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**A PRAYER MEETING
AND
REVIVAL HYMN BOOK;**

OR

A Selection

OF THE BEST

***“Psalms and Hymns and
Spiritual Songs:”***

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, FOR THE USE OF
SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS,

AND

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.



Seventh Edition enlarged.

BY JOHN WINEBRENNER, V. D. M.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.”—Col. iii. 16.

.....
HARRISBURG:

PRINTED BY JACOB BAAB,

1834.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-second day of March, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1825, JOHN WINEBRENNER, of said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Prayer Meeting and Revival Hymn Book; or a selection of the best "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs," from various authors, for the use of Social Prayer Meetings and Revivals of Religion. By John Winebrenner, V. D. M.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.—Col. iii. 16.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

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

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EXPLANATION

OF THE

VARIOUS METRES IN THIS VOLUME.

L. M. Long Metre.—C. M. Common Metre. —
 S. M. Short Metre.—7's Sevens.—8's Eights.
 —P. M. Peculiar Metre.

<i>Metres.</i>	<i>No. of syllables in each line.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
L. M.....	8 8 8 8.....	1
C. M.....	8 6 8 6.....	13
S. M.....	6 6 8 6.....	7
M. 7's.....	7 7 7 7.....	5
M. 8's.....	8 8 8 8.....	38
P. M.....	8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.....	3
—.....	7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.....	69
—.....	7 6 7 6 7 7 7 6.....	212
—.....	8 7 8 7 4 7.....	194
—.....	8 8 6 8 8 6.....	320
—.....	6 6 9 6 6 9..	305
—.....	6 6 6 6 8 8.....	304
—.....	8 8 8 8 8 8.....	241
—.....	11 11 11 11.....	272

The following *metres* occur but once respectively in this book ; whereas the preceding ones do repeatedly.

P. M.....	11 10 11 10.....	26
—.....	8 8 8 8 8.....	250
—.....	6 6 7 7 7 9..	35
—.....	7 6 7 7 7 6..	55
—.....	8 7 8 7 8 8 8 7.....	66
—.....	8 8 8 6 8 8 8 6.....	29
—.....	6 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 4.....	280
—.....	8 8 7 8 8 7 4 4 4 4 8.....	279

A
SELECTION
OF
HYMNS,
FOR THE USE OF
SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS
AND
REVIVALS OF RELIGION.



HYMN 1. L. M.—HART.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY'R 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 pray'r indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?
My soul thou hast a friend on high,
Arise and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sins distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt it shall be done.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 **W**E'RE met, dear friends in Jesus' name
 Come, let us now rejoice,
 While we our Saviour's name proclaim
 With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
 Send down the heavenly Dove,
 His graces to diffuse around,
 And warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
 Except thy face we see;
 Thy presence makes a heav'n most sweet
 Where'er we meet with thee.
- 4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
 When there with thee we dwell;
 But when thy presence is withdrawn,
 A Palace proves a hell.
- 5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
 To meet us with a smile:
 Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
 And purge our hearts from guile.
- 6 That at the close each one may say,
 We met not here in vain;
 For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
 Nor could we more contain.

 HYMN 3. P. M. 8's & 7's.—ASKINS.

- 1 **B**RETHREN we are met together,
 To adore the Lord our God:
 Will you pray with all your powers,
 While we try to speak his word?
 All is vain unless the spirit
 Of the Holy One come down:
 Brethren pray, and holy manna
 Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren see poor sinners round you,
 Standing on the brink of woe;
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to let them go?
 See our fathers, see our mothers,
 And our children sinking down.
 Brethren, &c.
- 3 Brethren here are poor backsliders,
 Who were once near heav'n's door;

But they have denied their Saviour,
 And are worse than e'er before.
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
 If they will confess their wound.
 Brethren pray, &c.

4 Sisters will you join and help us?
 Moses' sister helped him;
 Will you seek the trembling mourners,
 Who are strugg'ling hard with sin?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found:
 Sisters pray, &c.

5 Brethren let us love each other,
 And our God supremely too;
 Let us love to pray for sinners,
 Till our God makes all things new.
 Then he'll take us up to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down;
 Christ will gird himself and serve us,
 With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 4. L. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME dear brethren to this place,
 Be banish'd ev'ry slavish fear!
 Ye come to seek Emanuel's face,
 For he has promis'd 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 O 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.

HYMN 5. M. 7's—HAMMOND.

A blessing humbly requested. Jer. xxix. 12, 13.

- 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 Lord on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford,
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up
Make them strong in faith and hope;
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 6. C. M.—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 Come and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.
- 4 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

HYMN 7. S. M.—NEWTON.

Importunity in prayer prevalent with God.
Luke xviii. 1-7

THE Lord who truly knows
The heart of every saint;

- Invites us by his holy word,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear!
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend.
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.
- 5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.
- 6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

HYMN S. L. M.—COWPER.

- 1 **W**HAT var'ous hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw:
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright:
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

HYMN 9. C. M.—MONTGOMERY.

Behold, he prayeth. Acts ix. 11.

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

HYMN 10. C. M.—NEEDHAM.

Short and fervent prayer the best. Mat. vi. 7, 8.

- 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 knowest the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep th' attention up
And make devotion sweet.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Devout petitions.

- 1 **H**ERE, in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek his face:
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.
- 2 O may this be a happy hour
To every mourning soul;
Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 O may a spark of heavenly fire
Each stupid soul inflame:
And sacred love our hearts inspire,
To praise thy worthy name.
- 4 Let ev'ry soul the saviour see,
And taste his heavenly love:
And ev'ry heart forever be
In praise to thee above.
- 5 And when our mortal days are o'er,
And we shall hence remove,
Help us to thy right hand to soar,
Thine endless love to prove.

 HYMN 12. L. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more a pleasant interview
The Lord doth grant us, to renew
Our social friendship, kind and dear;
Our hearts to warm, our souls to cheer.
- 2 While we were absent far abroad,
We saw the kindness of our God;
Therefore his love let us adore,
That we are here alive once more.
- 3 How many souls have launch'd away
To everlasting night or day!
In sickness many more remain,
Whilst we our life and health retain.
- 4 Into his presence let us haste,
And thank him for his favors past;
Down on your knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our maker, fall.

HYMN 13. C. M.—WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 14. C. M.—MEDLEY.

My God will hear me. Mic. vii. 7.

TO thee, O Lord, my heavenly king,
Now will my soul draw near;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
"That thou my God wilt hear."

Though I am poor and needy too,
And scarce know what to say,
And though my words are faint and few,
"My God will hear me pray."

Thro' Christ I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede;
For in his dear, adored name,
"My God will hear me plead."

Hear me thou wilt, tho' doubts and fears,
My soul should much cast down;
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears
My God will hear me groan.

When whilst my life and breath remain,
I'll humbly persevere;
And when to glory I attain,
"My God will hear me there."

HYMN 15. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer versified.

- 1 **O**UR Father, who in heav'n art,
 All hallow'd be thy name;
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
 Throughout this earthly frame.
- 1 As cheerfully as 'tis with those
 Who dwell with thee on high,
 So let thy bounty day by day,
 Our daily wants supply.
- 3 As we forgive our enemies,
 Thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
 Into temptation lead us not,
 But us from evil save.
- 4 For kingdom, power and glory, all,
 Belong, O Lord, to thee;
 Thine from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.
-

HYMN 16. S. M

- 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 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God,
 An all prevailing plea.
- 3 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?
- 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 victor'ous be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

HYMN 17. C. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day;
 'To all thy tempted follow'rs give,
 The pow'r to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast,
 In never ceasing pray'r!
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, thy praying grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle, till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
 "I will not let thee go."
- 5 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And say, "Christ died for *thee*."

HYMN 18. L. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED Saviour, faithful friend,
 The joy of all thy cross's train;
 In mercy to our aid descend,
 Or else we worship thee in vain.
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
 If Christ his influence withhold,
 Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
 Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then manifest thyself in peace,
 Thy faithful mercies now make known:
 O breathe on us a gale of grace,
 And send a cheering blessing down.
- We gladly for thy coming wait:
 Seeking to know Thee as Thou art,
 We bow as suppl'ans at thy feet,
 And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

HYMN 19. P. M. 8's & 7's.--WHITEFIELD.

- L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down!

Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown,
 Jesus, thou art all compassion.
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry waiting heart.

2 Breathe, Oh breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in thee inheri' ;
 Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Take our load of guilt away ;
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by thee ;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN 20. L. M.—S. STENNETT.

Presence of Christ with his worshippers. Matt. xviii. 20.

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
 Am'd that little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glory round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word,
 O! send thy spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

HYMN 21. S. M.—WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the mighty God,
 The universal king.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
And 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 work 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 children of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
-

HYMN 22. C. M.

- 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 I come encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show ;
Except thou bless me, blessed Lord,
"I will not let thee go."
- 3 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."
- 4 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow ;
Except these blessings Lord I prove,
"I will not let thee go."
-

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, aright to plead,
for mercies from above ;
O! come and bless our souls indeed,
With light and joy and love.
- 2 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest ;
That Israel's God who heareth pray'r
Will grant us our request.

HYMN 24. C. M.—W—

- 1 **W**E'RE met, O Lord, before thy throne
 To worship and adore—
 And now to thee we raise our hearts,
 Thy mercy to implore.
- 2 Mercy and grace is what we want
 To fit us for the skies;
 And grace we need, when'er we bring
 Our humble sacrifice.
- 3 Without it Lord, we cannot sing;
 Nor know we how to pray,
 Except by it we're truly taught
 Both how, and what to say.
- 4 Then bow thine ear, and hear our pray'r,
 Thy grace on us bestow;
 So we will love and serve thee more,
 While pilgrims here below.
-

HYMN 25. L. M.—W—

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, to sing and pray,
 Whilst in these tenements of clay;
 And never be asham'd of thee,
 Who bled and died on Calvary.
- 2 And when to glory we attain,
 We'll shout aloud the Saviour's name,
 Who bought our souls with precious blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God.
-

HYMN 26. P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Star of the East.

- 1 **H**AIL the blest morn! when the great mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descends!
 Shepherd's go worship the babe in manger—
 Lo! for your guide the bright Angel attends.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
 Maker and monarch, and Saviour of all.
Brightest, &c.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
 Odours of Eden, and offerings divine;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure,
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Brightest, &c.
- 5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration
 Lose all our sorrow, and trouble and strife,
 There we receive his divine consolation
 Flowing afresh from the fountain of Life.
Brightest, &c.
- 6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
 Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
 Rock of our refuge and Hope of Salvation,
 Guide to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.
Brightest, &c.

HYMN 27. C. M.—MEDLEY.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude, combine,
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And leund the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down, through the portals of the sky
 Th' impet'ous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good will and peace are heard thro'out
 Th' harmon'ous heav'nly throng.

HYMN 28. C. M.—STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer. 1 Peter iii. 19.

- 1 **T**HO our redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may his love immortal flame!
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 Was ever love like this?
- 3 He took the dying sinner's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace!)
 For man the Saviour bled!
- 5 Dear Lord what heav'nly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood!
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
 'Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song
-

HYMN 29. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **T**HE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condem'd and led away:
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day:
 Look on mount Calvary.
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke.

The sleeping saints their grave forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd
And laughed at his pain.

- 3 Now hung beneath the earth and skies,
Behold! in agonies he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come see his tort'ring pain.

The mourning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight:
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

- 4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son?
He cries for help, but O there's none,
He treads the vine press all alone;
His garments stain'd with blood.

In lamentations hear him cry:
"Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking say come save the land,
"Come try yourself to free."

A soldier pierc'd him when he died;
Then healing streams came from his side;
And thus my Lord was crucifi'd,
Stern justice then was satisfi'd,
Sinners, for you and me.

- 6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the meditorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannas tell:

Though he endured exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains;
With music fill bright Eden's plains:
He conquer'd death and hell.

- 7 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood:

For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

- 8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky;
 Who sent his son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be giv'n;
 While heav'n above his praise resounds;
 O Zion sing—his grace abounds,
 In hopes to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When swallow'd up in heav'n.

HYMN 30. L. M.—STEELE.

Christ's sufferings and death.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the saviour dies;
 Hark! his expiring groans arise:
 See from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound;
 The vital stream how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow;]
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart!
 'Till all its pow'rs and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 31. C. M.—STENNETT.

- 1 **W**ONDER,—amazing sight!—I see
 The incarnate Son of God
 Expiring on th' accursed tree,
 And weltring in his blood.
- 2 Behold the purple torrents 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.

HYMN 32. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark! how he groans! while nature shakes
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul!" he cries:
 See where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine:
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine?

HYMN 33. P. M. 8, 7, 4.--T.

Redemption finished. John xix. 30.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford.
 Heav'nly 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 has promis'd,
 Death and hell no more shall awe,
 It is finish'd—
 Saints from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew ye seraphs,—
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heav'n,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
-

HYMN 34. M. 7's.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on you move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse removed,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
 Willing slaves of death and sin!
 New from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd—
 Welcome to his sacred rest,
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing—but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string;
 Mortals join the hosts above—
 Join to praise redeeming love.
-

HYMN 35. P. M. 6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 2.

- 1 **S**AW you my Saviour,
 Saw you my Saviour,
 Saw you my Saviour and God?
 O! he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended,
 He was extended,
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross,

- O! he bow'd his head and died,
 Thus my Lord was crucified
 To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding,
 Jesus hung bleeding,
 Three dreadful hours in pain
 O! the sun refused to shine,
 When his majesty divine,
 Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
 And the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's vast extent.
 When the Jews crucifi'd the God man:
- 5 Now it was finished,
 Now it was finished,
 And the atonement was made;
 He was taken by the great,
 And embalm'd in spices sweet,
 And in a new sepulchre was laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Saviour,
 Hail mighty Saviour,
 Prince and author of peace;
 O! he burst the bonds of death,
 And triumphant through the earth,
 He ascended the mansions of bliss.
- 7 Now interceding,
 Now interceding,
 Pleading that sinners might live;
 Crying Father I have died,
 O! behold my hands and side,
 To redeem them I pray thee forgive.
- 8 I will forgive them,
 I will forgive them,
 If they'll repent and believe;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconcil'd to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 36. C. M.—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 peace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and (Oh amazing love!)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys!
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN 37. C. M.—STEELE.

- 1 **J**ESUS! in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise?
Jesus! the angel's sweetest theme—
The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?
- 3 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?
- 4 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my heart—this sinful heart,
And make it only thine.

HYMN 38. M. 8's.—CHAPPEL.

Salvation. Acts iv. 12.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, how precious the sound,
To sinners who see themselves lost;
To Jesus their praises redound,
In Jesus they triumph and boast.
- 2 Salvation is finish'd and done,
3 Salvation is sov'reign and free,

Salvation by God's equal Son,
My joy and rejoicing shall be.

- 2 Salvation is only of God,
'To him all the praises are due;
Ye saints spread his honours abroad,
Who finish'd salvation for you.
- 4 Soon shall we behold him above,
Forever to sound his dear name:
'To sing the sweet song of his love,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

HYMN 39. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, &c.
- 2 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, &c.

HYMN 40. C. M.—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 hearts reply,
For he was slain for us!

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 41. C. M.—DUNCAN.

*The Spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 2.**Angels.*

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

Martyrs.

- 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.

Converted Jews.

- 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.

Believing Gentiles.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The worm-wood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every Nation.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

- 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.

HYMN 42. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME happy souls approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come tender to Almighty grace,
The tributes of your tongues.
 - 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied 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.
 - 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.
-

HYMN 43. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath dy'd that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive.
And be in Spirit one.
- 2 Saviour I thank thee for thy grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace.
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From every sin set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

- 5 Thy gifts alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be giv'n ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heav'n.
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
 Fill all this mighty void ;
 Thou only cans't my spirit fill :
 Come, O my God, my God ?

HYMN 44. L. M.—B—

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With light and comfort from above,
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From ev'ry 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 ev'ry 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 bless'd.
 Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 45. S. M.—WATTS.

Heavenly joy on earth.

- 1 **C**OME ye 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 this place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 That never new our God,

- But servants of the heav'nly 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 heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We'er marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.
-

HYMN 46. L. M.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **J**ESUS! our best beloved Friend,
 On thy redeeming name we call;
 Jesus in love to us descend,
 Pardon and sanctify us all.
- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands;
 O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 Our Master's voice we will obey,
 Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of our day.
- 4 Yet Lord, for us a resting place,
 In heaven—at thy right hand prepare,
 And, till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.
-

HYMN 47. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion and my love,
 My everlasting all;
 I've none but thee in heav'n above
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'r'y road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.
- 4 O then from all that's base and vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise my soul and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 5 And then when I to heav'n ascend,
And join my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 48. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **C**OME on my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
A while 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.

HYMN 49. C. M.—FAWCETT.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May all its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know!
- 2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Nor reputation, food or health,
Can give us such repose.

- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart by grace 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.

HYMN 50. M. 7's.--MASSERS.

True Religion. James i. 27.

- 1 **T**HIS 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;
If the Saviour is my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 51. C. M.

- 1 **T**RYP us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us be found,
O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless:
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow;

Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 52. C. M.—WRIGHT.

Best things. 1 Cor. xii. 31.

- 1 **T**HE best of wisdom is to know
The Father in the Son;
The best of power is to bow
To what the Lord has done.
- 2 The best of prayer, is to pray
That we may still believe;
The best of patience, is to stay
Till we a crown receive.
- 3 The best of watching, is to watch
Against the world and sin;
The best of preaching, is to preach
Jesus, and nought but him.
- 4 The best of striving, is to strive
Who shall in grace excel:
The best of thriving, is to thrive
By that which feedeth well.
- 5 Then let my soul enjoy the best,
For that is best for me;
And let me find no lasting rest,
But when I rest in thee.

HYMN 53. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above!
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!
-

HYMN 54. C. M.—STEELE.

- 1 COME ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your master crown'd,
With glories all divine!
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r 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 pow'rs th' enraptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.
-

HYMN 55. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

- 1 ATTEND us now, Jehovah!
Attend us now, Jehovah!
Attend us now, Jehovah!
In our prayer meeting;
And may we feel thy power
In this propitious hour;
And may we feel thy power
In this prayer meeting.

