	434
<i>Deuteronomy.</i>			40	2	45	39	4	20
1	17	142	55	6	190	39	4	481
6	5	135	40	6	414	39	4	490
8	2	245	139	6	78	39	4	492
8	11	117	73	23	73	39	4	500
32	49	50	110	23	34	41	4	153
33	25	42	85	6	631	42	5	243
33	25	223	1	6	308	42	11	232
23	27	653	1	8	472	46	11	433
34	5	486	2	8	475	46	11	455
<i>Joshua.</i>			2	8	475	46	1	420
17	12	13	55	17	235	46	10	246
<i>Judges.</i>			4	8	482	47	10	168
8	4	550	4	39	8	47	6	175
<i>1st Samuel.</i>			5	8	322	48	6	446
1	18	534	4	8	239	48	6	448
1	18	535	13	8	419	48	14	628
3	18	158	73	28	72	51	14	10
7	12	691	16	8	25	51	14	150
<i>2nd Samuel.</i>			17	8	430	51	14	151
16	17	402	19	8	18	51	14	152
<i>1st Kings.</i>			19	8	323	51	14	584
3	5	560	23	8	70	51	17	538
<i>1st Chronicles.</i>			23	4	6	55	17	241
22	19	216	24	7	99	55	17	237
			27	7	306	61	17	415

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.
65	5	189	102	23	498	147	12	86
63	5	324	103	23	3	<i>Proverbs.</i>		
63	5	377	103	23	130	3	6	675
63	3	703	103	23	4	3	17	632
66	16	336	103	15	374	4	1	605
66	16	310	103	8	683	8	17	105
69	16	96	104	34	454	8	17	663
71	15	63	107	8	567	8	34	315
72	15	114	111	8	311	8	34	607
72	15	466	111	9	645	13	4	344
72	15	625	115	1	239	13	4	347
73	25	71	115	1	521	14	26	164
73	25	182	115	6	302	14	26	452
73	25	403	116	6	283	15	3	678
73	25	547	116	6	307	17	17	206
73	25	604	117	6	286	18	24	125
84	25	74	118	6	327	18	24	712
84	25	75	118	6	328	23	26	260
84	25	305	118	6	443	<i>Cant.</i>		
84	25	309	119	6	79	5	8	656
84	25	320	139	6	184	6	8	398
24	25	321	119	60	658	<i>Solomon's Songs.</i>		
84		332	119	67	435	1	3	121
84	1	252	119	105	19	1	3	458
85	6	634	119	117	77	1	7	287
85	9	199	119	117	193	2	7	89
87	9	444	121	1	291	2	7	603
87	9	435	122	1	304	2	1	701
88	9	689	122	1	313	2	5	698
89	1 24	700	125	1	437	2	13	710
89	14	5	126	1	456	2	16	692
89	15	29	130	1	61	3	11	119
90	15	310	133	1	351	4	16	549
90	15	499	133	1	478	5	16	626
90	15	606	133	1	637	5	1	381
92		323	133	1	160	5	1	450
95		280	135	1	447	5	9	288
92	15	445	138	5	257	5	9	651
95	15	180	139	5	2	6	9	398
95	15	707	142	5	432	7	5	279
98	15	88	145	5	94	<i>Isaiah.</i>		
99	15	329	147	1	426	55	1	274
102	15	235	147	1	171	55	6	230