- 2 Attend us now, dear Jesus! :||: :||:
 In our prayer meeting;
 And may we find thy favour,
 Thou ever blessed Saviour—
 And may we find thy favour, *In this, &c.*
- 3 Attend us now, blest Spirit!
 In our prayer meeting;
 Convict and renovate us,
 Anew in Christ create us—
 Convict and renovate us, *In this, &c.*
- 4 Attend us now, old people, :||: :||:
 In our prayer meeting;
 Come bow your hearts before him,
 Your maker, and adore him—
 Come bow your hearts before him, *In this, &c.*
- 5 Attend us now, young people, :||: :||:
 In our prayer meeting—
 Give up your hearts to Jesus,
 Who'll from pollution free us—
 Give up your hearts to Jesus, *In this, &c.*
- 6 O sinners now attend us, :||: :||:
 In our prayer meeting—
 Believe, repent, this moment,
 Fly to the great atonement—
 Believe, repent, this moment, *In this, &c.*

HYMN 56. M. 7's.

- 1 COME, and taste along with me,
 Consolation running free,
 From my fathers wealthy throne,
 Sweeter than the honey comb.
- 2 Why should Christians feast alone?
 All are better far than some;
 Th' more come in with free good will,
 Makes the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,
 Asking for a little more;
 Jesus gives a double share.
 Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Heaven's here and heaven's there,
 Goodness flowing ev'ry where,
 This I boldly can attest,
 That my soul has got a taste.

HYMN 57. M. 7's.—CENNICK.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As we journey let us sing
Sing our Saviours worthy praise;
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land,
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!
-

HYMN 58. C. M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of life, to all below,
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish and o'erflow
Ev'ry believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy sake.
- 3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide,
To our eternity.
- 4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by the with willing heart,
We swift return to God.
- 5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea—
Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

HYMN 59. C. M.—NEWTON.

- 1 **O** Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art !
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
 - 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
'That we may render praise.
 - 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
'The wounded spirit heal.
 - 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
-

HYMN 60. L. M.—ELLCOTT.

- 1 **T**HOU, who for sinners once was slain,
Once dead, but now alive again,
Give me to know, to taste and prove,
The pow'r and sweetness of thy love.
 - 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiv'n ;
And know myself an heir of heav'n ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And fill me with the love of God.
-

HYMN 61. L. M.—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 heav'nly 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.

HYMN 62. C. M.

The road to Hell and Heaven described. Matt. vii. 13, 14.

- 1 **W**IDE is the gate, and broad the way,
Which leads to endless woe!
My soul, behold what multitudes
Down to perdition go!
- 2 But yonder see that narrow path,
Which leads to endless bliss—
There see a happy, chosen few,
Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.
- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Sion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious map,
And God himself their friend.
- 4 Dear Lord! I would a pilgrim be,
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not for ten thousand worlds;
Be banish'd from thy sight.
- 5 'Tis heaven to see thy blissful face—
I long to dwell above,
To feast on thy unbounded stores,
And praise redeeming love.

 HYMN 63. L. M.—WATTS.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 2-12.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart—
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all our woes
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war—
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest 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.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love—
From Christ, the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin—
With endless pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest 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.
- 8 Blest 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.

HYMN 64. C. M.—WATTS.

The pilgrimage of the saints from Earth to Heaven.

- 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 pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous 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 By glimmering hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the dang'rous road ;
Through dismal deeps and Satan's snares,
We make our way to God.
- 5 Our journey is a thorny maze,]—
But we march upwards still ;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
And aim for Zions hill.
- 6 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
'To welcome travellers home.

HYMN 65. P. M. 8's & 7's.

- 1 **W**ANDERING pilgrims, mourning christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ,

Who endure great tribulation,
 And with sins are much distress'd,
 Christ has sent me to invite you
 To a rich and costly feast;
 Let not shame or pride prevent you,
 Come, the rich provisions 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 all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda, waiting,
 Till the troubled waters move;
 If no man appears to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk;
 Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you—
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

If like Peter you are sinking
 In the sea of unbelief,
 Wait with patience, always praying,
 Christ will send you sweet relief.
 He will give you grace and glory,
 All your wants shall be supplied;
 Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom,
 Down he'll send a heavenly convoy,
 To convey you to his home.
 There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from every want and care;
 Come, oh come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 66. C. M.—COWPER.

The mysteries of Providence. John xiii. 7.

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 sovereign 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 or his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste;
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 67. M. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a merciful God.
Thy love for a sinner 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.

HYMN 68. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 7.

- 1 **O** IF the lamb had not been slain,
 To save us from perdition,
 And everlasting life to gain,
 What had been our condition?
 But since poor sinners favor'd are,
 To have a friend so very dear,
 We cannot but be happy.
- 2 As pardon'd sinners we rejoice
 With Jesus' congregation;
 Above all other things we prize
 His bitter death and passion;
 His wounds, his tears, his bloody sweat,
 We bear in mind and can't forget
 His unexampled mercy.
- 3 O brethren! let us raise our hearts,
 To praise the king of glory;
 And let us all with one accord,
 Sing glory, glory, glory.
 Ye angels join with saints to sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 With glory, hallelujah.

 HYMN 69. P. M. 7's & 6's.

- 1 **O** H, when shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Thro' grace, I am determin'd
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them all adieu;

- And you my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray,
 Gird on your heavenly armor,
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.
- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend,
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.
-

HYMN 70. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.—ROBINSON.

Christ our Guide. Ps. xlvii. 14.

- 1 **G**UIDE us; O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, thy chrystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow,
 Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through.
 Strong deliv'rer,
 Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side,
 Songs of praises,
 We will ever give to thee.

HYMNS BEFORE SERMON:

OR THE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures.**HYMN 71. L. M.—FAWCETT.**

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfi'd with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

HYMN 72. C. M.—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 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

HYMN 73. M. 7's—HOSKINS.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Father, gracious Lord,
Give us ears to hear thy word;
Give us hearts to love and fear,
Give us now to find the near.
- 2 Let us know and praise thee more,
Let us live on mercy's store,
Let us sing our Saviour's love,
Till we join the saints above.
- 3 Then we'll praise thee and adore,
On the happy blissful shore;
Praise, with all the heav'nly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
-

HYMN 74. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And let each guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 3 To them a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load,
Quicken, and wash the troubled heart
In thine atoneing blood.
- 4 Their desp'rate state through sin declare
And speak their sins forgiv'n;
By daily growth in grace prepare,
Then take them up to heav'n.
-

HYMN 75. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed—
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 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 forever
 To thy praise and glory live!

HYMN 76. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,
 And teach his tongue to speak;
 Food to the hungry soul impart,
 And succour to the weak.
- 2 Furnish us all with light and pow'rs,
 To walk in wisdom's ways;
 So shall the benefit be ours,
 And thou shalt have the praise.
-

HYMN 77. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.—ASKINS.

- 1 **H**OLY God, and hast thou sent
 Me here to preach to day?
 O! captise my soul with fire,
 And point me out the way,
 While I draw the gospel bow,
 Jesus let thine arrows fly,
 May each sinner feel this day,
 That Christ for him did die.
- 2 Lord, we have assembled here
 To hear what thou wilt say;
 From the east and from the west,
 Yea north and south to pray—
 If I'm sent to preach thy word,
 Holy God, display thy pow'r;
 May we have a Pentecost,
 A sweet refreshing show'r.
- 3 Lord of Heav'n and earth descend
 And feed thy lambs to-day;
 Help us in thy name to preach,
 To hear, to sing and pray.
 O, for streams of grace and love!
 O, for floods of life and pow'r!
 Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,
 A sweet refreshing show'r.

AFTER SERMON.



HYMN 78. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
 Be it thy servant's care,
 Thy heav'nly blessings to bring down,
 By humble, fervent pray'r.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid.
 And water too in vain;
 Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
 Send down thy 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."

HYMN 79. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 **T**O thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our pow'rs,
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours.
 Our praises, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.
- 2 On 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.

HYMN 80. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Ev'ry sentence—Oh, how tender!
 Ev'ry line is full of love—
 Listen to it,
 Ev'ry line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's king proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner, "Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name."
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,
 Fearful hearts they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears:
 Tender heralds,
 Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 We entreat you,
 Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed,
 Who receiv'd the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord!
 Can you slight it,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
- 6 O, ye angels hov'ring round us,
 Waiting spirits speed your way,
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay;
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.



HYMNS

FOR

FAMILY WORSHIP.**MORNING HYMNS.****HYMN 81. L. M.**

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and with the sun
 Your daily course of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay your morning sacrifice.

- 2 Blessed be God, who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd us, while we slept:
Now help us Lord to watch and pray,
And serve thee faithfully to-day.
- 3 O Lord, illumine, direct our way,
In all we think, or do, or say;
That all our pow'rs, with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Teach each of us, thy will to know,
And do the same while here below,
So that when we from death awake
We may of endless life partake.

HYMN 82. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD in the morning I will send
My pray'r to reach thine ear;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.
- 2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.
- 3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide—
Warn me of ev'ry loe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.
- 4 So shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My hope, my trust, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.
- 5 Thus let my moments smoothly run,
And sing my hours away,
Till ev'ning shade and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN 83. M. 7's.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, we would be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Banish ev'ry doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heav'nly shore.
-

HYMN 84. C. M.

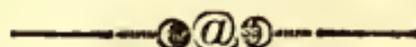
- 1 **W**HEN we, with welcome slumber press'd
Had clos'd our weary eyes,
A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.
- 2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
'Their long eternal doom,
And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.
- 3 But life to us its light prolongs,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.
-

HYMN 85. S. M.—SCOTT.

- 1 **S**EE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'uly parent sing,
And to its great original,
'The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind preserver near.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

HYMN 86. C. M.—DEACON.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, and praise the Lord,
For all his rich supplies;
His goodness has again restor'd
My dormant faculties.
- 2 Rais'd from the slumbers of the night,
In which I helpless lay:
Lord, I adore thee for the light
Of this returning day.
- 3 I bless thee for thy gracious care,
Vouchsaf'd to me and mine;
O may we still thy goodness share,
And be forever thine.



EVENING HYMNS.



HYMN 87. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
'Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
'The bosom of my love!

HYMN 88. L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy own 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 O let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
-

HYMN 89. C. M.—MASON.

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us Lord, to offer up
Our ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 This day, God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied,
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts desire,
-

HYMN 90. C. M.—S. DEACON.

- 1 **I**N Jesus' name we come to thee,
Thou God of holiness!
For Jesus' sake, look down, and see
Us at thy throne of grace,

- 1 We thank thee, Lord, for ev'ry good
 Conferr'd on us and ours:
 For house, apparel, health and food,
 For all thy bounty pours.
 2 Oh! take us in thy arms, and keep
 Us through the silent night:
 Give us refreshment in our sleep,
 And fit us for the light.
-

HYMN 91. C. M.—S. DEACON.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a lonely band
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.
 2 Preserv'd by thee, another day,
 Another song we raise;
 For Jesus sake, accept, we pray,
 Our gratitude and praise.
 4 Now take us underneath thy wing—
 Our God our guardian be;
 That in the morning we may sing
 Another Hymn to thee.
-

HYMN 92. C. M.

Saturday night.

- 1 **B**E GONE, my wordly cares away,
 Nor dare to tempt my sight;
 Let me begin the ensuing day,
 Before I end this night.
 2 Yes let the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my heart and tongue;
 Begin, my soul! thy sabbath days
 Can never be too long.
 3 Let the past mercies of the week
 Excite a grateful frame;
 Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
 Some good of Jesus' name.
 4 On wings of expectation borne,
 My hopes to heav'n ascend,
 I long to welcome in the morn,
 With *thee* the day to spend.

S A B B A T H.



HYMN 93. L. M.

Sabbath morning.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away,
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 2 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A sabbath which shall never end.

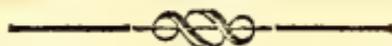
HYMN 94. S. M.—WATTS.

- 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.

HYMN 95. C. M.—BROWN.

Sabbath evening.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams,
 And yet how slow devotion burns,
 How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 And Sabbaths never end.
- 4 There we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
 With heav'nly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.



HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE MONTHLY CONCERT:

AND FOR

MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS.



HYMN 96. S. M.

- 1 **O** GOD of sov'reign grace,
 We bow before thy throne;
 And plead, for all the human race,
 The merits of thy Son.
- 2 Spread thro' the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways;
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise!

HYMN 97. L. M.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smiling of thy face,
 Assemble round thy mercy seat,
 And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
 Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
 And feel some animating hope
 We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 That his dominion shall extend,
 Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
 And ev'ry knee before him bend?
- 4 Now let the happy time appear,
 The time to favor Zion come;
 Send forth thy heralds far and near,
 To call poor careless sinners home.
-

HYMN 98. L. M.

- 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 spread 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 We long to have the day appear,
 The promis'd great Sabbatic year;
 When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 4 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
 And this our daily prayer shall be,
 Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.
-

HYMN 99. L. M.—BEDDOME.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty king,
 And spread thy glories all abroad;
 Let thy own arm salvation bring,
 And be thou 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 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdom of the Lord,
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN 100. C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, 'My son shall reign
To earth's remotest bound:
I will his holy throne maintain,
And all his foes confound.
- 2 Arise, O God, thy strength display.
Stretch forth thy conquering sword;
O'er every land thy sceptre sway,
And shed thy grace abroad.
- 3 Soon may the Gentile and the Jew
With one consent submit;
And men of every name and hue,
Bow at Immanuel's feet.
- 4 Send forth thy Spirit with thy word,
To every tribe and tongue;
Let all the nations praise the Lord,
In one delightful song.

HYMN 101. L. M.—DODRIDGE.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy seryants give thee rest,
'Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise;
'Till thy own power shall stand confess'd,
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 For this a lowly suspliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait:
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

- 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
 And call the nations from afar;
 Let all the Isles their saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

HYMN 102. C. M.—GIBBONS.

Prayer for the success of Missions. Ps. lxxli. 7, 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's power;
 Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour,
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens, and fruits array'd
 A blooming Paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root,
 In each regen'rate heart;
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace with her olives crown'd shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore;
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 Nor murd'rous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord for those days we wait—those days
 Are in thy word foretold;
 Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
 This promis'd age of gold.
- 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumber'd myriads cry;
 Amen—with joy divine, let heav'ns
 Unnumber'd choirs reply.

HYMN 103. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 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 jub'lee,
 Let the glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

1 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.

HYMN 104. C. M.--RIPPON.

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

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind;
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around;
 Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul
 Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O! when shall *Afric's* sable sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly word,
 And vassals long enslav'd become
 The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd *Heathen* tribes
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our *Immanuel's* feet,
 And learn to see his grace?

6 Haste sov'reign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love:
 Soften the Tiger to a lamb,
 The Vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on ev'ry effort made
 To spread the gospel's rays;
 And build on sin's demolish'd thrones
 The temples of thy praise!

HYMN 105. L. M.

Isa. li. 9.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
 Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah—God alone!"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be appli'd
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
 In ev'ry land, of ev'ry name;
 Let adverse pow'rs before the fall,
 And crown the Saviour—*Lord of all.*
-

HYMN 106. P. M. 8, 7, 7, 8, 4, 7.

- 1 **W**HO but thou, Almighty Spirit,
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but till thou favor,
 Heathens still will be the same:
 Mighty Spirit!
 Witness to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Thou hast promis'd by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days:
 Come and bless bewilder'd nations,
 Change our pray'rs and tears to praise;
 Promis'd Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes, and pray'rs and labors,
 Must be vain without thine aid:
 But thou wilt not disappoint us,
 All is true that thou hast said:
 Faithful Spirit!
 O'er the world thine influence shed,
-

HYMN 107. L. M.—MEEDHAM.

- 1 **N**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 thy sun or light arise,
 Thy name, O God! immortalize;
 May nations yet unborn confess,
 Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

HYMN 108. L. M.

SOV'REIGN of worlds display thy pow'r,
 Be this thy Zion's favor'd hour;
 Bid the brightest morning star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.
 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 On Afric's shore or Indian's plains,
 On wilds and continents unknown,
 And be the universe thine own.
 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice
 Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
 Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
 And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 109. C. M.—GIBBONS.

Church's increase promised. Psalm li. 8.

FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That thro' the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?
 'Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
 "For thine inheritance;
 "And the wide world's remotest shores,
 "Thine empire shall advance."
 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?
 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd—
 Europe with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannah's to thy Lord!
 Asia, and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame;
 And thou, America, in songs
 Redeeming love proclaim!

HYMN 110. L. M.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys
 Wide as he shines from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his control.

111-12 MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 2 So Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Let sin and hell's terrific gloom
Swift, at thy brightness, flee away,
And usher in the promis'd day:
 - 3 Then shall the heathen fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Anti-Christ, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.
 - 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shore—thro' Asia's ground;
And Europe with America
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
 - 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet,
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.
-

HYMN 111. L. M.—WESLEY.

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From those adopted in their stead.
 - 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through every nation under heav'n,
Rejecting whom they crucifi'd,
Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiv'n.
 - 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thy own away?
No—thou wilt bid them turn and look
On him they pierc'd, and mourn and pray.
 - 4 Come, then, thou great deliv'rer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That they may sing redeeming love.
-

HYMN 112. S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home,
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all thy wand'ers come.
- 2 Where'er in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain;
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

- 3 By preaching of the word,
 May they be brought to hear
 That the Messiah, Christ the Lord,
 Did once on earth appear.
- 4 Open their hearts, and bring
 Them humbly for to own
 That he's their Lord their God and King,
 The true annointed *one*.
- 5 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
 Let all the nations meet.
 And show the gospel plan fulfil'd,
 The family complete.

HYMN 113. L. M.—VOKE.

Signs of the times.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the promis'd time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear,
 Benold the wilderness assume
 The beautiful tints of Eden's bloom,

CHORUS.

*There's a better day a coming!—
 Come and go along with me;
 There's a better day a coming,
 Go sound the jubilee.*

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
 To raise our faith our zeal to fire;
 The ripening fields already white,
 Present a *harvest* to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow;
 The exil'd slave waits to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come let us, with a grateful heart,
 In the blest labor share a part,
 Our pray'rs and offerings gladly bring
 'To aid the triumphs of our King.

HYMN 114. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 2 **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 O! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving,
 To our hearts to hear each day,
 Joyful news from far arriving,
 How the Gospel wins its way;
 Those enlight'ning,
 Who in death and darkness lay.

HYMN 115. P. M. 7's. & 6's.

The millenium dawning.

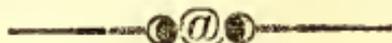
- 1 **T**HE gloomy night of darkness
 Begins to flee away,
 The red'ning streaks of morning
 Proclaim the rising day;
 That welcome day of promise,
 When Christ shall claim his right,
 And on the world in darkness,
 Pour forth a flood of light.

CHORUS.

*O give God the glory,
 Give him all the glory;
 O give God the glory,
 Glory is his own.*

- 2 Now love unites the people,
 And tears away the bars;
 They lay aside their weapons
 And cease from strife and wars—
 All with united voices -
 All join with one accord;
 Ascribing free salvation
 And glory to the Lord.
- 3 The beams of truth revealed
 Pervades the sinner's heart,
 Aghast they fall and tremble,
 As pierced with a dart;
 Their earnest cries for mercy
 Sound through the parting skies;
 The gracious Saviour hears them,
 And smiling, bids them rise,
- 4 Now Satan roars with anguish,
 His servants quake with fear;
 His boasted kingdom totters,
 Its fall we soon shall hear:
 Go on victorious Saviour,
 Go on Almighty King—
 O chain the woeful Dragon,
 And cause the world to sing.

- 6 Come let's begin the anthems,
 And join the choir above,
 To praise the blessed Jesus,
 And bless the God we love.
 We'll sing in strains of glory
 Salvation to our God,
 Hosanna to our Jesus,
 Who wash'd us in his blood.
- 6 The courts of heav'n are ringing
 With songs of highest strains,
 And ceaseless praise is rolling
 Along the flow'ry plains;
 O could we rise triumphant,
 And join with them above,
 To shout and sing forever,
 Free grace and conq'ring love.



MISSIONARY HYMNS.



HYMN 116. L. M.

- 1 **H**OLY God, to thee we pray,
 Ope thou the missionaries' way—
 Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
 That zeal which burns to spread thy love.
- 2 With cheerful steps may they proceed
 Where'r thy providence may lead:
 Let heav'n and earth their work befriend,
 And mercy all their paths attend.
- 3 Let num'rous solemn crowds be found,
 Anxious to hear the gospel sound;
 And rude barbarians, bond and free,
 In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 4 Where pagan altars now are built,
 And brutal blood, or human, spilt;
 There may Immanuel's cross be rear'd,
 And God, our God, alone rever'd.

HYMN 117. L. M.

- 1 **L**IKE Abra'm, to a land unknown,
 Are our dear missionaries gone;
 Obedient to the heav'nly call,
 They leave their country and their all.

118-19 MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 2 The various dangers by the way
Perils and toils by night and day,
The boist'rous deep and death they brave
The Islands of the sea to save.
 - 3 May their whole souls and selves be blest
In Abram's God, with peace and rest,
In each distressing, trying hour,
Be Abram's God their shield and tow'r.
 - 4 When they arrive at distant lands,
With Jesus' gospel in their hands,
O may the tidings of his love,
Salvation to the heathen prove!
 - 5 There may redeeming love be shown,
And all the Saviour's glories known,
Till heathen gods like Dagon fall,
And Abram's God be all in all.
 - 6 Hail! hail! dear missionaries, hail!
Go on, and prosper and prevail,
Till grace shall Satan's works destroy,
And fill the heathen world with joy.
-

HYMN 118. L. M.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound;
Lord send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.
 - 2 Guide thou our lips, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell;
To those who give, do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart.
 - 3 Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care
That in thy grace, they all may share:
And those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.
-

HYMN 119. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see on heathen altars slain,
Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,
To purge their parents dismal stains.
- 2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r,
And while our hearts in anguish bleed
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

- 3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation show;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful lab'ers are but few.
- 4 O send our preachers, gracious Lord,
Among the dark bewilder'd race;
Open their eyes and bless their word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.
-

HYMN 120. S. M.

Math. ix. 37, 38.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry,
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of pow'r,
As workers with their God:
- 4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the Saviour, Lord,||
To all the human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.
-

HYMN 121. S. M.—VOKE.

Missionaries addressed and encouraged.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid,
With sacred courage go.

122-23 MONTHLY CONCERT.

- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.
-

HYMN 122. C. M.

- 1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish thro' Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.
- 2 What tho' your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path.
- 3 Yet, with determin'd courage go,
And arm'd with pow'r 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 e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.
-

HYMN 123. P. M. 8's & 7's.—FRANCIS.

Collection for the spread of the gospel.

- 1 **W**ITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Where ten thousand worlds my manor
All were nothing to his word.
- 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

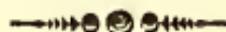
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted,
 May the world the Saviour know;
 Be my all to him devoted,
 To my Lord, my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
 Praise him all ye hosts above;
 Shout with joyful acclamations,
 His divine victorious love.



HYMNS

FOR

UNION PRAYER MEETINGS.



HYMN 124. S. M.—BEDDOME.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread:
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love abound,
 Heirs of the same inheritance
 Should be in union found.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd from our sight:
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who in the Lord delight.
- 4 Then will the church below
 Resemble that above;
 Whare streams of pleasure ever flow
 And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 125. C. M.—SWAIN.

Brotherly love. Ps. cxxxiii.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one anothers 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 envy, scorn and pride,
 Our wishes fix above;
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through ev'ry 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.

HYMN 126. P. M. 8's & 7's.

- 1 **C**OME, my Christian friends and brethren,
 Bound for Canaan's happy land;
 Come unite and walk together,
 Christ the Saviour gives command.
 Lay aside all party spirit,
 Slight your Christian friends no more,
 Come, unite, through Jesus' merit,
 Zion's peace again restore.
- 2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
 This to God alone is free;
 Nor contend for non-essentials,
 But in Christ united be.
 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
 This shall all our doctrine prove;
 Christ the centre of our union,
 And the bond is Christian love.
- 3 Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,
 Now in fellowship I'll give;
 Now we love and peace inherit,
 Show the world how Christian's live;
 Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
 Male or female, bond or free;
 Christ is all in all forever,
 And we're happy Lord, in thee.
- 4 Now we'll preach and pray together,
 Praise, give thanks, and shout, and sing,
 Now we'll strengthen one another,
 And adore our heavenly King ;)

Now we'll join in sweet communion,
 Round the table of our Lord;
 Lord confirm our Christian union,
 By thy spirit and thy word.

- 5 Soon the world will be constrained
 To believe in Christ our king;
 Thousands, thousands be converted,
 Round the earth his praises ring;
 Happy day! O joyful hour,
 Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless;
 Send thy word, my Lord with power,
 Fill the world with righteousness.

HYMN 127. S. M.--FAWCETT.

Love to the Brethren.

- 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 sympathising tear.
- 4 When we assunder 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.

HYMN 128. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great shepherd of thy sheep,
 To thee for help we fly;
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For O the wolf is nigh!
- 2 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree!
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in thee.

- 3 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die;
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.
-

HYMN 129. L. M.

He that loveth God will love his brother.

- 1 **T**HE love of God how great to men,
 To send his Son to save from sin,
 To show our feet the way to heav'n,
 To show our sins are all forgiv'n.
- 2 This love doth teach us all to know
 That we should love each other so,
 That hell, with all its fi'ry darts,
 Should never disunite our hearts.
- 3 He calls us one, his spouse, his bride,
 O let no enemy divide:
 Let love unite, let heav'nly flames.
 Consume, destroy all party names.
- 4 Let's take each other by the hand,
 And walk to Canaan's happy land,
 We'll there unite to praise this love,
 That brought us safe to heav'n above.
-

HYMN 130. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd.
 With confidence we seek thy face
 And know our pray'r is heard.
- 4 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke,
 A band of love, a three-fold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,
 Baptize into thy name;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree:
 And ever t'wards each other move,
 And ever move t'wards thee.

HYMN 131. C. M.—MILLER.

Church Union. Col. ii. 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!
- 2 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire;
 He stop'd and talk'd, and fed and blest:
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS, L. M.

*"A Saviour!" let creation sing!
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours!
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er—
 We'er joining them who're gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.*

- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
 But pour a mighty flood;
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
"A Saviour!" &c.
- 5 And when thou mark'st thy jewels up,
 And set'st thy starry crown;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own.
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners, sav'd by grace;
 From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face!
"A Saviour!" &c.

HYMNS

FOR

SPECIAL PRAYER MEETINGS:

AND FOR

SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

HYMN 132. L. M.

The peoples prayer for their pastor.

- 1 **W**ITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send,
O love him, save him to the end!
Nor let him as thy pilgrim rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN 133. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6. 7, 6, 7, 6.

Prayer for a Big Meeting.

- 1 **I**N view of the big meeting,
Which we intend to hold;
We now have met together,
To call upon the Lord.
O, may our God attend us!
And hear our ardent pray'r!
Salvation, grace and mercy,
Grant us and ours to share.
- 2 O Father, bless the Preachers,
We humbly do beseech;
Who at th' appointed meeting
Thy word intend to preach.

- O, let the gospel power,
 Be felt by ev'ry soul;
 Who there may meet to hear it,
 And yeald to thy control.
- 3 O, let the holy spirit
 Be poured out afresh!
 Let christians be revived—
 Do thou the meeting bless;
 And kingdom, pow'r and glory,
 We ever will ascribe
 To Father, Son and Spirit,
 For prospering the bride.

HYMN 134. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY is he, whose early days
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Tis eas'er work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes;
 Whille sinners, who grow hard in sin,
 Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young:
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And makes our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee almighty God! to thee
 Our hearts we now resign;
 'Twill please us to look back, and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ our daily breath:
 Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
 Or fit for early death.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Female prayer meeting.

- 1 **T**HOU bridegroom of the soul, behold
 This part of thy beloved fold;
 Thy virgins, have before the met,
 And now thy cheering presence wait.
- 2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
 And let the sanctifying grace
 Which flows from thy humanity,
 Make us well pleasing unto thee.

- 3 O may we feel thy saving pow'r,
Thy grace and aid, each day and hour;
Thus all thy mercies which we prove,
Will us excite to praise and love.

HYMN 136. L. M.--B:—.

Out door worship. Mark xvi, 15.

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

HYMN 137. C. M.—C. W.—.

The parent's prayer. John iv. 46—49.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great healer of mankind,
Who dost our sorrows bear,
Let an afflicted parent find
An answer to his pray'r.
- 2 I look for help in thee alone,
To thee for succor fly;
Come down and heal my darling child,
Now at the point to die.
- 3 Jesus, if thou pronounce the word,
The gracious answer give,
My dying child shall be restor'd,
And to thy glory live.
- 4 Oh! save the parent in the child,
Restore it, Lord to me;
My heart the miracle shall own,
And give it back to thee.

HYMN 138. L. M.

Prayer of a sick child.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will;
Thou soon canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
- 2 Let me be patient ev'ry day,
And mind what those who nurse me say:
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good for Jesus' sake.
-

HYMN 139. L. M.—BROWN.

Sickness and death.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy minutes haste away,
Apace comes on the final day;
When in the arms of icy death,
I must give up my vital breath.
- 2 When all the springs of life are low
The spirits faint, the pulses slow,
The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
Presages of approaching death.
- 3 O come my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay?
And how the unknown region try,
And launch into eternity.
- 4 Cleanse me, O God, with blood divine,
Renew my heart and make me thine;
Then when th' important hour shall come
My soul shall triumph o'er the tomb.
-

HYMN 140. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **D**ISEASES are thy servants, Lord!
They come at thy command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 2 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 3 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

HYMN 141. C. M.—TO PLADY.

The saint's glorious hope.

- 1 **W**HEN langour and disease invade,
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 3 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore;
Ee with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 4 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As tho' but newly slain.
- 5 O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd
My spirit flies away.
-

HYMN 142. L. M.

The afflicted longing for heaven.

- 1 **H**OW I long to go and see
The lamb of God who died for me,
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!
- 2 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain,
To be releas'd from all my pain.
- 3 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.
-

HYMN 143. C. M.

Serious thoughts under affliction.

- 1 **M**Y life declines, my strength is gone,
Disease and pains prevail;
Death threatens to arrest me soon,
My heart and flesh doth fail.

- 2 Soon must I leave this body here,
 Soon must my soul away;
 O awful thought! my soul prepare
 For that tremendous day!
- 3 But how shall I prepare my heart,
 Eternal life to gain?
 Jesus, thy grace, thy strength impart,
 For all I do is vain.
- 4 Renew'd and justified by grace,
 Complete I then shall stand
 Before th' Almighty Father's face,
 When he my life demand.

HYMN 144. C. M.—GEEN.

Parent's prayer for their children.

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

HYMN 145. C. M.—COWPER.

Prayer on behalf of the young.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and bless the rising race
 Make this a happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty power.
- 2 Dear youth, we know your sinful state,
 May God your hearts renew;
 We would awhile ourselves forget,
 To pour our pray'rs for you.
- 3 We see, tho' you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching awful doom!
 Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come!

HYMN 146. L. M.

A warning to the youth.

- 1 **Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,
 Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth
 Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
 With all your talents and your time.
- 2 Think on your end, nor thoughtless say,
 I'll put far off the evil day:
 Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
 And death stands ready at the door.
- 3 Eternity! how near it rolls!
 Count the vast value of your souls!
 Beware, and count the awful cost
 What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.
- 4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares
 Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears,
 Take the alarm, the danger fly!
 Lord, *save me*, be your earnest cry.

HYMN 147. C. M.—NEWTON.

New Year.

- 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 From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

- 2 Send down the spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here
And praise thee in our room.
-

HYMN 148. C. M.—BERRIDGE.

Marriage, or a wedding Hymn. John ii. 1, 2.

- 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 In purest love these souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home
Where they shall part no more.
-

HYMN 149. C. M.

Secret prayer. Mark i. 35.

- 1 **M**Y lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.
- 2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord,
His footsteps I will trace;
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.
- 3 Early I'll rise, and sing and pray,
While I the light enjoy;
May this bless'd work from day to day,
My heart and tongue employ.

HYMN 150. C. M.

Before the reading of the Scriptures.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
'Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
 - 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
 - 3 Help me to read this volume o'er
With new and fresh delight,
Help me to love its author more,
To seek thee day and night.
 - 4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.
-

HYMN 151. C. M.

Praise for the word of God.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines!
 - 2 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
 - 3 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.
-

HMYN 152. C. M.

- 1 **S**AYS *Faith*, "Look yonder, see the crown
"Laid up in heav'n above;"
Says *Hope*, "Anon it shall be mine;"
"I long to wear't" says *Love*.
- 2 *Desire* saith, "what! is there my crown?
"Then to that place I'll flee;
"I cannot bear a longer stay,
"My rest I fain would see."

- 3 "But stay," says *Patience*, "wait awhile,
 "The crown's for those that fight;
 "The prize for those that run the race
 "By faith and not by sight."
 4 Thus *Faith* does take a pleasing view,
Hope waits, *Love* sits and sings,
Desire, she flutters to be gone,
 But *Patience* clips her wings.
-

HYMN 153. C. M.

Prayer of the aged,

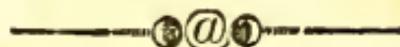
- 1 **E**TERNAL God! enthron'd on high!
 Whom angel hosts adore;
 Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh;
 Thy presence I implore.
 2 Oh, guide me down the steep of age,
 And keep my passions cool;
 Teach me to scan the sacred page,
 And practice ev'ry rule.
 3 My flying years, 'time urges on,
 What's human must decay;
 My friends, my young companions gone,
 Can I expect to stay?
 4 Ah! no: then smooth the mortal hour,
 On thee my hope depends;
 Support me with almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.
-

HYMN 154. L. M.

Prayer for a little child.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Lord,
 Look down on me;
 Oh, may thy word
 My treasure be.
 2 My heart impress
 With gratitude,
 To give thee praise
 For health and food.
 3 For *Pa* and *Ma*,
 And friends so dear,
 Who make my wants
 Their daily care.

- 4 For Jesus Christ,
Far more than all,
Who gave his life
To save my soul.
- 5 My sins forgive,
For his dear sake,
And bid me live,
Thy grace partake.
- 6 Thy spirit grant
To guide my ways,
To fear and serve
Thee all my days.
- 7 And when my end
Of life shall be,
May I ascend
To dwell with thee.



ALARMING AND AWAKENING.



HYMN 155 P. M. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.—NEWTON.

The alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe!
Hell beneath, is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

*Then b' 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 his judgment he'll proclaim,
When the earth will melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
Oh! be entreated, &c.

- 2 Ghastly death will quickly come,
 And drag you to his bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair.
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood crimson die;
 Each for vengeance cry aloud,
 And what will you reply?
Come, b' entreated, &c.
- 4 Tho' your hearts be made of steel,
 Your foreheads lin'd with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass.
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.
Once again I pray you stop, &c.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know;
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow:
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died—
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None that come shall be denied,
 He says there still is room.
For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

HYMN 156. C. M.—W—

- 1 **Y**E unconverted, careless souls,
 Wake up and turn to God;
 Or else you surely will be damn'd,
 According to his word.
- 2 For in the bible it is said
 By him that cannot lie,
 "Repent, believe, be born again"—
 "The soul that sins shall die."
- 4 Now sinners lay this well to heart,
 And turn without delay;
 O hasten to the Saviour's arms,
 Whilst it is call'd to-day
- 4 It is your wisdom so to do,
 'Twill be your int'rest too;
 Then be entreated *now* to come
 To *Christ*, who died for you.

HYMN 157. M. 7's.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will you die?
 God your maker asks you why?
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
 God your Saviour asks you why?
 God who did your spirit give,
 Died himself that you might live.
 Will you let him die in vain
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will ye slight his grace and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die!
 God, the spirit, asks you why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love.
 Will you not his grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long sought sinners, why,
 Will you grieve your God and die?
- 4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritu'ly dead in sin;
 Dead to God while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you forever die?

HYMN 158. L. M.

Expostulation. Isa. xxxiii. 14.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
 Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
 Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
 Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
 Madly attempt the infernal gate,
 And force thy passage to the flames.

- Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.
-

HYMN 159. C. M.—HART.

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh, think—before thou die!
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save,
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are they hopes beyond the grave—
How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence,
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To Heav'n—or down to Hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day
Sinner it speaks to you:
Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.
-

HYMN 160. C. M.

- 1 **S**INNER, how oft hath God reprov'd
And fill'd the with distress!
Yet still thou perseverest in
The paths of wickedness.
- 2 Sudden destruction soon will come,
On those who thus rebel;
Eternal vengeance will consign
Their guilty souls to hell.
- 3 O tremble at the awful thought,
And yield to sov'reign grace,
Lest God should say "Ill strive no more,"
And frown thee from his face.

HYMN 161. C. M.

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

HYMN 162. M. 7's.—NEWTON.