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn
1	18	213	58	6	391	3	6 16	258
1	18	588	61	3	722	3	16	464
1	18	711	61		60	3	16	369
3	10	233	66		333	3	16	373
4	4	266	66		334	6	16	359
7	14 25	705	66	23	325	4	16	227
9	4 5	471	66	23	331	5	3 12	416
11	9	469		<i>Jeremiah.</i>		5	4	185
12	2	666	3	4	730	5	6	200
12	3	596	3	15	449	5	48	192
16	33	82	3	19	262	6	11	253
26	1	196	3	22	556	6	6 8	529
26	8	191	6	16	277	6	10	467
27	13	633	6	16	723	6	33	104
28	16	634	8	22	573	7	7	682
32	2	657	17	9	111	7	7 8	600
33	20 21	662	17	9	400	7	13	13
35	8	128	23	6	127	7	14	574
35	8	680	29	13	541	8	12	370
40	28	412		<i>Ezekiel.</i>		9	13	602
41	10	23	34	26	715	9	27	406
41	10	440		<i>Daniel.</i>		10	37	317
43	1	156	9	26	161	11	3 28	201
43	1	396		<i>Hosea.</i>		11	28	224
43	6	476	14	4	413	11	28	299
43	6	610		<i>Micah.</i>		11	28	582
43	25	438	6	6	555	11	28	616
45	19	554	7	6	452	13	3 23	294
49	13	461		<i>Nahum.</i>		13	16	33
51	1	620	1	7	204	13	23	300
53	1	255		<i>Habbakkuk.</i>		13	24 30	618
53	5	154	2	2	619	13	24 46	250
53	5	390		<i>Zechariah.</i>		15	25	543
53	6	93	9	12	207	15	27	209
53	10	660	13	1	126	15	22 28	568
55	6	230	13	1	254	16	24	48
55	41 6	440 81	14	16	247	18	19	566
55	6	598		<i>Matthew.</i>		11	28	222
55	10	144	1	21	728	11	28	614
57	15	109	1	21	87	1	23	639
57	15	314	2	10	577	1	23	569
57	15	485	24	44	586	18	20	531
58	1	474	18	28	536	18	20	536
						3	6	358

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.
18	20	545	9	26	137	24	1	335
18	20	563	9	33	695		<i>John!</i>	
18	20	564	10	2	470	23	3	186
19	14	103	10	21	41	16	16	389
22	32	677	10	42	83	1	3	13 <sup>107</sup> 47
25	31	506	10	42	378	1	29	123
25	46	505	10	42	436	1	29	459
26	27	384	11	1	537	1	14	46
26	41	423	11	13	138	2	46	178
26	41	559	11	13	139	2	3	107
28	19	367	11	13	542	3	7	106
28	18	273	12	32	24	3	8	149
28	19	366	15	10	221	3	10	236
8	2	155	12	32	637	3	16	95
	<i>Mark.</i>		12	35	101	3	16	180
5	25	122	12	32	718	3	16	693
5	39	42	647	12	38	100	4	24
7	39	37	9	13	6	9	644	4
8	36	116	13	23	709	5	2	208
8	36	661	13	24	629	5	7	226
8	37	572	14	17	22	387	6	7
8	38	361	14	22	380	6	37	215
8	38	362	14	22	383	6	37	225
8	38	372	14	22	592	6	37	570
9	24	464	15	22	457	6	35	129
10	46	50	576	15	22	575	6	53
10	47	643	15	3	172	6	66	176
11	28	615	15	7	173	6	67	187
16	15	37	15	10	345	6	68	558
16	15	473	15	10	681	7	37	218
16	15	704	15	1	24	635	7	37
16	16	360	18	1	561	9	25	585
16	16	477	18	13	720	10	9	52
	<i>Luke.</i>					10	9	337
14	22	665	19	6	612	10	9	234
2	10	717	19	10	112	10	28	376
2	14	716	19	10	617	10	29	98
2	16	621	19	10	650	11	25	491
3	7	731	23	29	43	669	11	35
4	18	263	23	42	51	12	21	219
7	47	65	23	42	276	12	32	453
8	18	272	23	42	590	13	7	7
8	22	652	23	42	642	13	7	571