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hands endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day.
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!
 For his judgment stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.
-

HYMN 163. C. M.—DODDRIDGE.

Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay;
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are despatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And calls you to his bar;
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

HYMN 164. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.—LEE.

Rom. iii. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,
 And points his fatal dart;
 When dark foreboding fears
 Distract the sinner's heart!
 The dreadful blow no arm can stay,
 But torn away, he sinks to woe.
- 2 Now every hope denied,
 Bereft of every good,
 He must the wrath abide
 Of an avenging God:
 No mercy there will greet his ear,
 Nor wipe the tear of black despair.
- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,
 And flee the wrath to come;
 Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
 And heav'n shall be your home:
 His mercy nigh, now points the path
 That leads from death to joys on high.

HYMN 165. C. M.—COWPER.

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away,
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.
- 2 O don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where poor mortals will you be,
 If destitute of grace;
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face?
- 4 O sinners, sinners, wont you hear,
 When in God's name we come?
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.
- 5 O let not all these calls be vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear;
 Lest you should meet them *all again,*
When wrapt in black despair.

HYMN 166. S. M.—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
 Thro' Christ the living gate;
 But those who hate this holy way
 Complain it is too strait.
- 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 But hear the Saviour's word,
 "Strive for the heav'nly gate;
 Many will call upon the Lord,
 And find their cries too late!
-

HYMN 167. L. M.

- 1 **K**NOW sinners ev'ry one is free
 To choose his course and what he'll be
 For this eternal truth is giv'n,
 That God will *force no man to heav'n.*
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct aright,
 Bless us with wisdom, love and light;
 In nameless ways be good and kind,
 But never *force the human mind.*
- 3 Freedom and reason make us men,
 Take these away, what are we then?
 Mere animals, and just as well;
 E'en brutes might think of heav'n or hell.
- 4 O then no more your pow'rs abuse,
 But ways of truth and goodness choose!
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve
 His grace, and seek the worlds above.
- 5 But if you take the downward road,
 And make in hell your last abode;
 Our God is clear, and you shall know,
 You plung'd *yourselves in endless woe.*
-

HYMN 168. C. M.—FAWCETT.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard,
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day,
 He calls you by his sacred word,
 From sins destructive way.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings, within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell,
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God, shall live,
Thro' his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.
-

HYMN 169. L. M.—DAVIES.

- 1 **O**NE thing is needful, one alone,
If this be our's all is our own:
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In death, and thro' eternity.
- 2 Without it we are all undone,
Tho' we may call the world our own;
Not all the joys of time and sense
Can countervail the loss immense.
- 3 Great God! that pow'rful grace of thine,
Which rous'd a soul so dead as mine,
Can rouse these thoughtless sinners too,
The one thing needful to pursue.
-

HYMN 170. C. M.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood,
And shall he bleed in vain?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love to earth he came,
That you might come to heav'n;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sins forgiv'n.

- 4 Believe in him who died for thee.
 And sure as he hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.

HYMN 171. S. M.—HOSKINS.

The Hypocrite. Job xxvii. 8.

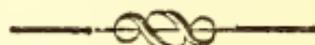
- 1 **L**ET hypocrites attend,
 And view their awful state.
 Consider well their latter end,
 Before it be to late.
- 2 Religion's form is vain,
 While we deny its pow'r!
 What will the hypocrite obtain,
 In death's tremendous hour.
- 3 Now he may credit gain,
 And in his affluence roll;
 But all his profit will be pain,
 When God shall take his soul.
- 4 Then, O what dread surprise,
 What horror and dismay,
 When death shall open wide his eyes;
 And tear his mask away.
- 5 Lord, search and know my heart,
 And make my soul sincere,
 And bid hypocrisy depart,
 And keep my conscience clear.

HYMN 172. C. M.

Exhortation to old and young.

- 1 **D**EAR people all attention give,
 And hear what I do say;
 Long your precious souls should live
 In everlasting day.
- 2 Remember you are hast'ning on,
 To death's dark gloomy shade;
 Your joys on earth will soon be gone,
 Your flesh in dust be laid.
- 3 Death's iron gate you must pass through,
 Ere long, my precious friends;
 Where do you then expect to go?
 Where will your souls then land?

- 4 Pray, meditate, before too late,
While in a gospel land;
Behold King Jesus at the gate,
Most lovingly doth stand.
- 5 Young men, how can you turn your face
From such a glorious friend?
Will you pursue the dangerous race,
Regardless of the end?
- 6 Will you pursue the awful road,
That leads to death and hell?
Will you rush on, bold foes to God!
With devils for to dwell?
- 7 Young women too, what will you do,
If out of Christ you die?
From all God's people you must go,
To weep, lament, and cry.
- 8 Come old, come young, who feel your guilt,
The fountain's open'd wide;
For you that precious blood was spilt,
That flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 9 There you may drink in endless joy,
And sing redeeming love,
Till golden harps your souls employ,
In praising Christ above.



CONVICTION AND PENITENTIAL.



HYMN 173. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y sorrows like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
- 2 This impious heart of mine,
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood,
A rebel to the skies,
And yet, and yet, (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.

- 4 O shall I never feel,
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel,
That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,
Here at thy cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

HYMN 174. C. M.—WATTS.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!
- 2 Was it for crimes, that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?—
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree?
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of tears can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 175. L. M.

- 1 **O**H! give me Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight,
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 4 Father of mercy ! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.
- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt:
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O might I enter, now I'm come,
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.

HYMN 176. L. M.—WESLEY.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of imbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping spirit cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 177. P. M. 8's & 7's.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature,
Be the purchase of thy death?

- 2 Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?
- 3 Sin on ev'ry side surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Help me, Lord, my grief to bear.
- 4 Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall;
Here I'll meet my condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.
-

HYMN 178. C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire:
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.
- 3 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God descend,
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n;
But let me feel thy blood appli'd,
And live and die forgiv'n.
-

HYMN 179. L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH aching heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries,
What shall I do, or wither 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 cried.
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth and growing years;
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look and anxious cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"
-

HYMN 180. M. 6 lines 7's.

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdu'd;
See his body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a gore of blood,
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal son!
- 2 Yes, your sins have done the deed,
Drove the nails, and fix'd him there;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice;
For lost sinners Jesus dies.
- 3 Can his off'ring be in vain?
No: a cov'nant keeping God
Says that "he shall see his seed"—
All the purchase of his blood.
Lord, with sin and self we part;
Saviour, take each broken heart.
-

HYMN 181. C. M.

1. **A**ND did, the holy and the just,
The sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer in his soul
Sustain'd the pains of hell.
The wrath of God, without control,
On him, our surety fell.

182-83 CONVICTION AND

- 3 He took the dying sinner's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace,)
 For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood!
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred pow'r to me.
- 6 What glad returns can I impart
 For favors so divine?
 O! take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.
-

MYHN 182. L. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **O**H thou, that hear'st when sinners cry
 Tho' 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 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
 Thy help and comfort still afford;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy son.
- 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.
-

HYMN 183. M. 7's.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN ruler, Lord of all,
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
 Hear, oh hear my ardent cry;
 Frown not, lest I faint and die.
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,
 Worst of rebels I have been!
 Oft abus'd thee to thy face,
 Tramped on thy richest grace!

- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart:
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my ev'ry wound;
Sooth, O sooth my troubled breast,
Give a weary wand'rer rest.

HYMN 184. L. M.—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 pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy laws, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there;
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 185 C. M.—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 O 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.
-

HYMN 186. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass,
 Methinks I see a bloody cross,
 Where a poor victim hangs;
 His flesh with rugged irons tore,
 His limbs all drest in purple gore,
 Gasping in dying pangs.
- 2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
 I ask'd who can this victim be,
 In such exquisite pain?
 Why thus consign'd to woes? I cri'd;
 "'Tis I," the bleeding God repli'd,
 "To save a world from sin."
- 3 A God for rebel mortals dies!
 How can it be, my soul replies!
 What! Jesus die for me!
 "Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,
 "I gave my life, I spilt my blood,
 For thee, poor soul, for thee."
- 4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n,
 To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
 And bless me with thy love;
 Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
 Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
 To reign with thee above.
-

HYMN 187. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **O**H, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore;
 When knotty whips and ragged thorns
 His sacred body tore!
- 2 "Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 3 "Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head,
 Break, break, my heart, O burst mine eyes
 And let my sorrows bleed.

- 4 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.
-

HYMN 188. L. M.—HART.

- 1 **O** FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feelings all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.
-

HYMN 189. P. M., 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 7, 8, 8.

- 1 **C**OME all ye tender hearted Christians,
O come and help me for to mourn,
To see the son of God a bleeding,
And view his prec'ous body torn.
Behold him praying in the garden,
With his body bowed down,
And the bloody sweat so running,
That drops were falling to the ground.
- 2 He was a man of constant sorrow,
And went a mourner all his days;
With sore distress was well acquainted,
But never went in sinful ways.
The foxes have their holes provided,
And the birds they have their nests,
But the son of man had no where
To lay his weary head to rest.
- 3 Behold him when the soldiers took him,
And led him unto Pilate's bar!
O come ye tender hearted Christians,
And view your dear Redeemer there;

- Behold him when he was condemned,
 Wearing of a thorny crown,
 And his tender temples pierced,
 Until the blood came running down.
- 4 And then behold the soldiers take him,
 And nail him to a shameful tree:
 O! see him on the cross a bleeding,
 His soul in mortal agony!
 Hark, now the legal thunders smite him,
 Lo, his burden'd bosom heave!
 Look how deep your sins have stung him,
 O, dying sinners, look and live!
- 5 They laid him in a new sepulchre,
 Where never man was laid before;
 He burst the bars of death asunder,
 And brought salvation to the poor,
 And now, he is gone up to heaven,
 Pleading there our cause on high;
 Christians, soon we'll follow after,
 Our Lord to see and glorify.
-

HYMN 190. C. M.—NEWTON,

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight
 Unaw'd by shame or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopt my wild career.]
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never to my latest breath
 Can I forget that look;
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair:
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said
 "I freely all forgive;
 "This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 "I die that thou may'st live."
- 6 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 191. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
 Now I begin to see;
 O the curs'd deeds my sins have done,
 What murd'rous things they be.
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
 That thy fair body tore?
 Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
 With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 My dearest Lord was slain,
 When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
 And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O prince of peace,
 I'll wound my God no more;
 Hence from my heart, ye sins begone,
 For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me Lord, with heav'nly arms,
 From grace's magazine,
 And I'll proclaim eternal war,
 With ev'ry darling sin.



INVITING AND ENCOURAGING.



HYMN 192. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;
 There needs not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call—
 The invitation is to all:
 Come all the world, come sinner, thou,
 All things in Christ are ready *now*.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sins opprest,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest:
 Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;
 You all may come to Christ and live:
 O let his love your souls constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.

- 5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conq'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day;
Come in *this moment at his call,*
And live for him who died for all.

HYMN 193. C. M.—E. JONES.

- 1 **C**OME, guilty sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and soul opprest,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose:
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess:
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
"Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
"But, if I perish, I will pray,
"And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolved to try;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must forever die."

HYMN 194. P. M. 8, 7, 4.—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 pow'r:
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,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh:
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all,
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 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 do the same.

HYMN 195. C. M.—WATTS.

1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice!
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.—

- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open all the day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

HYMN 196. S. M.—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.
 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow! it may be too late,
 Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And ev'ry promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls
 And feast them with thy love;
 Then will the angels clap their wings,
 And bear the news above!

HYMN 197. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8:—BODEN.

"And yet there is room." Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you;
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 No vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to-day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame.
 All things are ready, sinners, come!
 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

- 3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring souls draw near;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accent hear.
 Let whosoever will now come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.

HYMN 198. P. M. 8's & 7's.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heav'n is interceding,
 Undertaking sinner's part.

CHORUS.

*Sinners can you hate that Saviour,
 Can you thrust him from your arms?
 Once he died for your behaviour,
 Now he calls, intreats and warns.*

- 2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear his gracious voice to-day;
 Turn from all your base behaviour,
 Now return, repent and pray.
Sinners, &c.

- 3 O be wise before you languish
 On a dying bed of strife!
 Endless joy or endless anguish
 Turn upon th' events of life.
Sinners, &c.

- 4 Open now your hearts before him,
 Bid your Saviour welcome in;
 Now receive, love, and adore him,
 Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, &c.

- 5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
 Now he stands and looks on thee;
 See what kindness, love and pity,
 Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, &c.

- 6 Come, for all things now are ready—
 Yet there's room for many more;
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
 Come to grace's boundless store.
Sinners, &c.

HYMN 199. L. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, 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 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
 Say will you be forever blest?
 Will you be sav'd from sin and hell—
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell?
- 3 Come now dear youth for ruin bound,
 Obey the gospel's joyful sound:
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove
 'The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Once more we ask you in his name—
 For yet his love remains the same—
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
 Come share with us eternal joys;
 Or must we leave you bound to hell?
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

HYMN 200. C. M.—MEDLEY.

Whosoever will, let him come. Rev. xxii. 17.

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

HYMN 201. C. M.—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?
-

HYMN 202. M. 7's.

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

HYMN 203. C. M.—B—

Come and see. John 1. 46.

- 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 sinner, come an see.

- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to this 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 to thee—
 Come, trembling sinner, come and see. †
- 4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain;
 And make the filthy leper clean;
 His fountain open stands for thee—
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see.
- 5 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."

HYMN 204 P. M. 6,6,6,6,8,8.—SHIPPARD.

- 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 He's on the throne of grace,
 And waits to answer pray'r;
 What tho' thy sin and guilt,
 Like crimson doth appear;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all thy woes.
- 3 O wond'rous love and grace!
 Did Jesus die for me?
 Were all my num'rous debts,
 Discharg'd on Calvary!
 Yes, Jesus died—the work is done!
 He did for all my sins atone.
- 4 On earth I'll sing his love,
 In heav'n I too shall join
 The ransom'd of the Lord,
 In accents all divine;
 And see my Saviour face to face,
 And ever dwell in his embrace.

HYMN 205. C. M.—HOSKINS.

My son give me thine heart. Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 **W**HAT language now salutes the ear?
It is our Father's voice!
Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry 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 suffer'd 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 ev'ry 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.

HYMN 206. L. M.—GRIGG.

Behold I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! he stands,
With melting heart and outstretch'd hands!
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him—for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him—or the hour's at hand,
When at his bar, deni'd you'll stand.
- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin;
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, shall all be thine.

HYMN 207. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, redeemer of mankind,
Thy saving power display;
Thy mercy now may sinners find,
And know their gracious day.
- 2 Ah, give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume;
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.
- 3 Open their eyes thy cross to view,
Their ears to hear thy cries:
Sinners, the Saviour weeps for you,
For you he weeps and dies.
- 4 All the day long he meekly stands,
The rebels to receive:
And shows his wounds and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.
-

HYMN 208. P. M. 8,7,8,7,4.

- 1 **S**INNERS, hear, for God hath spoken,
'Tis the God that reigns on high:
He whose law the world has broken,
Sends you tidings of great joy:
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest you die.
- 2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings;
Here's a fountain, O draw near it,
Open'd by the king of kings:
Living water,
Thence in streams eternal springs.
- 3 Sinners, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish,
Why from truth persist to err:
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.
-

HYMN 209. C. M.—KENT.

Physician. Mark v. 25-29.

- 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 Thro' ev'ry crowd to Jesus press,
When sin torments the mind;
Peace pard'ning blood and righteousness
In his dear name you'll find.
-

HYMN 210. C. M.—HOSKINS.

It is well. 2 Kings iv. 26.

- 1 **I**T shall be well let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on his word.
- 2 Peace then, ye chasten'd sons of God:
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod
His word says, it is well.
- 3 Tho' you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell,
Your heav'nly Father's Love is sure,
And therefore it is well.
- 4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.
-

HYMN 211. C. M.—STEELE.

The Saviour's invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your ev'ry 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 heav'nly 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.

HYMN 212. C. M.

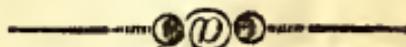
- 1 **R**ETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 The father calls for thee,
 No longer then an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery.
- 2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
 The spirit and the bride say—come;
 O, now for refuge flee.
- 3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.
- 4 Return, O wand'rer, *now* return,
 Thy God forbids delay;
 O stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 Thy life may end to-day.

HYMN 213. P. M. 7's. & 6's.

Drooping souls.

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

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



FAITH AND CONVERSION.



HYMN 214. C. M.—TURNER.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
 And softens all my cares.

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

HYMN 215. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'd,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

HYMN 216. L. M.—WATTS;

- 1 **N**OT the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 2 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd:
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 3 Oh! may thy grace its pow'r display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thy appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 217. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD 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 or heifers slain
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.
-

HYMN 218. C. M.

- 1 **A**SK the gift of right'ousness,
The sin subduing pow'r:
Pow'r to believe and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
Thy kingdom fix'd within.
- 3 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this bold rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?
- 4 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy pow'r,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.
-

HYMN 219. S. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end to all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

- 3 I cannot wash my heart
 But by believing thee;
 And waiting for thy blood to impart
 The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesus, thy grace bestow;
 Now thy all cleansing blood apply,
 And make me white as snow.

HYMN 220. C. M.—TO PLADY.

"Christ is all in all." Col. iii. 11.

- 1 **C**OMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
 No comeliness I see;
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
 Into my soul convey;
 Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
 My All in All I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
 My comfort to restore;
 More than thyself I cannot crave,
 Nor canst thou give me more.

HYMN 221. L. M.

Behold he prayeth. Acts ix. 11.

- 1 **S**INCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call,
 A bloody persecuting Saul,
 Let none despair—here God displays
 His sov'reign pow'r,—*"Behold he prays."*
- 2 The soul that's truly born of God,
 Delights to run the heav'nly road;
 He mourns for sin, and hates the ways
 Which lead to death, *"Behold he prays."*
- 3 He flies from works, to Jesus' blood,
 Yet proves by works he's born of God;
 He runs with joy in Zion's ways,
 And to his God, *"Behold he prays."*
- 4 In heav'n, each praying soul shall see
 Salvation was both rich and free;
 And thro' eternal ages raise
 Their song to great Jehovah's praise.

HYMN 222. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
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 a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call!
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and right'ousness,
My Jesus and my all.

HYMN 223. C. M.—STEELE.

The Saviour. John iv. 42.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour! oh, what endless charms,
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influ'nce ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusions flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

HYMN 224. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6:

- 1 **N**OW, ah! now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;

- Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
 And purify my heart!
 Purge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall;
 Then I see the perfect day,
 And Christ is all in all.
- 2 Jesus, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine,
 Kindle now the heav'nly fire,
 To brighten and refine;
 Purify our faith like gold:
 All the dross of sin remove;
 Melt our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.
-

HYMN 225. L. M.—CENNICK.

Seeking pardon. Ps. xxvii. 8.

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

HYMN 226. S. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
 This joy to call thee mine;
 And let my earthly cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
 Thy mercy does implore,
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.

- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and praise the Lord.
-

HYMN 227. P. M. 8's & 7's.—NEWTON.

Bartimeus. Mark x. 48.

- “**M**ERCY, O thou son of David,
Thus blind Bartimeus cri'd,
“Others by thy grace are saved,
“O vouchsafe to me thine aid.”
For his crying many chld him,
But he cri'd the louder still,
Till his gracious Saviour bade him,
“Come and ask me what you will.”
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live;
Yet he ask'd and Jesus granted
Alms that none but he can 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 methinks 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 would be advis'd by me;
“Sure if they would come unto him,
“He would cause them all to see.”
-

HYMN 228. C. M.—BROWN.

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

In deep distress we seek thy face
Forgiveness to receive,
We trust our souls are taught thro' grace
Our debtors to forgive.

- 3 'Tis pardon we implore,
 O let thy bowels move!
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.
- 4 O! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,
 Our many sins forgive;
 Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
 And breaking soon relieve.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy we plead,
 This is the total sum;
 Mercy thro' Christ, mercy we need,
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 229. M. 7's.—HAMMOND.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;
 Sore distress'd with guilt am I,
 Give me Christ or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts all are vain;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Christ or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only take away my guilt;
 Mourning at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Christ or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 On thy mercy I rely,
 Give me Christ or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
 In thy grace alone I trust;
 With my earnest suit comply,
 Give me Christ or else I die.
- 6 O, my God, what shall I say?
 Take, O take my sins away:
 Jesus' blood to me apply;
 Give me Christ or else I die.

HYMN 230. L. M.—PRES. DAVIES.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
 With full consent thine would I be,
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more, a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thee, my new master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord let me live and die to thee—
Be thine thro' all eternity.
-

HYMN 231. M. 7's.—NEWTON.

- 1 **C**OME my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r:
He himself hath 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 sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 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.
-

HYMN 232. C. M.

- 1 **I** LANGUISH for a sight
Of him who reigns on high;
Jesus' my soul's supreme delight,
For him alone I sigh.
- 2 O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode.
- 3 Near to his mercy's seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.
- 4 The arguments I'd use
My troubles should suggest;
Nor can my blessed Lord refuse
The cause of the distress'd.

233-35 FAITH & CONVERSION.

5 O Jesus bring me near,
New life, new strength impart,
Banish at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

HYMN 233. C. M.—NEWTON.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers pray'r:
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 wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 8 Be thou my shield and hiding place;
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
-

HYMN 234. C. M.—WATTS.

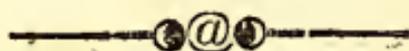
Conversion. Math. xviii. 3.

- 1 **C**HRIST'S faithful word his solemn pledge
Forever shall endure;
He, both the Saviour and the Judge,
Hath seal'd the sentence sure.
- 2 "Except converted, born anew,
Like children you become,
My kingdom hath no place for you,
Nor heav'n a final home."
- 8 In vain for outward sins you mourn;
Or change from sect to sect,
Unless from love of sin you turn;
You cannot heav'n expect.
-

HYMN 235. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy holy spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

- 2 Conq'ror of hell, and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.
- 3 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.



REGENERATION.



HYMN 236. C. M.--HOSKINS:

Ye must be born again. John iii. 7.

- 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 What'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 sav'd
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."
- 5 Spirit of life! thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, with ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.
- 6 Dear Saviour we will now begin,
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking ev'ry sin
Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 237. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.—OCKUM.

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 Expos'd to endless woe;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 The sinner must be born again
 Or else to ruin go.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell;
 For death and hell drew near.
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain—
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head;
 I no relief could find.
 This fearful truth increased my pain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast oppressive load;
 Alas! I read and saw it plain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or feel the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare:
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd this way,
 I felt his pity move:
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loft'er notes did raise;
 All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
 Unnumber'd millions born again,
 Will shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 238. L. M.

Born not of blood—but of God. John 1. 13.

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

 HYMN 239. C. M.—WALLIN.

- 1 **H**AIL! mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword,
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conquering grace.—
- 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favor'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

HYMN 240. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the witness of the Spirit.

- 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 thy saints
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiv'n?
- 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.

HYMN 241. P. M. 6 lines, 8's.

Prayer for assurance.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Bear witness that I'm born again;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let a cloud or doubt remain:
Give me the sense of sins forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heav'n.
- 2 Oh! give me now a gracious seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
True holiness I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

THE CONVERT.



HYMN 242. L. M:

A hymn for young converts.

- 1 **W**HEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing:

- Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.
- 2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ that can't be told;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain:
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring—
Ring with melodious, joyful song,
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
And they are bound in Satan's chain.
- 6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their harps that did with music ring
Are now untun'd in ev'ry string.
- 7 O foolish child! why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast;
Why dost thou think to fly away
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay.
- 8 Come take up arms, and face the field;
Come, gird on harness, sword and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.
- 9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines:
For Christ, our Lord, hath swept the field,
And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN 243. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8:

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In thy behalf appears.
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede:

- His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead:
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary;
 They pour effect'al pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me:
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his son.
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 244. P. M. 8's & 7's.—ROBINSON.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount, I'm fix'd upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise 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!
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 245. C. M.—MASON.

Pearl of great price. Matth. xiii. 46.

- 1 **I**'VE found the pearl of greatest price:
My heart exults with joy;
And sing I must—a Christ I have,
O what a Christ have I!
- 2 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love;
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.
- 3 My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'ns,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.
-

HYMN 246. L. M.—HOSKINS.

Whereas I was blind, now I see. John ix. 25.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul with wonder trace
The Saviour's miracle 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' born blind, yet now I see.
- 4 Long had I wollow'd in my sin
Blind to the dangers 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.
-

HYMN 247. P. M. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

- 1 **C**OME all ye happy race
Who are ransom'd by grace,

By the grace that is free for us all:
 Come and hear, come and feel,
 While with rapture I tell
 What my Saviour hath done for my soul.

2 He removed my guilt
 Through the blood that he spilt,
 And new life from his death I receiv'd,
 Then I sung the new song,
 With my heart and my tongue,
 And my soul to salvation believ'd.

3 His adorable grace
 Through my life I can trace,
 And through scenes of affliction go on:
 With my Saviour in view,
 The high prize I'll pursue,
 Nor be weary, nor faint as I run.

4 The good shepherd shall keep
 His once wandering sheep,
 Who are bro't to his fold he'll defend,
 'Twas his blood that I cost,
 And I shall not be lost,
 If I hold on my way to the end.

HYMN 248. P. M. 7's. & 6's.—NEWTON.

1 **H**OW lost was my condition
 Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul;
 The worst of all diseases,
 Is light compar'd with sin,
 On ev'ry part it seizes,
 But rages most within.

From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain—
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost,
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.

At length this great Physician—
 How matchless is his grace!
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case—
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wond'rous pow'r to save.

HYMN 252. P. M. 8's & 7's.—WINGROVE.

- 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.

CHORUS.

*O help me t' praise m' loving Saviour,
 O for what he's done for me,
 Glory, honor and salvation,
 Christ the Lord, has come to reign.*

- 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 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above,
 Whilst astonish'd I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
- 4 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace,
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace!

HYMN 253. L. M.—CENNICK.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue;
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long had been,
 Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 Come hither, soul, "I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, whose I am:
 Nothing but self 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."
-

HYMN 254. C. M.—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 Thro' duty and thro' trials too;
 I'll go at his command;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not—come welcome Lord,
 I'll gladly go with thee.
-

HYMN 255. L. M.

- 1 **O**H, what amazing love is this!
 On earth I taste immortal bliss;
 I feel that voice which is divine,
 And know that Jesus Christ is mine.
- 2 He leads me on the heav'nly road,
 And feeds my soul with angel's food;
 My soul how free his goodness flows!
 His bleeding love no limit knows.
- 3 My soul hath found my Christ to-day;
 I feel my darkness done away;
 His presence made my bars remove,
 And, oh, I feast on heav'nly love.
- 4 I feel my sins are all forgiv'n,
 This is my Christ, my all, my heav'n!
 My soul begins her lasting theme;
 "All glory to my God the Lamb."

HYMN 256. C. M.

- 1 **O**H, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear 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 thro' all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be;
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
 I'd give them all to thee.

HYMN 257. S. M.—HAMMOND:

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ th' eternal king.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come;"
 Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wand'ers home.
- 5 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of *Moses and the Lamb.*

HYMN 258. S. M.—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 that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
-

HYMN 259. S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to 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 O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely:
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.
-

HYMN 260. C. M.—DODDRIDGE.

1 Cor. ix. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

HYMN 264. C. M.—WATTS.

The Christian's confidence.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall;
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 265. L. M.

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God:
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
 From him, my life, my all receive;
 To him devote my fleeting hours,
 Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
 To him I look, on him I call;
 He will my ev'ry want supply,
 In time, and thro' eternity.

HYMN 266. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Saviour of my soul,
 Be thou my hearts delight;
 Ever to me the same remain,
 My joy by day and night.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
 May I be found each hour,
 Humble in heart, and happy kept
 By thine Almighty power.
- 3 O may I never once forget
 What a poor worm I am!
 From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
 The blood of God's dear Lamb.
- 4 May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
 Most sweetly shed abroad
 The love of my incarnate God,
 Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 The mystery of redeeming love
 Be ever dear to me;
 And may the flesh and blood of Christ
 My daily manna be.
-

HYMN 267. C. M.—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 thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conq'rer through.

HYMN 268. L. M.—GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Asham'd of *Jesus!* sooner far
Let ev'ning 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 bids 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 Now then—nor is my boasting vain—
Yes now, I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be;
That *Christ* is not asham'd of me!

HYMN 269. C. M.—WATTS.

Holy fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 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 flowry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas.
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain 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,
With faith's discerning eye.

- 6 When that illust'ous day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.
-

HYMN 270. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE cross of Jesus purifies,
 From self and sin sets free;
 His cross does make us truly wise,
 And brings humility.
- 2 Reproaches, persecution, shame,—
 These must the Christian bear;
 But when sustain'd for Jesus' name,
 How light these burthens are?
- 3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
 Some keen distresses prove?
 If these are part of Jesus' cross,
 We'll bear them all in love.
- 4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
 And inward conflicts seize?
 The faithful soul will not forget
 That these shall end in ease.
- 5 When sin is dead our spirits rest,
 Comfort and peace are giv'n,
 The inner man serenely blest,
 We taste the joys of heav'n.
-

HYMN 271. S. M.—HEATH.

Watch and pray. Mat. xxvi. 41.

- 1 **M**Y soul be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard;
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor once at ease sit down;
 Thy arduous work will not be done.
 'Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath
 Up to his blest abode.

HYMN 272. P. M. 11's.—LENNADY.

- 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,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled.
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames 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 sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall these 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 cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

HYMN 273. C. M.

- 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 Tho 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 ev'ry saint
Will aid you from on high.

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

HYMN 274. M. 7's.—COWPER.

Refuge for the tempted. Deut. xxxiii. 28.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh!
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last!
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me!
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shawdow of thy wing.
- 5 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity!
-

HYMN 275. C. M.—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 heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds.
 The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
 The antidote of death.
-

HYMN 276. C. M.—COWPER.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wound,
 And drives away his fears.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
-

HYMN 277. C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives
 And ever prays for me:
 A token of his love he gives—
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Thy love I soon expect to find
 In all its depth and height;
 To comprehend th' eternal mind
 And grasp the infinite.
- 3 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of Paradise possess'd,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.
-

HYMN 278. S. M.—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 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

- 3 To thee my spirits fly
 With infinite desire,
 And yet, how far from thee I lie!
 Dear Jesus, raise me high'r.
-

HYMN 279, P. M. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 4, 8, 4, 8.

- 1 **H**OW bright appears the morning star,
 With grace and truth beyond compare—
 The royal root of Jesse:
 O David's son, of Jacob's line,
 My soul's belov'd and king benign,
 Thou'rt come from heav'n to bless me.
 Precious, gracious,
 Fair and glorious, e'er victorious,
 Is my Saviour,
 Nought but he can please me ever.
- 2 How doth my needy soul rejoice
 That Christ whom I so richly prize,
 Is Lord of light and glory;
 At last he'll bring me to that place,
 Where all the wonders of his grace
 Shall be disclos'd before me.
 Amen, Amen!
 Come, Lord Jesus, come release me;
 O come speedy,
 Lord, to meet thee I am ready.
-

HYMN 280. P. M., 6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the name!
 Brethren sing, brethren sing,
 How precious is the name:
 Brethren sing,
 How precious is the name
 Of Christ, the paschal Lamb,
 Who bore our guilt and shame
 On the tree, on the tree,
 Who bore our guilt and shame
 On the tree.
- 2 I've given all for Christ,
 He's my 'all, he's my all; :B:
 I've given all for Christ,
 And my spirit cannot rest,
 Unless he's in my breast,
 Reigning there, reigning there. :3:

- 3 His easy yoke I'll bear
 With delight, with delight; :ff:
 His easy yoke I'll bear
 And his cross I will not fear;
 His name I will declare,
 Ever more, ever more. :ff:
- 4 And when we all get home
 We will sing, we will sing; :ff:
 And when we all get home,
 Around our Father's throne,
 And myriads join the theme,
 We'll sing on, we'll sing on. :ff:



THE DOUBTING.



HYMN 281. C. M.--NEWTON:

Perplexity and doubts relieved.

- 1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find
 Which to salvation led,
 I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
 To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong;
 For I was stuped, dead and cold,
 Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 The Lord, my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
 And made my burden light;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 Supposing all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
 Of anguish and dismay,
 Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
 Before they found the way:
- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease;
 I wished for all my fears again;
 To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
 The evils of my heart;
 And left my naked soul expos'd
 To Satan's fi'ry dart.

- 7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear!
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

HYMN 282. P. M. 7's.—NEWTON:

Lovest thou me? John xxi. 15.

- 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,
Pray'r a task and burden prove,
Ev'ry 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 the saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhor'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 lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 283. C. M.—COWPER.

Contrite heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

- 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 pray'r,
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break
 And heal it, if it be.



ON BACKSLIDING.



HYMN 284. C. M.—NEWTON.

O that I were as in months past. Job xxxi. 2.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord;
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spokē
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevalls,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fall—
O come without delay.

HYMN 285. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW can I vent my grief?
My comforter is fled;
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.
- 2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Liv'd happy in his love,
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.
- 3 But, O! alas, my soul
Where is my comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold?
Ah! why to idols bow?
- 4 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

- 5 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear,
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.
- 6 My confidence is gone;
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.
- 7 I feel asham'd to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand or keep my seat.
- 8 My soul! this will not do,
Thy day is almost past:
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.
- 9 Trembling to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.
- 10 I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

HYMN 286. C. M.—COWPER.

- 1 **F**OR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 8 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame,
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
-

HYMN 287. C. M.

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

HYMN 288. P. M. 8 lines 8s.--NEWTON.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me.
 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.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;

I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal more happy than I,
 My summer would last all the year.

- 2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul cheering presence restore:
 O take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 289. C. M.—WATTS.

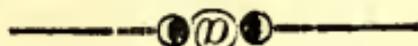
Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so,
 Awake my sluggish soul:
 Nothing has have thy work to do,
 Yet nothing 's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants, for one poor grain,
 See how they toil and strive?
 Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whom God, the Son, came down,
 And labor'd for our good;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood?
- 4 Lord shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts!
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 5 Help us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 290. P. M. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

- 1 **A**H! but where am I now?
 And why was it and how,
 That I fell from my heaven of grace!
 I am brought into thrall;
 I am stript of my all;
 I am banish'd from Jesus' face!

- 2 Hardley yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go;
So insensibly started aside;
But what'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.
- 3 Now, no tongue can declare,
The keen torment I bear,
While no end of my troubles I see,
Only Adam could tell,
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.
- 4 Driven out from my God,
I now wander abroad;
Through a desert of sorrow I rove;
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My lost Eden of Jesus's love!
- 5 Ah! shall I ever rise
To my first paradise?
Ever come my redeemer to see?
Yes I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.



PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.



HYMN 291. P. M. 8, 7, 8; 7. 4, 7.—NEWTON.

Prayer for a revival. Ps. lxxxv. 6. Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one esteem thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

- 4 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
-

HYMN 292. C. M.—DODDRIDGE.

On a fast day, for the revival of religion; or, The vision of dry bones, Ez, xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie:
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters' slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live,
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That mighty God to thee is known,
That wond'rous work is all thine own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deigns to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
-

HYMN 293. S. M.—HART,

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
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 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
Kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love.

HYMN 294. L. M.

- 1 **I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the riches of God's love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! how the gospel trumpets sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 A few days more and you must go
To realms of joy or endless wo;
In worlds of bliss with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 4 Come now, poor sinner, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ redemption you shall find.
- 5 Take your companions by the hand,
And your connexion in a band;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
For he can bless and save them all.
-

HYMN 295. L. M.—KINSBURY.

Isaiah lvii. 6, 7,

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of all thy churches, hear,
Thy minister's and people's pray'r;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace,
Ruse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when translated to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's pray'r.

HYMN 296. P. M. 6 lines 8's.—DAVIES.

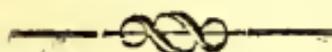
- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,
 Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
 Descend and with celestial heat
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!
 Come! condescending Spirit, come!
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame which Seraphs feel;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
 Come, vivifying spirit, come,
 And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Let pure devotion's favor rise,
 Let every pious passion glow;
 O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below!
 Come, condescending spirit come,
 And make our souls thy constant home!
-

HYMN 297. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Prayer for unconverted relatives.