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.
13	15	38	1	16	357	10	13	422
14	1	488	1	17	702	11	23	386
14	2	55	2	4	673	13	9	157
16	33	203	3	19	49	13	12	120
17	24	501	4	25	11	15	3	292
19	26	583	4	25	169	15	22	102
19	30	674	5	1	578	15	54	489
20	13	108	8	14	141	15	54	510
21	6	36	5	5	143	15	57	297
21	6	251	5	21	375	15	58	393
21	15	165	6	1	410	16	9	265
21	16	595 601	6	31	353	16	22	136
21	17	134	6	14	508	<i>2d Corinthians.</i>		
21	17	603	7	14	17	1	12	269
1	29	124	7	14	159	3 <sup>12</sup>	2 <sup>303</sup>	341
	<i>Acts.</i>		7	14	670	4	9	580
1	26	468	7	8	14	5	1	497
2	37	581	7	21	110	5	21	646
2	17	532	7	21	146	6	2	217
2	38	356	7	24	442	6	2	627
2 <sup>41</sup>	42	365	8	24	53	12	7	425
8	12	371	8	4	28	12	9	393
8	38	354	8	14	140	12	9	451
8	39	342	8	33	50	12	9	463
8	39	659	8	37	611	13	5	676
9	6	284	8	37	654	3	3	234
9 <sup>20</sup>	6	684 431	13	11	599	<i>Galatians.</i>		
9	6	649	13	12	84	1	4	295
10	35	258	13	13	244	4	6	68
16	30	67	15	4	26	4	6	69
16	30	685	<i>1st. Corinthians.</i>			6	14	388
18	21	513	1	23	30	6	14	690
20	7	330	1	26	40	<i>Ephesians.</i>		
20	24	298	1	30	80	1	3	39
20	32	512	2	9	411	2	3	339
20	33	514	2	9	507	2	5	54
20	38	511	2	10	145	2	8	163
20	38	515	5	7	179	2	8	210
20	38	68	5	7	181	2	8	597
8	34	259	6	17	296	2	12	318
	<i>Romans.</i>		7	29	483	2	19	346
1	16	31	7	31	275	3	8	672
1	16	32	9	24	403	3	15	503

SCRIPTURE INDEX.

ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn.	ch.	ver.	hymn
3	16	281	1	10	91	1	18	405
4	3	56	3	15	15	2	2	439
4	11	113	3	16	21	2	7	401
4	15	118	3	16	22	2	7	424
5	15	429		<i>Titus.</i>		2	9	170
	<i>Phlippians.</i>		2	10	76	1	17	531
1	6	290	3	7	66		<i>2nd Peter.</i>	
1	6	694	3	3	197	1	4	640
1	21	148		<i>Hebrews.</i>			<i>1st John.</i>	
1	21	195	1	5	399	2	1	531
1	21	504	2	15	496	1	5	271
1	21	729	3	13	668	2	1	530
1	23	278	3	17	58	2	16	409
1	23	708	4	12	16	3	1	68
2	10	721	4	15	678	3	2	462
3	3	57	4	15	220	3	2	509
3	7	59	4	16	553	3	2	622
3	8	162	4	16	565	3	14	667
3	8	624	5	6	293	4	7	479
3	12	256	6	17	43	4	8	131
4	4	638	10	22	267	5	7	46
4	19	428	10	25	427		<i>Jude.</i>	
	<i>Colossians.</i>		11	13	338	24	25	231
2	12	363	11	38	404		<i>Revelations.</i>	
2	12	368	12	7	194	5	11	379
1	23	35	12	7	397	2	10	623
2	2	591	13	1	480	2	10	713
2	12	355	13	8	699	2	10	719
2	12	362	13	14	460	3	17	228
2	12	367	13	17	293	3	26	613
3	11	167	2 & 3		493	5	11	90
1	<i>Thessalonians.</i>			<i>James.</i>		5	11	380
4	16	593	1	13	12	6	16	587
5	17	533	1	27	115	7	10	44
5	17	562	2	17	92	11	15	270
	<i>1st Timothy.</i>		2	18	395	15	3	261
3	16	639	2	19	132	15	3	264
8	13	248	4	14	630	15	3	312
6	8	706	5	16	551	15	4	301
6	12	394		<i>1st Peter.</i>		22	17	211
6	12	641	1	24	8	22	17	214
	<i>2nd Timothy.</i>		1	3	97	22	17	686
1	12	579	1	8	133	22	17	688
1	9	198						







William 2-1  
Wings et