- 1 **L**ORD, our ransom'd souls adore thee,
 Thou our joy and portion art:
 Day and night we plead before thee—
 Answer Lord—thy grace impart,
 Send thy spirit,
 Pierce the stubborn sinners' heart.
- 2 Ah! dear Lord, they're bound for ruin,
 Hast'ning down to endless wo:
 While their danger we are viewing,
 Streams of briny sorrow flow,
 Lord, alarm them,
 Or to ruin they must go!
- 2 See, dear Lord, our near connexions,
 Dear companions all around,
 Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
 Down to desperation bound.
 Jesus save them,
 Let the lost again be found.
- 4 Pray'rs and tears alas! we've vented;
 Shall we weep and pray in vain?
 Yet alas they seem contented;
 Nought but scoffs and frowns we gain.
 Jesus, save them,
 Save them, Lord, from endless pain.

- 5 Death, it my be, now is near them,
 Soon they'll feel his cold embrace:
 Gracious heaven! shall we hear them
 Mourn thy long rejected grace.
 Lord, constrain them
 Now to seek a Saviour's face.
- 6 Lord, we view the separation
 At thy great tremendous bar;
 Mourning, weeping, lamentation,
 Must be their employment there.
 Must we see them
 Stand their awful doom to hear?
- 7 Must we there be separated,
 Never, never more to meet?
 Mournful scene, long contemplated!
 Lord, and is there mercy yet?
 Lay them prostrate,
 Precious Jesus, at thy feet.
- 8 Lord, display thy matchless power,
 Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone,
 Make them dread that awful hour—
 Bow them Lord, before thy throne.
 Save them Jesus,
 Save them, save them for thine own.



REJOICING IN A REVIVAL,



HYMN 298. C. M.

- 1 **H**E'S come, let every knee be bent,
 All heart's new joy resume;
 Sing, ye redeem'd with one consent,
 "The comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
 Could God on man bestow?
 Angels for this rejoice above,
 Let man rejoice below.

HYMN 299. P. M. 8's. & 7's.

- 1 **H**ARK! the jubilee is sounding,
 O the joyful news is come!
 Free salvation, grace abounding,
 By and through God's only son.
 Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his work again.

*Glory, honor and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

- 2 Come, young friends, pray don't reject him,
 Come to Jesus in your prime;
 Choose salvation, don't reject it,
 O embrace it, now's your time!
 Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of his dear name.

Glory, honor, &c.

- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
 Follow Christ, the call obey,
 And our souls shall find a blessing
 Seeking Jesus in the way;
 Golden moments we've neglected,
 Oh! the time we've spent in vain.

Glory, honor, &c.

- 4 Come, dear brethren, praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore,
 May his great love now constrain us,
 His great name for to adore:
 O then let us join together
 Crowns of glory to obtain.

Glory, honor, &c.

HYMN 300. C. M.

CONVINC'D of sin, men now begin
 To call upon the Lord;
 Trembling they pray, and mourn the day,
 In which they scorn'd his word.

Young converts sing and praise their King,
 And bless God's holy name;
 While older saints leave their complaints,
 And joy to join the theme.

God's chariot rolls and frights the souls
 Of those who hate the truth;
 And saints in pray'r cry, "Lord draw near,
 Have mercy on the youth—"

- 4 Pour down a shower of thy great power,
On ev'ry aching heart;
On all who try and humble cry,
That they may have a part."
- 5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord;
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

HYMN 301. L. M.--HOSKINS.

Great joy in that city. Acts viii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW much the hearts of those revive,
'That love and fear the Lord,
When sinners dead are made alive
By his all-quick'ning word.
- 2 The parent views with joyful eyes,
His now returning son,
And in ecstatic joy he cries,
"What hath the Saviour done?"
- 3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls the word receive!
When sinners hear the Saviours voice
And in the Lord believe.
- 4 The Church of God their praises join,
And of Salvation sing;
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious king.
- 5 In heaven above there's joy and praise,
Before the Lord most high;
Th' angelic choirs their 'voices raise,'
And with each other vie.
- 6 But greater joy must they possess
Who feel the glorious change;
Their lab'ring tongues can but express
How true, but yet how strange!

HYMN 302. C. M.--HOSKINS.

Jailor's conversion. Acts xvi. 30, 31.

- 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 "What must I do," the Jailer cries,
 "To save my sinking soul!"
 "Believe in Christ," the word replies,
 "Thy faith shall make thee whole."
- 3 Believe, believe, the gospel cries,
 "This is the living way;"
 From faith in Christ our hopes arise.
 And shine to perfect day.
- 4 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.

HYMN 303. C. M.—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 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad Hosannas, prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN 304. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.—TOPLADY.

- 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-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the land 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 the Saviours 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!
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 305. P. M. 6, 9, 6, 6, 9.

- 1 **O**H! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart it believ'd
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above,
All my sin and temptation, and pain:

And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve;
That I ever should suffer again.

- 6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My glad soul mounted high'r,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 306. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heav'n, 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 sov'reign 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 every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

HYMN 307. C. M.

Luke xv. 11-24.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

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



H Y M N S

FOR

INQUIRY MEETINGS.



HYMN 308. P. M. 7's & 6's.

- 1 **C**OME my friend, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by;
 Come and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down,
 What is this that grieves you:
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.

- 3 Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me:
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.
- 4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful,
Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease,
How can I be cheerful!
- 5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying;
See he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.
- 7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.
- 8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven;
There we'll join the saints above,
And forever praise him.
-

HYMN 309. P. M. 7's & 6's.—CENNICK.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, before the Lamb,
Fall and do him reverence?
Bless him for his blood and name,
Sing his great deliv'rance.
- 2 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, whose hands for thee were bor'd,
Can and will deliver.
- 3 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
Trials or temptation?
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation?
- 4 Roll thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, whose hands for thee were bor'd,
Can and will deliver.

HYMN 310. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND shall I yet delay,
My little all to give;
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?
 - 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I will hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own the conqueror.
 - 3 Tho' late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
 - 4 Come, and possess me whole,
For hence again remove,
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.
-

HYMN 311. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ, the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesus' pow'r;
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

H Y M N S

FOR THE USE OF

EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.



HYMN 312. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW we are met in holy fear,
 To hear the happy saints declare
 The free compassion of a God,
 The virtues of a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Jesus assist them now to tell
 What they have felt and how 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'd join to praise eternal love,
 And heighthen all the joys above.

HYMN 313. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.—KENT.

Mat. xviii. 20.

- 1 **“W**HERE two or three together meet,
 “My love and mercy to repeat,
 “And tell what I have done,
 “There will I be,” saith God, “to bless,
 “And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
 “Who worships at my throne.”
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word
 To set the spirit free;
 Impart a kind, celestial show'r,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

HYMN 314 S. M.—STENNETT.

Ps. lxvi. 19.

- 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 flatt'ring joys of sense
Assail'd my foolish heart,
While Satan with malicious skill
Guided the pois'nous dart.
- 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My anguish rous'd me into life,
And pleasures 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.

HYMN 315. L. M.—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 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each wordly theme,
When Christians see each other thus:
We only wish to speak of him
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now,

HYMN 316. L. M.

- 1 **W**E now have heard our brethren tell
 How they escap'd the snares of hell;
 They all relate that conqu'ring grace
 Which gives them in the church a place.
- 2 The testimony they have giv'n,
 Now proves that they are heirs of heav'n;
 Our fellowship to them we give—
 Now we'll unite in Christ to live.
- 3 Let sinners now behold and see
 How we in Christ, in love agree;
 Nothing but sin shall separate
 The fellowship we now relate.
- 4 All sinful pleasures we'll deny,
 Like righteous men we'll live and die—
 Like angels we shall shine at last,
 When all this storm of life is past.



TIME.

—

HYMN 317. L. M.—SCOTT.

Importance of time.

- 1 **O**H time, how few thy value weigh,
 How few will estimate a day!
 Days, months and years are rolling on,
 The soul neglected and undone.
- 2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
 Our life its precious hours destroys:
 While death stands watching at our side,
 Eager to stop the living tide.
- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
 Your Maker gave you here a place?
 Was it for this his thoughts design'd
 The frame of your immortal mind?
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
 He fashion'd all the sons of time;
 Then let us ev'ry day give heed,
 To God, ourselves and time to yield.

HYMN 318. C. M.—HOSKINS.

Time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near
 When death will us remove,
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of your salvation hear
 While it is called 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.

HYMN 319. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **T**IME, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten as a dream,
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 2 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood
 And lost in foll'ing years.
- 3 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

HYMN 320. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6:

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres

Around the steady pole,
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
"Tho' fond of sublunary bliss,
"That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 A heav'n or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle space;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

HYMN 321. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.—WESLEY.

Ps. xxxix. 4.

1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land;
'Twixt two unabounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

2 O God! my inmost soul convert
And cepty on my thoughtful heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By free and sov'reign grace.

3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar!
O tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With holy joy, and holy fear,

To make my calling sure;
 Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
 Then shall I all thy will perform,
 And to the end endure.

HYMN 322. L. M.

Eternity.

- 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 Lo! an eternity there is,
 Of endless wo or endless bliss:
 And swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind!
 They're gone! but where? ah, pause and see,
 Gone to a long eternity.
- 4 Sinner canst thou forever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell?
 And is death nothing then to thee—
 Death and a dread eternity?

D E A T H .

HYMN 323. C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
 To those who have no God—
 When the poor soul is forc'd away,
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
 But guilt, a heavy chain,
 Still drags her downward from the skies,
 To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
 Let stubborn sinners fear:
 You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
 A long *forever* there!

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou my soul look downward, too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

HYMN 324. S. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be?
- 3 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Must come at his command to heav'n
Or else—depart to hell.
- 4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.
- 5 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself to me reveal,
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.

HYMN 325. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame:
What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves the small number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave;
What'er we do, what'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!
Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.
-

HYMN 326. S. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine,
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 327. L. M.

- 1 **S**OON will this mortal life be o'er,
The body moulder in the dust;
Naked my soul will stand before
A God that's holy, pure and just.
- 2 Its standing doom of bliss or wo
I will from the great I AM receive;
Up to the realms of glory go,
Or in hell's torments ever live.
- 3 Without an interest in the blood
Of Jesus, shed on Calvary,
I can't escape his vengeful rod,
How'er so moral here I be.
- 4 Away then all self righteousness,
My soul from nature's sleep arise,
Be justified by faith through grace,
And claim a mansion in the skies.
- 5 Perfection's height may I ascend,
And feel my soul dissolv'd in love,
That when my days below shall end,
Angels shall waft my soul above.

HYMN 328. S. M.—ELLIOTT.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos iv. 12.

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 329. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread
 Await the sinner's dying bed!
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,
 Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
 And fill his soul with sad surprise;
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
 And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest;
 Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries
 And in despair and horror dies.
-

HYMN 330. L. M.—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, and 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 thro' 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.
-

HYMN 231. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 My ears attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your tow'rs;
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 'Must lie as low as ours.'
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?

- 3 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.
-

HYMN 232. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn, departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call us to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 3 The graves of all the saints he blest,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head?
4. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid his kindred rise:
 Awake ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints ascend the skies.
-

HYMN 333. P. M.—STEELE.

Death of a young person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is 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,
 Oh, may this truth, imprest
 With awful power, *I too must die,*
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 334. C. M.

On the death of a child.

- 1 **W**AKE up my muse, condole the loss
Of those that mourn this day;
Let tears run down on ev'ry face,
And ev'ry mourner pray.
- 2 The tyrant death came rushing in,
And thus his power did show;
Out of this world this child did take,
And laid its vissage low.
- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please its parent's eye;
The tender plant so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.
- 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.
- 5 The winding sheet doth bind its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 'tis seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.
- 6 Until the Lord doth come to judge
The nations great and small,
And you and I before him stand,
Or at his presence fall.



J U D G M E N T .



H Y M N 3 3 5 . C . M .

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

- 3 How careful then ought I to live,
 With what religious fear;
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behaviour here?
- 4 Thou awful judge of quick and dead,
 The watchful pow'r bestow?
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou "standest at the door,"
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.
-

HYMN 336. L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE the great Jehovah's bar
 Soon must assembled worlds appear,
 And ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
 Shall into judgment then be brought,
- 2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom
 Of wrath or endless joys to come,
 And each receive his just reward
 Of bliss or vengeance from the Lord.
-

HYMN 337. C. M.—WATTS.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come;
 The 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 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul assunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I can not taste his love!

6 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 338. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Luke xlii. 28.

- 1 **S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending,
View him seated on the throne!
Now poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again.
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his spirit move—
Golden moments!
When I felt his spirit move.
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
-

HYMN 339. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
Jesus comes, the Judge severe,
Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,
Sinners shriek with awful fear.
Come to judgment,
Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See! the world in flames is burning,
Hills and mountains fly away;
Lo! the moon and stars are falling,
Comets blazing through the sky.
Thunders rolling!
Sinners now for help they cry.

- 3 From the general conflagration,
Mounts the righteous up on high,
Gain the hope of their salvation,
Live with God no more to die.
Hallelujah,
Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop my soul look back and wonder,
See the wicked left behind,
Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
For a moment's ease to find;
Doom'd to sorrow,
In the lake of hell confin'd.
-

HYMN 340. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth again!
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation,
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze they on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
Jah, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down.

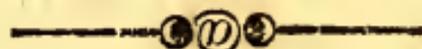
H E L L.

—

HYMN 341. L. M.—BROWN.

Mark ix. 48.

- 1 **H**ELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound,
It chills the heart and shocks the ear,
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.
- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies!
Pierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphurous vapors rise.
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart;
And wo and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.
- 4 The wretches rave o'erwhelm'd with wo,
And bite their everlasting chains;
And with their rage, their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.
- 5 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear
Hopeless in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation—grief, despair—
And ever dying—never die?
- 6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."



H E A V E N.

—

HYMN 342. C. M.—MASON.

- 1 **W**HAT have I in this barren land?
When Jesus is not here.
Mine soul, it ne'er is blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.

- 2 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To fix a place for me;
- For 'tis his will, that where he is,
His followers should be.
- 3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends them to me here,
Will send for me at last.
- 4 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplex'd?
My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.
-

HYMN 343. C. M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home,
Oh 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 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens,
My study long have been;
Such sparkling light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heav'n be thus, O! glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence!
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.
-

HYMN 344. C. M.—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 Oh 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, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 345. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, to glory 's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 2 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 3 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Then when we first begun.
- 4 And when as many years have pass'd,
As sands upon the shore,
The saints above shall have no fear,
That their best days are o'er:
- 5 If all the drops in ocean's wide
Could but be number'd o'er,
And then by millions multiplied,
And thrice as many more.—
- 6 And then as many years should pass,
As water drops that fall,
Or grains of sand, or spires of grass,
Upon this earthly ball.
- 7 And when as many millions more,
As stars that fill the sky,
Then all these numbers doubled o'er
Can't meet eternity.

PARTING & DISMISSION. 846-47

- 8 Eternity will still remain,
'Twill be eternity;
The song to Christ who once was slain
Will last eternally.
-

HYMN 346. C. M.—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 flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest 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,
These 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.
-
- 

PARTING AND DISMISSION.



HYMN 347. M. 7's.—NEWTON.

- 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 pray'r!
Tender shepperd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten ev'ry 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.
-

HYMN 348. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.
- 2 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With shrieks and howls and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.
- 3 "O father! see my blazing hands,
Mother? behold your child!
Against you now a witness stands,
Amidst the flames confin'd!"
- 4 The child perhaps the parents view
Go headlong down to hell:
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bid the child farewell!
- 5 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries,
My husband! fare you well!
- 6 But O, perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
Whilst she is crown'd above!
-

HYMN 349. P. M.

- 1 **O**H! there will be mourning,
Mourning, mourning, mourning.
Oh! there will be mourning:
At the judgment seat of Christ.

- Wives and Husbands there may part,
 Wives and Husbands there may part,
 Wives and Husbands there may part,
 May part to meet no more.
- 2 O! there will be, &c.
 Parents and children there may part,
 Parents, &c.
- 3 Oh! there will be, &c.
 Brothers and sisters there may part,
 Brothers, &c.
- 4 Oh! there will be, &c.
 Pastors and people there may part,
 Pastors, &c.
- 5 Oh! there will be, &c.
 Saints and sinners there will part,
 Saints, &c.
- 6 Oh! there will be, &c.
 Sinners and devils there will *meet*,
 Sinners, &c.
- 7 Oh! there will be wailing,
 Saints and angels there will *meet*,
 Saints, &c.
 Oh! there will be shouting, &c.
-

HYMN 350. L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world do view.

CHORUS.—*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell young converts of the cross,
 Oh! labor hard for Christ and heav'n;
 You've counted all things here but dross,
 Fight on, the crown will soon be giv'n.
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, 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.*

HYMN 351. P. M. 7's & 6's.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary trav'lers,
 And let us join to sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus Christ, our king;
 In faith, and hope, and patience,
 We now are going on,
 The pleasant way to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 2 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace;
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And faith and love increase;
 Confess our Lord and master,
 And run at his command;
 And hasten on our journey,
 Unto the promis'd land.
- 3 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along?
 Has conscience never told you
 That you are going wrong—
 Down the broad road to ruin,
 To bear an endless curse?
 Forsake your ways of sinning
 And come along with us.
- 4 But if you will refuse us,
 We'll bid you all farewell;
 We're on the way to Canaan,
 And you the way to hell;
 We're sorry for to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go,
 Come try a bleeding Saviour
 And feel-salvation flow.
- 5 Now to the king immortal,
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service
 We mean to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 That happy world above;
 With everlasting praises
 To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 352. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E pilgrims that are wand'ring home,
 The followers of the Lamb,
 Sweeter to me than honey comb
 Is Christ's despised name.

- 2 Let us with undesembled love,
Like children hand in hand,
Walk to our Father's house above,
And to the promis'd land.
- 3 'Tis there with Christ in Paradise,
We shall forever dwell,
Till then let's pray, both night and day,
And so, dear friends farewell.
-

HYMN 353. C. M.

- 1 **N**OW pilgrims let us go in peace,
While thro' this world we rove;
'Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.
- 2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.
- 3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove!
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.
- 4 Soon shall we reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore,
And there unite the glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.
-

HYMN 354. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
O let thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Thou we around thy glorious throne
Shall joyous meet above.

HYMN 355. L. M.—WHITE.

- 1 **C**OME, Christian brethren! ere we part
 Join every voice and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God to raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happ'er shore;
 And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
-

HYMN 356. C. M.

- 1 **T**HRO' Christ when we together came
 In singleness of heart,
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind,
 Our minds continue one;
 And each to each in Jesus join'd,
 We happily go on.
- 3 Present in spirit still we are,
 And intimately nigh;
 While on the wings of faith and pray'r
 We Abba, Father! cry.
-

HYMN 357. P. M. 8's.—HART.

- 1 **'T**IS God, the great God, we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.
-

HYMN 358. L. M.—HART.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all "depart in peace."

HYMN 359. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above;
 May we all go home a praying,
 And rejoicing in thy love.
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
 Since together we have been;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin.
 Farewell, &c.

3 May thy presence, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home;
 And the blessing of our Jesus
 Rest upon us ev'ry one.
 Farewell, &c.

HYMN 360. P. M. 8, 7, 4.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us now, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace,
 O refresh us,

Trav'ling through this wilderness,

2 And when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

APPENDIX.



HYMN 361. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **T**HOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within:
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin.
- 2 While the angels choirs are crying
Glory to the great I AM:
I with them will still be vieing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing,
Down to all, to me it flows.
- 4 Though unseen I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace has shown;
Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favor!
This he makes to mortals known,
Give him glory;
Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us:
Glad to join the holy song.
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN 362. P. M. 7's & 6's.

- 1 **S**UFF'RING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used!
With the Almighty's wrathful rod
Soul and body bruised!
We, for whom thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

- 2 We would with thee sympathise
 In thy bitter passion;
 With soft hearts and weeping eyes
 See thy great salvation.
 Thine's an everlasting love;
 We have dearly tri'd thee;
 Whom have we in heav'n above?
 Whom on earth beside thee?
- 3 What can helpless sinners do,
 When temptations seize us?
 Nought have we to look unto
 But the blood of Jesus.
 Pardon all our baseness, Lord,
 All our weakness pity,
 Guide us safely by thy word
 To the heavenly city.
- 4 Oh! sustain us on the road
 Thro' this desert dreary,
 Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
 When we're weak and weary.
 And when thou shalt call us home,
 Home to heav'n and glory:
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Shall have all the glory.

HYMN 363. L. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed; ;
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

*We'r all united heart and hand,
 Join'd in one band completely;
 We'er marching thro' Immanuel's land,
 Where the waters flow most sweetly.*

- 2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
 But soon shall walk the golden street,
 Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
We'r all united, &c.
- 3 Behold the righteous marching home,
 And all the angels bid them come,
 While Christ the judge, these words proclaims,
 "Here comes my saints, I own their names,
We'r all united, &c.

- 4 "Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
 Make ready to receive my bride;
 Ye harps of heav'n now sound aloud,
 Here comes the purchase of my blood."
We'r all united, &c.
- 5 In grandeur see the royal line
 In glittering robes the sun outshine;
 See saints and angels join in one,
 And march in splendor to the throne.
We'r all united, &c.
- 6 They stand and wonder and look on;
 They join in one eternal song,
 Their great Redeemer to admire,
 While raptures set their souls on fire.
We'r all united, &c.

HYMN 364. P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet,
 In sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
 To thee 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 trust in thy word,
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 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 be my theme, and thy name be my song,
 Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 5 O who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright king;
 He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

HYMN 365. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep distress,
 No period else is seen;
 Till he a spotless victim fell,
 Tasting, in soul, a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creatures sin.

- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Saviour kneel and pray for me;
For this I him adore;
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out,
Through every opening pore.
- 3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till thou the bones mightst see:
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game,
At length his cross they rear,
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?
- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree;
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redcemer fell.
- 6 Shout brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst:
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

HYMN 366. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

CHORUS.

*I own I'm base, I own I'm vile:
But mercy's all my plea;
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.*

- 2 What did thine only son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

- 3 O Jesus, if I this believe,
I now shall feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor soul thou wilt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Salvation! O, the gracious gift,
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
And here I will unweari'd lie,
Till thou thy spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN 367. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **C**OME brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' way go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 2 We feel that heav' n is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes in floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
- 3 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.
- 4 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there.

Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you on that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 368. L. M.

The good old way.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends,
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

*O Canaan! sweet Canaan!
It's a very happy place;
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.*

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch and strive and pray.
Like soldiers in the good old way.

O Canaan &c.

- 3 O good old way! how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We'er marching on the good old way.

O Canaan, &c.

- 4 Though Satan may his pow'r employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

O Canaan, &c.

- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

O Canaan, &c.

- 6 Ye valiant souls for heav'n contend,
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away
When we have run the good old way.

O Canaan, &c.

- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

O Canaan, &c.

HYMN 369. L. M.

- 1 **I**'M glad that I was born to die;
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 2 I have some friends before me gone,
And I'm resolv'd to follow on:
They're happy round my Father's throne;
They're looking out for me to come.
- 3 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who us'd to join with me in pray'r;
If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 5 And when to that bright world I come,
And join my everlasting home,
My soul shall there forever bloom,
Until my body leaves the tomb.
- 6 Then all shall hear the solemn sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 7 There I shall see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory, be!

HYMN 370. P. M. 4 lines 1s.

- 1 **J**ESUS my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign,
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love;
No greater possession have angels above.
- 2 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 gloomy despair,
My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.
- 3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals here ever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm rais'd into raptures while praising his name.

- 4 I find him in singing, he is present in prayer,
 In sweet meditations he always is near;
 My constant companion, may we never part;
 All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 5 If ever I lov'd thee, 'tis now my dear Lord,
 I love thy dear children, thy ways and thy word;
 I love all creation, I love sinners too,
 Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.
- 6 When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
 Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
 His love makes me happy, and soon I shall fly
 To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.
-

HYMN 371. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
 This earth he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n.
- 3 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet O! by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heav'n prepar'd for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthly vessels fill'd.
- 5 O would he more of heav'n bestow!
 And let the vessels break;
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek.
- 3 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity.
-

HYMN 372. P. M 8s & 7s.

- 1 **C**OME all ye humble weeping souls,
 Who long to be forgiven,
 We bring glad tidings unto you,
 From the good Lord of heav'n.

CHORUS.

*Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.*

2 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come drink and wash and be made white,
And prove the gospel fulness.

Ho! every one, &c.

3 O! see the crowd that's trav'ling on,
In paths of self-denial,
They march along the banks of love,
And long for your arrival.

Ho! every one, &c.

4 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour,
Believe and you'll be justified,
Believe and live forever.

Ho! every one, &c.

5 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory;
Oh! for a thousand tongues to tell
Love's animating story.

Ho! every one, &c.

6 Let heav'n and earth with me unite,
And sing and shout hosanna,
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

Ho! every one, &c.

7 Come on ye follow'rs of the Lamb,
Love God and sing hosanna,
We soon shall join that holy throng,
And always live on manna.

Ho! every one, &c.

HYMN 373. P. M. 8's & 7's,

1 **D**ON'T you see my Jesus coming,
Don't you see him in yon cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
How they do my Jesus crowd;
I'll arise and go and meet him,
He'll embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there are ten thousand charms.

- 2 Death shall not destroy my comfort,
 Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom;
 Down he'll send a heav'nly convoy,
 To convey my spirit home:
 Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
 While my Saviour's by my side;
 Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 3 See the happy spirits waiting,
 On the banks beyond the stream,
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme:
 See, they whisper! hark! they call me,
 "Sister spirit come away;"
 Lo I come! earth can't contain me,
 Hail! ye realms of endless day.

HYMN 374. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appears!
- 2 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
- 4 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone:
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."
- 6 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 375. P. M. 6 lines 7s.

- 1 **D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and spirit show,

- John's divine communion feel,
 Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
 Run like the unweari'd Paul,
 Win the day and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,
 Lydia's tender-heartedness,
 Peter's ardent spirit feel,
 James' faith by works reveal.
 Like young Timothy, may I
 Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
 David's true devotion know;
 Samuel's call, O may I hear,
 Lazarus' happy portion share,
 Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire,
 All my new born soul inspire:
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
 Joseph's purity impart,
 Isaac's meditating heart,
 Abraham's friendship may I prove,
 Faithful to the 'God of love.
- 5 Most of all may I pursue
 That example Jesus drew;
 By my life and conduct show
 How he liv'd and walk'd below;
 Day by day, through grace restor'd,
 Imitate my blessed Lord.
- 6 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasting lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Youth and fame and pow'r are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 376. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HE people called Christians,
 How many things they tell,
 About the land of Canaan,
 Where saints and angels dwell:
 But sin, that dreadful ocean,
 Encloses them around,
 While time still divides them
 From Canaan's happy ground.
- 2 Thousands have been impatient
 To find their passage through,
 And with united vigour

Have tri'd what they could do;
 But vessels built by human skill
 Have never sailed far
 Till they're found run aground,
 On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The Gospel ship of Jesus
 Has launch'd the deep at last,
 Behold her sails suspended
 Around her towering masts;
 Around her deck, in order,
 The joyful sailors stand,
 Crying, O! here we go,
 To Immanuel's happy land!

4 To those who are spectators,
 What sorrow must ensue,
 To have their old companions
 Bid them a long adieu;
 The pleasures of a paradise
 No longer them invite;
 They may rail while we sail,
 But we'll soon be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean,
 We bid them all farewell,
 But where we shall cast anchor,
 No mortal tongue can tell;
 About our future happiness
 There need be no debate,
 While we ride on the tide
 With our Captain and his mate.

6 We're passengers united
 In harmony and love!
 The wind is in our favor,
 How joyfully we move:
 Tho' troubles may surround us
 And raging billows roar,
 We will sweep through the deep
 Till we land on Canaan's shore.

HYMN 377. P. M. 7's & 6's.

Young Convert.

1 **T**HE glorious light of Zion
 Is spreading far and wide—
 And sinners they are flocking
 Into the gospel tide:
 The standard of King Jesus
 In glorious triumph rise!
 While sinners crowd around him
 With joy and sweet surprise!

- And if you travel down
To darkness you are bound,
Eternally around
The broad road, the broad road. :||:
- 4 To a dreadful judgement day
You are bound, you are bound, :||:
To a dreadful judgement day,
Be your thoughts whate'er they may;
Nor can you it delay,
You are bound, you are bound. :||:
- 5 The God who built the sky,
Great I AM, Great I AM, :||:
The God who built the sky
Hath said, (and cannot lie,)
Impenitents must die,
And be damn'd, and be damn'd. :||:
- 6 And O! my friends, don't you,
I entreat, I entreat, :||:
And O! my friends, don't you
Your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo.
I entreat, I entreat. :||:
- 7 Unto the Saviour flee,
'Scape for life, 'scape for life, :||:
Unto the Saviour flee,
Lest death eternal be,
Your final destiny;
'Scape for life, 'scape for life. :||:

HYMN 380. L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sower's come to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares.
*And soon th' reaping time will come,
And angels shout th' harvest home.*
- 2 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.
*But soon th' reaping time will come,
And angels shout th' harvest home,*
- 3 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:

*For soon th' reaping time will come,
And angels shout th' harvest home.*

Then all who truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom there shall see;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast to hell, O! doleful sound!

*For soon th' reaping time will come,
And angels shout th' harvest home.*

HYMN 381. P. M. 7's.

WHO is as the Christian great!
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft and walks with God.

Who is as the Christian wise!
He his nought for all hath giv'n,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heav'n.

Who is as the Christian blest!
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

Earth and heav'n together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.

Lo! his clothing is the sun,
The bright sun of right'ousness,
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesus' breast his head;
Feasts forever on his love.

Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

HYMN 382. P. M. 10s & 8s:

WHAT happy children who follow Jesus,
Into the house of pray'r and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend our days.

- Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan,
 By th' flesh, and such as love not God ;
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
 We oft times find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Since we've been waiting on blessed Jesus,
 We felt some strength come from above.
 Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
 We long to be with Christ above.
 Then let us hold fast what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come :
 Sure we shall find our way to heav'n,
 So farewell, brethren, we're going home.
- 3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
 And pray for those who spurn his grace ;
 Lest they should loose love's richest treasure,
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling' face.
 Now here's my heart and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love ;
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
 So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

HYMN 383. P. M. 11's.—E—.

Remember Lot's Wife. Luke xvii. 32.

- 1 **Y**E careless professors, who rest on your lees,
 Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit and ease
 Now God says, "Arise and escape for your life,
 "And look not behind you.—Remember Lot's Wife.
- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive ;
 'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe ;
 While dangers are pending, "Escape for life,
 "And look not behind you, Remember Lot's Wife."
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
 And tell you no dangers are found in the way ;
 He means to deceive you : "escape for your life,
 "And look not behind you, Remember Lot's Wife."
- 4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd,
 With specious temptations how many defil'd ;
 Then be not deluded : "escape for your life,
 "And look not behind you, Remember Lot's Wife."
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
 No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord ;
 Forsake then the world, "and escape for your life,
 "And look not behind you, Remember Lot's Wife."
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
 And ventured the way of destruction to choose :
 For hell, you must part with the blessings of life,
 And then, if not now, you'll Remember Lot's Wife.

HYMN 384. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 4.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,
Through all the world the echo bounds!
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God:
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.
- 2 Hail! all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,
And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
The palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.
- 4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above
In endless day.

HYMN 385. P. M. 10, 10, 11, 11.—NEWTON,

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn, or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn, to trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."
- 3 We may, like the ships, by the tempest be tos'd,
On perilous deeps, but never be lost;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, "The Lord will provide."
- 4 His call we obey, like Abra'h'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

- 5 When Satan appears, to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
'This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
- 6 He tells us we'er weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
'This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."
- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide;
'The Lord is our pow'r, "The Lord will provide."
- 8 When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

HYMN 386. P. M. 10,11,10,11.

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

HYMN 387. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4.

- 1 I'LL go attempting pray'r,
 For my soul, for my soul,
 I'll go attempting pray'r,
 For my soul;
 I'll go attempting pray'r,
 O may the Lord draw near,
 And make me pray sincere,
 For my soul, for my soul;
 And make me pray sincere,
 For my soul.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
 On my soul, on my soul, :ff:
 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
 And bring me near to see
 What need I have of thee,
 For my soul, for my soul. :ff:
- 3 When I was sinking down
 With my soul, with my soul, :ff:
 When I was sinking down
 Beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown,
 For my soul, for my soul. :ff:
- 4 What wond'rous love is this,
 O! my soul! O! my soul! :ff:
 What wond'rous love is this
 That caus'd the Lord of bliss
 To send his precious peace
 To my soul, to my soul. :ff:
- 5 Ye winged seraphs fly,
 Bear the news, bear the news; :ff:
 Ye winged seraphs fly
 Like comets through the sky,
 Fill vast eternity
 With the news, with the news. :ff:
- 6 Ye friends of Zion's King,
 Join his praise, join his praise; :ff:
 Ye friends of Zion's King
 With hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string
 In his praise, in his praise. :ff:

HYMN 388. P, M. 5, 5, 11.

- 1 TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

- A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go.
Lo, onward I move
To a country above;
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions, I feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
So this is the race:
I'm running, thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.
-

HYMN 389. P. M. 7's & 6's.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul shake off thy fears,
Lay aside thy mourning,
Wipe away those falling tears,
Cease this inward groaning.
Though thy sins like mountains rise,
Though they reach to heaven,
Jesus lives above the skies,
They may be forgiven.
- 2 Once a man of sorrows, he
Wrestled in the garden,
Died upon the shameful tree,
To procure thy pardon—
Rose triumphant from the grave,
Lives thy great Redeemer
Strong and powerful to save,
Ev'ry true believer.

- 3 Wherefore then with fears dismay'd,
 Why with grief dejected;
 All that seek shall find his aid,
 None shall be rejected.
 Rise and prove his faithful word,
 Feel his pardon flowing,
 Let thy faith embrace the Lord,
 All his goodness knowing.
- 4 He thy burden shall remove,
 Speak thy sins forgiven,
 Crown thee with his peace and love,
 Turn thy hell to heav'n;
 Guide thee by his counsel here,
 Still thy strength renewing,
 Save from ev'ry anxious care
 All thy foes subduing.
- 5 And when earth with all its strife
 Thou in peace art leaving;
 When the dearest cords of life
 Death's strong hand is reaving,
 Thou, my soul shall mount on high,
 Gain thy heavenly treasure,
 Live with God, no more to die,
 In those realms of pleasure.

HYMN 390. P. M. 8 lines 8s.

- 1 **W**HAT think you 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 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;
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan;
 And hope he his health 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.

4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys;
 Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray;
 Ah! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day?

5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store,
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
 My hope from beginning to end,
 My portion, my Lord, and my All.

HYMN 391. L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a school on earth begun,
 Instructed by the Holy One;
 He calls his pupils there, to prove
 The sweetness of redeeming love.
- 2 The school book is the Scripture true;
 The lessons a're forever new;
 In this the pupils are agreed,
 It is a blessed school indeed.
- 3 'Tis here the blind may learn to see:
 Then come, ye blind, the school is free:
 And here the lame may learn to walk;
 The dumb may also learn to talk.
- 4 'Tis here the deaf may learn to hear;
 Then come ye deaf and lend an ear;
 Listen to Jesus' pleasant voice,
 He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.
- 5 Come, brethren, you who are at school,
 Attention pay to ev'ry rule;
 Here may we learn the happy art
 Of loving God with all our heart.

HYMN 392. L. M.

HARK! dont you hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love!
 From hill to hill we hear the sound,
 The neighbouring valleys echo round!
 Oh Zion! hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love:
 They're come the barren land to cheer,
 And welcome in the jubile year.

The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
 We feel the chilling winds no more;
 Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
 All things appear divinely new;
 On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
 The resurrection's drawing nigh;
 Behold, the nations from abroad
 Are flocking to the mount of God.

The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
 "Oh sinners, turn! why will you die?"
 How can you stand the gospel charms?
 Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms:
 These are the days that were foretold
 In ancient times by prophets old;
 They long'd to see this glorious light,
 But all have died without the sight.

The *latter days* have now come on,
 And fugitives are flocking home;
 Behold them crowd the gospel road,
 All pressing for the mount of God.
 Oh yes, and I will join the band—
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
 With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
 But fight for Christ and liberty.

His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
 And he will come to judge the world;
 On Zion's mountain we will stand,
 Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
 The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
 The flames consume the land and sea;
 When worlds on worlds together blaze,
 We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

HYMN 393. L. M.

CAMP-MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
 And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down:
 Fill ev'ry heart with holy zeal,
 And all thy right'ousness reveal.

- 2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide:
The praying companies attend,
And shew thyself the sinner's friend.
- 3 Pour out thy spirit on thy sons,
And visit thine appointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.
- 4 May pray'r and praise united rise
Like holy incense to the skies:
In all our camp display thy pow'r!
May souls be born each day and hour!
-

HYMN 394. L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men:
But O! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising Lord 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 your great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say "live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster "Where's thy sting?"
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
-

HYMN 395. P. M. 8, 8; 6, 8, 8, 6.

On Baptism.

- 1 **S**ALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All right'ousness to fill;

Tw'as here the ancient bapt'ist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his master's will.

The holy Jesus did demand
His right to be baptised then,
The baptist gave consent,
On Jordan's bank they did prepare,
The baptist and his Master dear,
Then down the bank they went.

Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The baptist led the Holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleas'd with what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

The opening heav'n anon complies,
The Holy Ghost then quickly flies,
Down from the courts above;
And on the holy, heavenly Lamb,
The Spirit lights and does remain,
In shape like a fair dove,

"This is my son," Jehovah cries,
The echoing voice from glory flies,
O children hear ye him;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptised,
And wash away your sins.

Come children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have a great reward.

Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful heart arise;
See here is water, here is room,
A loving Saviour calling come,
Ye converts be baptised!

Behold his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 396. L. M.

Philip and the Eunuch. Acts viii. 35.

- 1 **T**HE sacred page proclaims abroad
The glories of the sovereign God,
Whose providence and grace unite
To bring his great decrees to light.
- 2 From *Ethiopia's* sun-burnt plains,
Where sultry summer ceaseless reigns,
An *Eunuch* chief, of wealth and fame,
To worship in the temple came.
- 3 Returning home the thoughtful sage
Perus'd the deep prophetic page;
Of Jesus read, as on he went,
But doubted whom the Prophet meant.
- 4 By heaven's command, that moment came
Philip, a follow'r of the Lamb:
Him the enquiring prince receiv'd,
And all the words he spake, believ'd.
- 5 Then of his duty well appris'd
The *Eunuch* wish'd to be baptiz'd:
A silver stream ran full in sight,
He asks, and soon receives the rite.
- 6 He journeys on without delay,
In Christ rejoicing all the way,
And tells the *Ethiopian* race
The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN 397. L. M.

On washing feet. John xiii. 2-17.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus Christ was here below
He taught his people what to do;
And if we would his precepts keep,
We must descend to washing feet.
- 2 For on that night he was betray'd,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Soon as his supper he did eat,
He rose and wash'd his brethren's feet.
- 3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose and laid his garment by;
And wash'd their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 He wash'd them all, to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin;
May none of us, like Judas, sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

Peter said "Lord, it shall not be,
 "Thou shalt not stoop to washing m e."
 O that no christian here may say
 I'm too unworthy to obey.

"You call me Lord, and Master too,
 "Then do as I have done to you;
 "All my commands and counsels keep;
 "And show your love, by washing feet.
 "Ye shall be happy, if ye know
 "And do these things, by faith, below;
 "And I'll protect you till you die,
 "And then remove you up on high."

HYMN 398. L. M.

For the Lord's Supper.

9 **I** WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the 'Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began
 He took the bread, and blest, and brake,
 What love thro' all his actions ran,
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin,
 "Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup and blest the wine,
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

For us his flesh with nails was torn,
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn,
 When, for black crimes of largest size,
 He gave himself a sacrifice.

"Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
 "In mem'ry of your dying friend.
 "Meet at my table and record
 "The Love of your departed Lord."

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return and we shall eat,
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 399. P. M. 8, 8, 11, 9.

The mountain Calvary.

- 1 COME, O my heart, and let us take
An ev'ning walk becoming thee;
And wither dost thou choose, we shall take our cours
To Calvary or Gethsemane?
- 2 Oh! Calv'ry is a mountain high,
And quite too great a task for me;
And an ev'ning's repose, I would rather choose,
Than Calvary or Gethsemane.
- 3 The mountain would not seem so high,
Nor yet so great a task for thee,
If thou didst love the man, who first laid the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 What leave my comp'ny all behind,
In youthful bloom to go with thee?
There's time enough yet, and th' journey's not so gre
I can soon climb th' mountain Calvary.
- 5 Your gay companions will not do,
Poor blinded soul couldst thou but see,
If'er thou wouldst stand, on Canaan's happy land,
Thou must first climb th' mountain Calvary.
- 6 I'd now rather live at my ease,
And go some other time with thee;
When blooming youth is gone, and old age comes on,
I will then go with thee t' Calvary.
- 7 There is no better time than youth
To climb this mountain you must see,
When youthful days are gone, and old age comes on,
How then canst thou climb up Calvary.
- 8 Oh hark! I heard a dreadful sound—
Awake, awake, thy danger see,
A blooming youth is gone, and is laid in th' tomb,
Who refus'd to climb up Calvary.
- 9 Alas! I know not what to do,
A dread alarm hath seized me;
In sin I've gone on, till I fear I'm undone,
How now can I, climb up Calvary.
- 10 O tarry not in all the plains,
Eternal vengeance threatens thee;
But look up to th' man who was slain for thy sin,
And he'll help thee t' climb up Calvary.

HYMN 400. P. M. 5, 6, 5, 6.

Christ inviting sinners to the cross.

2 **W**ILL you come to th' cross
 I have died on for you,
 To save you from death,
 That is justly your due.

CHOR. *Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the cross.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Come to the cross.*

2 There while at my feet
 In contrition you lie,
 I'll hush with my love,
 Ev'ry penitent sigh.

*Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Kneel at my feet.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Kneel at my feet.*

3 'Tis th' Saviour that calls,
 'Tis your God that implores,
 Ye sinners to turn
 And be sinners no more.

*Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Turn and be free.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Turn and be free.*

4 Be free from the world,
 Its temptations and cares,
 And take up th' cross—
 It is easy to bear.

*Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Take up the cross.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Take up the cross.*

5 Will you walk in m' ways,
 Will you do what I say,
 And evince to the world
 That your children of day,

*Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Do what I say.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Do what I say.*

6 Then when you are done
 With the sorrows of time,
 You shall reign with your
 Saviour in happi'r climes.

*Ah! will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Reign with me there.
 Ah! will you, &c.—Reign with me there.*

HYMN 401. S. M.—J. W.

On the meeting of friends.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our help has been;
 Our lives he hath prolong'd;
 Giv'n us on earth to meet again,
 With nothing lost or wrong'd.
- 2 O! for this love and grace
 Let ev'ry heart now raise,
 With sweet accord, each ransom'd pow'r,
 To celebrate his praise.
- 3 Whilst earth is our abode—
 Our God we will adore;
 And when we get to Zion's hill,
 We'll praise him evermore.
-

HYMN 402. C. M.—J. W.

Dedication of a Meeting-house.

- 1 **T**HIS new built Bethel now is done,
 And here we've met to-day,
 To dedicate this house to God—
 To preach, to sing and pray.
- 2 Here may the pray'r of faith prevail—
 Here may the Gospel run:
 And ev'ry true believer feel,
 The bliss of heav'n begun.
- 3 May sinners here their sins renounce,
 And yield their all to God;
 From sin and hell redemption find,
 By faith in Jesus' blood.
- 4 "Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease—
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home;
 May growing numbers worship here
 And praise thee in our room."
-

HYMN 403. M. 7s.

Privileges of Adoption.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesus' blood

- They are ransom'd from the grave—
 Life eternal they shall have;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 2 They are justifi'd by grace;
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
 All their sins are wash'd away;
 They shall stand in God's great day;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of right'ousness;
 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
 Holy, blameless, undefil'd;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.
- 4 They are lights upon the earth,
 Children of a heav'nly birth;
 One with God, with Jesus one;
 Glory is in them begun;
 With them number'd may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

HYMN 404. I. M.

Crucifixion to the World.

- 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 Were the wide realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 405. P. M. 7s.

Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King,
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save,
'Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?'
- 4 'Hail, thou great almighty Lord,
'Hail, thou blest incarnate Word;
'Hail, thou suffering son of God,
'Take the trophies of thy blood.'
-

HYMN 406. L. M.

Praise from all the Earth.

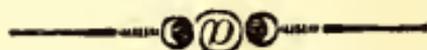
- 1 **F**ROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attend thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
-

HYMN 407. C. M.—TAYLOR.

For sundry occasions.

- 1 **C**OME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compar'd with those on high.
- 2 Our pleasures here will soon be past,
Our brightest joys decay,
But pleasures there forever last
And cannot fade away.

- 3 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.
- 4 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart;
But there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.
- 5 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
With all our ransom'd powers;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.



ADDITIONAL HYMNS.



HYMN 408. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus first at heaven's command,
Arose and left his father's throne
Redeeming work to do he came,
And guardian angels knew the same.

*CHOR. Go die my son, my son go suffer pain,
And then return to me again.*

- 2 See Jesus climb up Calvary's hill,
To do his father's blessed will.
See him with spears they pierce amain,
His precious side—he dies in pain.

*Go die my son, my son go suffer pain,
And then return to me again.*

- 3 Arise my son, once more obey—
Go, angels roll the stone away.
My son is coming back again,
And shall with me forever reign.

*Now reign thou great Redeemer, reign on high,
In glory, pow'r and majesty.*

HYMN 409. C. M.—J. W.

A Revival Hymn.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of God, thine influ'nce shed
On us, and all around;
Hallow this place, and bless thy word;
Make ev'ry heart to bound.
- 2 A solemn and a feeling time
May this occasion be,
That old and young—that rich and poor,
Thy pow'r displayed may see.
- 3 Come now, bless'd spirit from above;
Come now, just now descend;
Convince the unconvinced of sin,
And then their troubles end.
- 4 The joy of cancel'd sin bestow—
The bliss of paradise—
O let us have a pentecost,
A falling, and a rise.
-

HYMN 410. P. M.

- 1 **O**UR bondage here shall end, by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free;
Hail the glorious jubilee;
And to Canann march along, by and by.
- 2 Our Deliv'rer, he shall come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.
- 3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on,
- 4 Thro' Ma-rah bitter streams, we'll go on;
Tho' Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply;
To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.
- 5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide—
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.
- 6 Then friends shall meet again who have lov'd;
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
When we meet to part no more, who have lov'd.

- 7 Then with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
 Shouting praises to our king,
 'Till the vaults of heav'n ring;
 And through all eternity, we'll rejoice.
-

HYMN 411. L. M.

- 1 **G**O preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
 Bid the whole world my grace receive;
 He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
 He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands;
 "I'm with you till the world shall end,
 All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
 I can destroy, and I defend."
-

HYMN 412. C. M.

The Gospel, or birth of Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night.
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 And this shall be the sign;
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd.
 All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 "Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, on high,
 And thus adres'd their song;
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 Begin and never cease."

HYMN 413. P. M: 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **H**AIL, all hail! bless'd Sabbath morning,
 Prelude to eternal rest;
 Heav'n descends to crown thy mem'ry;
 Millions rise to call the blest;
 Hallelujahs,
 Hail the day of sacred rest.
- 2 Hail, all hail! bless'd courts of Zion,
 Habitation of our King;
 May thy congregated thousands,
 Make thy domes with praises ring;
 Hallelujah,
 Shout the praise of Zion's King.
- 3 Hail, all hail! thrice blessed gospel,
 Clothed with energy divine;
 Word of life—for ever precious;
 Treasure of th' eternal mind:
 Word Eternal,
 Nerve the weak—illumine the blind.
- 4 Hail, all hail! ye sacred heralds
 Of the cross, the crucifi'd;
 Lift the banner—blow the trumpet,
 Tell the nations, Jesus died!
 Hallelujah,
 Jusus' word is glorifi'd.
- 5 Hail, all hail! my dear companions,
 Trav'lers to the land of peace;
 Love divine, cements our union,
 Fits us for our bless'd release:
 Happy signal,
 Death our union shall increase.
- 6 Then we'll hail the upper Zion,
 Sabbaths there shall never end:
 O how sweet to sing for ever—
 Gazing on the sinners Friend!
 Hallelujah,
 Glory be to God—amen.

HYMN 414. P. M.

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

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
 Over heav'n and earth most glorious,
 Jesus reigns.*

- 2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying;
Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns &c.
- 4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him's given.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the path of vice and folly;
Turn or you are lost forever,
O now turn to God your Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and chrystal fountains;
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 8 Shout ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's lion,
The almighty King of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 9 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the prince of our salvation.
Jesus reigns, &c.
- 10 Shout ye saints make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter-worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

HYMN 415. P. M. 8s, 7s, & 4.

Day of Judgment.

- 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 pow'rs 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 sorrow 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.

HYMN 416. S. M.

The gospel ministry.

- 1 **H**OW beaut'ous 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 the tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
 - 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
 - 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.
 - 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
 - 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.
-

HYMN 417. S. M.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.
- 2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seem'd to say:
- 3 "Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?
Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie."
- 4 "The Saviour passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Saviour is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait."
- 5 That voice dispell'd the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.
- 6 Unable to endure,
He call'd for aid divine—
The great Physician wrought the cure;
That guilty soul was mine.

HYMN 418. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Types of Christ.

- 1 **I**SRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-sprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with pow'r,
Would teach thee need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he, who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head,
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN 419. C. M.

Brazen serpent

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's son's, a murm'ring race,
Despis'd their heav'nly bread,
God bade his fiery serpents fly,
To strike the rebels dead.

- 2 Swift like an arrow through the air
The baneful reptiles fly;
The rebels feel the deadly wound,
And groan, and gasp, and die.
- 3 A part still live; but O, what looks!
What agonizing pain!
The fatal poison works within,
And human help is vain.
- 4 Now Moses feels his Israel's griefs,
To God for them he prays;
A brazen serpent he's to make,
And on a pole to raise.
- 5 How strange the means! but in his hand
The remedy how sure!
Not one that view'd the healing brass
But found immediate cure.
- 6 Thus Jesus on the sacred cross
Is lifted up on high;
Sinners, now look to him by faith,
And you shall never die.

HYMN 420. L. M.

To-day.

- 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 ev'ning's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O 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 Hasten, O sinner, to the blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

HYMN 421. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Rejoice in the Lord always.

- 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 heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 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.

HYMN 422. C. M.

Providences reviewed.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
5 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 silent in the womb I lay,
6 And hung upon the breast.
- To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
1 My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 6 Thro' ev'ry 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.
-

HYMN 423. C. M.

Prospect of the resurrection.

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, where the turmoil is no more,
 And all our pow'rs decay,
 Our cold remains, in solitude,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, 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 ev'ry eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.
-

HYMN 424. L. M.

The Mercy-seat.

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows—
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the *mercy-seat*.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought *mercy-seat*.

- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,—
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common *mercy-seat*.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how, the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no *mercy-seat*?
- 5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin, and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the *mercy-seat*.
- 6 O! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still:
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the *mercy-seat*.
-

HYMN 425. L. M.

The striving of the Spirit.

- 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 heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

HYMN 426. P. M. 12s:

The voice of Free grace.

- 1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,
For all that believe, Christ has open'd a fountain;
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchas'd our pardon!
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.*

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair;
Now he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, it streams from this fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our Lord, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious!
With shouting proclaim it,—O trust in his passion,
He saves us most freely;—O glorious salvation.
- 4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.
- 5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river,
And then sing salvation for ever and ever.

HYMN 427. L. M.

Distinguishing grace acknowledged.

- 1 **I** HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear.
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?
- 3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice, they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters, from the cross.

- 5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.
-

HYMN 428. P. M. 8 lines Ss.
Death of a sister.

- 1 **T**HIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She's gained her happy release.
- 2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.
Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 3 The victory now is obtain'd;
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
She's now where she longed to be.
Then let us forbear to complain,
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.
-

HYMN 429. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8.
The dying Christian speaking to his soul.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark, of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—
 Heav'n 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?
-

HYMN 430. P. M. 11s & 10s.

Invitation to the Mercy-seat.

- 1 **C**OME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast prepared, come, ever knowing,
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.
-

HYMN 431. C. M.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. 1. 12.

- 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 hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 432. P. M. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
 How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest!
 When e'er my pilgrimage shall end;
 I'll pray, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast!
-

HYMN 433. P. M. 7s & 6s.

Christ our all.

- 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 crucifi'd!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless wo,
 The sin atoning victim died;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucifi'd!

- 3 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 crucifi'd!
- 4 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,
 'This blood alone by faith appli'd;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucifi'd!

HYMN 434. P. M. 7s & 6s.

The gospel banner.

- 1 **N**OW be the gospel banner
 In ev'ry land unroll'd,
 And be the shout hosanna,
 Re-echo'd thro' the world;
 Till ev'ry isle and nation,
 Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though th' embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine?
 His arm throughout their regions
 Shall soon in terror shine.
 Gird on thy sword victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of peace,
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Ere yet the battle cease.
- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus, King of kings,
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransom'd captive sings.
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and vallies greeting,
 The song responsive praise.

HYMN 435. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

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

HYMN 436. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **H**ELP Lord, the weakest instrument,
 Thy sov'reign grace hath ever sent,
 To publish and proclaim
 The reigning pow'r and peace of God;
 General redemption in thy blood,
 And pardon through thy name.
- 2 T' exalt myself, I would not speak,
 Or, proud of my own talents, seek
 The praise of flatt'ring man,
 But serve thee with a single eye,
 And, while thy name I magnify,
 Thy approbation gain.
- 3 Here may I covet no reward,
 Nor trifles, temporal regard,
 Or reckon earth my home;
 But things invisible desire,
 And wait for my appointed hire
 Till Christ my Lord shall come.

- 4 A life of poverty and toil,
 A thousand lives, one gracious smile
 Of thine will over pay;
 If thou receive me with "well done!"
 And for thy faithful servant own,
 In that triumphant day.
-

HYMN 437. L. M.—J. W.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives:
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
 He lives my everlasting head.
- 2 He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
 He lives eternally to save;
 He lives all glorious in the sky,
 He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above;
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 5 He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives.
-

HYMN 438. P. M. 12, 11, 12, 11, 12, 12, 12, 11.

The Eden of Love.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tun'd celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love:"
 Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation:
 My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.
-

HYMN 439. C. M.

- 1 **W**E'RE pilgrims on our journey home,
 To Canaan's happy land;
 Where christians undivided dwell,
 United heart in hand.

CHORUS.

- With palms in view, we now journey on
 And tell the pleasing story.
 That when we reach that heavenly land,
 We'll all sing glory, glory.*
- 2 There party names shall cease to be,
 Divisions there shall end;
 There all the ransom'd host shall shout,
 This kingdom none can rend.
- 3 O, blessed land! O, happy home!
 Where christians all shall meet,
 And round the throne of God shall stand
 Harmon'ous and complete.
- 4 If you get there before I do,
 Tell o'er the pleasing story,
 That Christ's redeeming love demands
 An endless song of glory.

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